GOOD WORDS

1900

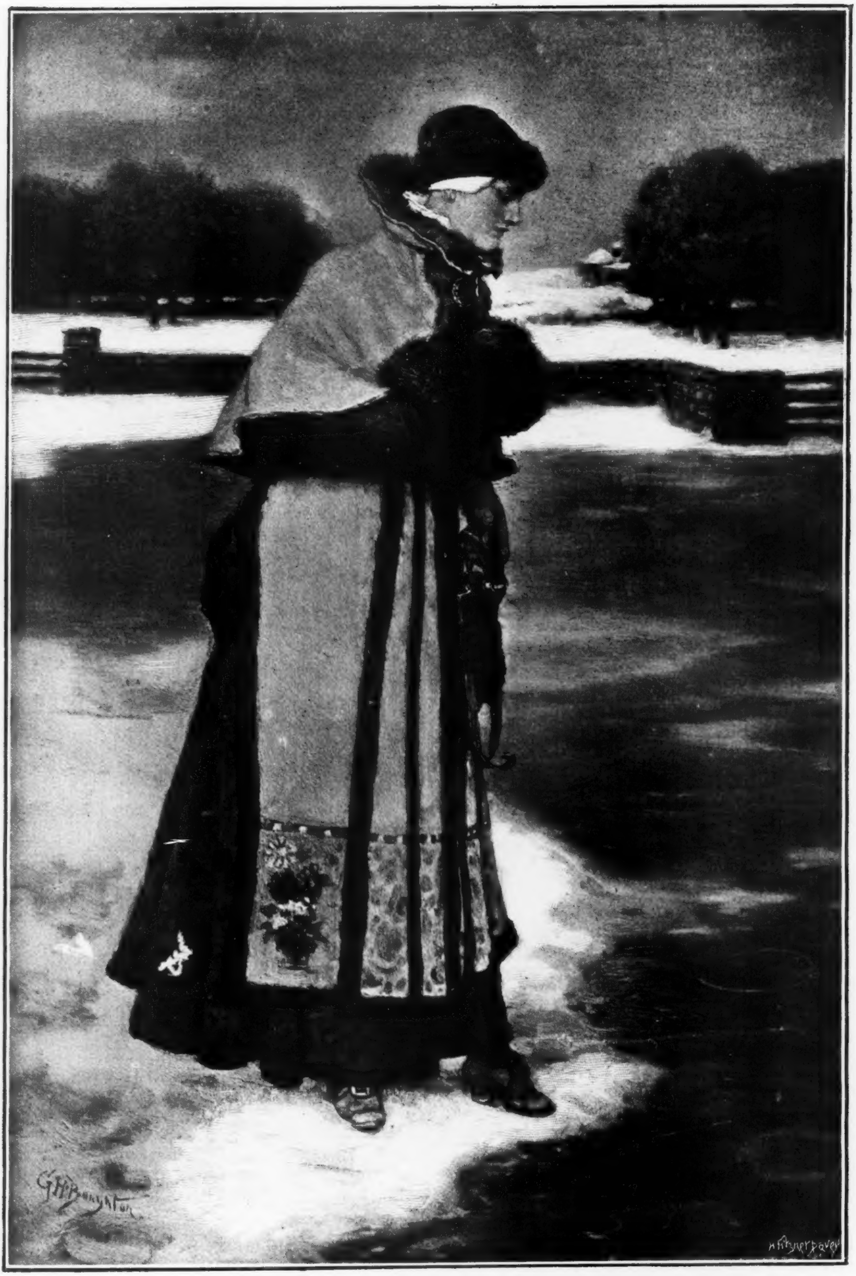
EDITED BY THE VERY REV.

DONALD MACLEOD D.D.

ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S CHAPLAINS

"Good Words are worth much and cost little"
HERBERT

LONDON
ISBISTER AND COMPANY LIMITED
15 AND 16 TAVISTOCK STREET COVENT GARDEN


G.H.Boughton

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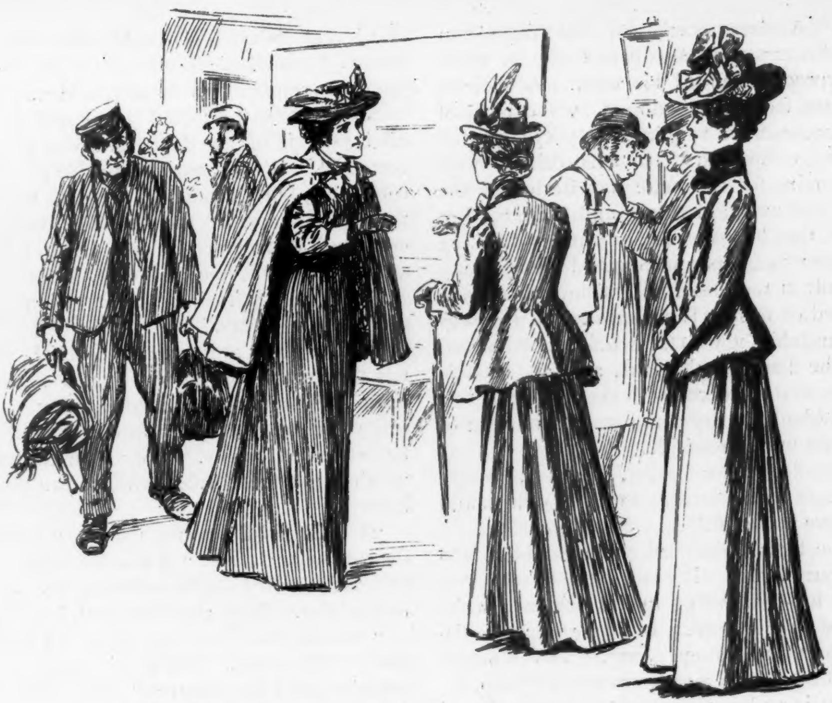
WINTER

By G. H. BOUGHTON, R.A.



"Darted forward to greet the girl with entire frankness and kindness"

THE HALF-HEARTED*

By JOHN BUCHAN, Author of "John Burnet of Barns," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON BROWNE

CHAPTER I

EVENING IN GLENAVELIN

FROM the heart of a great hill land Glenavelin stretches west and south to the wider Gled valley, where its stream joins with the greater water in its seaward course. Its head is far inland in a place of mountain solitudes, but its mouth is all but on the lip of the sea, and salt breezes fight with the flying winds of the hills. It is a land of green meadows on the brink of heather, of far stretching fir woods that climb to the edge of the uplands and sink to the fringe of corn. Nowhere is there any march between art and nature, for the place is in the main for sheep, and the single road which threads the glen is little troubled with cart and crop-laden waggon. Midway there is a stretch of wood and garden around the House of Glenavelin, the one great dwelling-place in the vale. But it is a dwelling and a little more, for the home of the real lords of the land is many miles farther up the stream, in the moorland house of Etterick, where the Avelin is a burn, and the hills hang sharply over its source. To a stranger in an afternoon it seems a very vale of content, basking in sun and shadow, green, deep, and silent. But it is also a place of storms, for its name means the "glen of white waters," and mist and snow are commoner in its confines than summer heats.

On a very wet evening in June a young man in a high dogcart was driving up the glen. A deerstalker's cap was tied down over his ears and the collar of a great white waterproof defended his neck. A cheerful bronzed face was shadowed by the peak of his cap, and two very keen grey eyes peered out into the mist. He was driving with tight rein, for the mare was fresh and the road had awkward slopes and corners; but none the less he was dreaming, thinking pleasant thoughts, and now and then looking cheerily at the ribs of hill which at times were cleared of mist. His clean-shaven face was wet and shining with the drizzle, pools formed on the floor of the cart, and the mare's flanks were plastered with the weather.

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Suddenly he drew up sharp at the sight of a figure by the roadside.

"Hullo, Doctor Gracey," he cried, "where on earth have you come from? Come in and I'll give you a lift."

The figure advanced and scrambled into the vacant seat. It was a little old man in a great top-coat with a quaint-fashioned wideawake on his head. In ill weather all distinctions are swept away. The stranger might have been a statesman or a tramp.

"It is a pleasure to see you, Doctor," and the young man grasped a mittened hand and looked into his companion's face. There was something both kindly and mirthful in his grey eyes.

The old man arranged his seat comfortably, buttoned another button at the neck of the coat, and then scrutinised the driver. "It's four years—four years in October since I last cast eyes on you, Lewie my boy," he said. "I heard you were coming, so I refused a lift from Haystouneslacks and the minister. Haystouneslacks was driving from Gledsmuir, and unless the Lord protects him he will be in Avelin water ere he gets home. Whisky and a Glenavelin road never agree, Lewie, as I who have mended the fool's head a dozen times should know. But I thought you would never come, and was prepared to ride in the next baker's van." The Doctor spoke with the pure English and high northern voice of an old school of professional men, whose tongue, save in telling a story, knew not the vernacular, and yet in its pitch and accent inevitably betrayed their birthplace. Precise in speech and dress, uncommonly skilful, a mild humourist, and old in the world's wisdom, he had gone down the evening way of life with the heart of a boy.

"I was delayed—I could not help it, though I was all afternoon at the job," said the young man. "I've seen a dozen and more tenants and I talked sheep and drains till I got out of my depth and was gravely corrected. It's the most hospitable place on earth, this, but I thought it a pity to waste a really fine hunger on the inevitable ham and eggs, so I waited for dinner. Lord, I have an appetite! Come and dine, Doctor. I am in solitary state just now, and long wet evenings are dreary."

"I'm afraid I must excuse myself, Lewie," was the formal answer, with just a touch of reproof. Dinner to Doctor Gracey was a serious ceremony, and invitations should not be scattered rashly. "My housekeeper's wrath is not to be trifled with, as you should know."

"I do," said the young man in a tone of decent melancholy. "She once cuffed my ears the month I stayed with you for falling in the burn. Does she abuse you, Doctor?"

"Indeed, no," said the little old gentleman; "not as yet. But physically she is my superior and I live in terror." Then abruptly, "For heaven's sake, Lewie, mind the mare."

"It's all right," said the driver as the dog-cart swung neatly round an ugly turn. "There's the mist going off the top of Etterick Law, and—why, that's the end of the Dreichill?"

"It's the Dreichill, and beyond it is the Little Muneraw. Are you glad to be home, Lewie?"

"Surely," said the young man gravely. "This is my own countryside, and I fancy it's the last place a man forgets."

"I fancy so—with right-thinking people. By the way, I have much to congratulate you on. We old fogies in this desert place have been often seeing your name in the newspapers lately. You are a most experienced traveller."

"Fair. But people made a great deal more of that than it deserved. It was very simple, and I had every chance. Some day I will go out and do the same thing again with no advantages, and if I come back you may praise me then."

"Right, Lewie. A bare game and no chances is the rule of war. And now, what will you do?"

"Settle down," said the young man with mock pathos, "which in my case means settling up also. I suppose it is what you would call the crucial moment in my life. I am going in for politics as I always intended, and for the rest I shall live a quiet country life at Etterick. I've a wonderful talent for rusticity."

The Doctor shot an inquiring glance from beneath the flaps of his hat. "I never can make up my mind about you, Lewie."

"I daresay not. It is long since I gave up trying to make up my mind about myself. My Past is not long enough to criticise, my Present is too insignificant, and my Future far too uncertain."

"When you were a very small and very bad boy I made the usual prophecy that you would make a spoon or spoil a horn. Later I declared you would make the spoon. I still keep to that opinion, but I wish to goodness I knew what shape your spoon would take."

"Ornamental, Doctor, some odd fancy spoon, but not useful. I feel an inner lack of usefulness."

"Humph! Then things are serious, Lewie, and I, as your elder, should give good advice; but confound it, my dear, I cannot think what it should be. Life has been too easy for you, a great deal too easy. You want a little of the salt and iron of the world. You are too clever ever to be conceited, and you are too good a fellow ever to be a fool, but apart from these sad alternatives there are numerous middle stages which are not very happy."

The young man's face lengthened, as it always did either in repose or reflection.

"You are old and wise, Doctor. Have you any cure for a man with sufficient money and no immediate profession to prevent stagnation?"

"None," said the Doctor, "but the man himself can find many. The chief is that he be conscious of his danger, and on the watch against it. As a last expedient I should recommend a second course of travel."

"But am I to be barred from my home because of this bogey of yours?"

"No, Lewie lad, but you must be kept, as you say, 'up to scratch,'" and the old face smiled. "You are too good to waste. You Haystouns are high-strung, finicking people, on whom idleness sits badly. Also you are the last of your race and have responsibilities. You must remember I was your father's friend, and knew you all well."

At the mention of his father the young man's interest quickened.

"I scarcely remember, I must have been only about six years old when he died. I find so few people who remember him well and can tell me about him."

"You are very like him, Lewie. He began nearly as well as you, but he settled down into a quiet life, which was the very thing for which he was least fitted. I do not know if he had altogether a happy time. He lost interest in things, and grew shy and rather irritable. He quarrelled with most of his neighbours, and got into a trick of magnifying little troubles till he shrank from the slightest discomfort."

"And my mother?"

"Ah, your mother was different—a cheery, brave woman. While she lived she kept him in some measure of self-confidence, but you know she died at your birth, Lewie, and after that he grew morose and retiring. I speak about these things from the point of view of my profession, and I fancy it is the special disease which lies in your blood. You have all been over-cultured and enervated; as I say, you want some of the salt and iron of life."

The young man's brow was furrowed in a deep frown which in no way broke the good-humour of his face. They were nearing a cluster of houses, the last clachan of sorts in the glen, where a kirk steeple in a grove of trees proclaimed civilisation. A shepherd passed them with a couple of dogs, striding with masterful step toward home and comfort. The cheery glow of firelight from the windows pleased both men as they were whirled through the raw weather.

"There, you see," said the Doctor, nodding his head towards the retreating figure, "there's a man who in his own way knows the secret of life. Most of his days are spent in dreary monotonous toil. He is for ever wrestling with the weather and getting scorched and frozen, and the result is that the sparse enjoyments of his life are relished with a rare gusto. He sucks his pipe of an evening with a zest which the man who lies on his back all day smoking knows nothing about. So, too, the poor labourer who hoes turnips for one and sixpence the day. They know the arduous-ness of life, which is a lesson we must all learn sooner or later. You people who have been coddled and petted must learn it, too; and for you it is harder to learn, but pleasanter in the learning, because you stand above the bare need of things, and have leisure for the adornments. We must all be fighters and strugglers, Lewie, and it is better to wear out than to rust out. It is bad to let choice things become easily familiar; for, you know, familiarity is apt to beget a proverbial offspring."

The young man had listened attentively, but suddenly he leaned from the seat and with a dexterous twitch of his whip curled it round the leg of a boy of sixteen who stood before a cottage.

"Hullo, Jock," he cried. "When are you coming up to see me? Bring your brother some day and we'll go and fish the Mid Burn." The urchin pulled off a ragged cap and grinned with pleasure.

"That's the boy you pulled out of the Avelin?" asked the Doctor. "I had heard of that performance. It was a good introduction to your home-coming."

"It was nothing," said the young man, flushing slightly. "I was crossing the ford and the stream was up a bit. The boy was fishing, wading pretty deep, and in turning round to stare at me he slipped and was carried down. I merely rode my horse out and collared him. There was no danger."

"And the Black Linn just below," said the Doctor incredulously. "You have got the usual modesty of the brave man, Lewie."

"It was a very small thing. My horse knew its business—that was all." And he flicked nervously with the whip.

A grey house among trees rose on the left with a quaint gateway of unhewn stone. The dogcart pulled up, and the Doctor scrambled down and stood shaking the rain from his hat and collar. He watched the young man till with a skilful turn he had entered Etterick gates, and then with a more meditative face than is usual in a hungry man he went through the trees to his own dwelling.

CHAPTER II

LADY MANORWATER'S GUESTS

When the afternoon train for the south drew into Gledsmuir station a girl who had been devouring the landscape for the last hour with eager eyes, rose nervously to prepare for exit. To Alice Wishart the country was a novel one and the prospect before her an unexplored realm of guesses. The daughter of a great merchant, she had lived most of her days in the ugly environs of a city, save for such time as she had spent at the conventional schools. She had never travelled; the world of men and things were merely a name to her, and a girlhood, lonely and brightened chiefly by the companionship of books, had not given her self-confidence. She had casually met Lady Manorwater at some political meeting in her father's house, and the elder woman had taken a strong liking for the quiet, abstracted child. Then came an invitation to Glenavelin, accepted gladly yet with much fear and searching of heart. Now, as she looked out on the shining mountain land, she was full of delight that she was about to dwell in the heart of it. Something of pride, too, was present, that she was to be the guest of a great lady, and see something of a life which seemed infinitely remote to her provincial thoughts. But when her journey drew near its end she was foolishly nervous, and scanned the platform with anxious eye.

The sight of her hostess reassured her. Lady Manorwater was a small middle-aged woman, with a thin classical face, large colourless eyes, and untidy fair hair. She was very plainly dressed, and as she darted forwards to greet the girl with entire frankness and kindness, Alice forgot her fears and kissed her heartily. A pale languid young woman was introduced as Miss Afflint, and in a few minutes the three were in the Glenavelin carriage with the wide glen opening in front.

"Oh, my dear, I hope you will enjoy your visit. We are quite a small party, for Jack says Glenavelin is far too small to entertain in. You are fond of the country, aren't you? And of course the place is very pretty. There is tennis and golf and fishing; but perhaps you don't like these things? We are not very well off for neighbours, but we are large enough in number to be sufficient to ourselves. Don't you think so, Bertha?" And Lady Manorwater smiled at the third member of the group.

Miss Afflint, a silent girl, smiled back and said nothing. She had been engaged in a secret study of Alice's face, and whenever the object of the study raised her eyes she found a pair of steady blue ones beaming on her. It was a little disconcerting, and Alice gazed out at the landscape with a fictitious curiosity.

They passed out of the Gled valley into the narrower strath of Avelin, and soon, leaving the meadows behind, went deep into the recesses of woods. At a narrow glen bridged by the road and bright with the spray of cascades and the fresh green of ferns, Alice cried out in delight, "Oh, I must come back here some day and sketch it. What a Paradise of a place!"

"Then you had better ask Lewie's permission." And Lady Manorwater laughed.

"Who is Lewie?" asked the girl, anticipating some gamekeeper or shepherd.

"Lewie is my nephew. He lives at Etterick, up at the head of the glen."

Miss Afflint spoke for the first time. "A very good man. You should know Lewie, Miss Wishart. I'm sure you would like him. He is a great traveller, you know, and has written a famous book. Lewis Elphinstone Haystoun is his proper name."

"Why, I have read it," cried Alice. "You mean the book about Kashmir. But I thought the author was an old man."

"Lewie is not very old," said his aunt, "but I haven't seen him for years, so he may be decrepit by this time. He is coming home soon, he says, but he never writes. I know two of his friends who pay a Private Inquiry Office to send them news of him."

Alice laughed and became silent. What merry haphazard people were these she had fallen among! At home everything was docketed and ordered. Meals were immovable feasts, the hour for bed and the hour for rising were more regular than the sun's. Her father was full of proverbs on the virtue of regularity, and was wont to attribute every vice and misfortune to its absence. And yet here were distinguished men and women who got on very well without it. She did not wholly like it. The little doctrinaire in her revolted and she was pleased to be censorious.

"You are a very learned young woman, aren't you?" said Lady Manorwater, after a short silence. "I have heard wonderful stories about your learning. Then I hope you will talk to Mr. Stocks, for I am afraid he is shocked at Bertha's frivolity. He asked her if she was in favour of the Prisons Regulation Bill, and she was very rude."

"I only said," broke in Miss Afflint, "that owing to my lack of definite local knowledge I was not in a position to give an answer commensurate with the gravity of the subject." She spoke in a perfect imitation of the tone of a pompous man.

"Bertha, I do not approve of you," said Lady Manorwater. "I forbid you to mimic Mr. Stocks. He is very clever, and very much in earnest over everything. I don't wonder that a butterfly like you should laugh, but I hope Miss Wishart will be kind to him."

"I am afraid I am very ignorant," said Alice hastily, "and I am very useless. I never did any work of any sort in my life, and when I think of you I am ashamed."

"Oh, my child, please don't think me a paragon," cried her hostess in horror. "I am a creature of vague enthusiasms and I have the sense to know it. Sometimes I fancy I am a woman of business, and then I take up half-a-dozen things till Jack has to interfere to prevent financial ruin. I dabble in politics and I dabble in philanthropy; I write review articles which nobody reads, and I make speeches which are a horror to myself and a misery to my hearers. Only by the possession of a sense of humour am I saved from insignificance."

To Alice this speech was the breaking of her idols. Competence, responsibility were words she had been taught to revere, and to hear them light-heartedly disavowed seemed an upturning of the foundation of things. You will perceive that her education had not included that valuable art, the appreciation of the flippant.

By this time the carriage was entering the gates of the park, and the thick wood cleared and revealed long vistas of short hill grass, rising and falling like moorland, and studded with solitary clumps of firs. Then a turn in the drive brought them once more into shadow, this time beneath a heath-clad knoll where beeches and hazels made a pleasant tangle. All this was new, not three years old; but soon they were in the ancient part of the policy which had surrounded the old house of Glenavelin. Here the grass was lusher, the trees antique oaks and beeches, and grey walls showed the boundary of an old pleasure-ground. Here in the soft sunlit afternoon sleep hung like a cloud, and the peace of centuries dwelt in the long avenues and golden pastures. Another turning and the house came in sight, at first glance a mere jumble of grey towers and ivied walls. Wings had been built to the original square keep, and even now it was not large, a mere moorland dwelling. But the whitewashed walls, the crow-step gables, and the quaint Scots baronial turrets gave it a perfection to the eye like a house in a dream. To Alice, accustomed to the vulgarity of suburban villas with Italian campaniles, a florid lodge a stone's throw from the house, darkened too with smoke and tawdry with paint, this old-world dwelling was a patch of wonderland. Her eyes drank in the beauty of the place—the great blue backs of hill beyond, the acres of sweet pasture, the primeval woods.

"Is this Glenavelin?" she cried. "Oh, what a place to live in!"

"Yes, it's very pretty, dear." And Lady Manorwater, who possessed half-a-dozen houses up and down the land, patted her guest's arm and looked with pleasure on the flushed girlish face.

Two hours later, Alice, having completed dressing, leaned out of her bedroom window to drink in the soft air of evening. She had not brought a maid, and had refused her hostess's offer to lend her her own on the ground that maids were a superfluity. It was her desire to appear a very practical young person, a scorner of modes and trivialities, and yet she had taken unusual care with her toilet this evening, and had spent many minutes before the glass. Looking at herself carefully, a growing conviction began to be confirmed—that she was really very pretty. She had reddish-brown hair and—a rare conjunction—dark eyes and eyebrows and a delicate colour. As a small girl she had lamented bitterly the fate that had not given her the orthodox beauty of the dark or fair maiden, and in her school days she had passed for plain. Now it began to dawn on her that she had beauty of a kind—the charm of strangeness; and her slim strong figure had the grace which a plain wholesome life alone can give. She was in high spirits, curious, interested, and generous. The people amused her, the place was a fairyland, and outside the golden weather lay still and fragrant among the hills.

When she came down to the drawing-room she found the whole party assembled. A tall man with a brown beard and a slight stoop ceased to assault the handle of a firescreen and came over to greet her. He had only come back half-an-hour ago, he explained, and so had missed her arrival. The face attracted and soothed her. Abundant kindness lurked in the humorous brown eyes, and a queer pucker on the brow gave him the air of a benevolent despot. If this was Lord Manorwater, she had no further dread of the great ones of the earth. There were four other men, two of them mild, spectacled people, who had the air of students and a precise affected mode of talk, and one a boy cousin of whom no one took the slightest notice. The fourth was a striking figure, a man of about thirty in appearance, tall and a little stout, with a rugged face which in some way suggested a picture of a prehistoric animal in an old natural history she had owned. The high cheek bones, large nose, and slightly protruding eyes had an unfinished air about them, as if their owner had escaped prematurely from a mould. A quantity of bushy black hair—which he wore longer than most men—enhanced the dramatic air of his appearance. It was a face full of vigour and a kind of strength, shrewd, a little coarse, and solemn almost to the farcical. He was introduced in a rush of words by the hostess, but beyond the fact that it was a monosyllable, Alice did not catch his name.

Lord Manorwater took in Miss Afflint, and Alice fell to the dark man with the monosyllabic name. He had a way of bowing over his hand which slightly repelled the girl, who had no taste for elaborate manners. His first question, too, displeased her. He asked her if she was one of the Wisharts of some unpronounceable place.

She replied briefly that she did not know. Her grandfathers on both sides had been farmers.

The gentleman bowed with the smiling concern of one to whom pedigree is a matter of course.

"I have heard often of your father," he said. "He is one of the local supports of the party to which I have the honour to belong. He represents one great section of our retainers, our host another. I am glad to see such friendship between the two." And he smiled elaborately from Alice to Lord Manorwater.

Alice was uncomfortable. She felt she must be sitting beside some very great man, and she was tortured by vain efforts to remember the monosyllable which had stood for his name. She did not like his voice, and, great man or not, she resented the obvious patronage. He spoke with a touch of the drawl which is currently supposed to belong only to the half-educated classes of England.

She turned to the boy who sat on the other side of her. The young gentleman — his name was Arthur and, apparently, nothing else—was only too ready to talk. He proceeded to explain, compendiously, his doings of the past week, to which the girl listened politely. Then anxiety got the upper hand, and she asked in a whisper, *àpropos* of nothing in particular, the name of her left-hand neighbour.

"They call him Stocks," said the boy, delighted at the tone of confidence, and was going on to sketch the character of the gentleman in question when Alice cut him short.

"Will you take me to fish some day?" she asked.

"Any day," gasped the hilarious Arthur. "I'm ready, and I'll tell you what, I know the very burn—" and he babbled on happily till he saw that Miss Wishart had ceased to listen. It was the first time a pretty girl had shown herself desirous of his company, and he was intoxicated with the thought.

But Alice felt that she was in some way bound to make the most of Mr. Stocks, and she set herself heroically to the task. She had never heard of him, but then she was not well versed in the minutiæ of things political, and he clearly was a politician. Doubtless to her father his name was a household word. So she spoke to him of Glenavelin and its beauties.

He asked her if she had seen Royston Castle, the residence of his friend the Duke of Sanctamund. When he had stayed there he had been much impressed——

Then she spoke wildly of anything, of books and pictures and people and politics. She found him well-informed, clever, and dogmatic. The culminating point was reached when she embarked on a stray remark concerning certain events then happening in India.

He contradicted her with a lofty politeness. She quoted a book on Kashmir.

He laughed the authority to scorn. "Lewis Haystoun?" he asked. "What can he know about such things? A wandering dilettante, the worst type of the pseudo-culture of our universities. He must see all things through the spectacles of his upbringing."

Fortunately he spoke in a low voice, but Lord Manorwater caught the name.

"You are talking about Lewie," he said, and then to the table at large, "Do you know that Lewie is home? I saw him to-day."

Bertha Afflint clapped her hands. "Oh, splendid! When is he coming over? I shall drive to Etterick to-morrow. No—bother! I can't go to-morrow, I shall go on Wednesday."

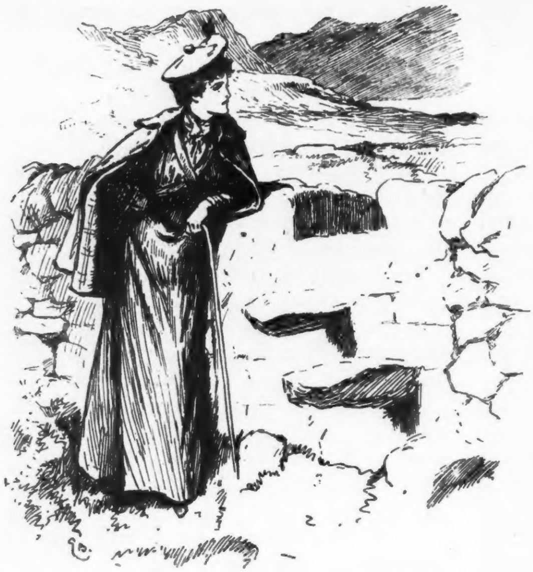
Lady Manorwater opened mild eyes of surprise. "Why didn't the boy write?" And the young Arthur indulged in sundry exclamations, "Oh, ripping, I say! What? A clinking chap my cousin Lewie!"

"Who is this Lewis the well-beloved?" said Mr. Stocks. "I was talking about a very different person—Lewis Haystoun, the author of a foolish book on Kashmir."

"Don't you like it?" said Lord Manorwater pleasantly. "Well, it's the same man. He is my nephew, Lewie Haystoun. He lives at Etterick four miles up the glen. You will see him over here to-morrow or the day after."

Mr. Stocks coughed loudly to cover his discomfiture. Alice could not repress a little smile of triumph, but she was forbearing and for the rest of dinner exerted herself to appease her adversary, listening to his talk with an air of great deference which he found entrancing.

Meanwhile it was plain that Lord Manorwater was not quite at ease with his company. Usually a man of brusque and hearty address, he showed his discomfort by an air of laborious politeness. He was patronised for a brief minute by Mr. Stocks, who set him right on some matter of agricultural reform. Happening to be a specialist on the matter and an enthusiastic farmer from his earliest days, he took the rebuke with proper meekness. The spectacled people were talking earnestly with his wife. Arthur was absorbed in his dinner and furtive glances at his left-



"A high fragrance of heath and bog-myrtle was in the wind"

hand neighbour. There remained Bertha Afflint, whom he had hitherto admired with fear. To talk with her was exhausting to frail mortality, and he had avoided the pleasure except in moments of boisterous bodily and mental health. Now she was his one resource, and the unfortunate man, rashly entering into a contest of wit, found himself badly worsted by her ready tongue. He declared that she was worse than her mother, at which the unabashed young woman replied "that the superiority of parents is the last retort of the vanquished." He registered an inward vow that Miss Afflint should be used on the morrow as a weapon to quell Mr. Stocks.

When Alice at last escaped to the drawing-room she found Bertha and her sister—a younger and ruddier copy—busy with the letters which had arrived by the evening post. Lady Manorwater, who reserved her correspondence for the late hours, seized upon the girl and carried her off to sit by the great French windows from which lawn and park sloped down to the moorland loch. She chattered pleasantly about many things, and then innocently and abruptly asked her if she had not found her companion at table amusing.

Alice, unaccustomed to fiction, gave a hesitating "Yes," at which her hostess looked pleased. "He is very clever, you know," she said, "and has been very useful to me on many occasions."

Alice asked his occupation.

"Oh, he has done many things. He has been very brave and quite the maker of his own fortunes. He educated himself, and then I think he edited some Nonconformist paper. Then he went into politics and I think became a Churchman. Some old man took a liking to him and left him his money, and that was the condition. So I believe he is pretty well off now and is waiting for a seat. He has been nursing this constituency, and since the election comes off in a month or two, we asked him down here to stay. He has also written a lot of things and he is somebody's private secretary." And Lady Manorwater relapsed into vagueness.

The girl listened without special interest, save that she modified her verdict on Mr. Stocks, and allowed some degree of respect for him to find place in her heart. The fighter in life always appealed to her, whatever was the result of his struggle.

Then Lady Manorwater proceeded to hymn his excellences in an indeterminate artificial manner, till the men came into the room, and conversation became general. Lord Manorwater made his way to Alice, thereby defeating Mr. Stocks, who tended in the same direction. "Come outside and see things, Miss Wishart," he said. "It's a shame to miss a Glenavelin evening if it's fine. We must appreciate our rarities."

And Alice gladly followed him into the still air of dusk which made hill and tree seem incredibly distant and the far waters of the lake merge with the moorland in one shimmering golden haze. In the rhododendron thickets sparse blooms still remained, and all along by the stream-side stood stately lines of yellow iris above the white water-ranunculus. The girl was sensitive to moods of season and weather, and she had almost laughed at the incongruity of the two of them in modern clothes in this fit setting for an old tale. Dickon of Glenavelin, the sworn foe of the Lord of Etterick, on such nights as this had ridden up the water with his bands to affront the quiet moonlight. And now his descendant was pointing out dim shapes in the park which he said were prize cattle.

"Whew! what a weariness is civilisation!" said the man, with comical eyes. "We have been making talk with difficulty all the evening which serves no purpose in the world. Upon my word, my kyloes have the best of the bargain. And in a month or so there will be the election and I shall have to go and rave—there is no other word for it, Miss Wishart—*rave* on behalf of some fool or other, and talk Radicalism which would make your friend Dickon turn in his grave, and be in earnest for weeks when I know in the bottom of my heart that I am a humbug and care for none of these things. How lightly politics and such matters sit on us all!"

"But you know you are talking nonsense," said the serious Alice. "After all, these things are the most important, for they mean duty and courage and—and—all that sort of thing."

"Right, little woman," said he, smiling; "that is what Stocks tells me twice a day, but, somehow, reproof comes better from you. Dear me! it's a sad thing that a middle-aged legislator should be reproved by a very little girl. Come and see the herons. The young birds will be everywhere just now."

For an hour in the moonlight they went a-sight-seeing, and came back very cool and fresh to the open drawing-room window. As they approached they caught an echo of a loud bland voice saying, "We must remember our moral responsibilities, my dear Lady Manorwater. Now, for instance——"

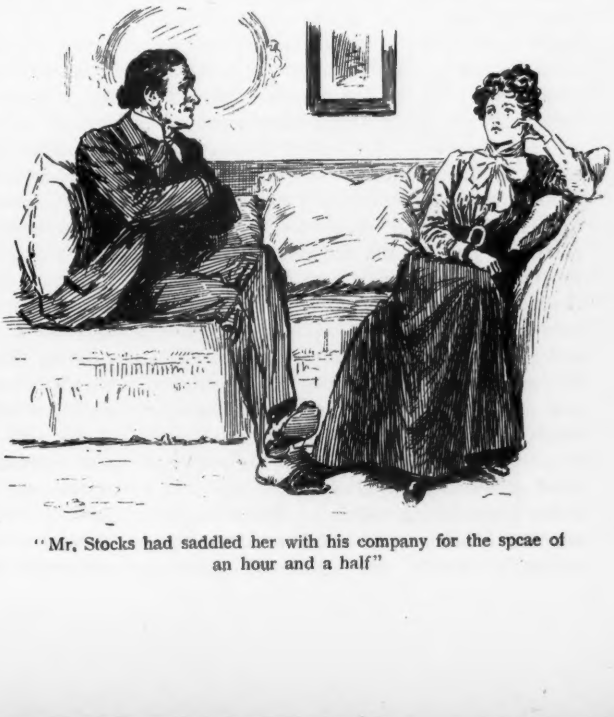
And a strange thing happened. For the first time in her life Miss Alice Wishart felt that the use of loud and solemn words could jar upon her feelings. She set it down resignedly to the evil influence of her companion.

In the calm of her bedroom Alice reviewed her recent hours. She admitted to herself that she would enjoy her visit. A healthy and active young woman, the mere prospect of an open-air life gave her pleasure. Also she liked the people. Mentally she epitomised each of the inmates of the house. Lady Manorwater was all she had pictured her—a dear, whimsical, untidy creature, with odd shreds of cleverness and a heart of gold. She liked the boy Arthur, and the spectacled people seemed harmless. Bertha she was prepared to adore, for behind the languor and the wit she saw a very kindly and capable young woman fashioned after her own heart. But of all she liked Lord Manorwater best. She knew that he had a great reputation, that he was said to be incessantly laborious, and she had expected some one of her father's type, prim, angular, and elderly. Instead she found a boyish person whom she could scold, and with women reproof is the first stone in the foundation of friendship. On Mr. Stocks she generously reserved her judgment, fearing the fate of the hasty.

CHAPTER III

UPLAND WATERS

When Alice woke next morning the cool upland air was flooding through the window,



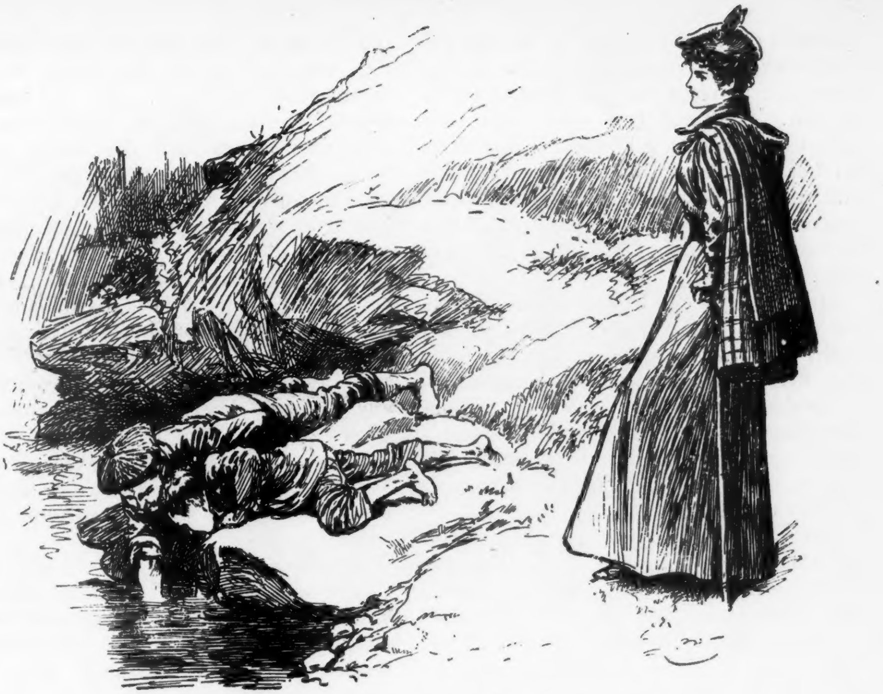
"Mr. Stocks had saddled her with his company for the spcae of an hour and a half" and a great dazzle of sunlight made the world glorious. She dressed and ran out to the lawn, then past the loch right to the very edge of the waste country. A high fragrance of heath and bog-myrtle was in the wind, and the mouth grew cool as after long draughts of spring water. Mists were crowding in the valleys, each bald mountain-top shone like a jewel, and far aloft in the heavens were the white streamers of morn. Moorhens were plashing at the loch's edge, and one tall heron rose from his early meal. The world was a-stir with life; sounds of the *plonk-plonk* of rising trout and the endless twitter of woodland birds mingled with the far-away barking of dogs and the lowing of the full-uddered cows in the distant meadows. Abashed and enchanted, the girl listened. It was an elfin land where the old witch voices of hill and river were not silenced. With the wind in her hair she climbed the slope again to the garden ground, where she found a solemn-eyed collie sniffing the fragrant wind in his morning stroll.

Breakfast over, the forenoon hung heavy on her hands. It was Lady Manorwater's custom to let her guests sit idle in the morning and follow their own desires, but in the afternoon she would plan subtle and far-reaching schemes of enjoyment. It was a common saying that in her large good-nature she amused people regardless of their own expense. She would light-heartedly make town-bred folk walk twenty miles or bear the toil of infinite drives. But this was after lunch; before, her guests might do as they pleased. Lord Manorwater went off to see some tenant; Arthur, after vain efforts to decoy Alice into a fishing expedition, went down the stream in a canoe, because to his fool's head it seemed the riskiest means of passing the time at his disposal; Bertha and her sister were writing letters; the spectacled people had settled themselves below shady trees with voluminous papers and a pile of books. Alice alone was idle. She made futile expeditions to the library, and returned with an armful of volumes which she knew in her heart she would never open. She found the deepest and most comfortable chair and placed it in a shady place among beeches. But she could not stay there, and must needs wander restlessly about the gardens, plucking flowers and listlessly watching the gardeners at their work.

Lunch-time found this young woman in a slightly irritable frame of mind. The cause direct and indirect was Mr. Stocks, who had found her alone, and had saddled her with his company for the space of an hour and a half. His vein had been *badinage* of the serious and reproving kind, and the girl had been bored to distraction. But a misspent hour is soon forgotten, and the sight of her hostess's cheery face would have restored her to good humour had it not been for a thought which could not be exorcised. She knew of Lady Manorwater's reputation as an inveterate matchmaker, and in some subtle way the suspicion came to her that that goddess had marked herself as a quarry. She found herself next Mr. Stocks at meals, she had already listened to his eulogy from her hostess's own lips, and to her unquiet fancy it seemed as if the others stood back that they two might be together. Brought up in an atmosphere of commerce, she was perfectly aware that she was a desirable match for an embryo politician, and that sooner or later she would be mistress of many thousands. The thought was a barbed vexation. To Mr. Stocks she had been prepared to extend the tolerance of a happy aloofness; now she found that she was driven to dislike him with all the bitterness of unwelcome proximity.

The result of such thoughts was that after lunch she disregarded her hostess's preparations and set out for a long hill walk. Like all perfectly healthy people, much exercise was as welcome to her as food and sleep; ten miles were refreshing; fifteen miles in an afternoon an exaltation. She reached the moor beyond the policies, and, once past this rushy wilderness, came to the Avelin-side and a single plank bridge which she crossed lightly without a tremor. Then came the highway, and then a long planting of firs, and last of all the drop of a rushing stream pouring down from the hills in a lonely wooded hollow. The girl loved to explore, and here was a field ripe for adventure.

Soon she grew flushed with the toil and the excitement; climbing the bed of the stream was no child's play, for ugly corners had to be passed, slippery rocks to be skimmed, and many breakneck leaps to be effected. Her spirits rose as the spray from



"Suddenly she came upon the spirits of the place"

little falls brushed her face and the thick screen of the birches caught in her hair. When she reached a vantage-rock and looked down on the chain of pools and rapids by which she had come, a cry of delight broke from her lips. This was living, this was the zest of life! The upland wind cooled her brow; she washed her hands in a rocky pond and arranged her tangled tresses. What did she care for Mr. Stocks or any man? He was far down in the lowlands talking his pompous nonsense; she was on the hills with the sky above her and the breeze of heaven around her, free, sovereign, the queen of an airy land.

With fresh wonder she scrambled on till the trees began to grow sparser and an upland valley opened in view. Now the burn was quiet, running in long shining shallows and falling over little rocks into deep brown pools where the trout darted. On either side rose the gates of the valley—two craggy knolls each with a few trees on its face. Beyond was a green lawnlike place with a great confusion of blue mountains hemmed around its head. Here, if anywhere, primeval peace had found its dwelling, and Alice, her eyes bright with pleasure, sat on a green knoll, too rapt with the sight for word or movement.

Then very slowly, like an epicure lingering at a feast, she walked up the banks of the burn, now high above a trough of rock, now down in a green winding hollow. Suddenly she came on the spirits of the place in the shape of two boys down on their faces groping among the stones of a pool.

One was very small and tattered, one about sixteen; both were barefoot and both were wet and excited. "Tam, ye stot, ye've let the muckle yin aff again," groaned the smaller. "Oh, be canny, man! if we grip him it'll be the biggest trout that the laird will have in his basket." The elder boy, who was bearing the heat and burden of the work, could only groan "Heather!" at intervals. It seemed to be his one exclamation.

Now it happened that the two ragamuffins lifted their eyes and saw to their amazement a girl walking on the bank above them, a girl who smiled comrade-like on them and seemed in no way surprised. They propped themselves on their elbows and stared.

"Heather!" they ejaculated in one breath. Then they, too, grinned broadly, for it was impossible to resist so good-humoured an intruder. She held her head high and walked like a queen, till a turn of the water hid her. "It's a wumman," gasped the smaller boy. "And she's terrible bonny," commented the more critical brother. Then the two fell again to the quest of the great trout.

Meanwhile the girl pursued her way till she came to a fall where the bank needed warier climbing. As she reached the top a little flushed and panting, she became conscious that the upland valley was not without inhabitants. For, not six paces off, stood a man's figure, his back turned towards her, and his mind apparently set on mending a piece of tackle.

She stood for a moment hesitating. How could she pass without being seen? The man was blissfully unconscious of her presence and as he worked he whistled Schubert's "Wohin" and whistled it very badly. Then he fell to apostrophising his tackle, and then he grew irritable. "Somebody come and keep this thing taut," he cried. "Tam, Jock! where on earth are you?"

The thing in question was lying at Alice's feet in wavy coils.

"Jock, you fool, where are you?" cried the man, but he never looked round and went on biting and tieing. Then an impulse took the girl and she picked up the line. "That's right," cried the man, "pull it as tight as you can," and Alice tugged heroically at the waterproof silk. She felt horribly nervous, and was conscious that she must look a very flushed and untidy young barbarian. Many times she wanted to drop it and run away, but the thought of the menaces upon the absent Jock and of her swift discovery deterred her. When he was done with her help he might go on working and never look round. Then she would escape unnoticed down the burn.

But no such luck befell her. With a satisfied tug he pronounced the thing finished, and wheeled round to regard his associates. "Now, you young wretches—" and the words froze on his lips, for in the place of two tatterdemalion boys he saw a young girl holding his line limply and smiling with much nervousness.

"Oh," he cried, and then became dumb and confused. He was shy and unhappy with women, save the few whom he had known from childhood. The girl was no better. She had blushed deeply, and was now minutely scanning the stones in the burn. Then she raised her eyes, met his, and the difficulty was solved by both falling into fits of deep laughter. She was the first to speak.

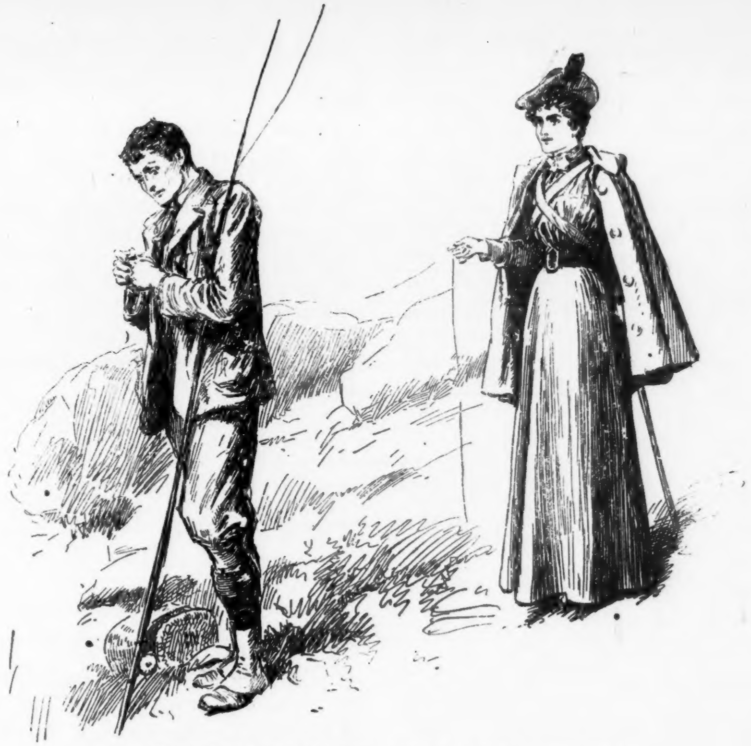
"I am so sorry I surprised you. I did not see you till I was close to you, and then you were abusing somebody so terribly that to stop such language I had to stop and help you. I saw Tam and Jock at a pool a long way down, so they couldn't hear you, you know."

"And I'm very much obliged to you. You held it far better than Tam or Jock would have done. But how did you get up here?"

"I climbed up the burn," said Alice simply, putting up a hand to confine a wandering tress. The young man saw a small, very simply dressed girl, with a flushed face and bright, deep eyes. The small white hat confined a great tangle of wonderful reddish gold hair. She held herself with the grace which is born of natural health and no modish training; the strong hazel stick, the scratched shoes, and the wet fringes of her gown showed how she had spent the afternoon. The young man, having received an excellent education, thought of Dryads and Oreads.

Alice for her part saw a strong, well-knit being, with a brown clean-shaven face, a straight nose, and a delicate humorous mouth. He had large grey eyes, very keen, quizzical, and kindly. His raiment was disgraceful—an old knickerbocker suit with a ruinous Norfolk jacket, patched at the elbows and with leather at wrist and shoulder. Apparently he scorned the June sun, for he had no cap. His pockets seemed bursting with tackle and a discarded basket lay on the ground. The whole figure pleased her, its rude health, simplicity, and disorder. The atrocious men who sometimes came to her father's house had been miracles of neatness, and Mr. Stocks was wont to robe his person in the most faultless of shooting-suits.

A fugitive memory began to haunt the girl. She had met or heard of this man before. The valley was divided between Glenavelin and Etterick. He was not the Doctor, and



"'That's right,' cried the man, 'pull it as tight as you can'

he was not the minister. Might not he be that Lewie, the well-beloved, whose praises she had heard consistently sung since her arrival? It pleased her to think that she had been the first to meet the redoubtable young man.

To them there entered the two boys, the younger dangling a fish. "It is the big trout ye lost," he cried. "We guddled 'um. We wad hae gotten 'um afore, but a wumman frichted 'um." Then turning unabashed to Alice, he said in accusing tones, "That's the wumman!"

The elder boy gently but firmly performed on his brother the operation known as "scragging." It was a subdued spirit which emerged from the fraternal embrace.

"Pit the fush in the basket, Tam," said he, "and syne gang away wide up the hill till I cry ye back." The tones implied that his younger brother was no fit company for two gentlemen and a lady.

"I won't spoil your fishing," said Alice, fearing fratricidal strife. "You are fishing up, so I had better go down the burn again." And with a dignified nod to the others she turned to go.

Jock sprang forward with a bound and proceeded to stone the small Tam up the hill. He coursed that young gentleman like a dog, bidding him "come near," or "gang wide," or "lie down there," to all of which the culprit, taking the sport in proper spirit, gaily responded.

"I think you had better not go down the burn," said the man reflectively. "You should keep the dry hillside. It is safer."

"Oh, I am not afraid," said the girl, laughing.

"But then I might want to fish down, and the trout are very shy there," said he, lying generously.

"Well, I won't then, but please tell me where Glenavelin is, for the stream-side is my only direction."

"You are staying there?" he asked with a pleased face. "We shall meet again, for I shall be over to-morrow. That fence on the hillside is their march, and if you follow it you will come to the footbridge on the Avelin. Many thanks for taking Jock's place and helping me."

He watched her for a second as she lightly jumped the burn and climbed the peaty slope.

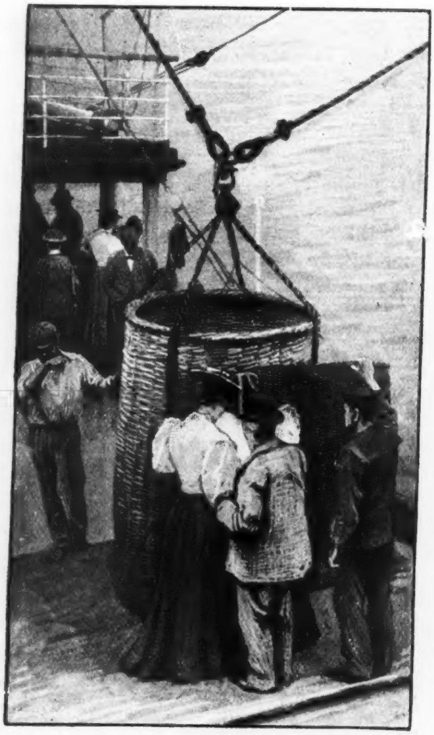
Then he turned to his fishing, and when Alice looked back from the vantage-ground of the hill shoulder she saw a figure bending intently below a great pool. She was no coquette, but she could not repress a tinge of irritation at so callous and self-absorbed a young man. Another would have been profuse in thanks, and would have accompanied her to point out the road, or in some way or other would have declared his appreciation of her presence. He might have told her his name, and then there would have been a pleasant informal introduction, and they could have talked freely. If he came to Glenavelin to-morrow, she would have liked to appear as already an acquaintance of so popular a guest.

But such thoughts did not long hold their place. She was an honest young woman, and she readily confessed that fluent manners and the air of the *cavalier servant* were things she did not love. Carelessness suited well with a frayed jacket and the companionship of a hill burn and two ragged boys. So, comforting her pride with proverbs, she returned to Glenavelin to find the place deserted save for dogs, and in their cheering presence read idly till dinner.

NATAL AND ITS PEOPLE

By the BISHOP OF NATAL

FIRST PAPER



(J. E. Midlebrook, photographer, Durban)

LANDING IN THE BASKET

In approaching Durban the ships have an accommodating way of sailing close inshore, so that one gets to feel somewhat at home in the country even before landing. And it has a very homelike look. The hills, which rise gently from the beach, do not seem like high cliffs to stand on the defensive against the intrusion of the stranger, but suggest some English homestead with its park. There are stretches of fair green grass sprinkled with clumps of wood, and far behind these in the distance rise the higher hills of the interior. There are few signs of human habitation till one rounds the wooded headland, called the Bluff, under shelter of which lies the "bay" and harbour of Durban. I write the word "bay" with inverted commas, as our "bay" hardly answers to the common acceptation of that word. It is a long, land-locked lagoon, connected with the open sea only by the narrow channel which flows between the two breakwaters which are intended to prevent the formation of the bar and secure free access for ships into the Durban harbour. But to mention the word "bar" is, in Natal, to open up a hot dispute, as our politics turn much more on the alternative proposals for fighting the bar than on any questions of Liberal or Conservative policy.

(J. E. Midlebrook, photographer, Durban)

DURBAN FROM THE BLUFF

Immediately the Bluff is rounded the whole beautiful view of Durban, with its background of wooded hills, is disclosed. No picture without colour can give an adequate idea of it, for the colour rather than the form is the secret of its beauty. The reader must supply from his imagination the brilliant blues of sea and sky, and the richest greens of tropical vegetation on the surrounding hills.

And now comes the landing. Until the rival political parties in Natal have fought out their battles to the end, and have shown by the practical proof of a defeated and annihilated bar that one of them, at least, was in the right, this same landing will continue to be the clumsy and uncomfortable process which it is now. For the mail steamers are still too big to get inside the harbour, and the outer anchorage is a rough and restless place, and tugs are afraid on nine days out of ten to lie alongside a gangway. The result is that the passenger has to submit to the indignity of escaping from his ship by the same method by which St. Paul escaped from Damascus—in a basket. We owe gratitude, however, to the Empress Eugénie, for since the day that she came out to Natal on her sad errand the basket has increased its dimensions beyond the probable limits of St. Paul's basket. It is, in fact, almost as large as the lift in London mansions, affording room for three or four people to sit or stand. This basket with its human load is then hauled aloft by the steam-crane, and dropped with much care and precision on to the tug lying alongside. Still one never quite gets over the thought that an unfriendly swell, lifting the tug too suddenly, or an unfriendly sailor dropping the basket too suddenly, might cause an uncomfortable collision between the tug and the descending basket, or that the steam-crane might swing one a little too far, or that the bottom of the creaking basket might come out. None of these fears have, however, been justified at present, so we will not dwell on them, but hurry over the bar and land at the Point.

From the Point at Addington to the centre of Durban is a good long mile. If the passenger can dispose of his luggage we will take the opportunity of introducing him to the Natal 'rickshaw boy, who will gallop him up to the Royal Hotel in a very short space of time. The accompanying print shows the 'rickshaw boys in front of the hotel. Whenever a traveller comes out of the hotel there is a charge of 'rickshaws across the street. It would seem a very tame affair to them to adopt the method of London railway cabmen, who wait their proper turn for a fare. They enjoy the race with each other, and shout and leap into the air.

These Zulu boys are good specimens of

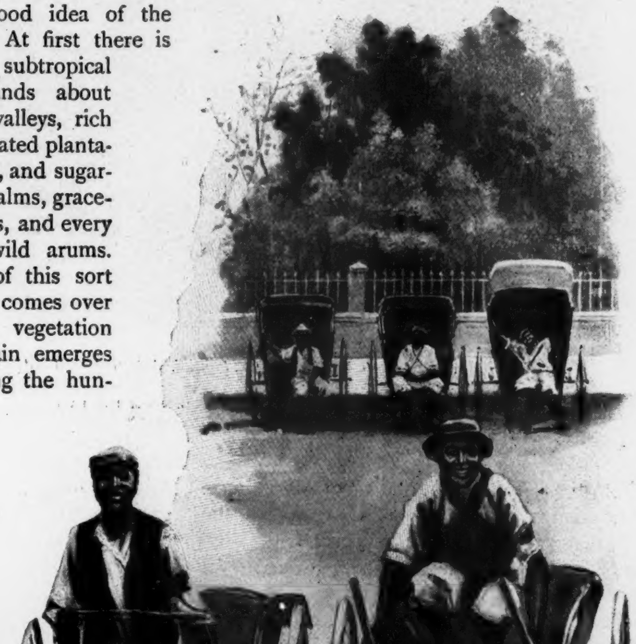
(G. W. Wilson & Co., Limited, photographers, Aberdeen)

AMAJUBA HILL

their race. It is a race of children, but of very vigorous and promising children. They have tremendous spirits. If, as philosophers tell us, laughing is one of the marks which distinguish the man from the animal, they are very human. The artistic faculty is not yet developed among them. They have not much eye for either colour or form. Their native costume, so far as there is one, is rather of sad colour, except for the beads, which are their favourite ornament. And they have no sense of the congruous. It is quite a common thing to see a 'rickshaw boy in Durban or Maritzburg with a tunic which belonged to the discarded wardrobe of a private of an English line regiment. Above this he will, as likely as not, have a child's or lady's straw hat, ornamented with tags of lace and tied with a ribbon under his chin. Others affect the ferocious style, and adorn themselves with enormous plumes of feathers or a couple of cow's horns fastened to their heads.

But before speaking further of the people and their peculiarities I should like to show the reader a little more of the country. Before leaving Durban we will take a drive up to the Berea. The name takes us back to early days of missionary enterprise. Captain Allan Gardner, who first preached at the Zulu king's kraal, and met with indifferent success, came to Durban, and gaining a more ready hearing from the natives there, gave the place the name from the Berea of the Acts of the Apostles, whose inhabitants were "more noble than those in Thessalonica, in that they received the word with all readiness of mind." The heathen native, however, now is not much in evidence on the Berea, except in the form of the domestic servant, and this wooded line of hill, where colonists still living remember elephants and lions, is now the home of all Durban's wealthiest merchants. Their houses, with their beautiful gardens, gorgeous flowers, and tropical trees, command ever-varying views of the town below, the bay, and the outer anchorage. About Christmas time the tree that will strike the traveller most of all is the flamboyant, with its layers of vivid green, acacia-like, foliage and its blaze of vermilion flowers. But, whatever the time of year, there is no lack of colour. The hybiscus, pointsetia, begonias, bougainvillia, cannas, and a hundred other varieties shine out against the green lawns and the palms and tree ferns. The eye gets so accustomed to the wealth of light and colour that it is no wonder that Natalians returning to England find themselves depressed with the greyness and the gloom.

Taking the train from Durban to Pietermaritzburg one gets a good idea of the variety of Natal scenery. At first there is the coast belt, with its subtropical character. The train winds about among broken hills and valleys, rich with natural bush and cultivated plantations of banana, pineapple, and sugar-cane. There are feathery palms, graceful bamboos, wild plantains, and every ditch is white with the wild arums. After some twelve miles of this sort of thing a marked change comes over the landscape. The rich vegetation suddenly ceases. The train emerges from its meandering among the hundred little hills and begins to climb in earnest. There open out larger stretches of bare veldt. (One is reminded by the constant mention of veldt and vlei, of spruits and sluits, that one is in a country which once was Dutch, though now it is the most English of all South African colonies.) Natal is made in steps. The journey inland is a succession of tablelands. Having now climbed the first of these steps to a height of some 1500 to 2000 feet, we enter a specimen of what is called the thorn country. This has a character all its own. Though not tropical like the coast belt, it is very hot, and this because of its sheltered valleys. They are not like the miniature valleys of the coast scenery, but great deep abysses. The ridges which divide them are themselves scarred and furrowed by a thousand watercourses or the tracks of streams now dry, but liable at any moment of summer to become raging torrents. The sides of these deep valleys are dotted everywhere with mimosa bushes, sometimes known as "umbrella trees," from their flat tops. Higher hills, still almost always with flat tops, are now visible, among



'RICKSHAW BOYS, DURBAN

(G. W. Wilson & Co., Limited, photographers, Aberdeen)

PIETERMARITZBURG, FROM THE EAST

them the "Table Mountain" of Maritzburg. The visitor is requested not to taunt the Natalian with odious comparisons between our Table Mountain and that of Capetown. Looked at purely from its own merits, and especially if favoured with a nearer inspection, our Table Mountain has beauties which are not to be altogether despised. And now, climbing still, the train will bring us to yet another variety of landscape—the bare, treeless veldt, rolling in its vast stretches to the far-off horizon. One must, however, go beyond Maritzburg, and perhaps one must be some little time in the country, to feel that this too has a beauty and a grandeur of its own. And if, even then, one fails to feel this, perhaps when the traveller gets back again to his native land he will experience a sense of confinement in the hedgerows and the narrow fields.

Of true mountain scenery the traveller will see little till he comes in sight of the great west boundary wall of Natal, the range of the Drakensberg. There is no doubt of the grandeur of the scenery then. The great line of cliff rises to 1200 feet above the sea, and nearly half of this is sheer precipice. But, until some enterprising person opens up the route to the Drakensberg by making a road and running a coach and building a hotel, the tourist will have to rest content with a distant view of this mountain region, unless he is, like the writer, keen enough about mountains to be prepared to spend a week in a cave. The wall of the Drakensberg runs in a waving line along the whole western side of the colony. At its north end it tails off in grandeur, and comes to an end in the sadly memorable Amajuba Mountain. To speak of this and all its associated troubles of the past and problems of the future would take me far from my present purpose, which is not to discuss politics and the question of the paramount Power, but rather to ask the reader to think of the country thus rapidly sketched as the possible territory of the kingdom of God, agreed in loyal devotion to the paramount power of the King of Kings.

I turn, therefore, from the physical features to the human conditions of Natal. Here and there in the wide and bare expanse of the rolling veldt the traveller will have noticed little oases in the desert, trees noticeably different from the natural bush of the country, and in the midst of them houses and outbuildings, the house usually of one storey with wide verandah and thatched or corrugated iron roof. The trees will generally include the blue gum or eucalyptus, and one may judge by the size of these trees as to the age of the farm and the status of the farmer. If the trees are very lofty and large in girth we may pretty safely conclude that the farmer is an old colonist and well-to-do. I remember some of the biggest gum-trees I ever saw—perhaps 140 feet high—belonged to a farmer who was one of the earliest colonists, and he told me that he brought them up from Durban in his waistcoat pocket in the form of seed which the then curator of the Botanical Garden in Durban gave him, as he was anxious to know if they would grow in the up-country districts.

Our duty as Christian missionaries is to set up the kingdom of God, and plainly that duty begins with the white settlers. Un-Christian lives of so-called Christians will undo the work of all the sermons we may preach to the natives; and, more than that, there must be the object-lesson of the Christian Church, the organised society of Christ, before their eyes. There must be the Christian family, in which they in turn may find their place and their new relations. There are some wise words on this matter in one of Dr. Arnold's letters to a young man who was thinking of going to India as a missionary. He says: "Only, if you do go to India, still remember that the great work to be done is to organise and purify Christian churches of whites and half-castes. . . . These must be the nucleus to which individuals from the natives will continually join more and more as these become more numerous and more respectable. Otherwise, the caste system is an insuperable difficulty. You call on a man to leave all his old connections and to become infamous in their eyes, and yet having no living Church to offer him where he shall receive fathers and mothers and brethren and sisters, &c., a hundredfold! Individual preaching among the Hindoos, without having a Church to which to invite them, seems to me the wildest of follies. Remember how in every place Paul made the *εὐσεβεῖς* the foundation of his Church, and then the idolatrous heathen gathered round these in more or less numbers."

With this object, the first step is to plant a clergyman within reach, as far as possible, of every homestead. Church buildings will

(J. E. Midlebrook, photographer, Durban)

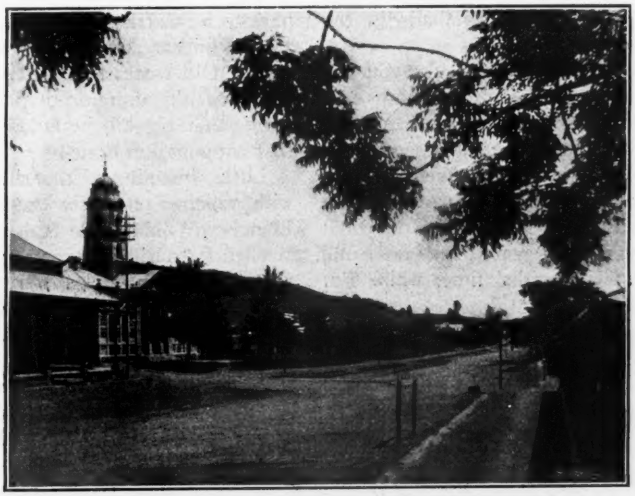
ROTHRA'S HILL, BETWEEN DURBAN AND MARITZBURG

(G. W. Wilson & Co., Limited, photographers, Aberdeen)

LADYSMITH

come later, for at first services will be held in private houses or even public halls or court-houses. But to have one true servant of God riding about over hill and dale in these far wildernesses, the friend and helper of all, ready at hand in all times of sickness or distress, speaking by word and by example, and by deeds of unselfish kindness, of the things of God, continually bearing witness to men whose lives are apt to be engrossed with the outward and material and secular, that "the things which are seen are temporal, and the things which are unseen are eternal"; this is a boon which cannot be reckoned in terms of earthly values. And for this, by the way, we need still help from the mother country. It is sometimes said, "Why cannot the Church in the Colonies be altogether self-supporting?" The answer is, that just where it is most needed the support to be obtained on the spot is least. In the towns the Church ought to be, and I am glad to say is, self-supporting. But it is in the newest and most remote districts that the Church is most urgently needed. There, there are numbers of young men, living far away from one another and exposed to all the temptations of the lonely, temptations of drink and lust. Many of them are purchasing their farms by yearly instalments, and can barely make a living, and they are just the ones who have least power (perhaps, too, sometimes will) to pay for a clergyman, and yet also just the ones to whom a true and loving and spiritual-minded friend is of utmost value. I am thankful to say we are well off in having such men among our clergy, but the Colony is not yet covered by their operations. Though they are among the hardest riders in the Colony and cover more ground in the saddle than others, the distances to be traversed are beyond the powers of the most devoted priest and the most enduring horse.

But, after all, the white people are only a tenth of our population; and there is a much larger community to whom we owe no less of obligation. We are debtors to the black as well as to the white; but this side of work in Natal we leave to the next paper.



(G. W. Wilson & Co., Limited, photographers, Aberdeen)

A STREET IN LADYSMITH

A MAY WEEK MELODRAMA

By VICTOR L. WHITECHURCH

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANCES EWAN

IT was the merry May week in Cambridge, the round of breakfasts and lunches, and river excitement and dances, when there was scarcely time to go to bed, and reading men were sore distracted. Sisters and cousins swarmed in the academic city, and, despite of the watchings of chaperons, more than one couple of hearts were exchanged—permanently, perhaps; only for a time, peradventure.

On Wednesday night there was a dance at Clere College—not a very usual thing—but on this occasion obstacles had been overcome, and the hall woke up right gaily to the sound of stringed instruments.

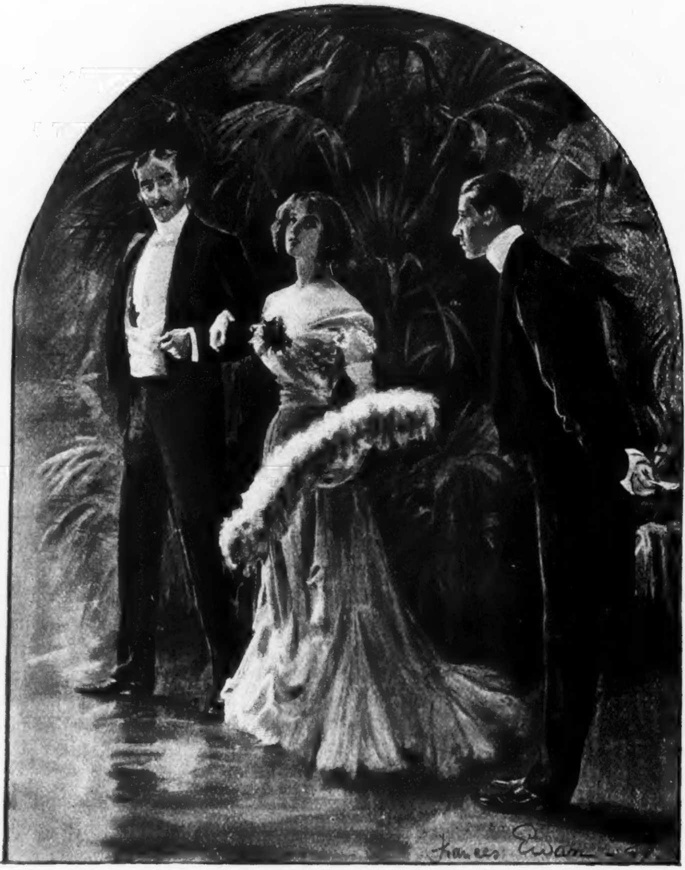
Only one man in the merry throng did not relish the gaiety around him. Herbert Kempston, albeit the smile played upon his face, was full of gloomy thoughts, the bulk of them being summarised under that very ugly word "Debt." Every one knew that he had gone the pace at a pretty speedy rate during the time he had been up at the 'Varsity, and every one guessed that a little ready money would be acceptable to him, but they did not know that he wanted it to the tune of a couple of thousand odd.

Not a very engaging man was Kempston. Rather below the medium height, broad shouldered, straight mouse-coloured hair, clean-shaven face, thick lips, little grey eyes with scarcely a mark of eyebrow over them, an ugly frown every now and then on his forehead, there was not very much attractive in his nature. He was a first-rate boating man, and the pulling of an oar was about the best thing he ever did while he was up.

He was standing with his back to the wall and his eyes fixed on a pretty-looking girl who was circling round the hall in the dreamy mazes of a valse.

"Ah," he muttered to himself, "you, my fair cousin, are the chief obstacle in my road. If that cracked-brained old idiot of an uncle of ours had had an ounce of sense in his addled pate, *you* wouldn't have been his heiress, and a nice round sum would have found its way into my pockets. Now you'll be worth a thousand a year when you come of age in a few months' time, while I'm several degrees lower than a beggar. The least you might do now that you've cut me out of a fortune is to marry me—and you say you won't do that. You're too healthy-looking a young woman to die, and as it's only that or marriage that stands between me and a decent slice of filthy lucre, it'll have to be marriage. If you won't consent, I must find some means of making you, that is all. Old Isaacs told me that if my engagement wasn't announced pretty soon he'd spring that big bill he holds on me—and if that happens I'm done!"

Little dreaming of the sinister intentions with which her cousin was regarding her, Blanche Wilmot, the valse being over, strolled forth with her partner into the quad, where several couples were promenading.



"'*My* dance, I believe, Blanche'"

Her companion, Jack Hine, was a tall, good-looking young fellow with a merry smile, and a sparkle in his eyes He had only been introduced to her just before that dance, but, from the glances he shot at her from time to time, it was evident she had made some impression upon him.

"What part of the country do you come from, Miss Wilmot?" he was asking.

"From Chichester—in Sussex," she replied.

"I know some one there, a Mrs. Haverill. She used to stay with my people sometimes."

"Mrs. Haverill? How *very* funny, Mr. Hine! Why, she's my chaperon here to-night!"

"Really?"

"Yes. She's brought her niece

and myself up for the week. Isn't it strange?"

"Awfully. Look here, Miss Wilmot: are you doing anything particular to-morrow afternoon?"

"No, I don't think Mrs. Haverill has made any engagements for us."

"Good! Then suppose you all come to tea in my rooms. Will you ask Mrs. Haverill from me?"

"Certainly. But where do you live?"

"I'm not in college at present. My address is 10 Aymer Road."

"Oh, I shall never remember that."

"Well, let me write it down. H'm!—haven't a scrap of paper about me."

"Put it on my programme," said the girl, with a laugh, handing it to him.

"Ah, capital idea."

And he wrote in pencil on the back of her programme,

"Jack Hine,
10 Aymer Road."

"And now I shall have to take you in," he said. "I must leave this gay and festive scene, for I've got some reading before me. Let me take you back to Mrs. Haverill, then I shall be able to ask her myself."

But this was not to be, for on their way back they were met by Kempston, who favoured Hine with a scowl and addressed himself to his cousin:

"*My* dance, I believe, Blanche."

"Ah—so it is," she replied, with a glance at her programme. "Good-night, Mr. Hine. I hope we shall see you to-morrow."

"By Jove, what a stunning girl!" said Hine as he went off. "I wonder if she's engaged to that man? He called her by her Christian name." And there came a pang of jealousy to his heart.

"It's awfully hot inside, Blanche," said Kempston; "what do you say to a stroll round the fellows' gardens instead of the dance?"

After some slight hesitation she consented, and they made their way into the gardens, which were illuminated with Japanese lanterns. It was a lovely night, and although Blanche Wilmot had emphatically refused her cousin's proposal of marriage some months previously, she by no means objected to his company. More than once, however, her thoughts wandered to her late partner, and he would certainly have felt a little flattered if he could have heard them expressed.

Wandering on, the couple at length found themselves on a lawn sloping down to the edge of the river, and they strolled down in the dim light to gaze at the beautiful piece of water which runs through the "backs" of the colleges.

"How lovely and romantic!" exclaimed the girl. "Oh, I *should* like a row to-night. It would be just beautiful to glide out there into the silent water."

"Would you?" answered her cousin, "then there's every opportunity for your wish being gratified."

"How do you mean, Herbert?"

"Why, here's a Canadian canoe moored against the bank. You've only to step in and let me be your galley slave."

"Oh, I'd like to awfully—but——"

"Why not? Just a ten minutes' paddle, that's all. It's slightly unconventional, I'll admit, for we're scarcely in boating costume. But what does it matter?"

"Mrs. Haverill would be awfully angry."

"Let her—if she finds out. But surely she couldn't object to your boating with your own cousin. Come along, Blanche."

There was a decided eagerness in the man's voice as he helped her into the frail bark and cast the painter loose. This part of the garden was quite deserted, and no one saw them as he pushed off and commenced paddling down stream. Blanche Wilmot would probably not have settled herself down to enjoy the situation so comfortably had she been able to see the grin on her companion's face.

Swiftly they glided on, beneath bridges, by the sides of the colleges. Ever and anon lights came streaming down from the windows above and the sound of voices or laughter from over the midnight oil.

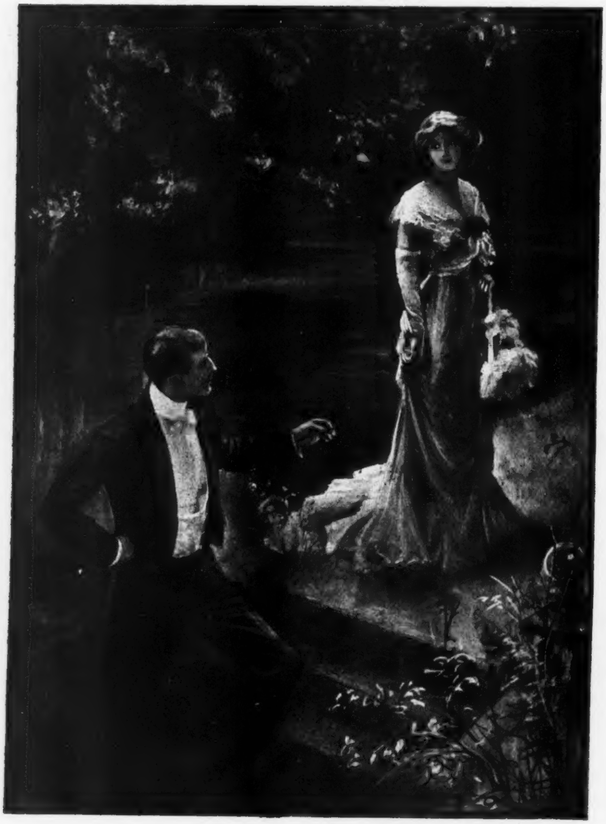
"Hadn't we better be getting back, Herbert? We've gone very far, surely."

"Not yet," said her cousin, suddenly ceasing to ply his paddle, "I've something to say first."

"What is it?" she asked with a slight touch of alarm in her voice.

"Only the old question. Will you be my wife, Blanche—I——?"

"I have told you once and for all that I cannot. Now will you turn back, please?



"'Mrs. Haverill would be awfully angry'"

I think it most ungentlemanly of you to take this advantage of me."

"Hear me, Blanche. Don't you know I love you dearly? Don't you know you could make me the happiest man on earth just with one little word? Listen to me, darling——"

"Stop! I have given my answer. Take me back at once."

"Not till you have promised to be my wife."

"Indeed! You threaten me, do you?"

"Promise me, Blanche," he persisted, reaching forward and taking her hand.

"Hands off, sir!" she cried.

"You *shall* promise me," he persisted.

"Never!" she exclaimed, seizing the paddle and in her excitement and fright half rising from her seat.

He saw the danger at once, and leaned forward to restrain her. But it was too late. The equilibrium of the frail canoe was upset, it turned over, and its two inmates were thrown into the water, Kempston striking his forehead against the canoe as he fell in.

Blanche Wilmot, who could not swim a stroke, gave a wild shriek and convulsively clutched at the overturned craft, only to lose her hold and roll back. As for Kempston, he had been half stunned by the blow on his head. Rising to the surface in a half-dazed condition, he slowly took the scene in, at least as far as the darkness would permit.

A few strokes, for he was a splendid swimmer, brought him up to the struggling girl, and then the evil demon whispered to him:

"Why should you try to save her? If she drowns, you will get all her money—she'll never marry you!"

And he listened! The evil passions in the man rose supreme to the occasion, and mastered, for the time at least, the last spark of his better nature. Leaving the canoe and his cousin in mid-stream, he struck out for the shore opposite that from which they had embarked.

His first feeling was one of abject terror at the part which he had played. He determined to sneak back to his college, sport his oak, change his clothes, and say nothing to any one. As he hastened away his mind became clearer: he remembered he had been seen with his cousin and that there might be grave suspicions concerning her fate. Finally his guilty conscience got the better of him and he determined to bolt. He went to his room, changed his things, packed a few belongings in a bag, sneaked off with the dawn of day, and took train for town.

Meanwhile a strange thing was happening. Jack Hine sat in his room with his big

Liddell and Scott and a book of Plato's on the table before him. But though he tried manfully to read its pages his thoughts by no means ran in a Platonic groove—as far as his affections were concerned. A bright smiling face, with clusters of dark hair and a flash of bright bewitching eyes, kept rising up before him, and in vain the spirit of the heathen philosopher called him to order. There was a stronger spirit than his in the room, and the little god Cupid grinned in triumph over Plato and his ethics of friendship. Jack Hine might just as well have stayed at the dance for all the reading he was doing that night.

He was just regretting that he had not done so when a knock came at the street door. Knowing that his landlady had gone to bed, he stepped into the passage, undid the bolts, and opened it. Two rough-looking men carrying a dripping burden between them accosted him.

"Does Mr. Jack Hine live here?"

"I'm Mr. Hine: what do you want?"

"All right, Bill, let's take her in," and to the undergraduate's intense astonishment the two men proceeded to carry an apparently unconscious girl into his sitting-room.

"What on earth does this mean?" he asked as, totally unconscious of the effect they were producing, the men calmly deposited the girl on Hine's sofa.

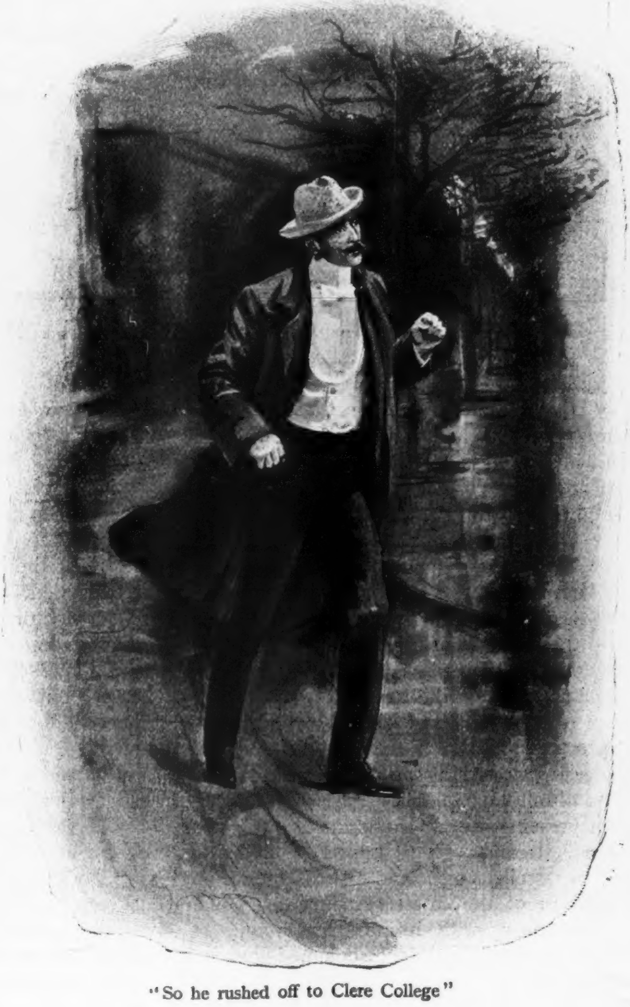
"Why," he cried, as the light fell on her face, "it's Miss Wilmot! What on earth is all this?"

"Beg pardon, sir," said one of the men, "but hadn't I best run for a doctor? My mate 'ull explain how we found her."

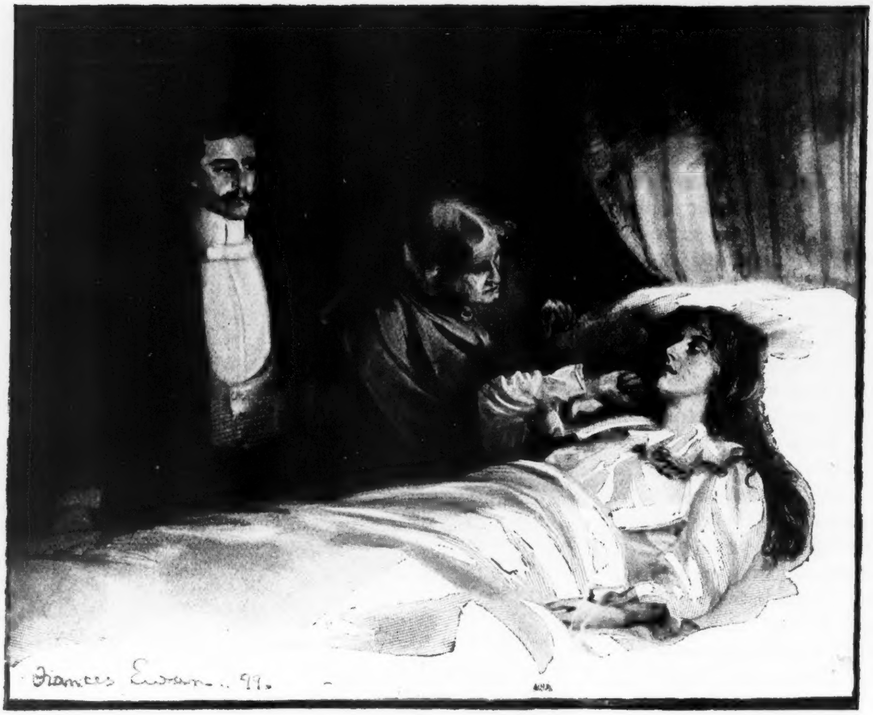
"Yes, yes—go at once—hurry up! I'll call my landlady down."

And while the man rushed out of the house the young man hurried upstairs shouting for Mrs. Jones. When she appeared in a state of *dishabille*, to say that she was astonished would be a mild expression.

"Lor, Mister Hine," she began, "what in the name o' goodness has happened? lor bless me——"



"So he rushed off to Clere College"


Frances Ewan .. 99.

“‘Now you keep quiet and don't worry’”

“Don't stand chattering there like an idiot,” said Hine. “I don't know the meaning of it myself yet; but you see the poor girl's half-drowned and insensible. Get your daughter and put her to bed.”

“There ain't a spare room——”

“*Mine* will do—anything—only be quick.”

The landlady's motherly instincts were now aroused. The girl was carried upstairs and there put to bed by Mrs. Jones and her daughter. Meanwhile Jack Hine sought an explanation from the man.

“Wal, sir,” said the latter, “me and my mate was a-smokin' a pipe down by the river when we heard a splash in the distance. We didn't take much notice of it at first, but presently we saw summat curious driftin' down stream. There was a boat handy, so we pulled out, and fished the young lady out o' the water. At first we thought it was all up with her, but we found she was breathin' and she coughed once or twice.”

“But why did you bring her here?”

“'Cos we found your name and address on her, sir.”

“My name and address?”

“Here it is.”

And the man produced the ball programme!

“It was the only scrap o' writin' on her,” he explained.—“Ah, here's the doctor!”

The doctor was not long in making his examination. He pronounced the case simply one of severe shock and unstrung nerves, but no serious mischief had been done. He ordered some simple restoratives and advised quiet. Then he came down and talked a few moments with Hine, who had meanwhile dismissed the two bargees.

“Mysterious affair,” he said; “you'd best inform her people.”

“Good gracious!” said Hine, “yes, I'll go at once.”

So he rushed off to Clere College. The dance had broken up, but Miss Wilmot had been missed, inquiries set on foot, and several men were still about. Hastily reassuring them, Hine next went to the hotel where he heard Mrs. Haverill was staying, found her in a state of nervous prostration, to be speedily relieved when she knew her charge was safe. Leaving her to follow on as soon as she was able, he returned to his room.

Mrs. Jones met him at the door.

"Poor dear!" she said, "I think she's just coming to. Come and see her, sir."

Softly he entered the room upstairs with the landlady and they stood beside the bed.

"No," the girl was murmuring, "I won't marry you. . . . I hate you. . . . I tell you I *won't*——"

Here her eyes opened and rested on Hine's face with a puzzled expression.

"I don't mean you," she said.

"I hope you don't," thought Jack, "for though I haven't asked you to marry me yet, it's within the range of possibility."

"I thought you were trying to force me to marry you," she said, "but it wasn't you —it was my cousin . . . You—you'd never ask me such a question, would you?"

"Not now," thought he.

"It's all right, Miss Wilmot," he answered aloud.

"Yes—yes—ah! I remember now—we were in a canoe—and it turned over. . . . I must have upset it. I thought I was drowned."

"Now you keep quiet and don't worry," interposed Mrs. Jones.

And the girl fell asleep again.

* * * * *

Herbert Kempston's disappearance was generally put down to the pressure of certain creditors, but there was one person who had her own ideas upon the subject, for when Blanche Wilmot was able to turn things quietly over in her mind, she had a dim recollection of a man swimming towards her as she was struggling in the water, and then suddenly turning back. But she kept her surmises to herself.

Some months afterwards Jack Hine found his way to Chichester and interviewed Blanche Wilmot upon a somewhat important matter.

"But I said once I didn't care for you a bit, didn't I, Jack?" she whispered.

"Yes; but you didn't mean me, you know, and you said that I'd never ask such a question as this, eh?"

"Somehow I thought you would, though, even then, Jack," she answered as she laid her face on his shoulder.

PRESENT-DAY LEADERS OF SCIENCE

I.—LORD KELVIN*

By Professor ANDREW GRAY, LL.D., F.R.S.

SOME sixty-four years ago William Thomson began his scientific work. As a boy of eleven or twelve, almost lost among the stalwart Scots who attended the classes of mathematics and natural philosophy in the University of Glasgow, he created astonishment, if not by the extent of his knowledge, at least by the intuitive certainty of his insight into problems, and the progress he made in the higher study of these subjects. While yet in his teens he had written a university essay on "The Figure of the Earth," had read Fourier's great treatise on the analytical theory of heat, and had written papers which were the first to fill gaps in this branch of analysis, and to throw light on points which had been misunderstood by mathematicians of great ability and acquirements.

While yet an undergraduate at Cambridge he was editor of the *Cambridge and Dublin Mathematical Journal*, and a frequent contributor of valuable mathematical papers to its pages. Of the estimation in which he

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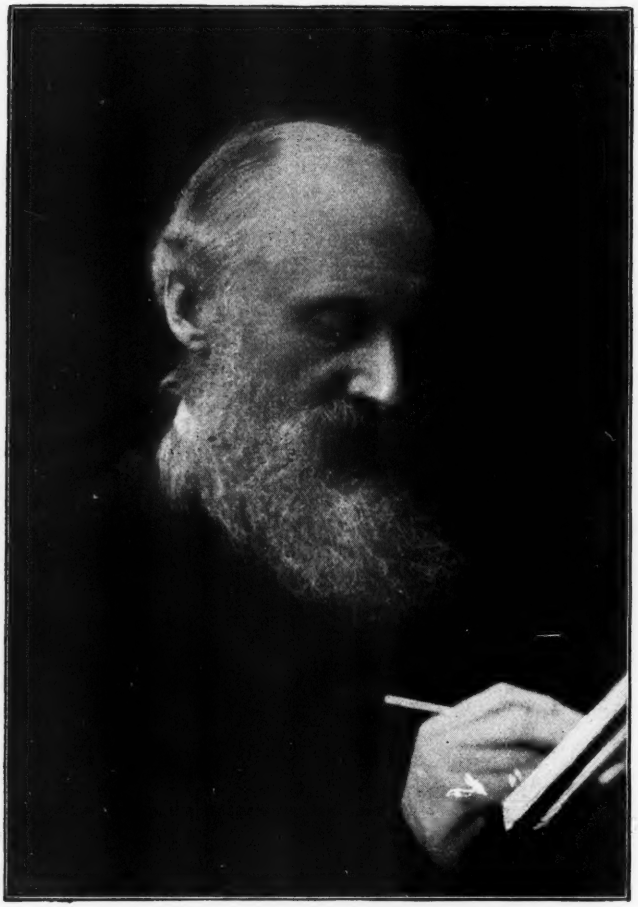
* The present article is mainly a sketch of some of the salient features of Lord Kelvin's scientific work. A more personal appreciation is supplied in the article (GOOD WORDS for June 1896) which was written by the Editor on the occasion of Lord Kelvin's jubilee.



(From a photograph by T. & R. Annan & Sons, Glasgow)

LORD KELVIN

was held by the mathematical teachers and examiners in the university, a story is current in various versions. The true version is given at first hand in the memoir prefixed to the papers of Mr. Robert Leslie Ellis, by the late Dr. Harvey Goodwin, Bishop of Carlisle. When the moderators took their seats on the first day of the Mathematical Tripos of 1845, one of them, speaking of Thomson and the great expectations which had been formed regarding him, remarked to the other, "We are about fit to mend his pens." The senior wrangler of the year was the late Dr. Parkinson, of St. John's College, but Thomson was second, and these positions were reversed in the competition for the Smith's Prizes, always regarded as a better test of original power than the tripos.

After a short time spent in Paris in the laboratory of Regnault, the famous experimentalist, then in the full swing of his work on the exact determination of physical constants, Thomson returned to Glasgow to begin that long career of discovery and invention which now, after fifty-three years of glorious results, has indeed changed its scene of action, but remains as fruitful as ever.

Lord Kelvin's scientific discoveries do not lend themselves easily to popular description. His work has had many sides. To perhaps the majority of people he is known as an inventor whose instruments are the standards used in all exact electrical measurements, whether in the laboratory or in the workshop, whose compass and sounding machine, by freeing the course of the mariner from error due to the magnetism of the ship, and making his approach to the coast in thick weather easily ascertainable, has saved thousands of lives, and robbed ocean navigation to a great extent of its perils and delays. By his telegraph instruments, founded on a perception of the conditions of successful submarine telegraphy, he first made cable signalling commercially possible, and played a great part in the practical working out of the immense enterprise initiated forty years ago by the first Atlantic cable, and now represented by the network of cables connecting all the countries of the world in which there are civilised settlements.

These are great achievements, but the writer of this article once, at a public luncheon in a large town in South Wales, met a gentleman who seemed to know nothing of them, but recognised Lord Kelvin's name as that of the inventor of a water-tap. The tap in question is useful and efficient, and many men have achieved great fortune and bulked much in the public estimation, whose real services to the arts represented less—an improved paper-fastener or a collar button perhaps; but this conception of Lord Kelvin's eminence as an inventor shows how little many men of affairs may know of the services which have been rendered to the country by its greatest citizens.

Scientific men, however, have a widely different idea of Lord Kelvin's work. They recognise in him the discoverer of general theorems in dynamics, which are applicable to every part of physical science, as the propounder of the doctrine of dissipation of energy, as one of the founders of the modern theory of thermo-dynamics, as the investigator who first connected in the firm bonds of mathematical theory the experimental discoveries of Faraday, and expressed in mathematical language Faraday's theory of lines of force in the electric and magnetic fields, and so gave the first dynamical view of the great sciences of electricity and magnetism, and as the great inventor whose ideas range from the most practical contrivances of everyday life to the construction of working models of the luminiferous ether.

It is of this more theoretical and abstract part of Lord Kelvin's scientific activity that we propose to give some account in the present article; and of course only the very slightest discussion, couched in the most general and untechnical terms, will be possible. We take first the theorems in abstract dynamics, to which reference has been made above. These are connected with the theory of energy of a material system. The reader is no doubt familiar with such phrases as *conservation of matter*, *conservation of energy*, *constancy of momentum*, and the like, but it may not be amiss to state shortly some fundamental notions on these subjects. We find that the changes of motion of every one of the bodies of any material system which we can observe are always traceable to the actions of other bodies either of the same system or of some other system. When the bodies of a system have no action on bodies external to the system, and are (therefore) not acted on by those external bodies, that is, when they act only on one another, the system may be said to be *isolated*. By comparing the accelerations, that is the velocities generated per second of time, in different bodies *in the same circumstances*, or, as we put it, when acted on by the same force, we get a comparison of the masses of the bodies, a comparison which is expressed by numbers inversely proportional to the accelerations produced. Having thus obtained a comparison of the masses, we get numbers measuring the masses, by assigning to one of the bodies the possession of unit mass, so that the mass of that body being expressed by 1, the masses of the others are assigned.

From this we get then the *forces* acting on the different bodies of the system by observing the acceleration produced in each part, and taking as the numerical measure of the forces on that part the product of the numerical measure m of its mass by the numerical measure a of its acceleration: that is, we take $m \times a$ as the measure of the force.

If then a part of the system be displaced under the action of force through any distance in the direction of the force, the product

(From a photograph by T. & R. Annan & Sons, Glasgow)

PART OF LABORATORY IN GLASGOW UNIVERSITY

of the measure of the force by the measure of the displacement is the measure of what is called the *work* done by the force on the part. On the other hand, if the part be displaced through any distance in the direction opposed to the force, the product just stated is the measure of the work done against the force. The reader will see thus that if the positions of the parts of a system be altered with reference to other systems, or with reference to one another, and the forces be known, it is possible to calculate the whole work done on the system in the changes of relative position. If the system be an isolated one, the work done is only that due to internal forces, that is forces between different parts of the system itself.

As an accompaniment of these changes of position, changes of motion of the parts of the system are set up, unless the bodies are displaced against frictional resistances. Now if the square of the velocity of each part of the system be multiplied by the mass of that part, and the products be added together, half the sum is what is called the kinetic energy of the system.

If the system is an isolated one, and there be no forces of the nature of friction to be overcome, the increase of the kinetic energy which results from any change of configuration is equal to the whole work done by the forces (within the system) producing it, and this, put in a somewhat different but equivalent form, is what is known as the law of *conservation of energy*. In fact, the work done by the forces in effecting the changes is the amount of diminution which a quantity called the *potential* energy of the system has sustained, and we have, therefore, the result that the increase of kinetic energy is balanced by the diminution of potential; in other words, the sum of the kinetic and potential energies of the system remains constant.

For example, we have a system of two bodies, consisting of the earth and a stone at its surface. The stone is pulled towards the centre of the earth, and the earth towards the stone with equal and opposite forces.

When the stone is raised above the surface of the earth the configuration of the system is changed, work has been done from outside the system in separating the bodies. If the stone be let fall work is done by the force of mutual attraction in bringing the bodies together, and the bodies are set in motion; the earth and stone separated are said to possess a certain amount of potential energy, which is lost when the bodies return to their former mutual positions, and the bodies gain energy of motion, or kinetic energy, of equal amount.

Or the stone may be allowed to come back to its former position, driving clockwork against resistance or raising another weight, and the loss of potential energy may be balanced by work done against friction or the gain of potential energy of some other body.

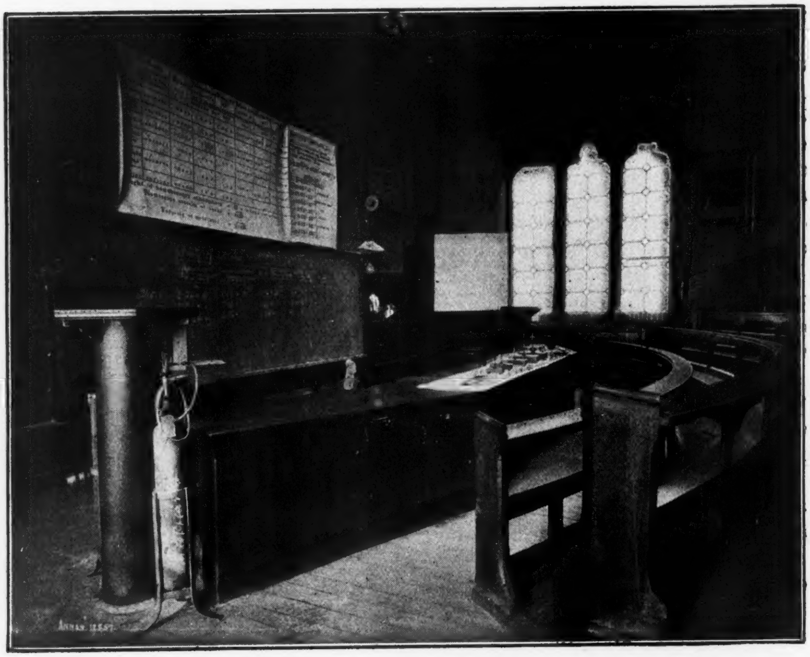
This doctrine is extended to substances, like carbon and oxygen in separation, which by combination generate heat, which in its turn may be made to produce the separation of bodies from one another, as when coals are raised from a pit, and thus produce a store of potential energy, or to produce motions in bodies, that is to generate kinetic energy. Thus we attribute potential energy to the fuel and oxygen which is expended when combustion takes place. Similarly we have potential energy expended when gunpowder is exploded, or a metal dissolved in an acid, and work done in the production of the kinetic energy of moving bodies, the potential energy of bodies separated against their mutual forces, or work done against frictional resistances, and also when chemical changes take place with development of electric energy.

The doctrine of the conservation of energy as held by scientific men involves no assertion as to the energy of the *universe*, as it is popularly supposed to do, but merely states that the total amount of energy in an isolated material system is constant. The theory of energy was, however, long imperfect, owing to the apparent destruction of energy in overcoming friction. It was, of course, observed long ago that the production of heat always accompanied the expenditure of work, in displacing bodies against friction, but it was not until the idea that heat was a form of energy had been verified by Joule that the theory in its final form was established.

The conditions of transformation of heat into work form the subject-matter of thermodynamics, but it may be stated here that even with a theoretically perfect heat engine it is impossible, without the employment of a quite unattainable temperature, to convert the whole of a given quantity of heat into work. A heat engine always works between two bodies at different temperatures, a *source* from which heat is taken, and a *refrigerator* to which heat is given by the engine. The latter quantity is less than the former by the amount of heat converted into work, and is for the most part in many engines completely lost by communication through conduction and radiation to other bodies.

This process of diffusion of heat is continually going on and raising the general temperature of the bodies of the material system to which the earth belongs. In every operation of nature a balance of energy due to generation of heat in overcoming friction, or rejection of heat by a heat engine to the refrigerator, or lost directly from the furnace or boiler of the engine, or from other hot bodies, by conduction and radiation to the cooler surroundings, takes the form of uniformly diffused heat. This form of energy is unavailable, for one condition of its distribution among the bodies of the system is equality of the temperature of the different bodies which results. Therefore as two bodies of different temperature are required for the utilisation, only partial at best, of the store of heat in the hotter, it is impossible to utilise any part of the uniformly diffused heat energy. It follows therefore that the part of the energy of our system which is being locked up in this unavailable form is continually increasing. The store of energy is undiminished, but its form is becoming more and more one that our machinery, or any machinery we can possibly devise, can make no use of.

Thus, unless we have such a connection with another system as there is at present no evidence for regarding as existent or possible, this heat energy must remain undrawn upon for natural operations involving transformations of energy, and such transformations are involved in all natural phenomena. Slowly but surely the available energy of the material system we belong to is dwindling away, and we are approaching a time when darkness and death will creep upon all things. The growth of plants and animals, chemical



(From a photograph by T. & R. Annan & Sons, Glasgow)

PART OF LORD KELVIN'S CLASS-ROOM

change, atmospheric phenomena, the motions of the planets, all will have ceased. The bodies of the solar system will have been drawn one by one into the great central mass, producing in each case a temporary recrudescence of its radiative energy, until finally nothing is left but one dead level of energy of one kind, which in its turn is being gradually radiated to surrounding space. This degradation of energy into an unavailable form is Thomson's great doctrine of the *Dissipation of Energy*.

Another great dynamical theorem due to Thomson may be thus stated. Suppose we have a system of particles which are linked together by certain connections which are given. Then let the system be suddenly started by impulses applied to certain points of the system and so adjusted that the velocities with which these points start are certain given velocities, while the other parts are left free to take such velocities as result from the connections, then the motion of these other parts of the system is such that the total kinetic energy is less than it would be for any other possible motion of the system consistent with the same velocities of the points to which the impulses are applied. This theorem is a curious supplement to another, due to M. Bertrand, in which the impulses applied to the chosen points are given, not the velocities, and the kinetic energy has a maximum value.

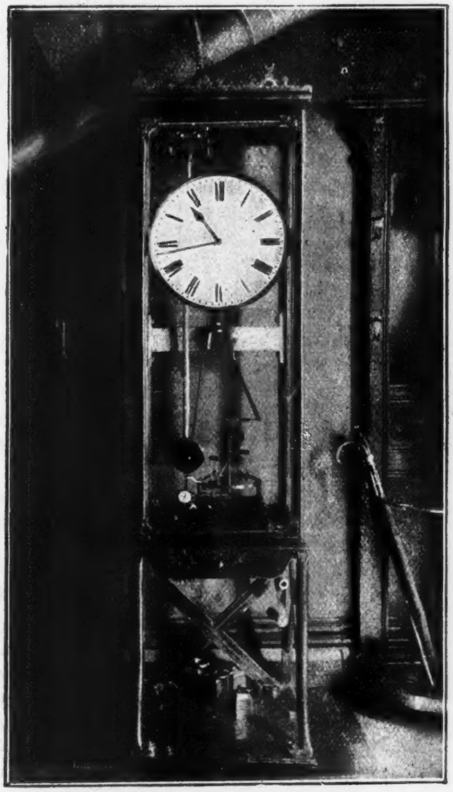
This theorem of minimum energy is of wide application and turns up in a Protean fashion in all kinds of shapes. For example, if a liquid be given enclosed in a case of flexible material and any motion of the fluid be set up by starting the containing vessel with any assignable velocities of its parts, the kinetic energy is less than that of any other motion of the liquid consistent with the specified motion of the surface.

In thermodynamics, as has been stated, Lord Kelvin's work has been of far-reaching importance. He is one of the principal founders of this somewhat difficult but exceedingly practical subject. Its theorems express the conditions of economical working of every kind of prime-mover that is actuated by heat-energy; and whatever may be said by some practical men to the contrary, it is only by persistent thermodynamic study of engines under actual working conditions that improvements in this branch of engineering can be effected. Much in this department of work has already been done, and in great measure it is the result of the modern science of thermodynamics.

Lord Kelvin's contributions to the subject are contained in a remarkable series of papers, reprinted with some other and later papers on cognate subjects in the first volume of his "Mathematical and Physical Papers." These papers constitute, we do not hesitate to say, the best treatise on thermodynamics extant at the present time, and are among the most brilliant of Lord Kelvin's writings. Thrown off as the earliest of them were in quick succession, when the subject had taken and held possession of the mind of the author, they could hardly fail to have a vigour and fire denied to some more elaborate and far more recondite portions of his work. The writer remembers hearing Lord Kelvin relate that when contributing these papers to the Royal Society of Edinburgh he wrote them out in his note-book, then stabbing a row of holes along the leaves with his penknife he tore out the leaves and sent them off to the printer. A firm of stationers, appealed to as to whether note-books already perforated could be obtained, replied that no such books were sold, but readily undertook to make them, and so began the use of perforated note-books, which have been of so much convenience to students.

A uniquely interesting part of Lord Kelvin's scientific work was carried out in collaboration with Dr. Joule of Manchester. Joule it was who placed on a secure experimental basis the First Law of Thermodynamics expressed in the equivalence, alluded to above, of heat and mechanical work. Lord Kelvin is one of the discoverers of the Second Law of Thermodynamics, which may be regarded as expressed by his scale of absolute temperature, a scale which is, unlike other temperature-scales, quite independent of the properties of any known substance.

Now the discoverers of the two laws joined forces and set themselves to determine, by the famous experiments on the heating or cooling effect produced by forcing a gas through a porous plug (a space filled with compressed cotton-wool), whether the internal energy of a gas such as air, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, or carbonic acid, depended on the volume as well as on the temperature. If the gas, when forced through the plug showed no difference of temperature between the two streams, that flowing up to the plug and that flowing away from it, it would be clear that the internal energy did in no way depend on the volume but only on the temperature. If this were the case, then it would be legitimate to infer, what could not be assumed without such experimental results, that the work spent in compressing a gas to a smaller volume would be the mechanical equivalent of the heat developed in the compression. On this inference, long before Joule and Thomson's experi-



(From a photograph by T. & R. Annan & Sons, Glasgow)

LORD KELVIN'S ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK

ments were made, Mayer of Heilbronn had founded an estimate of the mechanical equivalent of heat. Joule and Thomson gave the justification of this procedure, but the credit is due to Mayer, as well as to Joule, of recognising that heat and work are equivalent, and that the numerical relation between them can be determined by a proper mode of experimenting.

This equivalence, when first preached by Joule in this country, did not receive very much acceptance, enormously important though the idea was. Curiously enough, Lord Kelvin was the means of directing more attention to Joule's early paper on the subject than it might otherwise have received. It was offered to Section A of the British Association at the Oxford meeting in 1849, and coming on at the end of a heavy day's work in the section it was in danger of receiving but scant attention. A young man, however, rose on one of the back benches and called attention to the real significance of Joule's experimental results, and succeeded in drawing the attention and interest of the section to the young experimenter and his views. That young man was Thomson: then began his acquaintance with Joule, and that interchange of views on thermodynamic affairs which led to the collaboration in experimental work to which reference has just been made.

Their next meeting was on the road between Chamounix and Geneva, when Thomson coming down met Joule walking up by the side of a char-à-banc, carrying a long thermometer with which it was his intention to measure the difference of temperature between the top and bottom of any waterfall he might come across.

In connection with the thermodynamic researches came the discovery of the so-called Thomson Effect in a thermo-electric circuit. As is well known, when a circuit is made up of two metals, say of an iron-wire the ends of which are joined by a wire of copper, and one junction is kept at a temperature higher than that of the other, a current of electricity flows round the circuit from the copper to the iron across the hotter junction. And there is the Peltier effect, according to which heat is in general absorbed at the hot junction and evolved at the cold in a circuit of two metals. It was proved by Lord Kelvin in his theory that still another thermal effect is produced, that, in fact, as the current flows along an unequally heated conductor, that is one in which there is a gradient of temperature, heat must be absorbed or evolved. He proved then by experiment that when the current flows up the gradient of temperature in the copper wire from the colder junction to the hotter, heat is absorbed, and when it flows down such a gradient heat is evolved. Further, he showed that the contrary was the case in an iron wire, and that similar results hold in other cases. Hence in the circuit just referred to, the current flowing round it, and crossing the hot junction from the copper to the iron, would absorb heat both in the iron and in the copper, since it flows up the gradient in the copper and down in the iron.

Lord Kelvin's work in electricity and magnetism began at an early period in his scientific career. By his invention of the method of electric images and the great extension which he was able to give to that method by means of the idea of electrical inversion, he was able to obtain from the solutions of comparatively easy problems of electrical distribution, by the application of geometrical and electrical inversion, the solutions of vastly more difficult problems, which had almost defied the resources of the most refined analysis. Then came his systematic synthetic and analytical treatment of the subjects of magnetism and electromagnetism, contained in his reprint of papers on electrostatics and magnetism. These papers are all magnificent examples of the highest art in mathematical physics, and like those on thermodynamics mentioned above, constitute a distinct and to a considerable extent consecutive treatise in their special subject. They have contributed in no small degree to the later treatment of the subject made by Maxwell, and to render possible that explicitly dynamical theory which Maxwell did so much to work out and explain, and which led in Maxwell's hands to his great generalisation on the electromagnetic theory of light.

Then again we have not space to speak of the great mass of other papers on all parts of Natural Philosophy which are contained in Lord Kelvin's published volumes of Collected Mathematical and Physical Papers. These range over almost every conceivable subject in physical science—elasticity, theories of the ether, constitution of matter, molecular tactic in crystals, &c., and there is no subject touched in them which is not enriched and adorned. There are also instruments of all kinds which he has invented, which can hardly here be mentioned. His electrometers alone form no mean achievement, and have contributed greatly to make electricity the exact science it has become.

The great treatise on Natural Philosophy which Lord Kelvin undertook in conjunction with Professor Tait of Edinburgh is doomed to remain a fragment; but it is a most massive fragment, which shows how immense was the task which the authors set themselves. In its second edition it consists of two large octavo volumes full of the most important dynamical discussions, which are illustrated at every point by intensely practical problems taken from the world of actual fact and scientific application. Every theorem is illustrated by the consideration of particular cases, and the treatise is in striking contrast to the most valuable of the works on abstract dynamics, which may be regarded as one of its lineal predecessors, the "Mécanique Analytique" of Lagrange. In fact, in its ready and unfailing intuition, its power of employing just the method necessary for the purpose in hand, the stripping from a problem of everything extraneous or unessential, the expression of the mathematical conditions from a few physical considerations directly brought to bear on the question, much of Lord Kelvin's dynamical work reminds one irresistibly of Newton's "Principia," to the methods and ideas of which the "Natural Philosophy" was the great means of recalling the attention of the mathematicians of the present day.

The photographs of the laboratory and class-room at the University of Glasgow are reproductions of views which were taken at the Jubilee of Lord Kelvin's Professorship in 1896, when the scientific world gathered at Glasgow to do honour to one whom all recognised as the greatest living investigator in physical science. They are pictures of places which will always be associated with his name and his work, even if, as pass the revolving years and the teaching of experimental science grows more difficult with the demands of increasing applications, it is found necessary to transfer the physical department to a more commodious and convenient home. The last illustration of all shows Lord Kelvin's Astronomical Clock, which is now preserved in its old position in the hall of the house at the University which Lord Kelvin formerly occupied. Its construction is unique, and is an interesting example of Lord Kelvin's mechanical skill applied to the solution of the problem of exact timekeeping. The seconds-hand, instead of, as in an ordinary clock, jumping forward at each release of the escapement, turns round with continuous and, as nearly as may be, uniform angular velocity.

And here this article must close, though we have but touched on Lord Kelvin's work at a few points, not always, we fear, the most outstanding. But what need is there after all to multiply examples of the power of his genius, or to speak of the charm of his personality, or the reverence with which he is regarded by all his students? He is still with us and, as ever, at work at the problems which have occupied him so long, problems great as the universe of matter, but which he has done as much as any man of the century to solve. As in old time, there are many who think that the former days were better than these, and who are fond of telling us that the race of intellectual giants is extinct; but in physical science at least such *laudatores temporis acti* must still be silent.

A PRISONER OF HOPE

To sit and watch in the lonely house
 Whence others have risen and gone their way—
So hush'd and still that the wainscot mouse
 Creeps out on my hearth to play:

To hear the hurrying folk go by,
 Their echoing feet the silence fill—
The world is busy enough, but I
 In the midst of it all sit still!

To wait, tho' the tide runs far and fast,
To share the story yet turn no page,
To dwell in the heart of a vanished Past
With friends of a bygone age:
The living about me come and go,
But these have done with earth's toils and tears,
And I follow with faltering step and slow,
In the wake of the tedious years.

A broken weapon that's flung aside,
A worn-out tool for which none need care—
Sometimes I fancy I must have died
And that only a ghost sits there!
Yet the Dead no longer can feel the strain
Of the nerveless hand and the powerless limb,
And the weariness even worse than pain
That comes when Life's lamp burns dim!

Often I think the hour of dawn,
When the faint light glimmers on wall and floor,
And the curtains of night are half withdrawn,
Is the worst in the twenty-four!
How long will it be ere the tardy gleam
Of sunset fires the golden west?
It is less hard then just to watch and dream
When even the toilers rest.

And when stars come out o'er the twilight sea
There falls on my soul a peace profound,
As I think of a Hand that once set free
The Spirits in Prison bound:
One day He will burst these bonds of mine—
And perchance there is good work yet undone
He is keeping for me in His Love divine
In the Land beyond the Sun!

CHRISTIAN BURKE.

NOT A WRITING MAN

BY CONSTANCE COTTERELL

THE Boy stood and looked and looked at the Girl. It was by no means the first time he had met her, and he would have been extremely glad to know that it was the last. That is to say, he would have wished, of all things in the world, never to part from her again. But this, he acknowledged to himself, was past hoping for. All her people were so clever, everybody she knew had written something or other, she was only used to the very most intellectual persons. Why, even this party that he was now at was given in the great room at the end of her father's garden where he wrote his wonderful books. And he—he was such a countrified fellow. He only had money and a ridiculous, quite intellectually useless strength of body. He could only shoot and hunt, and play games, and manage dogs and horses. Boorish pursuits, he thought despairingly. Once he brightened for a moment as he looked round the crowd of nervous, narrow-shouldered men.

"I'd bet anything not one of 'em could bring down a pheasant at a hundred yards!" he said, and almost chuckled to himself.

But he sank sadly together next moment. After all, who that was really great cared about bringing down pheasants anyway? Who ever became famous, or whose name had ever been inscribed on the hearts of nations for that? He relapsed into the mood he had come in, come for the last time to look upon the unattainable She before he returned to his boorish pursuits and bore the burden of his love upon the mountains where he stalked the occasional red deer.

Nobody took any notice of him. He felt that he had hardly any right to be there. If he had ever taken a composition prize at school, or even so much as written a letter to the papers, he felt that he need not have stood there so ashamed. Once She in her capacity as young hostess had come and spoken to him. Very shyly. And no wonder, he thought bitterly. What single thing in common with her could such a stupid fellow as he have? And so she had left him alone, after taking him to one or two girls whom he supposed to embody genius in its most terrible form, the feminine specimen, and who therefore found, and left, him dumb.

So he wandered off into a far corner, for it was a large room, and when he had put himself behind a small grove of portfolios he could watch her without being seen or being in anybody's way. For a long time he gazed at her, very fair, and in white, with what he called a lump of black velvet against her shining white shoulder. Then at last she was lost to him in a throng far away at the other end of the room. He turned his back on everybody and looked with a curious ingenuous wonder at some Inca drawings which were in the corner on the wall.

He did not observe that the noise of voices grew less and less, and then ceased altogether. He was lost in a dream of Her till suddenly he was awoke by the electric lights going out altogether and the sound of the key turning in the lock of the door. He listened acutely then, and heard the gay voices growing fainter outside, as the guests went along the Chinese-lanterned path into the house to supper. He started out of his corner to rush for the door and try to make somebody hear him. But he entangled himself among the portfolio-stands with a loud noise, and when he extricated himself and felt cautiously round in the darkness for landmarks he found that he had lost his bearings. The sounds outside died quite away.

He stood still and wondered what he should do. And where was She? What more worthy man was handing her to supper? His teeth came together at the thought. It had been his one final daring hope, to take her in to supper this very last time—and then to retire to vegetate and slowly die in the empty country. And even this had been denied him. He felt a chair near and sat heavily down.

Then his sharpened senses seemed to take in a breath and a soft rustle a very long way off, and there came a low sweet voice, "Are you there, Mr. Penwin?"

Rapture. "Are *you?*" was all he could say, and he bounded from his chair.

She laughed gently. "Yes, I—I got left behind, as—as you did, you know!"

"I can't imagine how I did it," he said.

"You were dreaming something beautiful in your corner——"

"I was!" he cried out eagerly, and began to make his stumbling way towards her voice.

"—something that I shall perhaps read some day in a great book—?" she breathed softly.

He stopped groping with a gasp. Heavens! this was worse than anything. She took him, ***him***, for a writer! He blushed as he stood there in the darkness. And, of course, how could she suppose that any guest of her father's had not written, or was not about to write, some world-stirring masterpiece? It thrilled him for a moment to think she had thought him capable even for an instant of writing something, ***anything***. But the despair was all the flatter afterwards. Well, it certainly was all over now. The only thing was to get away from her as quickly and with as little betrayal of his stupidity as possible. So he blundered out:

"Tell me what I can do to let you out."

"Us," she said, very gently, he thought.

"Us," he echoed, and his heart seemed to him to stop beating as he said it. That she should put herself into one word with him and say "us"!

"There aren't any windows," she said in a voice that struck him as oddly calm, coming through the tumult of his feelings. "Father has it lighted from the top, so that he shan't see anything to distract his thoughts, or we could have got out that way."

"Does he really?" said Penwin, in overflowing admiration of this iron type of genius. "Splendid man!"

"Do you think so?" she said slowly. "I think the blue sky or the great clouds and the trees and flowers would help to make one's thoughts beautiful—and true."

"You talk like poems," Penwin said, and when he had shut his mouth he shivered at the commonplace personality of the remark.

"I hope not," she said, suddenly quite grave.

He became more ashamed than ever, feeling that her reverence for poetic things was high indeed.

The only thing he could think of to say was, "Where are the switches? Can't I turn on the light?"

"Outside." Then she laughed gaily. "I'm afraid we really are locked up till they remember us!"

"We!" "Us!" It wrought upon him so that he could hardly bear it. Surely she did not understand what she was doing to him! "If you only knew," he began recklessly, and then pulled himself up.

"What?"

"Oh—you know everything!"

"Indeed no; there are some things I would like very, very much to know." He heard that she sighed softly. This was torment. Why was he not a learned man, so that she could have asked him and he could have told her?

"I—I think I noticed a candle on that table," he stammered dismally. "The one with the prickly edge."

"Yes, if one only knew where it was," she said. "I'm quite lost, aren't you?"

"Quite," he said forlornly.

"I don't know where anything is."

"I do."

"What?"

"You," he said simply.

"That's an idea," she said, as if it were an agreeable one.

"What? How?" he cried in delight. Was it possible, then, that he had ideas without recognising them?

"If we find each other we shall at any rate have found something."

He was speechless. Then he said, almost trembling:

"May I come to you?"

"Ye-es," she said. And well might she hesitate in that heavenly, dainty way, he thought. To find him was but a poor hope for her, even if to find her was to him just everything.

He heard again the soft rustle.

"Are you coming to me?" he asked, incredulous of his joy.

"Of course. I must meet you halfway."

"If you could—Oh, if you *would*——!"

"I *am* doing it," she said, and laughed softly again.

He heard several bumps and noises close to his own knees and shins and supposed that he was making them with his own person, but he could not take account of that when she was "coming halfway." Next moment his hand grasped a soft one, put out to feel its way. Before he or she could stop he had touched her, herself, and his nostrils caught up the scent of her hair.

She withdrew from him with a soft surprised "Oh!"

He too could only echo the "Oh," and the hand loosed itself from his longing hand that dared not keep it.

Neither spoke for awhile. He feared he should never be forgiven, and even furiously wished that he *had* written something. Then he would have had a right at least to want to touch her.

"I think I am standing near the table where the candle was," she said faintly at last.

He found his matchbox in humble silence. There was only one match in it and he struck it. It turned out to be the wrong table, but he succeeded in bringing the match alight to the candle, though he really did not see it. He only saw her. She was pale, he thought. She must be very angry. The candle had been, so it happened, pinched with a wet finger the night before. It sputtered and spat in a vixenish manner and went angrily out. The match too. There was silence again.

"Well, we saw how we were standing," she said. Her voice was very low.

"Yes." So was his.

"But I don't seem to remember——"

"Nor do I!"

Another silence.

"It's so annoying," he ventured.

"It is," she said, but quite softly.

"So horrid for you!"

"So tiresome for *you*," she was saying at the same time.

"Oh, *I* don't mind."

"And, you see, it's—it's *my* father's room," she added in an explanatory manner, so that he could not but feel that *something* had been explained. He would have been glad to have been told what.

"I suppose we can talk?" she said nervously.

"Yes."

There was a long silence. He heard that she sat down and he moved close to her silently.

"I suppose——" he began desperately.

"Oh!" she cried.

"Yes?"

"I didn't think you were so near!"

"Did I frighten you?" How he forbore to call her "dearest" he did not know.

"Oh no."

"Then?"

"It startled me. But I think I *like* to have you near. It's so dark."

"It is—very dark." He came nearer. It was delicious to think she could be afraid of the dark. He had feared she was too clever.

"What were you going to say?" she asked.

"I suppose," he said, despair coming on again, "I suppose there wasn't anybody here to-night who hadn't written a book?"

"Most of them, several." He fancied she sighed again. It must be boredom this time, to think of the brilliant people at supper while she was shut up with him. He fancied that it was with an effort she turned to him and said:

"And when's your book coming out?" She did speak wearily.

"I—I don't know," he stammered.

"You are a slow writer, then?"

"I can't even spell!" he blurted out.

"Oh, I don't know that *that* makes any difference."

There was another silence. Then she appeared to make another effort.

"And you really can't tell me when it would be any use putting it on my list?"

"Oh, how can I bear it?" His voice came out of a dream.

She supposed his work had not been accepted, and reproached herself for conversational clumsiness. And then somehow went on to make it worse.

"They generally don't mind," she said.

"Mind what?" he murmured.

"Being refused."

He felt himself grow burning hot.

"Have I been refused?" he stammered.

"You know."

"I didn't dream I had dared—I don't understand. How did you guess what I——?"

"It's so usual," she said.

He found he was fighting for breath.

"But you mustn't mind," she said with sudden kindness. "You must be proud, and say like the others, that it's gross blindness and prejudice, and that somebody else will recognise your merit."

"The — the others?" he stammered. "What others?"

"All those who have been refused."

"Were—were there many?"

"Hundreds."

Penwin laid hold hard of the edge of her chair.

"But you mustn't mind so much. Indeed, you mustn't, dear Mr. Penwin. Everybody begins by being refused. *Please* don't mind so."

"How can I help?" he demanded almost with a sob.

She put out a ministering hand and it met his cheek, which was bowed down. There was a tear on it. He seized the hand and kissed it, and then, they neither of them knew how, he was on his knees by her side.

"Make up to me for it—a little," he said. "It is as hard as death."

Her hand was still in both of his. He felt a subtle change in it. It quivered, and then seemed consciously to surrender itself to him. He kissed it again.

"After all," she said, by-and-by, in a new voice, "somehow I should not have thought you were a writing man."

"Why not?"

"You don't look like it, you know."

"I don't," he admitted miserably.

"And you never ask how much So-and-so got for So-and-so, and you never seem annoyed at anybody's book being a success, and you never say a good thing and then seem to think you've wasted it, and you don't talk about form and local colour and——"

"You see," he pleaded, "I'm quite a novice!"

"And always when you came into the room there seemed to come a breath from the mountains where nobody hunts for unusual words and where one can live with real and beautiful things instead of writing and reading about them, and I — liked that."

He was so sad and so happy that he was dumb.

"D'you know, I'd—I'd rather you *didn't* write!"

"Dulcie!" He had never dared even to think of her by her name, but now it seemed the one word in the whole world that belonged to his lips. "Dulcie!"

"Yes," she whispered.

"Don't you like writing men?"

"I'm sick to death of them."

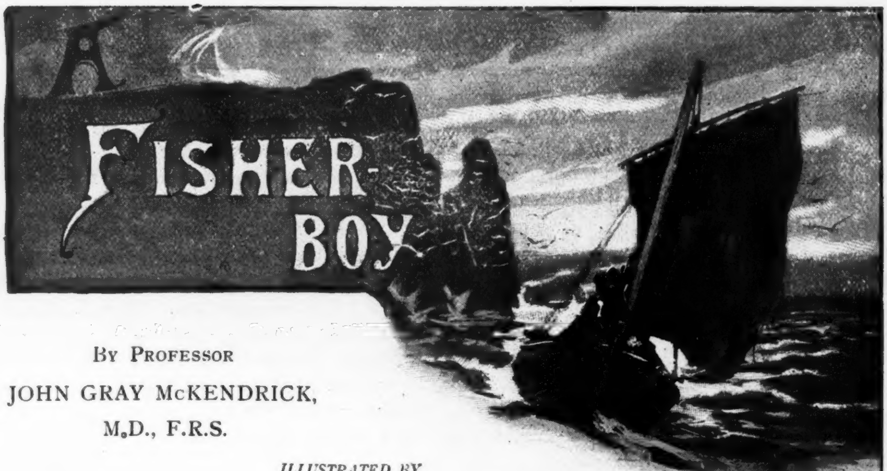
"Could you like a man who couldn't put two words together?" he panted.

"I'm afraid I do."

"Could you—could you love him?"

"I'm afraid I do!"

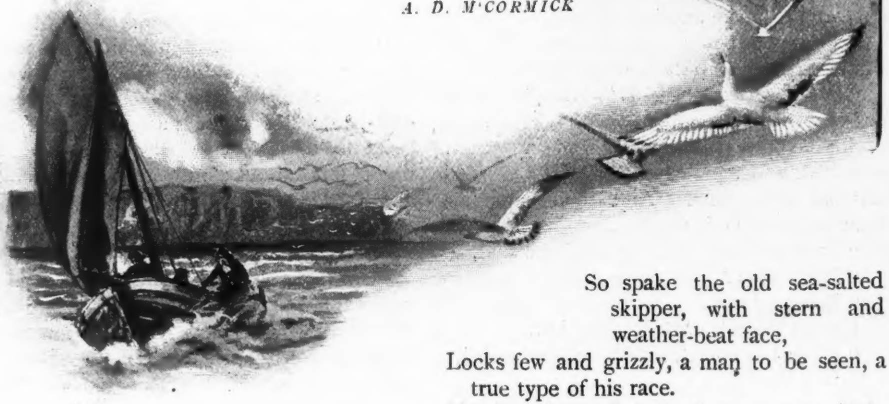
For one sharp moment happiness seemed a greater agony than despair. Then he leaned his face to hers, and the agony was gone. . .



FISHER-BOY

By Professor
JOHN GRAY McKENDRICK,
M.D., F.R.S.

Illustrated by
A. D. M'Cormick



"Jack, take the helm; and, lads, be quick, up with the sail,
'Ware the Bellman,[*] stand by Downie,[*] and catch the blast of the gale."

So spake the old sea-salted skipper, with stern and weather-beat face,
Locks few and grizzly, a man to be seen, a true type of his race.
He had four of a crew, men every inch, sturdy, stalwart, and strong;
Each did his best to give help here and there, as the boat bowled along;
The waters hiss'd by the bow, and the waves gave a thud on the side,

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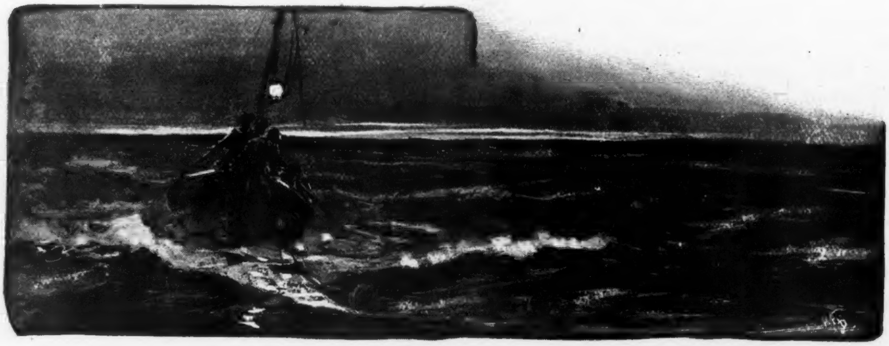
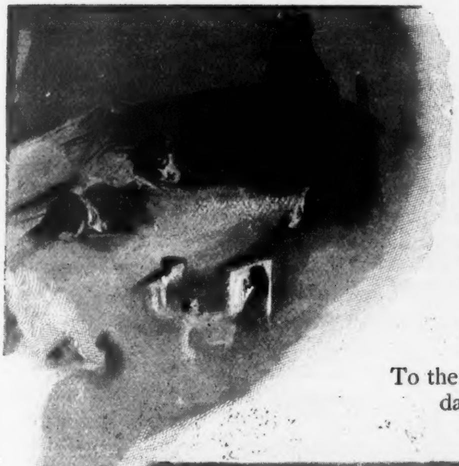
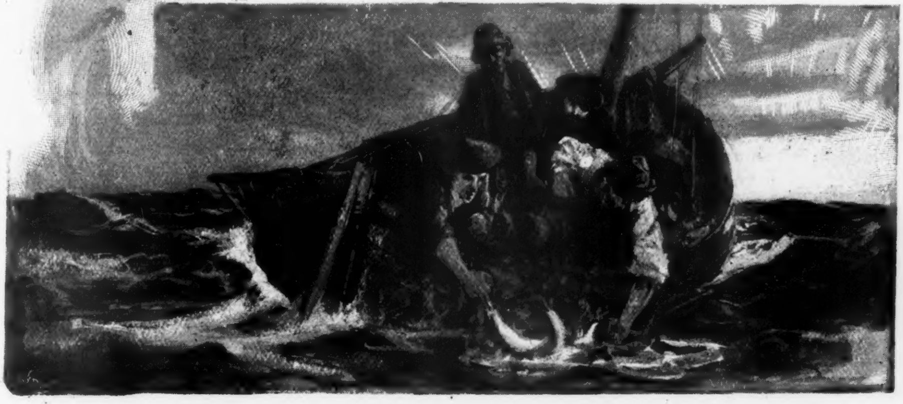
[*] Rocks near Stonehaven Harbour.

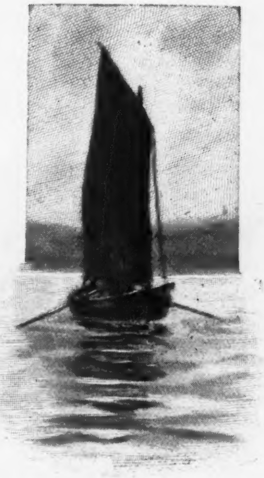




While they stood out to sea, and were helped
by the wind and the tide.
The wild rocky coast fell behind, the sun
sank in clouds in the west,
And the sea-birds were lazily homing to their
places of rest;
The curtains of night were closing, the stars
were seen in the blue,
When not blotted out by thick bosses of
clouds, as they flew
Before the gale that was rising: the boat
forged quickly ahead,
And crash'd through the wild seething waters
as onward they sped
To the fishing-ground; the night was now murky and
dark.

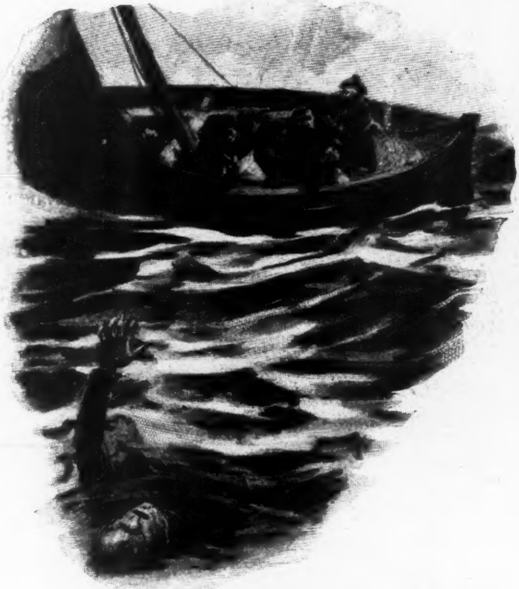


The heavens were black, no star to be seen, and of light
not a spark,
Save what came from a well-battered lamp that was nail'd
to the mast,
Glinting on white feathery spume that was flung from the
waves as they passed.



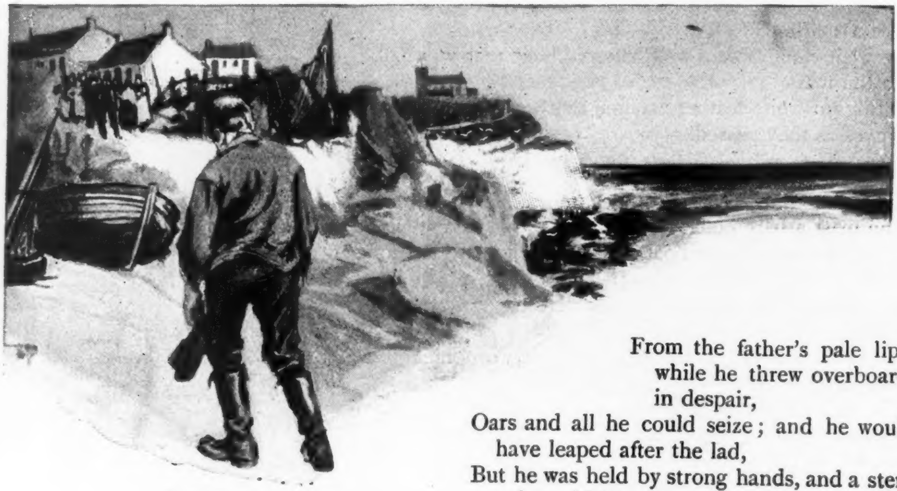
"Lower the sail, slack the ropes, mind the helm, make
the mast a bare pole."
To and fro rocked the boat and kept time with the long
steady roll;
O'er the side the well-baited lines were payed out to the
deep;
With one of the crew on the watch, the worn men went
off to sleep;
They dreamt of their children and wives, and the gleam
of their own fireside,
For even in a fisherman's home, love, peace, and joy may
abide.

Nor were they the first to sleep on
a raging and storm-toss'd sea,
For the Lord of All was aweary and
slept on Lake Galilee.
The hours slowly pass'd, then a halo
of light far away,
With shafts darting upwards, proclaim'd
the fair dawning of day.
"Quick, pull in the lines." Straining
with fish, these, in the morn's
dim light,
Shone with a gay phosphorescence,
making the broken waves bright.
"Now, up with the sail, my hearties,
put the boat's head to the shore;
See, the wind dies, take an oar, and
pull as you ne'er pulled before,
If you wish to make money—we've
little enough, more's the pity—
Let us send off in haste these fish
to the great western city." *



So spake the old skipper, and he
looked with pride at his boy,
A well-favoured youth, with a face always
beaming with joy;
Clad in thick homespun and clumsy sea-boots,
his movements were free,
And he looked every inch, as he was, a
strong son of the sea.
Though the wind now blew softly, they still
kept aloft the old sail,
And they tacked here and there to catch the
last sobs of the gale.

But trouble leap'd on them, for, in making
a landward tack,
The great flapping sail swung loose and
struck the lad on the back;
He was overboard in a flash; he sank; the
boat ploughed along;
A few brief seconds fled ere the men saw
that something was wrong.
"Jim's in the sea; my God! save my boy!"
a cry rent the air



From the father's pale lips,
while he threw overboard,
in despair,
Oars and all he could seize; and he would
have leaped after the lad,
But he was held by strong hands, and a stern
voice said he was mad.

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* Glasgow.

Quick they brought round the boat; saw a glimpse of an agonis'd face
Look to the heavens for help; none came; a few bubbles the trace
Where a bright human life was quenched; without a grip of the hand
He had vanished for ever and fled to the unknown land.

Weary they worked their way homeward, too sad to shed bitter tears,
One had gone from among them; each sober-faced man had his fears
That he, too, would find his grave in the deep, like those of his race,
For few, in the old kirkyard on the cliff, had e'er found a place.
Came then the old mother's sobs, the cry of the maiden forlorn,
For the lost boy; one went to the time when her youngest was born;
The grief of the other was dumb; she could only think of his face,
When he gaily sprang from the boat, and hied to the trysting-place.
Now the world was a blank, and the future had lost all its light,
And she bowed her head in sorrow, and felt the darkness of night.
The stern old man, with his creed in his soul, crush'd his grief down,
And went, with few words, on his way through the old fishing town.

Surely young lives are not lost, nor cast out as waste to the sea;
May not death be only to them the beginning to be?

IN KHAKI

By LEONARD W. LILLINGSTON

KHAKI is primarily a colour and not a material. The word is of Indian derivation, and means dust or mud coloured. There seems every likelihood that "the thin red line" will disappear and that khaki will become the fighting colour of the British Army. Lovers of military spectacles need not repine; Mr. Atkins will still continue to don his scarlet tunic for ceremonial occasions. Khaki was worn in India by British regiments certainly twenty years ago, perhaps earlier. India is a land of many climates, so that a good deal of latitude is allowed to the regimental officers as to the way in which their men shall be dressed. A regiment receives from the Indian Government so much money in lieu of clothing which it does not want, and with this purchases clothing which it does. In this way khaki probably came into use. It was worn by the native troops anterior to its adoption by our own men. Khaki is really the colour of the soil of India.

The first official issue of khaki by the Home Government was for the Egyptian Campaign of 1882. A grey serge was tried, but proved unsatisfactory. Khaki has been used in all our operations in Egypt since, and found as suitable for that country as for India.

The cloth is not made by the Government but contracted for with certain Manchester firms. Formerly one firm had the virtual monopoly of the supply. There were others who could supply khaki cloth but their dye was not a fast one. After prolonged experiments they overcame the difficulty, and the Government now draws its supplies from several mills. Also, owing to the nature of the new material, there was at first some trouble in the sewing; the needle grew almost red hot. This was remedied by the simple device of soaping the seams.

The only complaints received at the Army Clothing Department at Pimlico have been on the score of the dye. A part of each lot of cloth bought is tested by boiling in salt water and in a strong solution of soda. But sometimes—it is unavoidable in dealing with large quantities of cloth—there will be a small piece which has not taken the dye. Also, the Army Clothing people are unable to prevent Tommy from using such strong washing solutions as no self-respecting colour would stand.

Pimlico absorbs between nine hundred thousand and a million yards of khaki annually. This year's total will probably be much larger, for the campaign in South Africa has swallowed up the stocks accumulated and they will have to be replaced. The huge stock of uniforms kept at the Army Clothing Depôt is part of the system which enables us to mobilise an Army Corps in so short a time as makes Continental critics cease their carping for a while at our supposed military inefficiency.

Neither the khaki nor the uniform is made at Pimlico. The lengths of cloth are given out to contractors, who return them in the form of tunics and "continuations"—trousers for the foot-soldier, breeches for the cavalryman. The work is not confined to London; contracts are given to firms all over the country. Uniforms are not made to measure but in sizes to be adapted by the regimental tailors. No difference is made in the material of the officers' uniforms, but as a rule the British officer buys his own of an army outfitter.

The khaki tunic has two large outside breast-pockets, each with a flap. These are really double pockets, for they are subdivided so as to hold a store of reserve ammunition in addition to the handkerchief and any small personal belongings. The ordinary supply of ammunition is, of course, carried in the bandolier, which is of brown leather to match the khaki. There are also two small skirt-pockets. One holds a card with name, number, and statement as to the next-of-kin of the wearer, the other a supply of lint for "first aid." The old serge tunic, which the khaki has ousted, was designed to serve for either home or foreign service. But the two outside pockets were in the skirt, instead of the breast. And the flaps were sewn down so that the pockets could not be used. The two pockets on the inside, for the card and the lint, existed in the same rudimentary condition. It was an easy matter, however, to bring them into use, when on active service, by simply ripping up the stitches.

Each suit of khaki costs the Government about eleven shillings. It is obvious that, at this price, there is very little wool in the material. It is, in fact, made almost entirely of cotton. They are, however, making a woollen khaki at Pimlico which it is hoped will reach the troops in time for the South African summer, notable for its heavy thunderstorms. For cotton clothing is quite inadequate as a protection against a tropical downpour, and worn under such conditions is exceedingly unhealthy.

You cannot get, however, the exact khaki shade in woollen. But the difference, though quite perceptible on comparison, is of little practical importance. The cost of the woollen material is four times that of the cotton. It is not unlikely, however, that it will eventually take the place altogether of the cotton, which, though exceedingly durable, is wanting in warmth.

Khaki will probably be found to be the best colour for the African veldt as for the plains of India and Egypt. Invisibility, which is aimed at, is, of course, largely a question of background. Scarlet, strange as it may appear, is said to be the "second best" colour for invisibility, and it is cool, offering the least resistance to the rays of the sun. Sir Charles Napier upheld the scarlet coat on the ground that the colour inspired fear by setting up suggestions of wounds and death in the mind of the foe.

Khaki is not issued to a regiment until it is going on foreign service. It is worn by all garrisons abroad. The puttie and helmet cover of khaki are supplementary to the tunic and frock. The puttie, or bandage, takes the place of the leather leggings worn on home service. Putties are always of wool, and are woven of the width in which they are supplied, so that they have only to be cut to their length. In the infantry it covers the lower part of the trouser, in the cavalry it is wound round the leg up to the riding breeches. The khaki helmet-cover hides the brass fittings which, glistening in the sun, would betray the wearer to the enemy out "sniping." In the last Transvaal war some of our troops anticipated the helmet-cover by staining their headwear, which was white, of a coffee colour.

Khaki seems likely to have a thorough colour trial in South Africa. The armoured trains are painted of a khaki colour, whilst the big guns, the straw hats of the sailors, the bayonets of the infantry, and the swords and lances of the cavalry have all taken over a similar hue.

Of course the fact that clothing of the colour of the soil was of advantage to the soldier and the sportsman was recognised a great many years before khaki came to us by way of India. Of this, the colour of the covert-coat, the name of which survives its use, bears witness. Army reform, however, has always been a slow and tedious process. Had it been otherwise, the opinion of Lord Wolseley—that a British general reminded him of nothing so much as a monkey on a barrel-organ—could not be quoted.

The introduction of khaki is the first important step towards a much-needed revolution in military dress. The khaki tunic is loose and comfortable. The opinion seems to have gained ground at last, that if a man has to use his limbs in attack and defence, it is not well to confine him in tight-fitting clothes, which make exertion impossible. Meanwhile there is likely to be a boom in khaki amongst non-combatants as well as combatants. Khaki is going to be a fashionable colour if the windows of the tailors and the dressmakers may be relied on. In another field, one enterprising publisher has issued a book on the British Army, bound in khaki, and a second a Bible in a similar dress, specially designed for soldiers and sailors, and to be known as the "Knapsack Bible."

FROM THE DIAMOND FIELDS TO DELAGOA BAY

FROM THE DIARY AND LETTERS OF CAPTAIN CHARLES WARREN (LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR CHARLES WARREN, G.C.M.G.), MAY AND JUNE 1877

FIRST PAPER

I HAD made all my arrangements for returning to England *viâ* Natal and Zanzibar when a telegram arrived at Kimberley from Sir Bartle Frere desiring me to come round to Cape Town to see him before I returned to England. This was not, however, to interfere with the trip to Pretoria, which Ravenscroft and I had settled on. He was going to Ceylon to take up the post of Auditor-General, on promotion from a similar post in Griqualand West, and we were to determine at Pretoria whether we should go on to Natal or attempt to catch the steamboat at any other point on the coast.

The journey from Kimberley to Pretoria (300 miles) is now (1877) usually made by travellers by means of Cobb's coaches (Messrs. Green and Erasmus), which run once a week.

A seedy old vehicle was available for our conveyance on the afternoon of May 22, 1877, but its wheels and leather slings were in good order—the main subject for serious consideration in a long journey through the veldt.

Ravenscroft and I had secured the back seats, and when the coach drew up at Government House, towards sunset, we found the front seats occupied by three passengers, leaving us and our rugs scarce room to wedge in, until the jolting of the road had well shaken us down.

For some weeks past, previous to the proclamation of annexation of the Transvaal to the British Crown, the coach had gone and returned nearly empty, but now the change in the government of the country was working other changes, and there was a general move in the direction of Pretoria.

Our fellow-passengers were all going up to take advantage of the new state of affairs. One was a manager of the Standard Bank of South Africa, in charge of boxes of gold to open up a branch bank at Pretoria; another (M. Nelmapius) was an ex-manager of the Gold Fields and Delagoa Bay Road, ruined during the Transvaal wars, and returning to Pretoria, hoping to persuade people to assist him in re-establishing his line of transport; the third was a Potchefstroom merchant, eager to resume business on a more extended scale.

Ten hours' drive through Griqualand West (with occasional excursions on to the

(*From a photograph by C. H. Temple, London*)

MARKET SQUARE IN A SOUTH AFRICAN TOWN

borders of the Orange Free State) brought us to the Vaal River, where the pont (a wooden pontoon) was to ferry us across. This pont, since the demarkation of the boundary-line, has fallen into Griqualand West from the Orange Free State. The owner, an Englishman I should say, expressed great satisfaction at the change, and stated that, since the carrying out of the Orange Free State Road Ordinance, much through traffic had been turned aside into Griqualand West, in order to avoid the heavy Free State transit dues.

The owner lives on the northern bank of the Vaal, in native territory, but it was claimed as part of the Transvaal before annexation, and was protected by Griqualand West. He possesses one farm, and was loud in his complaints against great land speculators of Christiana, whom he accused of obtaining many farms from the native chiefs by unjust means.

A few miles' drive over a flat country brought us into the district of Bloemhof about daybreak, and at 7 A.M. we arrived at Christiana, on the western bank of the Vaal River. Here the people for the most part appear to speak English; they are said to be much interested in land speculations, and accused each other, in private, of taking very unfair advantages of the native chiefs in furthering their own interests. Some delicate questions regarding the titles to farms at the south-west corner of the Bloemhof district will probably shortly arise. Continuing our journey, we arrived at Bloemhof on the afternoon of May 23—a straggling little town of about thirteen houses, rather larger than Christiana. The people speak Dutch and English, and expressed great satisfaction at the change in the government. At the next stage we found a young man very ill from the effects of the water in the neighbourhood, which is supposed to contain earthy matters: as he was obliged to drink this water Ravenscroft gave him the small pocket-filter we had brought with us.

Proceeding over some most uninteresting and flat country, we arrived at Maquasie Spruit at about 10 P.M., having travelled thirty hours without intermission except to change horses. We were somewhat behind time on account of the absence of horses at several of the stages. At some stations they had all died of "the sickness"; over eighty horses in all are said to have died this season along the coach line, and had not yet been replaced; this amounted to about one-third of the whole number of relays.

The severity of the horse sickness in the Transvaal, unless means are taken to overcome it, will be a serious obstacle in the way of quick travelling in future years. It seems probable, however, that the mortality among the horses of the coach proprietors would not have been so great had they been properly tended and fed. We heard it frequently asserted, though we have no means of ascertaining the truth, that the farmers who contracted to keep the horses ready at the various stages could not be depended upon, and that they both used the coach horses for their own private purpose, and sold part of the forage received for their food. The stages varied from twelve to twenty-five miles, according to the positions of the farmhouse and without any reference to the condition of the road.

At Maquasie Spruit there was no accommodation beyond a store, and a room where the traders, three brothers Leask, lived. They, however, did everything to make us comfortable, and gave us good sleeping space along the long counter of the store, where we rested contented for the night, lulled to sleep by the loud patter of heavy rain upon the iron roof. Most of the stores throughout this country are built of galvanised corrugated iron (Gospel Oak Iron Works, Brady).

At Kimberley it is unusual for rain to fall in mid-winter; there the rainfall is about ten inches per annum; but we are now getting into a country where the annual rainfall was more than double that of Kimberley. The Queen's birthday was ushered in with much rain and strong wind, at which some Boers shook their heads and pronounced it a bad omen; but we assured them, whenever we got an opportunity, that it was a vigorous effort of nature to wash out the bad traces of the Republic.

In spite of the heavy weather, it did not require much persuasion to induce the loyal Leasks to bring out a long union-jack from their store and sacrifice it to the elements in honour of the occasion. There were guns of sorts, "elephant-shooters," &c. in store, and these we took out and loaded, and on the hoisting of our national flag we ranged ourselves in line—eight in all, viz. five passengers, one of them an Austrian (M. Nelmapius, ex-road director), whom we constituted an Englishman for the day, and the brothers Leask. On the left stood the coach-driver with his horn. At the word of command we fired a *feu de joie* with our eight guns, the driver blew a blast, then hats off, and three hearty cheers for her Majesty, echoed by the Kafirs looking on.

The brothers Leask refused any payment for the use of these guns, gunpowder, &c., and on our departure fired a volley in our honour. We left amid their cheers, answered by counter cheers from our coach.

In the afternoon we arrived at a very diminutive village called Clarksdorf, where Dutch is principally spoken. Here the village sports had been spoilt by the heavy rain. It appears that here and elsewhere it has long been the custom in the Transvaal to

OLD GOVERNMENT HOUSE, KIMBERLEY

(*Elliott & Fry, photographers, London*)

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR CHARLES WARREN, G.C.M.G.

have a holiday on May 24, though how the custom arose we did not precisely ascertain.

Late at night we arrived at Potchefstroom, the largest town in the Transvaal, the centre of commerce. There appear to be about 1500 people here, all told. Here again the weather had interfered with the day's festivities, but yet there had been general rejoicings. The hotel was very full and accommodation uncertain. The town is well watered, and surrounded by trees and gardens; fever is sometimes prevalent, as it always will be in the tropics where there is irrigation of the soil close to the habitations.

Starting at 10 A.M. May 25, we passed over the same monotonous low flat country, swelling here and there into rounded hills. Boer houses, dotted at intervals of about twelve miles, with more green about them (trees and shrubs) than is seen in Griqualand West, but yet shockingly bare and desolate, it being mid-winter.

The Dutch people expressed their sorrow at the downfall of the Republic, but yet agreed that it was good for trade. At the farms where we changed horses they were always most civil, but they would only give us the food they considered we ought to eat; and in one case, when the good lady gave us bean soup, and we were rash enough to ask for coffee to follow, she rated us soundly for our gluttony and impudence. It was amusing to find that, although we had to pay heavily for our food, we were to treat the Boers as though we were their guests, and were not permitted to ask for what we liked! Fortunately there was usually *bil tong* (beef or buck dried in the sun) available, which is very palatable and goes a long way.

We continued our course on high land, the road in many parts being most excellent. The weather was very cold, so that our rugs and karosses were barely sufficient to keep us from suffering. The bank manager had brought a bad cold into the coach, which attacked the passengers one by one, and had just reached my right eye when we parted.

On the night of the 25th we arrived late at a farmhouse, and found great difficulty in gaining admittance. The farmer was away on the high veldt, and had left a dismal young man to keep house, made still more sour and doleful through having lost our relays a few hours previous. We accepted all his ill-humour as playful sallies, but it was all to no purpose; he refused to get us any coffee, and left us to stretch our limbs on an old table and settee in the large room of the house, all the furniture being away with the farmer and his family.

May 26.—On rising early we found that he had recovered his temper and the horses, and was graciously pleased to permit us to shake hands with him on leaving the house.

Our journey yesterday and to-day was much retarded from want of relays; some of the horses had to run through two stages, and were much done up, being scarce able to crawl.

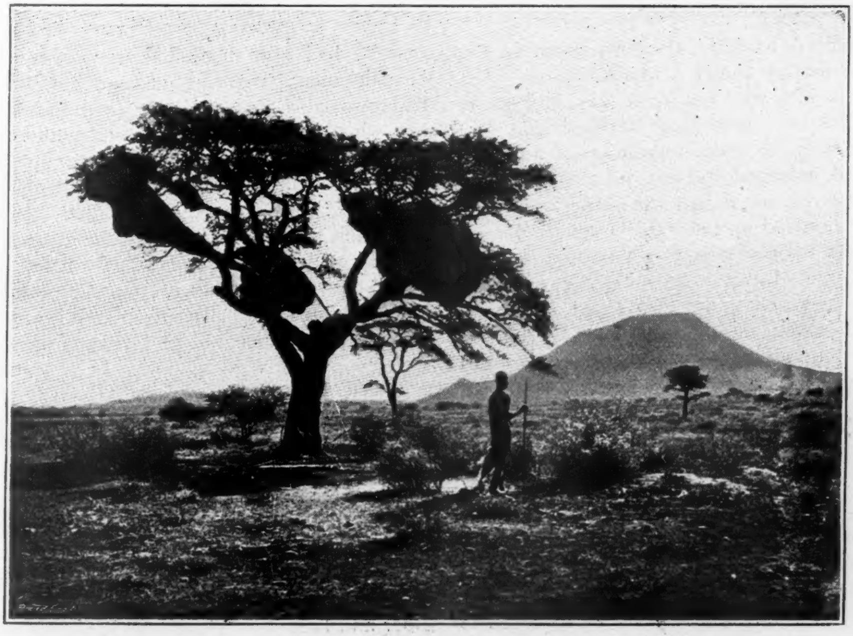
We now met several Boers returning from Pretoria, where there had been great rejoicings and a military function; they all stopped the coach and shook hands with us, declaring it was a pretty sight they had witnessed. The Review, they told us, had taken place on May 25, on account of the rains on the 24th.

They pitied the poor soldiers very much, going against the Kafirs; they would never return to their native land. If they (the Boers) could not withstand the Kafirs, what would the red-coats do? On careful analysis of their feelings and sentiments, we came to the conclusion that their general impression was that five British soldiers were about equivalent in warfare to one Boer.

Sir Theophilus Shepstone had been too successful in his arrangements in taking over the country, and therefore they were highly indignant with him. Why had he caused no bloodshed? If a few men (Boers) had been killed, then they would have had a grievance, but now they had nothing they could urge against him and the British Government. A hundred Boers ought to have withstood the advance of the British troops, and have lost their lives in the attempt if necessary. Then it would have been urged that the annexation was contrary to the will of the people, but now they could say nothing. It was remarked that not one of these good people seemed to think that he individually should have been one of the gallant hundred; each had some good excuse in his own mind for not fighting. The general sentiments seemed to be that they wished to have the good results of the British rule in the country and at the same time a valid excuse for a good grumble, but that Sir Theophilus Shepstone, with his thoughtful arrangements, had unjustly deprived them of their grumble, and prevented the bloodshed they were so anxious for.

When we arrived within twelve miles of Pretoria the country gradually changed in appearance and became hilly; shortly we saw the pretty little capital nestling among hills embosomed in green gardens and trees; a decided contrast to the brown surroundings.

The little square was full of people; many of them were Boers from distant farms, discussing the proceedings of the previous day. Our coach made for the Masonic Hotel, and as we drew near we heard a somewhat shrill voice with an American twang shouting out,



(From a photograph by C. H. Temple, London)

A VIEW NORTH OF KIMBERLEY. (NESTS OF THE ASSOCIATION BIRD IN MIMOSA-TREE)

From a photograph by C. H. Temple, London)

A WINKLE OR STORE ON THE ROAD

"Landlord, landlord, the best room in the house for my friend Captain Warren!" I had no idea who my friend was, but as we pulled up the host came forward and said that, owing to the intervention of a friend, he had arranged to clear out two rooms for Ravenscroft and myself, the former occupants being doubled up into other rooms. Knowing how difficult it is to get accommodation in South African hotels, we were thankful for what we could get, but I had an uneasy feeling about the identity of my friend, and soon found out that he was no other than "Ikey Mo!" a South African celebrity of some notoriety, whose acquaintance I had sedulously avoided all the time I was at the Diamond Fields. Luncheon was just ready, and on being shown our places at a very crowded board we found ourselves sitting opposite to "Ikey," who in a loud voice ordered a magnum of champagne. When it arrived he asked us to pledge him in a glass, which we could not avoid, being indebted to him for our rooms, and then he announced, in a tone intended for the whole company, that he had now succeeded in making my acquaintance; that he had noted that I had invariably avoided being introduced to him when we had met at Kimberley and the Free State, and that he had made up his mind to break the ice somehow, and now it was done. We were thus installed before the whole company as his acquaintances, but we made a compact between us that we would draw the line at cards, and that nothing should induce us to play any game with him, as he was an inveterate gambler, and usually won large sums of money. As a sequel, however, he behaved very well towards us, never proposing to play with us, and Ravenscroft got some useful information from him about curing birds' skins.

Some of the most amusing stories current in South Africa were centred in "Ikey"—all the cases where a Boer had attempted to best an Englishman or American. The case of the ready reckoner was one. A Boer and Ikey were settling an account when Ikey calculated it up to his own advantage. The Boer at once opened a ready reckoner and proved Ikey to be wrong. Ikey pointed to the first page and said, "You fool, this is last year's ready reckoner, you should get one for this year!" The Boer collapsed.

It is also asserted that Ikey was boasting of his father's position in California, and stated that he was a "timber merchant"; but, on being pressed by those who knew something about the subject, he was obliged to admit that the timber consisted of lucifer matches.

We shortly discovered that the host of the Masonic Hotel was a malcontent, and that many of his guests shared his views, and in consequence of some of his proceedings his hotel was "out of bounds" to the troops. It was suggested to us that we might change to another hotel, but we thought that the admixture of two loyal subjects in the general society of the hotel would have no bad effect, and we therefore retained our rooms.

The band was playing in the square, and the good folk of Pretoria appeared to appreciate the presence of the military. The storekeepers seem to have been driving a flourishing trade in side saddles and riding habits.

During the afternoon we were presented to Sir Theophilus Shepstone, who most kindly asked us to make all use of Government House during our stay in the capital of the Transvaal. We breakfasted and dined there next day, and made the acquaintance of Col. Brooke, R.E., Military Secretary, and Mr. Haggard, Private Secretary. Government House is a nice house with large rooms still showing vestiges of the two balls given on May 24 and 25. The gardens about are charming, the houses covered with creeping shrubs; amongst others I noticed a Palestine creeper we used to call the *snail*, from the appearance of the flower. There are roses and oleanders in the gardens, plenty of water, running in furrows through the streets. The people seem very quiet; most of them are conscious that the old Transvaal Government had no money to go on with, and that British rule is better for their pockets; but yet many of them are anti-English, and there were some murmurs against President Burghers.

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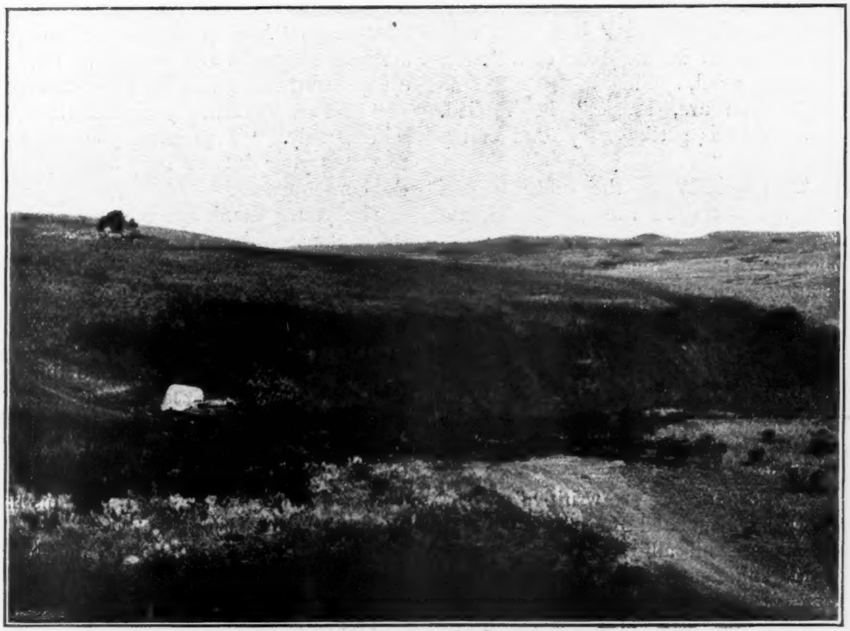


(From a photograph by C. H. Temple, London)

WAGON ON THE ROAD

'TWIXT LOVE AND HONOUR

BY THOMAS McEWEN

I

IT was five o'clock in the afternoon of a dark November day. The clerks in the office of the great manufacturing firm of Coleman and Parker were all working at high pressure. At six o'clock the great horn in the works would sound, and the army of operatives, three thousand strong, would pour from the gates like a turbulent flood. Six o'clock was also, nominally, the hour for stopping work in the office, but if there was any stress of work punctuality was not enforced so rigidly then as at the hour of arrival in the morning.

Suddenly, through the click and rattle of the dozen typewriters, smote, three times in quick succession, the strident clang of the manager's bell.

"There you are again, Hinde," said a young fellow of about twenty-six to his desk companion.

Hinde, the firm's foreign correspondent, who was tall, fair and clean-shaven, with well-opened, wide-set, dark blue eyes that looked the world in the face dauntlessly, rose from his stool, smiling.

"Right you are, Fraser," he replied. "The old man is getting very fond of my society, I think."

He went quickly up the office to the door of the manager's room, knocked, and went in.

When he entered, Bunting, the manager, was standing on the hearthrug, his back to the fire, with a telegram in his hand.

"Here's a wire from these people Alvargonzalez in Buenos Ayres," he said abruptly, holding out the flimsy pink paper. "What does it say?"

Hinde took the cablegram, glanced at it, and translated:

"Cancel orders; we are writing."

"Phew!" ejaculated Bunting. "That's a nice mess, with all these special goods ready for shipment. We haven't another customer on the blessed globe that buys their sizes, and we may as well throw the stuff into the Clyde as put it into stock. What's the value of it, Hinde?"

"About four thousand pounds, sir, I believe," was the reply.

"Well," said Bunting, "I'll have to consult Mr. Coleman about this. That will do just now."

Hinde had barely got back to his place when the bell rang for him again.

When he re-entered the manager's room Bunting was seated at his desk writing. In a few moments he looked up.

"I have consulted Mr. Coleman," he said, "and this is the message you are to cable. Get it translated and sent off to night."

Without meeting the young man's eye Bunting handed him a sheet of paper on which was written:

"Impossible cancel; goods gone."

Hinde read the words, stood a moment irresolute, and then said in a low but firm tone of voice:

"Pardon me, sir, but I cannot send this cable."

As soon as Bunting had handed over the message he had resumed his writing, but now the scratching of his pen over the paper stopped suddenly, and he looked up. His eye glittered coldly and his face hardened.

"You are forgetting yourself, Hinde," he said harshly. "I presume you are aware that it is your duty to obey orders, or take the consequences."

The young man's eye met the manager's steely glance without wavering.

"No, sir," he replied firmly, though his heart was thumping in his breast, "I am forgetting neither myself nor my duty; but I cannot bring myself to believe that Mr. Coleman would wish me to send this message if he knew all the facts of the case."

"These are Mr. Coleman's instructions," said the manager. "As a matter of fact, the words of the message are his own. Look at it again and you will see it is in his handwriting."

Hinde looked again at the paper he held in his hand, and recognised the senior partner's writing.

The manager continued:

"Mr. Coleman has gone home, but he will be certain to ask as soon as he comes in to-morrow morning if the cable was sent as he instructed. You are the only person in the office that knows Spanish; it is too late to send the message out of the office for translation; so it is upon you that the responsibility rests."

"Very well, sir," replied Hinde; "so be it. I accept the responsibility. I will not send this cable."

"That being so," said Bunting, "I wash my hands of the whole affair. I have done my duty to the firm, and, as I said before, you will have to take the consequences if you fail in yours."

"My duty to the firm must be the secondary consideration in this case, Mr. Bunting," replied Hinde. "I cannot send the cable, and whatever the consequences, I must accept them."

Without another word he went out of the room and walked to his desk. It was after six o'clock by this time, and most of the clerks were gone, but he stayed at his post till the hands of the clock pointed to seven, putting his papers in perfect order against his expected dismissal next day.

II

An hour later Hinde was sitting in the cosy little drawing-room of a house in Crosshill, one of the suburbs of Glasgow. A bright fire was burning in the grate and a shaded floor-lamp in a corner of the room diffused a soft mellow glow throughout the apartment. The furniture in the room was inexpensive, but a few delicate water-colour drawings on the walls and the fresh chrysanthemums in vases on the mantel-shelf and on the occasional table and piano were evidences of a refined taste of their owner.

In the centre of the mantel-shelf stood a full-length photograph of Hinde himself. He was taken standing erect, one hand grasping the lappet of his coat, his head thrown back, and a look in his fine eyes which seemed to defy the universe.

He sat now in his chair facing the photograph and soliloquised.

"Yes," he said in a low tone of voice, "you seem to think you're a fine, independent sort of chap, quite ready to say, 'Come on' to any one, and certain that it won't be you that will get the worst of the fight. And now you've said it, and I hope you're satisfied. What right has a poor beggar like you to indulge in the luxury of a conscience? Heigho! Well, you've gane your ain gait, and you know what the result will be. 'We hereby give you notice to leave our employment.' In plain words, Dick Hinde, your pernickety conscience has got you the 'sack,' and Isobel—ah! my darling Isobel"—his voice softened, and his bright eyes grew dim as he murmured:

> I could not love thee, dear, so much
> Loved I not honour more.

A pair of soft hands covered his eyes: there was a musical laugh behind him, and a merry voice demanded:

"And who is this Miss Honor that you love so much, sir? I shall keep you blinded till you tell me. Do you want to make me jealous?"

Hinde gently raised the hands from his eyes, and smiled up to the sweet young face that was looking down on him over the back of the chair.

"Ah! you witch," he said tenderly, "when I am with you I am always blind to everything save your dear face."

He rose and took her in his arms, and their lips met in a lovers' kiss. Some minutes went past without a spoken word from either, so delightful is the conversation that can be carried on in certain circumstances by the language of the eyes. Then Isobel sighed happily, blushed, and said:

"O Dick, you're dreadful! I don't know what my hair must be like."

"It is perfectly beautiful," said Dick truthfully. "You look, if possible, even more charming than usual when it is ruffled. These little curls about your neck are like waves of gold, only they are a thousand times more beautiful than gold. You must remember, darling, how long it is since I saw you last. It is twenty—why, it's twenty-one hours."

Isobel Masters glanced at the clock on the mantel-piece.

"You are wrong, sir," she cried, laughing. "It is exactly twenty-two hours now. And, by the way," she added, "you are late tonight. Were you very busy at the office?"

Hinde's face fell.

"Sit down, darling," he said gravely. "I have something to tell you."

Isobel's airy manner disappeared in a moment.

"Is there anything wrong, dear?" she

asked, as Dick led her to a chair and sat down beside her.

"Yes, there is something wrong," he replied; and then he related the events of the afternoon.

The girl listened intently to his story, her bright young face growing serious as he proceeded.

"And now," he concluded, "I may as well look out for another situation at once. I expect my dismissal as soon as I go in tomorrow morning. It is hard, Isobel, is it not, especially when we were looking forward to being married so soon?"

"Oh! my own love!" cried Isobel, kissing him tenderly on the forehead; "you have made me so happy." Her eyes filled with tears, but they were tears of joy. "It is hard, and yet it is not hard. You could not have done otherwise, and you know, Dick, we can wait. Better so than that you should do what is not right." She smiled bravely, and as Dick took her to his heart without a word, she said gaily:

"I am not jealous of Miss Honor. I hope you will always love her more than me."

III

Next morning Hinde was at his desk punctually at nine o'clock, and as he got out his papers his face was calm and his greeting to Fraser cheerful. His pulses were beating fast, however, and he sat down to the translation of a catalogue into Portuguese expecting every moment to hear the bell summon him to an interview with the senior partner of the firm.

The bell did not ring, but about ten o'clock Bunting came out of his room and walked down the office to Hinde's desk.

"Mr. Coleman wants you," he said brusquely, passing on to the next desk.

When Hinde entered the senior partner's room that gentleman was seated at a desk absolutely bare of all papers save the cablegram that had arrived the previous day. Mr. Coleman was the son of the founder of the firm and a man of about forty-five. He came little into contact with the general office staff, as most of his orders were conveyed through Bunting, and he made it a rule not to interfere with his manager's arrangements. His manner was sharp and decisive, but the clerks who had been in the employment of the firm for some time had a great respect for him as an upright and fair-dealing man of business.

"What's this Mr. Bunting tells me about the cable from Alvargonzalez?" he asked. "You refused last night to translate and send off my reply, I understand?"

"Yes, sir; I did."

"And why, pray?"

"Because it was not true."

"You speak boldly, Mr. Hinde. Do you not consider it your duty to obey the orders given you by the firm's manager?"

"Not in all circumstances, sir."

"Then do I understand you still persist in your refusal?"

"I must, sir. I cannot do otherwise," said Hinde firmly.

"Then I presume you are prepared to accept the consequences?" demanded Mr. Coleman.

"I am, sir."

Mr. Coleman up to this point had regarded Hinde sternly, and the young man had met his gaze fearlessly. Now there was silence between them for nearly a minute, while the senior partner bent over his desk and seemed to be studying the cablegram closely. Suddenly he looked up.

"How long have you been with us?" he asked.

"Five years last month, sir."

"Ah! What is your salary now?"

"Two hundred and twenty pounds per annum."

"That's pretty good for a young man of your age, Mr. Hinde. I suppose you're only about twenty-eight?"

"Not so much, sir. I was twenty-five last birthday."

"Indeed! so young? You look older. Then you still adhere to this line of conduct, eh?"

"I do," was Hinde's reply, as he wondered to himself how long this badgering was going to last.

"Well," said Mr. Coleman, "by your action you will lose this good salary." He paused: then rising from his chair, he went forward to the young man.

"You will lose it," he continued; "but you will gain a larger one. I shall give instructions to the cashier that from the first of last month you are to be paid at the rate of two hundred and sixty pounds per annum."

He held out his hand.

"Shake hands, Mr. Hinde," he said

cordially. "I am glad to think our firm has the privilege of being served by a man of your principle, and I hope we shall long retain your services. I was just leaving last night when Mr. Bunting brought in that wire, and in my haste I understood him to say the goods had left, although he now says that what he told me was that the order was completed. You will pardon me for putting you to a further test this morning."

Hinde took the outstretched hand of the senior partner, and confusedly began to try to express his feelings. The unexpectedness of the turn that events had taken was too much for him, however, and he could only stammer forth his thanks.

"There! there!" said Mr. Coleman, laying a friendly hand on his shoulder. "By the way, I heard casually the other day that you were thinking of getting married soon. Remember that I shall expect to be invited to the wedding."

PRESIDENT LOUBET

By EMILY CRAWFORD

PRESIDENT LOUBET has been long enough at the Élysée to show his fitness for the high functions he discharges. He was elected in a hurry, and his election was a great deal due to a sudden thought fired off in a newspaper by a statesman no longer in politics, M. Clémenceau. M. Clémenceau, as he was going to bed late at night, received a visit from a friend who is a member of the Chamber.

"I am," he said, "perplexed to think for whom I should vote. Brisson, having been defeated by Deschanel in the run for the Presidency of the Chamber, has no chance. We must not risk letting Méline come in whatever we do. It unfortunately happens that he has every chance if we put forward a Deputy."

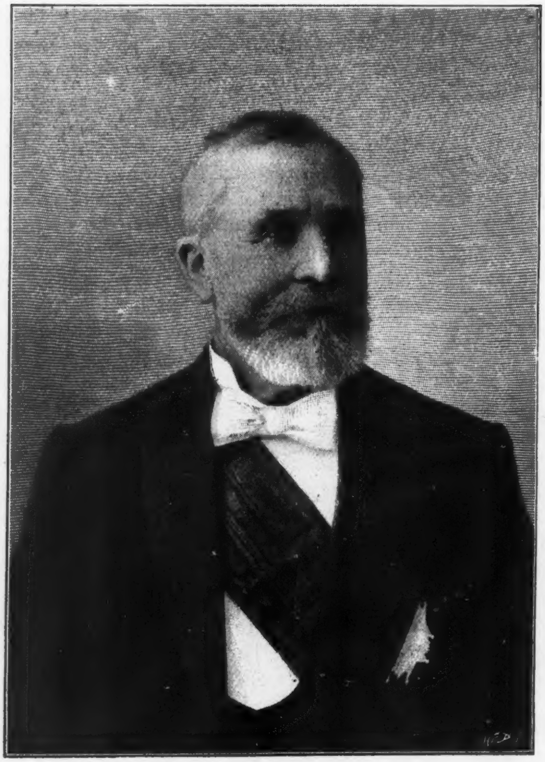
M. Clémenceau thought a moment, and the name, standing, and qualifications of Loubet flashed across his mind.

"Let it be," said he, "Loubet. All Republicans worthy of the name can agree on him. He is sound from a conviction of innocence in the Dreyfus case, but as he has not had occasion publicly to air his opinions he has not excited animosity. Nor will he before the election, which will be on in some hours, takes place. He has just the temper and mental complexion that are good for the office, and knows the ropes in both Chambers. Yes, let it be Loubet."

The visitor asked Clémenceau whether *L'Aurore* had gone to press, for if not he could go at once to that journal with a paragraph giving the pith of M. Clémenceau's remarks. The latter said, "Try," and then and there wrote the paragraph which ended in these words: "Mon Candidat est Loubet." He laughed as he read, because not an elector. It appeared next morning rather late, in consequence of a stop-press to get it in. But all the better, as there was not time to combat the suggestion. All the electors read the *Aurore* on the way to Versailles. Every one who wished the Dreyfus affair settled answered to M. Clémenceau's whip and, mentally at any rate, repeated his words, "Mon Candidat est Loubet." And so in the afternoon of the same day M. Loubet came back to Paris President of the Republic.

What manner of man is Loubet? To the eye he is short, thickset, manly; a patient man one can see, with the tenacity that so often is associated with patience. He is a citizen rather than a gentleman. The countenance shows him to be a man of strong sense. His eye is extremely shrewd and an eye to read a human being as one reads a book, but there is sometimes a dreamy and poetic eye that reveals deep intuition; it is also a very kind eye: there is something in it that reminds one of the fidelity and watchfulness of the shepherd's dog. I noticed this before I heard that the name, *loubet*, is given in the Cevennes to a dog of this species.

The President has shown good judgment in small things and great since he went to the Élysée. He is sagacious, and has in a rare degree the kind of truthfulness that shows itself in an unborrowed demeanour. I do not say that in a close game of law or politics—for he is advocate and politician by thirty-five years' practice—he would not turn or



(Nadar, photographer, Paris)

PRESIDENT LOUBET

strain an inconvenient truth. If his manners are plain, and his accent that of his native province, his mental culture is high. He has in conversation the direct, though not in any wise rude, speech of one who has led a busy life in the thick of human struggles. Self-assurance and ease have helped him on. But the former is not marred by excess or by any taint of egotism. Complexion and a good deal else in appearance are Southern. The climate of M. Loubet's part of the Drôme is the same as that of Burgos in Spain.

The President has long kept company on an equal footing with the greatest. He is in and of every sphere in which he ever moved, from farmer of the class of English yeomen and small *bourgeois* upwards. He had long stood high before he went to the Élysée. The successive stepping-stones thither were the functions of Mayor of Montélimar, where he kept on his law business up to a recent date; Chairman of the County Council of the Drôme; Deputy and then Senator for that Department; Minister of the Interior; President of the Senate. He drew, it will be observed, his chief strength from his native Department. This proves sterling qualities, for there he lived in a glass house. Had he been an intriguing self-seeker he could not have borne the scrutiny of a gossiping county town where reputations are pulled about in *cafés*.

At Montélimar the President has never ceased to be "Monsieur Émile." He was in a Southern way on hail-fellow-well-met terms with his fellow-townsmen. Nobody could charge Monsieur Émile with being proud or condescending. In public and in private he was and remains as unaffected as the late Sir Isaac Holden in or out of Parliament. He has the same sort of homely simplicity. If he had friends all over the Department it was because he was friendly and not disputatious. As he mounted in the world he seemed more bound to the people among whom he grew up. All his holidays were spent among them. He was a model Mayor and President of the County Council. In both offices he evinced financial resource and ingenuity. The local taxes were notably reduced in consequence of his good administration and measures he proposed. And yet he was forward in promoting improvements. In Parliament he had no opportunity to turn his financial ability to account.

Before M. Loubet accepted, last spring, an invitation to visit Montélimar as President of the Republic, he stipulated that his advent there was not to cost the taxpayers a centime. If there were public festivities, they must be paid for by voluntary subscriptions. An appeal was made to the townspeople by the actual Mayor. It was responded to in the heartiest way. More than what was wanted was subscribed. Owners of woods and gardens sent greenery and flowers for arches of triumph, the commander of the garrison sent soldiers to help in setting them up. One way or another the town was bright with picturesque adornment. The inhabitants seemed one hearty, happy, affectionate family, of whom "Monsieur Émile" was the head.

I fancy I discern in M. Loubet traits of Horace as he appeared in his Sabine farm. The disposition of the President, like that of the most finished of the Latin poets, is sunny. He is moral without being censorious; attentive to business, yet of an easy-going philosophy which has keen insight into essentials. He is a kindly neighbour, was always a friend of liberty, and, liking to live out his own life according to his natural bent, would gladly extend the freedom he prizes to others. What sufficed his frugal ancestors would suffice him, even now. He was thrown out of their groove by paternal will, and has throughout his career, in the bottom of his heart, reverted to it. Luxury to M. Loubet is a dull heavy load.

M. Loubet is not a great man, but he is well poised and has many qualities, each excellent or admirable, which form a rare combination. Few public men have kept more free from exaggeration of every sort. He has true and gentle humanity guided by a shrewd and lucid judgment, and in obeying the impulse of his unpretending goodness he is not to be deterred by fear of obloquy. His unhesitating kindness to the child and wife of the so-called Anarchist Monod, in face of a possible attack by the *Petit Journal*, will be long remembered.

It may seem miraculous to distant onlookers that the President should have through all those years of political life kept so transparent, unworldly, and really so unambitious. I think a great part of his success and his persistent goodness is due to his not having too long a head. He deals with the evil or the good as it arises. This is the agricultural state of mind. The husbandman delves the soil and sows the seed, but he must leave to Providence how to dispose of the winds and rains, the frosts and snows. He is a fatalist in all but immediate action. Most of the crimes that have ever been committed, most of the hardness of heart contracted, have come from fear of what the future may bring forth. Then, like most rustics, M. Loubet's wants are few. His heart is in the right place and warmed with family affections and local attachments. Scholarly tastes have eliminated any rural coarseness. And then he has had a good-hearted, unpretending, handsome wife whose sentiments matched with his own. She had no ambition to shine as a fine lady, though by her comely beauty, her tact, her good school education, she was qualified to shine in society. Madame Loubet, now a grandmother, is still a handsome brunette. She is reposeful, and takes her place among the great ones of the world with ease and quiet dignity.

(Pirou, photographer, Paris)

MADAME LOUBET

(Mary Spencer Warren, photographer, Leytonstone)

THE ÉLYSÉE—COUNCIL CHAMBER

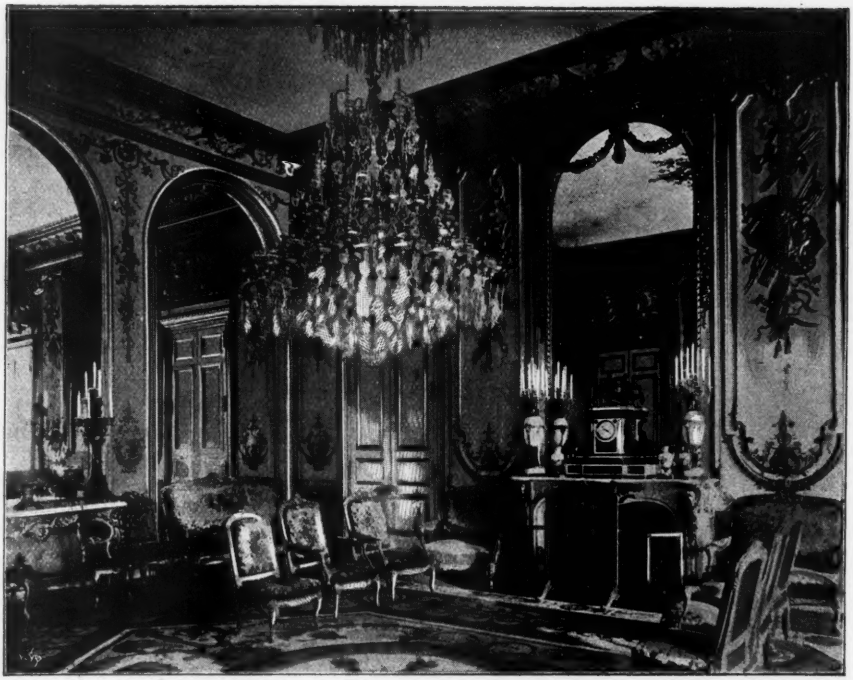
M. Loubet's greatest enjoyment is and has long been in reading. His library is not extensive but choice. Most of his recreative books are old familiar friends. He looks on style as the highest quality in writing, because it shows native qualities from which the dross and *scoriæ* have been well cleared. Style is the quality of the fine mind, freed and chastened not by scholarship merely but in the school of trying circumstances. There is first intuition and then extensive or intense experience to feed or sublimate it. There is a heart of some sort in every book that has style. When President of the Senate M. Loubet had a rare good time, because he could devote his evenings to reading. The reading was silent but must have been quiet criticism, as most of the books had been read over and over again, and each time with fresh pleasure. His flats in the Rue Jacob and the Rue Seine were not spacious enough to admit of much reading of the contemplative kind, in which as he goes on the reader thinks out a book of his own. The one in the Rue Jacob was in the midst of the Students' Quarter. M. Loubet lodged there in youth when qualifying for his degree of Doctor of Laws. He was under a rent of 3000 francs a year in the Rue de Seine—a very small rent for Paris. The house was new. He had on a second floor a *salon* with two windows, a dining-room with one, a bedroom facing on the street, and two smaller ones on the courtyard. The dining-room was the family sitting-room, for M. Loubet had to receive clients, fellow Deputies or Senators, and electors and other visitors in the *salon*. It was his office, study, library.

Madame Loubet received there her friends in the evening, or, when M. Loubet had business on hand, in her bedroom. They made friendships with neighbours on other flats. When M. Loubet found himself President of the Republic he wrote charming letters to them to express the hope that his altered situation might not lead them to suppose there could be any change in their relations with him and his family. They were excellent unpretending people, like himself, and essentially middle class. All his friends and neighbours rejoiced truly at his election. The only member of his inner circle who did not was his mother. She failed to see how his being President would conduce to his happiness, and she knew it would lessen his opportunities to come and stay with her at the farmhouse at Marsanne when he drew his last breath. He has been ever a dutiful and affectionate son, and is still docile as a child in obeying his mother. One of his first thoughts on being named President was to send her a photograph enlarged to life size, and in a handsome gilt frame, to be hung up in her parlour. When he was President of the Senate she was busy baking the week's bread as he unexpectedly dropped in from Paris. She asked him to watch the oven while she was arranging to add something to the family dinner. M. Loubet obediently put on her wide blue apron and sat patiently attending to the loaves until relieved. In England, I fear, this illustrative anecdote will not enhance the general opinion of the President. I am not sure that English admirers of the Latin poets will feel in what a degree M. Loubet is a man after the heart of Horace or of Virgil.

By the way, Dauphiné and Provence were colonised by Roman legionaries. A good deal of Rome remains in the intuitions and customs of the people. Paternal authority is on a stronger basis there than in any other part of France. Maternal authority has its far-back root in reverence for the Virgin Mary. Sons and daughters hold their mother in religious affection. She is the Bona Dea of family life. Marriage in no degree diminishes the cult. Indeed, this mother-worship strengthens other family ties. It is a far higher cult than the chivalrous idolatry of

(Mary Spencer Warren, photographer, Leytonstone)

THE ÉLYSÉE—THE HEMICYCLE ROOM



(Mary Spencer Warren, photographer, Leytonstone)

THE ÉLYSÉE—THE SALON

woman, which tended to concentrate itself on the lady, to the disparagement and detriment of every woman whose lot lay in hard lines. The mother-worshipper Loubet is a faultless husband, father, brother, uncle, and obliging friend. His son-in-law, a member of the Marseilles judicature, calls him "an adorable father-in-law."

M. Loubet has surely no reason to complain of his lot. Nor does he. But he has the sense of disappointment which a crossed vocation gives. He wanted to be a farmer, but his father said, "The law is a better sphere for a fellow of your parts than a farm: your shrewdness will be better employed in law than in detecting flaws in horses." Émile obeyed, so did Auguste his brother, who in obedience to the paternal will became a doctor, but has been able to retire to a farm near Grignan, also in the Drôme. The President longs for rural life—not life as in a *château*, but in a yeoman's homestead. At an agricultural show last spring he fell in with some Dauphiné farmers, and was the same old "Monsieur Émile" whom they had known at Montélimar.

"I suppose," said one of them, "you are now fixed for life in Paris?"

"Not if I live more than seven years, should I remain President so long. I do not intend to stand again. What I long for and mean to do is, when I quit the Élysée, to go to end my life at Marsanne on the old farm."

M. Loubet's local attachments have never relaxed. He is devoted to Dauphiné, with the Rhône, the most majestic of rivers, in front, and a lordly mountain range rising to the highest Alps behind. He sees no beauty in the greyish sky of Northern France. The frequent haze that casts a silvery gauze over the prospect seems to him to blur it and makes him shiver. He wants clear, well-accentuated outlines, and the ragged, perfumed fields of the South. The silvery olive-trees with their unfailing crop begins in the Drôme. Most natural objects there seem unruly, and bent on acting just as they please. The broad-leaved fig is rebellious to the pruning-knife and the most eccentric-looking of fruit-trees, but it brings forth so abundantly its purple fruit that one may buy a basketful of figs for three halfpence. The vine sprawls about and clambers, untidy, fruitful, generous, and a true child of the sun. Pumpkins climb over cottages, and adorn the roofs with gorgeous yellow balls that look like giant oranges. The sheep are as ragged as the perfumed upland, where they feed on thyme, marjoram, sage, southernwood. All the rivers save the Rhône, the most impetuous and unruly of all, shift their beds often and swell with floods or shrink into brooklets in wide stretches of shingle; the only things that bear the human stamp are the regularly planted and trimly pollarded mulberry-trees. They are so pruned and shaped as to offer the least resistance to the mistral, and bear the largest quantity of foliage without interfering with the ground crop. Peaches and apricots grow in the arable land as in Northern climates in the garden. M. Loubet likes to dwell on these features of the district in which he grew up, which is the south-central part of the Drôme. He was glad to run away there for a few days from Rambouillet, and to dine on trout and *bec-figues*—a bird smaller than a quail that tastes of the figs on which it feeds in autumn.

Marsanne is on rising ground backed by forest and fifteen miles east from Montélimar. The home where M. Loubet was born faces towards a square court formed by the house and farm buildings. The house has its back to meadows in a soft vale through which a river, of small consequence unless to fertilise, runs. The residential part of the homestead is hardly distinguishable on the outside from the offices, which are untidily kept, but still indicative of good husbandry and gear. All the windows of the ground floor are on

(Mary Spencer Warren, photographer, Leytonstone)

THE ÉLYSÉE—SALLE DES FÊTES

the court, a precaution against burglars, but there is a row of windows on the first floor looking on the meadows.

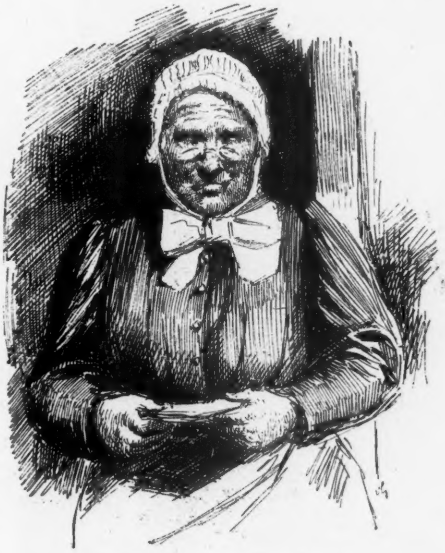
There is no pretension anywhere to style. Poultry, calves, and pigs have the freedom of the spacious court which is fanned by poplars. Ducks swim in a central pond. One enters the house by a wide kitchen smoked a rich brown like a well-used pipe. A parlour stiffly furnished is at one side; an old massive oak staircase, that leads to a second sitting-room and the bedrooms, is on the other. The farm is provided with a bakehouse and wine and olive presses. Egypt is not more plagued with flies in warm weather; but nobody minds them. M. Loubet is an optimist about all drawbacks to life in the Drôme: he says that flies are the scavengers of the air and keep it pure. Perhaps they do.

M. Loubet was born to luck and the Élysée in 1838, and the late Comte de Paris seemingly to a throne. The grandson of Louis Philippe and the son of Auguste Loubet, farmer and Mayor of Marsanne, had rival destinies. The rivalry has only come out since the Duc d'Orléans has stepped into his father's shoes. No Royalist has ever been struck with the fact that the Prince apparently destined to a throne and the actual President were born in the same year. But the Royalists and society that goes with them detest M. Loubet as they detested no former President. He crossed their path in coming in when their high hopes in M. Félix Faure had been suddenly blighted by his death. As the present head of the State cares not for all they most value, they can have no chance of bringing him round. He is the most Republican President France has had, because the plainest liver and the most indifferent to artificial distinctions. Being used to great situations, he knows exactly what to do in public or in private, and under all unforeseen circumstances trusts to his own good sense, which is generally backed by good feeling. He is sure to say the apposite thing, and in neat, plain terms, that have a sort of beauty because so well fitted to express his meaning.

I have spoken of the year of M. Loubet's birth in connection with that of the Comte de Paris, who was destined to die in exile. Madame Loubet *mère* remembers how the news of the Comte's birth was, late in a hot August, sent by signal telegraph to Valence, where she was staying. In returning home all the towns she passed through were illuminated and people dancing on the village-greens. The event was thus celebrated by request of prefects, sub-prefects, and mayors. But the *châteaux* gave no sign. She wondered whether mother and child would be the better for the rejoicing. The future President was not born until the clock was almost on the stroke of midnight on New Year's Eve. He just missed being a New Year's gift. But, as the neighbours remarked, the clock at Marsanne "was apt to be slow If it was so on this occasion, the infant would be under the protection of the Innocents whom Herod slew. What better protection could he have above?"

The President's father and mother were religious but not bigoted Catholics. He was first sent to a school kept by priests at Valence, as a preparation for a *lycée*. I believe he remains Catholic, but is not "Clerical." His life is that of a religious man—a life in which morality is softened by religion. In the Dreyfus affair he has shown moral courage. He can be stubborn, and face positive danger bravely. He did so in going to the Grand Prix race after the assault on him by Baron Christiani in the State tribune at Auteuil racecourse. M. Faure capitulated where M. Loubet has stood firm. From the outset of his Presidential career he has had to face Royalist rascality. I never saw a more sickening mob than the one which awaited his return from the Presidential election at Versailles. One might think that all the people of style turned out to see him pilloried. His cavalry escort was small protection from missiles. The roughs that pounced upon the carriage were not poor wretches merely hired by the fine folks to fling bad apples and eggs and shout "Panama!" They were not as numerous as the "Royalist youngsters," and not nearly so rough or daring.

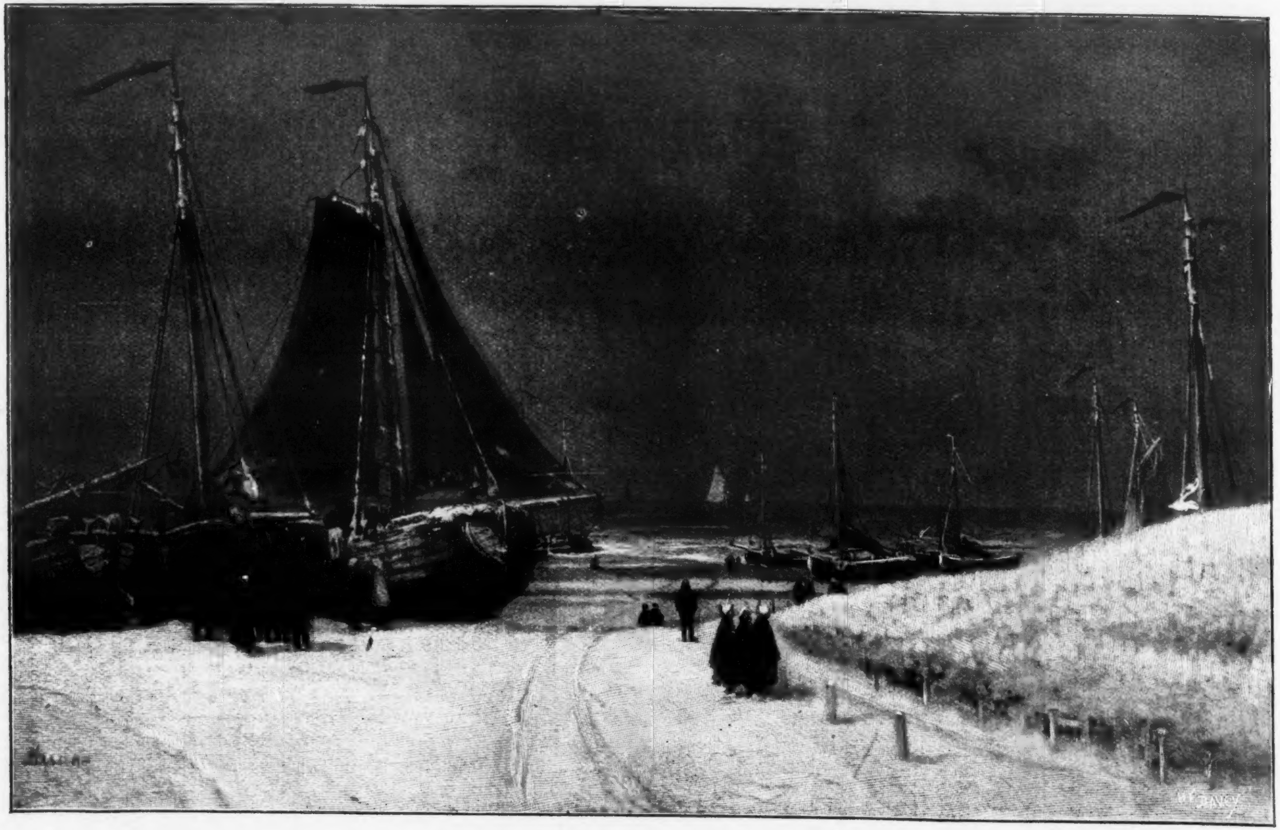
It is unfortunately true that M. Loubet sought, as Minister of the Interior in the Ribot Cabinet, to screen 124 Deputies who took bribes from the Panama Company. But so did his fellow Ministers; so did M. Carnot, so did M. Brisson, both men of stainless personal integrity. The fact that both Chambers elect the President makes members too apt to wink at each other's shortcomings. They all try to be the best friends behind the scenes. Each has a chance of winning the grand prize—the Presidentship of the Republic. Nobody wants to alienate a future elector. All are anxious to miss no chance of being elected. Apart from such motives, it was thought the Republic would sink under the weight of obloquy were bribery brought home to the 124. There are also "extenuating circumstances." Paris is one of the dearest capitals in Europe. The struggling must lead austere lives; the rich are tempted in every direction to plunge into luxury. Wealthy people from all parts of the world come to enjoy material pleasures in Paris, where they take a lighter character and seem less gross than anywhere else. It was very hard for country Deputies who were professional men and had given up their practice to live decently in Paris on their salaries. M. and Madame Loubet had the courage to keep plain, and they early rose to high official station; they also had other means than the 25 francs a day. But Deputies of narrow incomes, who had wives young enough to enjoy fashionable life, felt miserably off. M. Loubet's kind heart would have ached at the straits to which some of the 124 were reduced.



PRESIDENT LOUBET'S MOTHER

The President never fingered a centime of Panama money or derived profit from M. Lesseps' bubble; the cry of "Panama!" is raised against him in bad faith by the Royalists.

Royalist animosity has stopped an innocent daily pleasure of the President. He is fond of walking and riding in or on the top of omnibuses. But, with white carnation aristocrats about, it would not now be safe to go about on foot as he used when President of the Senate. He then often strolled down to the quays, glanced there at second-hand books, picked up, perhaps, a book that he wanted, crossed the Seine into the Tuileries Gardens, and went on to the Boulevard des Italiens, where he took the Batignolles-Odéon omnibus that took him back home. He was also fond of walking to the Arc de Triomphe, looking there at the sunset, and sauntering down the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, at the end of which he took a cab. He jobbed a carriage, but seldom used it unless he wanted to go somewhere with Madame Loubet. He has taken on M. Faure's carriages and horses, but he is not fond of riding in the high-hung landau and four. If he took it when he paid, in the Easter holidays, a visit to Montélimar, it was because his old friends, neighbours, and clients there longed to see him in full Presidential state. The magnificent vehicle and team were sent a few days beforehand to see how they could work in the narrow crooked streets there. They had to be led, and cavalry could not surround them, only go before and behind. "Monsieur Émile" was in this equipage going to the mayoralty when he looked at the familiar garden wall and saw on a scaffold behind it his aged mother. He called to his coachman to stop, got down, entered by a wicket, mounted the scaffolding; hugging to his heart the old lady, held his forehead down for her to kiss it. They then exchanged kisses on both cheeks. Montélimar was transported by his filial impulse. Madame Loubet *mère* did not believe her eyes until she was in her son's arms. He did not seem her son in the State carriages with all the cuirassiers of his escort curveting; but she felt when he embraced her that he was "Émile," such as she had always known him, and big tears rolled down her cheeks. They were tears of joy. He never drew tears of bitterness from her eyes, or indeed those of any other human being.



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WINTER ON THE SHORE

By H. W. Mesdag

THE MIRACLES OF JESUS

SUNDAY READINGS FOR JANUARY

By the Rev. COSMO GORDON LANG, M.A.

FIRST SUNDAY

THE MEANING OF THE MIRACLES

THE Miracles of Jesus were not so much evidences as parts of His Revelation. They were themselves disclosures, in deeds as well as in words, of the motives, the laws, the ends by which all things are ordered by God. They were lights let in upon the darkness of divine Providence. The truth that the Spirit of the universe — of whom, through whom, in whom, to whom are all things — is a Personal Being, and that His creation is ordered for what we call "moral" ends, is one which we must hold by faith: evidence can support but cannot give it. For *sight* of it—clear, complete, final—we must wait for the Day of Light. The so-called "miracles," which accompanied the presence here on this darkened earth of God made manifest in the flesh, were anticipations of the final enlightening. They were hints given by God Himself of His else veiled purposes, sufficient to vindicate and sustain our faith. They were lessons taught in facts by the divine Teacher of the final truth of things; they brought us for a moment into the secret of the universe. Human eyes were permitted to behold the forces of wind and sea, the mysterious laws of disease and death, in the grasp of a Power who was a Person and a Will of love, and manifestly ordered by Him for the good of man. That instinct of faith which penetrates through the mystery of the laws of the universe, of the inscrutable course of things—a mystery eluding observation and baffling reason—and reaches a personal will, not less supreme than good, was vindicated by the miracles of God incarnate. Jesus healing the sick, raising the dead, stilling the storm, feeding the multitude — Jesus was Providence made plain. Each miracle, then, is not only an instance of the lovingkindness of Jesus to those who at the time appealed to Him for it, but a revelation of the will of God, of the purpose of His ceaseless Providence. It teaches His purpose as well as proves His power. We see in it infinite power shaping the course of things for the good of a human soul. It shows us what we mean when we speak in the language of faith of "the ordering of all things for our good"—shows us too, that if this is the language of children, it is the language of children who in their simplicity see deep and far into truth. When, therefore, we ask of each miracle what it has to teach us, we are not indulging in mere edifying fancy, we are following the very reason for which it was done; we are treating it as God meant it—as a sign of the way in which His Providence is ever guiding men, as a lesson of the divine method of dealing with human life.

During this year we shall in these papers try to learn some of the abiding lessons of the Miracles. Each month we shall select one, try to realise it as it *was*, and to understand it as it *is*. We are first to picture the human, momentary scene, then to learn some of the divine, eternal truths which it revealed. It is the work of the Holy Spirit to take of the things of Jesus and show them to us—to take the lasting truth out of the temporary form in which it was at first revealed and bring it home to our own life and experience. We discern this work of the Spirit in the *words* of Jesus. Spoken though they were by human lips to human ears at a long past period of this world's history, still, when we read or hear them, they touch the mind, the will, the conscience with the force and freshness of a living voice. Still and for ever they are words of eternal life. So also must it be with the *deeds* of Jesus. Done once in act, in meaning they are eternal. The Holy Spirit takes the record of the act, and reveals to us the will of the ever-living Jesus of which it was once the expression. So the deed is for ever done for us; our experience is brought within its teaching. Will you, therefore, my reader, month by month, either after or before you read my paper, read the story of the miracle itself, and ask the divine Spirit who in Jesus wrought it and in the word of the Gospel has recorded it, to enlighten the eyes of your mind, that you may see and know the truth which He means it to have for *you?* And may the papers be both written and read under His guidance and with His help!

SECOND SUNDAY

THE DRAUGHT OF FISHES

IN the first month of a new year what reminder could be more timely than that God is always calling us to make new beginnings? The new year is born in winter, and wintry often enough is the sense of the old year's failures. We remember the hopes and resolutions and ventures with which it rose; we see the record of disappointments and surrenders and failures with which it has set. Do we hesitate to renew hopes so wan, resolutions so broken, ventures so frustrated? Does the thought of the old year's efforts and struggles bring the weary words to our lips, "Master, we have toiled all night and taken nothing"? Then let us read the first eleven verses of the fifth chapter of St. Matthew—the miracle of the Draught of Fishes. It teaches us the lesson of perseverance under disappointment, of the ceaseless call to new beginnings.

All night long the fishermen had been dragging their nets across the cold, dark lake, sick at heart and weary. How well I remember a night in the Sound of Kilbrannan—the cold sheen of the water reflecting the still grey of the dawn, the dreary plash of the oars, the weary dragging of the empty nets, the sullen faces of the fishermen! It was the very picture of dull and fruitless toil. So the fisherfolk of Galilee had toiled all night and taken nothing. In the morning they had beached their boats on the shore at Capernaum. They began to wash their nets of the weeds which were the only fruit of their labours, and to mend the rents which the rocks had made. But ere long a new excitement banished the memories of the night. The village was in commotion. The street was crowded, and the crowd pressed down to the very edge of the lake. Before them—gradually thrust forward by their eagerness—was a young Rabbi, speaking to them. The fishermen knew Him. It was Jesus, the new Prophet from Nazareth. Perhaps they had known Him as the village carpenter. Certainly, not long ago, some of them had met Him on the distant banks of Jordan, and the great preacher had spoken wonderful words about Him. They had met Him again in Galilee. He had cast a strange spell over them, bade them follow Him, and they had obeyed. They had seen wondrous cures wrought by His hand; heard words from His lips which set new thoughts and hopes stirring within them. And now He asked leave to sit in Simon's boat, and speak to the people from it. Very soon would all thoughts of the long night vanish—here, in the very boat in which they had toiled, were they listening to words which it was like the breath of spring to hear. Still, as the evening shadows began to fall, they were listening—rapt in a new world of peace and rest. Then—what a rude awakening from the happy spell! "He said unto Simon, Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets." At once the toilings of the night, the weariness, the cold, the disappointment came back to them. To face it all once again—impossible! "Master," said the outspoken Simon, "we have toiled all night and taken nothing." Was there a look of rebuke, a gesture of command? We know not. Enough! it was His word. They were ready to begin again. "Nevertheless, at Thy word, I will let down the net." But obedience to His word made all the difference. It was the same sea, the same nets, the same boat; but now, at His word, they enclosed a great multitude of fishes, so that the nets were breaking.

Thus were they taught a life-lesson. It was the lesson that simple, trustful obedience to the word of Jesus is the alchemy that transforms disappointment into hope, failure into success. In the power of that trustful obedience they were to have the courage of new beginnings, of fresh ventures. Once again a similar deed was to deepen the impress of that lesson. You remember that wonderful later scene at daybreak on the same shore. The disciples had suffered a crushing disappointment, had been the witnesses of the failure of all their hopes. They had seen the Master crucified. The force of their depression had perhaps made them doubtful even of the reality of His appearances among them. They had returned to Galilee—they had gone a-fishing again, gone back to the old life of weary toil. Once again they had toiled all night and taken nothing. How strange and sad must have been their memories and thoughts that dreary night. Then in the grey light of dawn they saw the Figure on the shore, heard in the still morning air the words: "Cast the net on the right side of the ship and ye shall find." And John whispered to Simon, "It is the Lord." At His word they had returned to the toil of Galilee; and lo! He, dead and crucified, was with them still.

In the years to come, when these fishermen would often be weary with the labours of fishing for the souls of men in the ship of the Master's Church, chilled by disappointments, faint-hearted through many failures, they would hear ever and again the calm sounding of the Master's word: "Launch out into the deep, and let down the nets for a draught." So He taught them; so through them He teaches us.

THIRD SUNDAY

PERSEVERANCE IN THE SPIRITUAL LIFE

The miracle is a lesson for the inward life. The story of a year's inward life is a story—told by conscience to most of us—of manifold disappointment. "I *did* try," so we say. "I set out with good hopes and earnest prayers last New Year's Day; but the old temptations have been just as strong. I have made no headway after all. It has been a long toiling—struggles and surrenders—and the sins are still there. I have been reading, thinking, praying, and yet can I really say that since this time last year I have 'grown in grace,' seen further into God's truth, know more of God's love? And here is a new year come. With the memory of all my failures, can I begin again with new hope? Can I dare to offer again vows so often broken, love so often denied? O Master, none can know so well as Thou. I have toiled all night and taken nothing." Yes! He knows it, and because He knows it we do well to be sorrowful and sick of heart. But He who knows the worst has but one word to say: "Launch out into the deep." Once again, heedless of the past, renew the struggle. Begin again. The spiritual life is just a series of new beginnings. The only failure is to cease to try. Launch out into the deep. Only it must be definitely and consciously ***at His word***, in simple obedience and trust. Was not one of the reasons of our failure that after all we were thinking more of ourselves than of Him? Behind and before last year's resolutions did there stand a real and honest surrender of the whole self to the divine will? Were the struggles of the year waged consciously in reliance upon the Holy Spirit of God? Have I been rather thinking of my own feelings of success, of happiness in my religion, and troubling myself because I could not be sure of them, than doing simply and faithfully what God gave me to do, and leaving the feelings to Him to give and to withhold? If so, then I have been letting down the net at my own word, not at His word. The root of failure has been a subtle want of faith. The spiritual life must be lived through and through in the simple faith of the everlasting Word of God. I must get rid of all doubt that He means to conquer evil in me, to glorify His name and vindicate His purpose in creating me, by setting me—me, just as I am, just in the circumstances in which He has placed me—faultless before His throne; to reveal the whole wonder of His love to me, so that I must needs respond to it with all the energy of love of which my mind and heart and will are capable. If only I will never give up trying, but in spite of all my stumblings keep the hand of my faith firm-clasped in the hand of His loving will for me, and, trusting in that grasp, hold on undauntedly, then He will bring me through all that the distractions of the world, the passions of the flesh, or the doubts and insinuations of the devil can bring against me, and make of me the man He created me to be.

> Let me no more my comfort draw
> From my frail hold of Thee:
> In this alone rejoice with awe—
> Thy mighty grasp of me.

Measure, then, the failures of last year, and say in penitence, "Master, we have toiled all night and taken nothing." But measure also the cheer and promise with which the Master meets us at the threshold of the new year. "Launch out into the deep and let down your nets for a draught." And in the strength of that command, set as the motto for another year of faithful and strenuous inward effort the words which when spoken by the will of man are always vindicated by the will of God: "At Thy word I will let down the net."

FOURTH SUNDAY

PERSEVERANCE IN WELL-DOING

Last Sunday we learned the lesson of the Miracle of the Draught of Fishes for the inward life of the Spirit. But it has a lesson also for the outward life of service. Perhaps we can think of some one whom we have long sought to influence for good. It may be wife or husband, son or daughter, brother, sister, or friend. We have had great hopes; but, alas! they have been checked by manifold disappointment. "My boy"—so the mother thinks—"God knows the love I have for him. I have prayed for him since he lay a baby at my breast—prayed that he might be one of God's own men. I tried to teach him the faith of Christ: he used to say his prayers with me. But he has grown up, and grown apart from me. I do not know his thoughts—I fear they wander far from the Lord. I am not sure about his life, his habits, his friends. I have tried to speak to him; but he resents my words. All my prayers and efforts and words seem useless. Can I begin them all again? 'Master, I have toiled all night and taken nothing.'" Or, "There is my friend. I like him: I would do anything for him. Who could help liking his kindness, his good-nature, his frankness? But in the deepest things of life we are moving on different roads. He goes his own way, and it is not God's. I have prayed, but no answer comes. I have spoken, and he will not listen. I have planned, and my plans have failed. Is it any use to go on trying? 'Master, I have toiled all night and taken nothing.'" There must surely be something akin to this bitterness of spirit in the experience of each one of us. Certainly, if we have any faith or joy or hope rooted in Christ, we must have something of His own longing for the souls of others. But if He gives it, He will give it in His own way—the way in which He knew it in His human life—the way of manifold disappointment. Influence for the eternal good of an immortal soul is a thing too great and wonderful to be easily attained. And the travail for it is often long and sore; so that often all that we can say is, "Master, we have toiled all night and taken nothing." But—be sure of it—His answer is ever the same—"Launch out into the deep and let down your nets." Launch out again and again into the deep of God's mysterious and eternal purpose. It *is* deep; deeper than we can fathom, very inscrutable to us. But launch out into it, trusting to His word.

At His word—"at Thy word"! that is the secret. Has not much of our effort to influence been after all self-centred? Have we steadily remembered at every stage of it that our love for that soul is only a faint image of God's love for it? That God's will is set on bringing it back to Himself with an infinity of longing and resource in comparison with which our desires and plans are as nothing? What is my wish compared with God's will? If I have not that faith in God's will and word, I cannot succeed. I fret and worry and grow impatient, and make mistakes and lose heart and miss opportunities. If I have that faith—strong and resolute—then it will give me something of God's own calmness and patience. I shall set my wish on His will; and so enable His will to work through me. This faith in the fellow-working of God will not slacken my efforts, but it will steady them and guide them, and redeem them from anxiety and impatience. It will bring into them the calm of an invincible trust. In my own inward life the union of effort and trust is realised in the word—"Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, *for* it is God that worketh in you." So in my influence over others, let me work for it with zeal and urgency, but let me ever remember that it is God who worketh with me. All the seeming failures and disappointments—the words resented, the plans miscarried, the opportunities lost—will test, they cannot shake, my faith. God's word at once pledges me to ceaseless perseverance and sustains me through it. Let me then, with revived courage and hopeful patience launch out once more into the deep where I have so long toiled and taken nothing—once more let down the nets of my prayers and words and efforts. "Nevertheless, at Thy word I will let down the net."

FROM ONE POINT OF VIEW

By WILLIAM CANTON

HISTORIANS have for some time been alive to the fact that the real history of a people is to be found in the every-day inner life, "in the homes, and habits, and labours of the peasantry; in the modes, and manners, and thoughts of society; what the people believed and what they practised; how they farmed and how they traded; how the poor were relieved; how their children were taught, how their bodies were nourished, and how their souls were tended." In the progress of time the novelists will doubtless follow suit, and instead of martial pageants, intrigues of state, and the vast crises of conquest or national disaster, we shall have a genuine attempt to reproduce the real life of bygone epochs. For my own part I cannot on the spur of the moment recollect a single historical novel which, with a few immaterial changes, might not with comparative ease be transferred to any century and probably to any country. And even where the author has made an effort to achieve a certain verisimilitude, it has been usually in the line of least resistance: we have the Canterbury Pilgrims riding in the pleasant May-time and telling stories by the way: we obtain no glimpse of Langland's ploughman, with his hair straggling through his ragged hood and his toes showing through his clouted shoes, driving his gaunt-ribbed oxen, while his wife, using the long goad, walked alongside with bare feet and left tracks of blood on the ice, and the two-year old twins and the lytel chylde lapped in cloutes "songen a songe that sorrow was to hear."

To me I must confess there is an engrossing interest in the records of those hard and poignant times, when life was so grim an ordeal that one wonders how men and women endured, and how little children survived at all. It is well to know what people have gone through, and not without a certain gaiety and cheerfulness it would seem, to see in more senses than one that the life is more than the meat and the body than the raiment. Such a record is Mr. Graham's curious and elaborate survey of the Social Life of Scotland in the last century,* a book which, if I mistake not, will take a place of permanent importance on the shelves of all who are interested in the history of national development. Although we have all from time to time picked up striking indications of the wonderful changes that have taken place in the social conditions of England as well as of Scotland since the days of Pope and Addison, only those who have made a special study of the subject can be prepared for the amazing account which Mr. Graham gives of the life of the Scottish people in town and country during the romantic century which included the gallant episodes of the '15 and '45. Long before we were born the glamour of Scott had made the northern kingdom a land of chivalry and enchantment, but—though we resented it as a malignant gibe—there does appear to have been a time when the fairest prospect in Scotland was the highroad to England, and when "a large English oak stick"—the Homeric stick which Dr. Johnson lost and strongly suspected the poor Scots to have stolen—might have been regarded as a valuable possession in a landscape denuded of woodland. Strange as it seems to us who have learned in some measure to love and delight in nature, even "Goldsmith in 1753 had nothing to say of the characteristic features of Scottish scenery except that 'hills and rocks intercept every prospect,'" while other travellers were filled with dismay when they saw the purple moors of Galloway and "the hideous aspect" of the Dumfriesshire hills, and expressed fervent hope that they might never "go to such a country again."

Currency, steam and electricity are great factors of our prosperity. In Scotland in the earlier part of the century the lairds were chiefly paid in kind; there was little money in circulation and a considerable proportion of what was current consisted of the leg-dollars, rix-dollars, guilders, and ducatoons imported from abroad. There were practically no roads and no vehicles. It might take eleven days to travel from Aberdeen to Edinburgh. Between Edinburgh and Haddington the journey of sixteen miles occupied a whole winter's day for a coach with four horses. It was not till 1749 that a stage coach began to run between Edinburgh and Glasgow, and it took twelve hours to cover the forty-six miles—a speed which was not exceeded till thirty years had gone by. A monthly coach maintained a connection with London and made the journey in twelve or sixteen days according to circumstances. The inns were miserable—"mean hovels, with dirty rooms, dirty food, and dirty attendants;" with greasy clothless tables, butter consolidated with cow-hairs, coarse meals served without knife and fork, and a glass or tin which went the round of the company. As late as 1746 the London mail bag once contained but a single letter for Edinburgh. Thrice a week, when there chanced to be letters to deliver, the postmen set out on their sorry nags to distribute them in the largest towns; twice a week they were carried to the smaller towns, and to several other places they were taken once a week by runners. Such conditions as these are incompatible with commercial prosperity, but we do not generally regard them as incompatible with an idyllic existence.

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* "The Social Life of Scotland in the Eighteenth Century." By Henry Grey Graham. 2 vols. Adam and Charles Black. 24s.

Life in Scotland, however, was anything but idyllic. Apart from the years of blight and famine, when sheep and oxen perished in thousands, and corn stood green and withered in the fields till December, and people tried to sustain life on the docks, nettles, and grass of the fertile graveyards, and stored the loathed snails for winter use, and men and women crawled to the shadow of the kirk so that when they were dead their bodies might be the more easily buried instead of being left to the wild birds, and misery was intensified by the gloomy piety which perceived in every natural calamity the tokens of divine wrath on a backsliding generation—apart from these "hungry years," Scotland must have been for the greater part of the eighteenth century one of the most distressful countries under the sun. The land was treeless and bare, marshy and full of bogs. Here and there on the wild moors a patch of soil was rescued; and far up the hill-sides, even on the flanks of Schiehallion, teams of eight or ten oxen laboured with the uncouth plough because the straths and valleys were hopeless morasses. There seems to have been practically no knowledge of agriculture. "Ground was cultivated till it produced only two seeds for every one sown." The grain most sown was the poor and unprolific grey oats, which had been abandoned almost everywhere else but in Scotland, and bere, the least nutritious of all barley, which was believed to be the only sort suited for the soil. As late as 1774 the Dumbartonshire farmers could not be prevailed upon, even by bribes, to sow turnips, and when the bullocks throve on this new fare and grew into huge comfortable beasts, the people accustomed to their lean kine refused to eat such monsters. Potatoes came gradually into cultivation between the forties and fifties, but were regarded with angry suspicion as an attempt to deprive the poor man of his proper food. It was only by a happy chance that it was discovered that sheep and cattle could fend for themselves in the open during the winter, and similarly it was the necessity of planting out young larches because they were too big for nursery culture that suggested the possibility of such delicate exotics as beeches and chestnuts, maple and walnut, surviving elsewhere than in sheltered gardens.

There was little likelihood in those days of the ploughman being in the mood to sing of daisy, or field-mouse, or lark, as he drove his furrow. The plough was a huge wooden construction, except the share and coulter, drawn by gaunt oxen and lean horses—from eight to twelve beasts to the team. "As they dragged it along a whole band of men attended to keep them going. One man who held the plough required to be strong enough to bear the shock of collision with 'sit-fast' stones; another led the team, walking backwards in order to stop the cattle when the plough banged against a frequent boulder; a third went in front with a triangular spade to 'mend the land' and fill up the hollows; and yet a fourth, as 'goad-man,' was armed with a long pole with sharp point to goad the lagging beasts, and was required to exercise his skill of loud, clear, tuneful whistling to stimulate them to their work. With all this huge cortège, a plough scratched half an acre a day, and scratched it very poorly." Little wonder, when we find that the poor beasts were fed on whins, grass, and weeds till harvest was over, and on straw and boiled chaff in the winter.

And the people were hardly better off than their "bestial." They lived in hovels of stones and clay, thatched with fern and heather, reeking with smoke and dismally lighted. "Their garments in daily work were in rags; their hose were pieces of plaiding sewed together; their shirts were of coarse woollen or of roughest harn little better than sacking, which got no washing save from the rain of heaven. It was usually the practice to change these latter garments at the terms of Martinmas and Whitsunday, or at most thrice a year." The women were equally unattractive, and except on Sundays and holidays or in frost and snow they went barefoot. And the dress of the farmer was very little different from that of his men. For food they had little to eat but oatmeal, "knockit bere," and kail greens, for other vegetables were all but unknown; "beef and mutton they never tasted, unless a cow or sheep was found dead of disease, old age, or hunger." For drink they had ale or beer in the early part of the century, home-brewed by every farmer from oats and heather, and fermented whey kept for a year in barrels; whisky came in later. In 1730 the average earnings of a "best ploughman" living with the farmer was 35*s.* a year, with a pair of shoes, coarse linen for a shirt and a yard or two of plaiding, while female servants had 13*s.* 4*d.* in money, with an apron and a pair of shoes. Thirty years later, the men in the house got, in money and "bounties," £3; the women 20*s.* In spite of all the wretchedness of this existence, the sense of religion, of dependence on Providence, manifests itself in the most remarkable manner. The voice of prayer had power to arrest the driving snow and disperse the blighting mists which brought mildew and ruin. Ministers preached from the text "Now do the beasts groan," and the Lord graciously sent a thaw on the west wind. "Unfortunately," says Mr. Graham, "piety did not uproot the inveterate sluggishness of farmer and labourer: it seemed rather to dignify dirt and consecrate laziness. The people believed that disease was due to the hand of God, instead of being due to the want of using their own hands. They held that every season of dearth was owing to Providence rather than to their own improvidence. They protested that weeds were a consequence of Adam's fall, and that to remove docks, wild mustard, and nettles was to undo the divine curse. They threshed the corn with the flail, and winnowed it by throwing it up in the air, rather than use the outlandish fanners which Meikle had set up in 1710, because 'it was making devil's wind,' contravened Scripture, which said 'The wind bloweth where it listeth,' and took the 'power out o' the hands o' the Almighty.' The ancient mills for grinding oats, it was believed, had been piously placed by their forefathers where they could be worked according to God's order, without artificially embanking the water or turning it from its natural course, which would be sinful: Providence ordained the site, man had only to discover it."

In connection with this side of the subject one must bear in mind the swarm of beggars —"Egyptians, sorners, cairds, tinkers"— thrown upon the country by the protracted famine in the opening years of the century: something between two and three hundred thousand in a population of little over a million, if we may take the figures of Fletcher of Saltoun, though Mr. Graham questions their accuracy. Whatever their real numbers, they swept over the country, pilfering and plundering and extorting charity from people scarcely less poor than themselves.

It was they who stripped and despoiled the poor student Thomas Ruddiman on his way to Aberdeen University, and to a long lease of fame as a grammarian and the author of a book of Latin "Rudiments." It was they, too, who kidnapped Adam Smith when he was a child, "and nearly deprived the country of a brilliant citizen, and the world of its most original political economist." Mendicancy of this outrageous type speedily disappeared, but the licensed beggars, the blue-gowns or gaberlunzies, were long a pest at communions and funerals; and besides these, there were the maimed, decrepit, and deformed creatures known as "objects," who were left on barrows at the doors of the farmers or villagers in order that these might supply their wants and have them conveyed a stage further on their luxurious way. And here, too, must be mentioned the villainous slave-trade, carried on for years with extraordinary impunity in the north. Lads and even children of six were seized by press-gangs, stolen from their beds, bought at a shilling a head from starving parents, and brought along in droves to some seaport, where they were sold to agents and shipped to the American plantations. "Esteemed bailies in Aberdeen" were engaged in this traffic, which even Highland chiefs did not despise, and the Tolbooth was lent for the detention of the poor wretches till a ship was ready to sail.

I have attempted to give no more than a glimpse at one of the strange phases of life described by Mr. Graham. The pictures of town life are less depressing but quite as startling. Indeed, it is scarcely possible to realise the Edinburgh of the first half of last century, with its huddling together of gentle and simple, its stateliness and poverty, its squalor and contempt of sanitary decencies. The chapters on religious and ecclesiastical life are crowded with strangely illuminative details, and present probably a more complete survey of the subject than can easily be obtained elsewhere. And very similar to these in comprehensiveness are the chapters on education. To the literature of the period, "which developed so marvellously after the middle of the century," there is not unfrequent reference, but the limits of the work precluded a treatment of the subject on a scale equal to the other divisions. This is to be regretted. The vivid account given of the sudden change which swept over the country, crowding its growing towns with a busy manufacturing population, changing its waterlogged lowlands into fruitful acres, quickening its ports with traffic, widening its religious life, and awakening the pulses of political activity, is scarcely complete—excellent as it is—without an equally able account of the literary renaissance. One is too prone to forget the mental life in reading of the physical and social; one would like to see how "the passion of the picturesque," the love of nature, emerged from the horrors of the Scottish wilderness, and how poetry and philosophy were "cultivated on a little oatmeal." Let us hope that Mr. Graham will yet treat that part of his subject.

With the tenth volume, Messrs. Macmillan bring to a close their Eversley edition of Shakespeare.* In type, *format*, paper, and binding this edition is all that can be asked for by the lover of books. Professor Herford's introductions are models of sane and sufficient criticism, and the notes supply precisely the information that a reader requires. This may seem to be a very frugal appreciation of the work, but those who are familiar with the ponderous editions of Shakespeare in which place is given to all the conjectural readings and emendations of critics and editors, and have toiled through the futilities and ingenuities of scholars and faddists, will recognise that sanity of judgment and sufficiency of commentary are after all the rarest of virtues.

To the readers of GOOD WORDS it is unnecessary to commend Mr. Neil Munro's latest work in fiction, "Gilian the Dreamer." Somewhat curiously, the imagination of some of our best novelists seems to be running on "the child that is father to the man." A little while ago we had "Sentimental Tommy," now, in Mr. Quiller-Couch's "Ship of Stars," † we have another study of the Dreamer. In "The Ship of Stars," however, the story—very wisely, it seems to me—does not close at the first stage. The boy-dreamer develops into the man who realises his dreams. It strikes me that a critic who was interested in our fiction of to-day, and who was in want of a subject, might find one to his hand in a comparative study of these three novels. He would find a good deal to say on the peculiarities of national temperament, and on that particular phase of boyish psychology which is most simply and conveniently connoted by the word Dreamer. And in this connection, I venture to fancy, he might throw considerable light, not only on our literature, but on our qualities as a nation in whose veins the blood of dissimilar and conflicting races has been blended to great and enduring issues. The ideals of life are dreams, but the dreamer who never wins beyond the thraldom of dream is the saddest of the world's failures.

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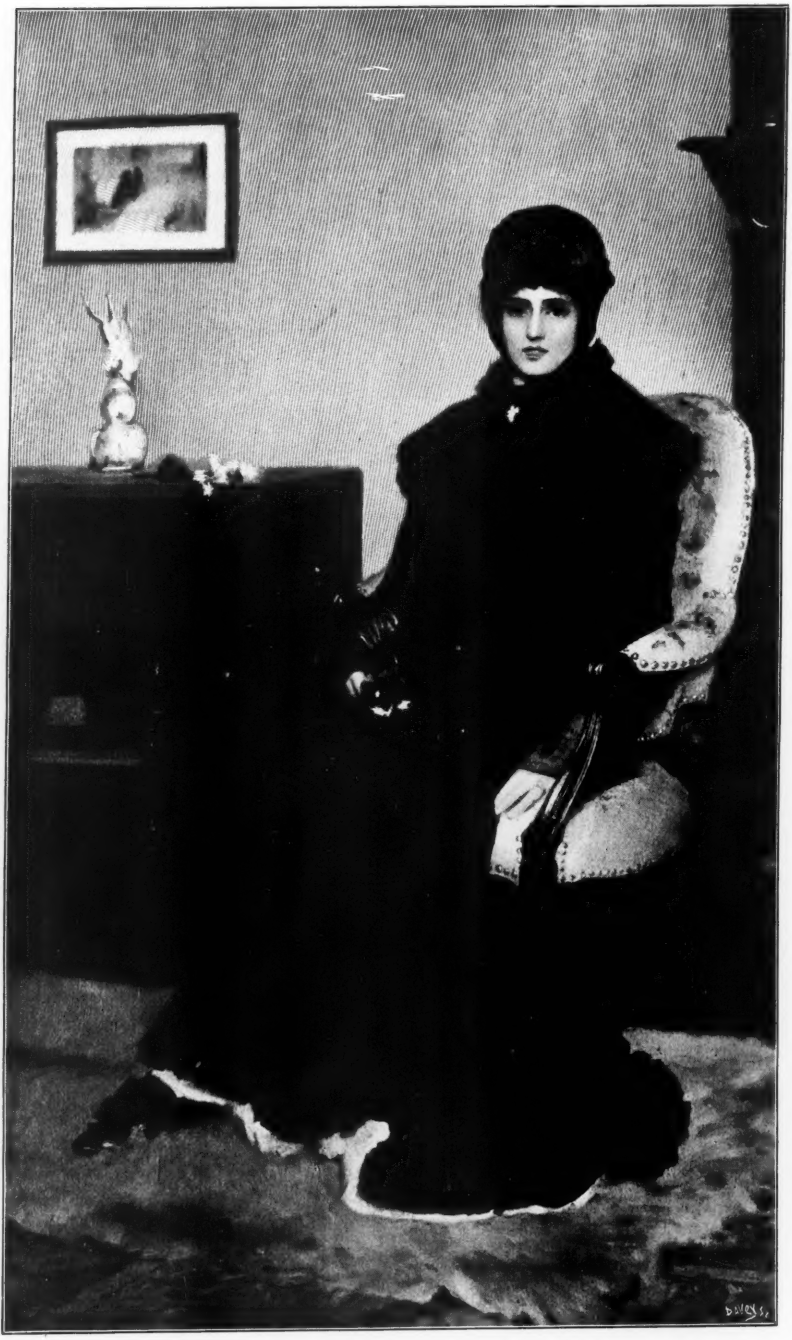
* "The Works of Shakespeare." Edited with Introduction and notes by C. H. Herford. 10 vols. Macmillan and Co., Limited. 5s. per volume.

† "The Ship of Stars." By A. T. Quiller-Couch. Cassell and Co. 6s.



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LA PENSÉE

By George Clausen, A.R.A.

THE HALF-HEARTED*

By JOHN BUCHAN, Author of "John Burnet of Barns," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON BROWNE

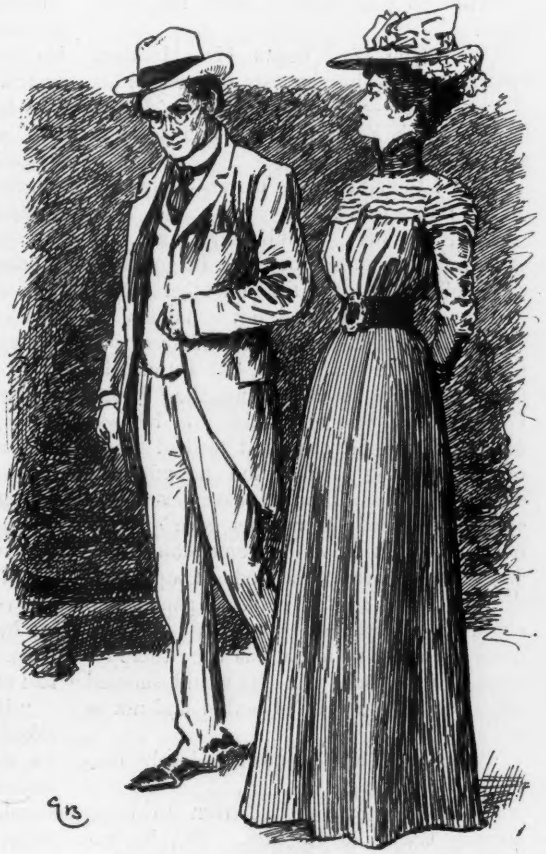
CHAPTER IV

AFTERNOON IN A GARDEN

THE gardens of Glenavelin have an air of antiquity beyond the dwelling, for there the modish fashions of another century have been followed with enthusiasm. There are clipped yews and long arched avenues, bowers and summer-houses of rustic make, and a terraced lawn fringed with a Georgian parapet. A former lord had kept peacocks innumerable, and something of the tradition still survived. Set in the heart of hilly moorlands, it was like a cameo gem in a tartan plaid, a piece of old Vauxhall or Ranelagh in an upland vale. Of an afternoon sleep reigned supreme. The shapely immobile trees, the grey and crumbling stone, the lone green walks vanishing into a bosky darkness were instinct with the quiet of ages. It needed but Lady Prue with her flounces and furbelows and Sir Pertinax with his cane and buckled shoon to re-create the ancient world before good Queen Anne had gone to her rest.

In one of the shadiest corners of a great lawn Lady Manorwater sat making tea. Bertha, with a broad hat shading her eyes, dozed over a magazine in a deck-chair. That morning she and Alice had broken the convention of the house and gone riding in the haughlands till lunch. Now she suffered the penalty and dozed, but her companion was very wide awake, being a tireless creature who knew not lethargy. Besides, there was sufficient in prospect to stir her curiosity. Lady Manorwater had announced some twenty times that day that her nephew Lewis would come to tea, and Alice, knowing the truth of the prophecy, was prepared to receive him.

The image of the forsaken angler remained clear in her memory, and she confessed to herself that he interested her. The girl had no connoisseur's eye for character; her interest was the frank and unabashed interest in a somewhat mysterious figure who was credited by all his friends with great gifts and a surprising amiability. After breakfast she had captured one of the spectacled people whose name was Hoddam. He was a little shy man, one of the unassuming tribe of students by whom all the minor intellectual work of the world is done, and done well. It is a great class, living in the



"'You give him a most unlovely character'" main in red-brick villas on the outskirts of academic towns, marrying mild blue-stockings, rearing weak-eyed children, working incessantly, and finally attaining to the fame of mention in prefaces and footnotes, and a short paragraph in the *Times* at the last. . . Mr. Hoddam did not seek the company of one who was young, pretty, an heiress, and presumably flippant, but he was flattered when she plainly sought him.

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"Mr. Lewis Haystoun is coming here this afternoon," she had announced. "Do you know him?"

"I have read his book," said her victim.

"Yes, but did you not know him at Oxford? You were there with him, were you not?"

"Yes, we were together. I knew him by sight, of course, for he was a very well-known person. But, you see, we belonged to very different sets."

"How do you mean?" asked the blunt Alice.

"Well, you see," began Mr. Hoddam awkwardly—absolute honesty was one of his characteristics—"he was very well off, and he lived with a sporting set, and he was very exclusive."

"But I thought he was clever—I thought he was rather brilliant?"

"Oh, he was! Indubitably! He got everything he wanted, but then he got them easily and had a lot of time for other things, whereas most of us had not a moment to spare. He got the best first of his year and the St. Chad's Fellowship, but I think he cared far more about winning the 'Varsity Grind. Men who knew him said he was an extremely good chap, but he had scores of rich sporting friends, and nobody else ever got to know him. I have heard him speak often, and his manner gave one the impression that he was a tremendous swell, you know, and very conceited. People used to think him a sort of universal genius who could do everything. I suppose he was quite the ablest man that has been there for years, but I should think he would succeed ultimately as the man of action and not as the scholar."

"You give him a most unlovely character," said the girl.

"I don't mean to. I own to being entirely fascinated by him. But he was never, I think, really popular. He was supposed to be intolerant of mediocrity; and also he used to offend quite honest, simple-minded people by treating their beliefs very cavalierly. I used to compare him with Ralegh or Henri IV.—the proud, confident man of action."

Alice had pondered over Mr. Hoddam's confessions and was prepared to receive the visitor with coldness. The vigorous little democrat in her hated the exclusive. Before, if she had asked herself what type on earth she hated most, she would have decided for the unscrupulous proud man. And yet this Lewis must be lovable. That brown face had infinite attractiveness, and she trusted Lady Manorwater's acuteness and goodness of heart.

Lord Manorwater had gone off on some matter of business and taken the younger Miss Afflint with him. As Alice looked round the little assembly on the lawn, she felt for the first time the insignificance of the men. The large Mr. Stocks was not at his best in such surroundings. He was the typical townsman, and bore with him wherever he went an atmosphere of urban dust and worry. He hungered for ostentation, he could only talk well when he felt that he impressed his hearers; Bertha, who was not easily impressed, he spurned like the plague. The man, reflected the censorious Alice, had no shades or half-tones in his character; he was all bald, strong, and crude. Now he was talking to his hostess with the grace of the wise man unbending.

"I shall be pleased indeed to meet your nephew," he said. "I feel sure that we have many interests in common. Do you say he lives near?"

Lady Manorwater, ever garrulous on family matters, readily enlightened him. "Etterick is his, and really all the land round here. We simply live on a patch in the middle of it. The shootings are splendid, and Lewie is a very keen sportsman. His mother was my husband's sister, and died when he was born. He is wonderfully unspoiled to have had such a lonely boyhood."

"How did the family get the land?" he asked. It was a matter which interested him, for, democratic politician though he was, he looked always forward to the day when he should own a pleasant country property, and forget the troubles of life in the Nirvana of the respectable.

"Oh, they've had it for ages. They are a very old family, you know, and look down upon us as parvenus. They have been everything in their day—soldiers, statesmen, lawyers; and when we were decent merchants in Abbeykirk three centuries ago, they were busy making history. When you go to Etterick you must see the pictures. There is a fine one by Jameson of the Haystoun who fought with Montrose, and Raeburn painted most of the Haystouns of his time. They were a very handsome race, at least the men; the women were too florid and buxom for my taste."

"And this Lewis — is he the only one of the family?"

"The very last, and of course he does his best to make away with himself by risking his precious life in Hindu Koosh or Thibet or somewhere." Her ladyship was geographically vague.

"What a pity he does not realise his responsibilities!" said the politician. "He might do so much."

But at the moment it dawned upon the speaker that the shirker of responsibilities was appearing in person. There strode towards them, across the lawn, a young man and two dogs.

"How do you do, Aunt Egeria?" he cried, and he caught her small woman's hand in a hard brown one and smiled on the little lady.

Bertha Afflint had flung her magazine to the winds and caught his available left hand. "Oh, Lewie, you wretch! how glad we are to see you again." Meantime the dogs performed a solemn minuet around her ladyship's knees.

The young man, when he had escaped from the embraces of his friends, turned to the others. He seemed to recognise two of them, for he shook hands cordially with the two spectacled people. "Hullo, Hoddam, how are you? And Imrie! Who would have thought of finding you here?" And he poured forth a string of kind questions till the two beamed with pleasure.

Then Alice heard dimly words of introduction: "Miss Wishart, Mr. Haystoun," and felt herself bowing automatically. She actually felt nervous. The disreputable fisher of the day before was in ordinary riding garments of fair respectability. He recognised her at once, but he, too, seemed to lose for a moment his flow of greetings. His tone insensibly changed to a conventional politeness, and he asked her some one of the stereotyped questions with which one greets a stranger. She felt sharply that she was a stranger to whom the courteous young man assumed more elaborate manners. The freedom of the day before seemed gone. She consoled herself, womanlike, with the thought that whereas then she had been warm, flushed, and untidy, she was now very cool and elegant in her prettiest frock.

Then Mr. Stocks arose and explained that he was delighted to meet Mr. Lewis Haystoun, that he knew of his reputation, and hoped to have some pleasant talk on matters dear to the heart of both. At which Lewis shunned the vacant seat between Bertha and that gentleman, and stretched himself on the lawn beside Alice's chair. A thrill of pleasure entered the girl's heart, to her own genuine surprise.

"Are Tam and Jock at peace now?" she asked.

"Tam and Jock are never at peace. Jock is sedate and grave and old for his years, while Tam is simply a human collie. He has the same endearing manners and irresponsible mind. I had to fish him out of several rock-pools after you left."

Alice laughed, and Lady Manorwater said in wonder, "I didn't know you had met Lewis before, Alice."

"Miss Wishart and I forgathered accidentally at the Midburn yesterday," said the man.

"Oh, you went there," cried the aggrieved Arthur, "and you never told me! Why, it is the best water about here, and yesterday was a first-rate day. What did you catch, Lewis?"

"Twelve pounds — about four dozen trout."

"Listen to that! And to think that that great hulking chap got all the sport!" And the boy intercepted his cousin's tea by way of retaliation.

Then Mr. Stocks had his innings, with Lady Manorwater for company, and Lewis was put through a strict examination on his doings for the past years.

"What made you choose that outlandish place, my dear?" asked his aunt.

"Oh, partly the chance of a shot at big game, partly a restless interest in frontier politics which now and then seizes me. But really it was Wratislaw's choice."

"Do you know Wratislaw?" asked Mr. Stocks abruptly.

"Tommy?—why, surely! My best of friends. He had got his fellowship some years before I went up, but I often saw him at Oxford, and he has helped me innumerable times." The young man spoke eagerly, prepared to extend warm friendship to any acquaintance of his friend's.

"He and I have sometimes crossed swords," said Mr. Stocks pompously.

Lewis nodded and forbore to ask which had come off the better.

"He is, of course, very able," said Mr. Stocks, making a generous admission.

His hearer wondered why he should be told of a man's ability when he had spoken of him as his friend.

"Have you heard much of him lately?" he asked. "We corresponded regularly when I was abroad, but of course he never would speak about himself, and I only saw him for a short time last week in London."

The gentleman addressed waved a deprecating hand.

"He has had no popular recognition. Such merits as he has are too aloof to touch the great popular heart. But we who believe in the people and work for them have found him a bitter enemy. The idle academic superior person, whatever his gifts, is a serious hindrance to honest work," said the popular idol.

"I shouldn't call him idle or superior," said Lewis quietly. "I have seen hard workers, but I have never seen anything like Tommy. He is a perfect mill-horse, wasting his fine talent on a dreary routine, merely because he is conscientious and nobody can do it so well."

He always respected honesty, so he forbore to be irritated with this assured speaker.

But Alice interfered to prevent jarring.

"I read your book, Mr. Haystoun. What a time you must have had! You say that north of Bardur or some place like that there are two hundred miles of utterly unknown land till you come to Russian territory. I should have thought that land important. Why doesn't some one penetrate it?"

"Well, for various causes. It is very high land and the climate is not mild. Also there are abundant savage tribes with a particularly effective crooked kind of knife. And finally our Government discourages British enterprise there, and probably Russia would do the same as soon as she found out."

"But what a chance for an adventurer!" said Alice, with face aglow.

Lewis looked up at the slim figure in the chair above him, and caught the gleam of dark eyes.

"Well, some day, Miss Wishart—who knows?" he said slowly and carelessly.

But three people looked at him, Bertha, his aunt, and Mr. Stocks, and three people saw the same thing. His face had closed up like a steel trap. It was no longer the kindly humorous face of the sportsman and good fellow, but the keen resolute face of the fighter, the schemer, the man of daring. The lines about his chin and brow seemed to tighten and strengthen and steel, while the grey eyes had for a moment a glint of fire.

Three people never forgot that face. It was a pity that the lady at his side was prevented from seeing it by her position, for otherwise life might have gone differently with both. But the things which we call chance are in the power of the Fateful Goddesses who reserve their right to juggle with poor humanity.

Alice only heard the words, but they pleased her. Mr. Stocks fell farther into the background of disfavour. She had imagination and fire as well as common sense. It was the purple and fine gold which first caught her fancy, though on reflection she might decide for the hodden-grey. So she was very gracious to the young adventurer, and Arthur's brows grew dark as Erebus.

Lewis rode home in the late afternoon to Etterick in a haze of golden weather with an abstracted air and a slack bridle. A small dainty figure tripped through the mazes of his thoughts. This man, usually oblivious of woman's presence, now mooned like any schoolboy. Those fresh young eyes and the glory of that hair! And to think that once he had sworn by black!

CHAPTER V

A CONFERENCE OF THE POWERS

It was the sultriest of weather in London—days when the city lay in a fog of heat, when the paving cracked, and the brow was damp from the slightest movement and the mind of the stranger was tortured by the thought of airy downs and running rivers. The leaves in the Green Park were withered and dusty, the window-boxes in Mayfair had a tached and tarnished look, and horse and man moved with unwilling languor. A tall young man in a grey frockcoat searched the street for shadow, and finding none entered the doorway of a club which promised coolness.

Mr. George Winterham removed his top-hat, had a good wash, and then sought the smoking-room. Seen to better advantage, he was sufficiently good-looking, with an elegant if somewhat lanky frame, a cheerful countenance, and a great brown moustache which gave him the air military. But he was no soldier, being indeed that anomalous creature, the titular barrister, who shows his profession by rarely entering the chambers and by an ignorance of law more profound than Necessity's.

He found the shadiest corner of the smoking-room and ordered the coolest drink he could think of. Then he smiled, for he saw advancing to him across the room another victim of the weather. This was a small thin man, with a finely-shaped dark head and the most perfectly-fitting clothes. He had been deep in a review, but at the sight of the wearied giant in the corner he had forgotten his interest in the "Entomology of the Riviera." He looked something of the artist or the man of letters, but he had really no taint of Bohemianism about him, being a very respectable person and a rising politician. His name was Arthur Mordaunt, but because it was the fashion at the time for a certain class of people to address each other in monosyllables, his friends invariably knew him as "John."

He dropped into a chair and regarded his companion with half-closed eyes.

"Well, John. Dished, eh? Most infernal heat I ever endured! I can't stand it, you know. I'll have to go away."

"Think," said the other, "think that at this moment somewhere in the country there are great cool deep woods and lakes and waterfalls, and we might be sitting in flannels instead of being clothed in these garments of sin."

"Think," said George, "of nothing of the kind. Think of high upland glens and full brown rivers and hillsides where there is always wind. Why do I tantalise myself and talk to a vexatious idiot like you?"

This young man had a deep voice, a most emphatic manner of speech, and a trick of cheerfully abusing his friends which they rather liked than otherwise.

"And why should I sit opposite six feet of foolishness which can give me no comfort? Whew! But I think I am getting cool at last. I have sworn to make use of my first half-hour of reasonable temperature and consequent clearness of mind to plan flight from this place."

"May I come with you, my pretty maid? I am hideously sick of July in town. I know Mabel will never forgive me, but I must risk it."

Mabel was the young man's sister, and the friendship between the two was a perpetual joke. As a small girl she had been wont to con eagerly her brother's cricketing achievements, for George had been a famous cricketer, and annually went crazy with excitement at the Eton and Harrow match. She exercised a maternal care over him, and he stood in wholesome fear of her and ordered his doings more or less at her judgment. Now she was married, but she still supervised her tall brother, and the victim made no secret of the yoke.

Suddenly Arthur jumped to his feet. "I say, what about Lewis Haystoun? He is home now, somewhere in Scotland. Have you heard a word about him?"

"He has never written," groaned George, but he took out a pocket-book and shook therefrom certain newspaper cuttings. "The people I employ sent me these about him to-day." And he laid them out on his knee.

The first of them was long and consisted of a belated review of Mr. Haystoun's book. George, who never read such things, handed it to Arthur, who glanced over the lines and returned it. The second explained in correct journalese that the Manorwater family had returned to Glenavelin for the summer and autumn, and that Mr. Lewis Haystoun was expected at Etterick shortly. The third recorded the opening of a bazaar in the town of Gledsmuir which Mr. Haystoun had patronised, "looking," said the fatuous cutting, "very brown and distinguished after his experiences in the East."—"Whew!" said George. "Poor beggar, to have such stuff written about him!"—The fourth discussed the possible retirement of Sir Robert Merkland, the Member for Gledsmuir, and his possible successor. Mr. Haystoun's name was mentioned, "though, indeed," said the wiseacre, "that gentleman has never shown any decided leanings to practical politics. We understand that the seat will be contested in the Radical interest by Mr. Albert Stocks, the well-known writer and lecturer."

"You know everybody, John. Who's that chap?" George asked.

"Oh, a very able man indeed, one of the best speakers we have. I should like to see a fight between him and Lewie: they would not get on with each other. This Stocks is a sort of living embodiment of the irritable Radical conscience, a very good thing in its way, but not quite in Lewie's style."

The fifth cutting mentioned the presence of Mr. Haystoun at three garden-parties and hinted the possibility of a mistress soon to be at Etterick.

George lay back in his chair gasping. "I never thought it would come to this. I always thought Lewie the least impressible of men. I wonder what sort of woman he has fallen in love with. But it may not be true."

"We'll pray that it isn't true. But I was never quite sure of him. You know there was always an odd romantic strain in the man. The ordinary smart, pretty girl, who adorns the end of a dinner-table and makes an admirable mistress of a house, he would never think twice about. But for all his sanity Lewie has many cranks, and a woman might get him on that side."

"Don't talk of it. I can picture the horrid reality. He will marry some thin-lipped creature who will back him in all his madness, and his friends will have to bid him a reluctant farewell. Or, worse still, there are scores of gushing sentimental girls who might capture him. I wish old Wratislaw were here to ask him what he thinks, for he knows Lewie better than any of us. Is he a member here?"

"Oh yes, he is a member, but I don't think he comes much. You people are too frivolous for him."

"Well, that is all the good done by subscribing to a newspaper agency for news of one's friends. I feel as low as ditch-water. There is that idiot who goes off to the ends of the earth for three years, and when he comes back his friends get no good of him for the confounded women." George echoed the ancient complaint which is doubtless old as David and Jonathan.

Then these two desolated young men, in view of their friend's defection, were full of sad memories, much as relations after a funeral hymn the acts of the deceased.

George lit a cigar and smoked it savagely. "So that is the end of Lewis! And to think I knew the fool at school and college and couldn't make a better job of him than this! Do you remember, John, how we used to call him 'Vaulting Ambition,' because he won the high jump and was a cocky beggar in general?"

"And do you remember when he got his first, and they wanted him to take a fellowship, but he was keen to get out of England and travel? Do you remember that last night at Heston, when he told us all he was going to do, and took a bet with Wratislaw about it?"

It is probable that this sad elegy would have continued for hours, had not a servant approached with letters, which he distributed, two to Arthur Mordaunt and one to Mr. Winterham. A close observer might have seen that two of the envelopes were identical. Arthur slipped one into his pocket carelessly, but tore open the other and read.

"It's from Lewie," he cried. "He wants me down there next week at Etterick. He says he is all alone and crazy to see old friends again."

"Mine's the same!" said George, after puzzling out Mr. Haystoun's by no means legible writing. "I say, John, of course we'll go. It's the very chance we were wishing for."

Then he added with a cheerful face, "I begin to think better of human nature. Here were we abusing the poor man as a defaulter, and ten minutes after he heaps coals of fire on our heads. There can't be much truth in what that newspaper says, or he wouldn't want his friends down to spoil sport."

"I wonder what he'll be like? Wratislaw saw him in town, but only for a little, and he notices nothing. He's rather famous now, you know, and we may expect to find him very dignified and wise. He'll be able to teach us most things, and we'll have to listen with proper humility."

"I'll give you fifty to one he's nothing of the kind," said George. "He has his faults like us all, but they don't run in that line. No, no, Lewie will be modest enough. He may have the pride of Lucifer at heart, but he would never show it. His fault is just this infernal modesty, which makes him shirk fighting some blatant ass or publishing his merits to the world."

Arthur looked curiously at his companion. Mr. Winterham was loved of his friends as the best of good fellows, but to the staid and rising politician he was not a person for serious talk. Hence, when he found him saying very plainly what had for long been a suspicion of his own, he was willing to credit him with a new acuteness.

"You know I've always backed Lewie to romp home some day," went on the young man. "He has got it in him to do most things, if he doesn't jib and bolt altogether."

"I don't see why you should talk of your friends as if they were racehorses or prize dogs."

"Well, there's a lot of truth in the metaphor. You know yourself what a mess of it he might make. Say some good woman got hold of him—some good woman, for we will put aside the horrible suggestion of the adventuress. I suppose he'd be what you call a 'good husband.' He would become a magistrate and a patron of local agricultural societies and flower shows. And everybody would talk about him as a great success in life; but we—you and I and Tommy—who know him better, would feel that it was all a ghastly failure."

Mr. Lewis Haystoun's character erred in its simplicity, for it was at the mercy of every friend for comment.

"What makes you dread the women so?" asked Arthur with a smile.

"I don't dread 'em. They are all that's good, and a great deal better than most men. But then, you know, if you get a man really first class he's so much better than all but the very best women that you've got to look after him. To ordinary beggars, like myself, it doesn't matter a straw, but I won't have Lewie throwing himself away."

"Then is the ancient race of the Haystouns to disappear from the earth?"

"Oh, there are women fit for him, sure enough, but you won't find them at every garden-party. Why, to find the proper woman would be the making of the man, and I should never have another doubt about him. But I am afraid. He's a deal too kindly and good-natured, and he'd marry a girl to-morrow merely to please her. And then some day quite casually he would come across the woman who was meant by Providence for him, and there would be the devil to pay and the ruin of one good man. I don't mean that he'd make a fool of himself or anything of that sort, for he's not a cad; but in the middle of his pleasant domesticity he would get a glimpse of what he might have been, and those glimpses are not forgotten."

"Why, George, you are getting dithyrambic," said Arthur, still smiling, but with a new vague respect in his heart.

"For you cannot harness the wind or tie—tie the bonds of the wild ass," said George, with an air of quotation. "At any rate, we're going to look after him. He is a good old chap and I've got to see him through."

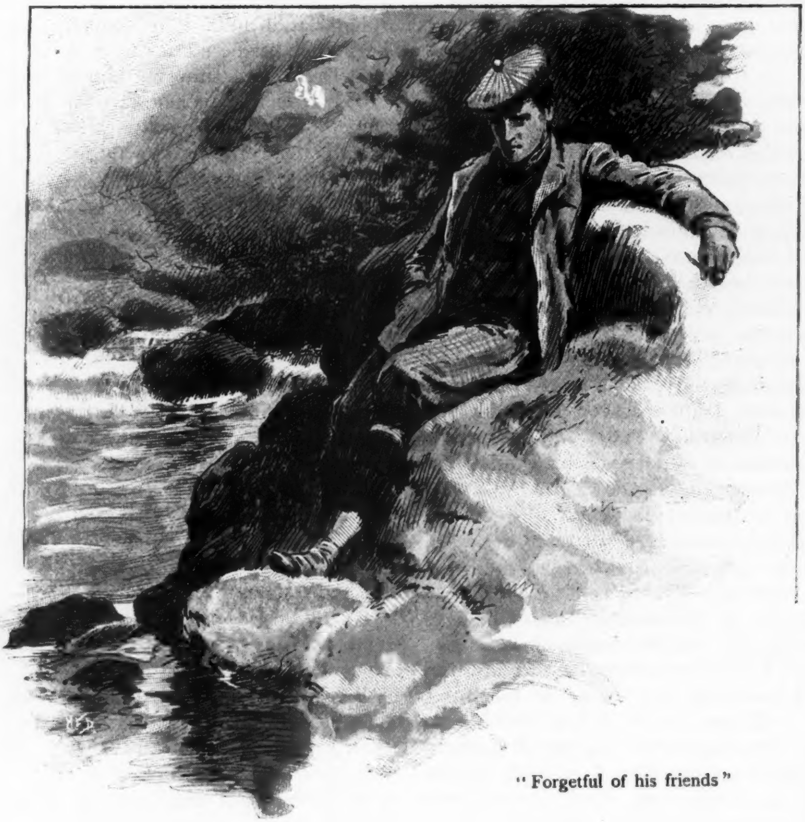
For Mr. Winterham, who was very much like other men, whose language was free, and who respected few things indeed in the world, had unfailing tenderness for two beings—his sister and his friend.

The two young men rose, yawned, and strolled out into the hall. They scanned carelessly the telegram boards. Arthur pointed a finger to a message typed in a corner.

"That will make a good deal of difference to Wratislaw."

George read: "The death is announced, at his residence in Hampshire, of Earl Beauregard. His lordship had reached the age of eighty-five, and had been long in weak health. He is succeeded by his son the Rt. Hon. Lord Malham, the present Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs."

"It means that if Wratislaw's party get back with a majority after August, and if



"Forgetful of his friends"

Wratislaw gets the under-secretaryship as most people expect, then, with his chief in the Lords, he will be rather an important figure in the Commons."

"And I suppose his work will be pretty lively," said George. He had been reading some of the other telegrams, which were, as a rule, hysterical messages by way of foreign capitals, telling of Russian preparations in the East.

"Oh, lively, yes. But I've confidence in Tommy. I wish the Fate which decides men's politics had sent him to our side. He knows more about the thing than any one else, and he knows his own mind, which is rare enough. But it's too hot for serious talk. I suppose my seat is safe enough in August, but I don't relish the prospect of a three weeks' fight. Wratislaw, lucky man, will not be opposed. I suppose he'll come up and help Lewis to make hay with Stocks' chances. It's a confounded shame. I shall go and talk for him."

On the steps of the club both men halted, and looked up and down the sultry white street. The bills of the evening papers were plastered in a row on the pavement, and the glaring pink and green still further increased the dazzle. After the cool darkness within each shaded his eyes and blinked.

"This settles it," said George. "I shall wire to Lewie to-night."

"And I," said the other; "and to-morrow evening we'll be in that cool green Paradise of a glen. Think of it! Meantime I shall grill through another evening in the House, and pair."

CHAPTER VI

PASTORAL

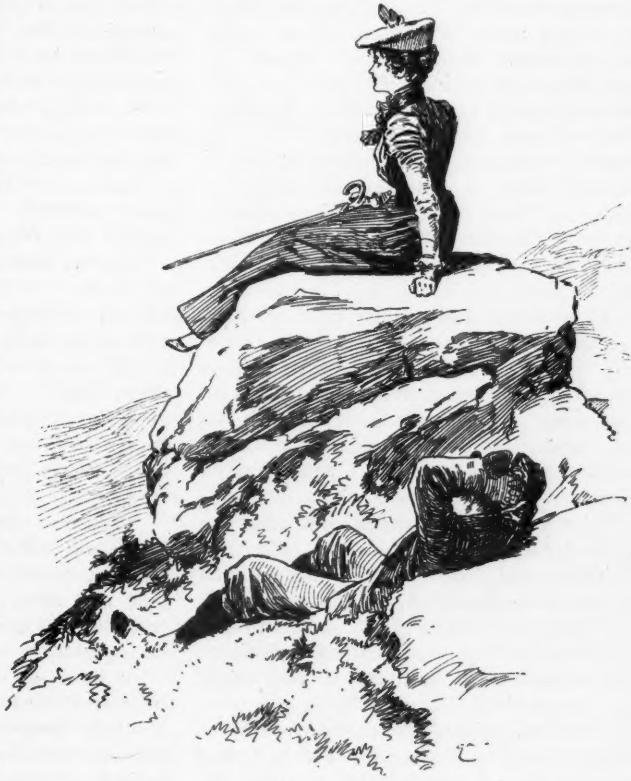
I

A July morning had dawned over the Dreichil, and the glen was filled with sunlight, though as yet there seemed no sun. Behind a peak of hill it displayed its chastened morning splendours, but a stray affluence of brightness had sought the nooks of valley in all the wide uplands, courier of the great lord of heat and light and the brown summer. The house of Etterick stands high in a crinkle of hill, with a background of dark pines, and in front a lake set in shores of rock and heather. When the world grew bright Lewis awoke, for that strange young man had a trick of rising early, and as he rubbed sleep from his eyes at the window he saw the exceeding goodliness of the morning. He roused his companions with awful threats, and then wandered along a corridor till he came to a low veranda, whence a little pier ran into a sheltered bay of the loch. This was his morning bathing-place, and as he ran down the surface of rough moorland stone he heard steps behind him, and George plunged into the cold blue waters scarcely a second after his host.

It was as chill as winter save for the brightness of the morning, which made the loch in open spaces a shining gold. As they raced each other to the far end, now in the dark blue of shade, now in the gold of the open, the hill breeze fanned their hair, and the great woody smell of pines was sweet around them. The house stood dark and silent, for the side before them was the men's quarters, and at that season given up to themselves; but away beyond, the smoke of chimneys curled into the still air. A man was mowing in some field on the hillside, and the cry of sheep came from the valley. By-and-by they reached the shelving coast of fine hill gravel, and as they turned to swim easily back a sleepy figure staggered down the pier and stumbled rather than plunged into the water.

"Hullo!" gasped George, "there's old John. He'll drown, for I bet you anything he isn't awake. Look!"

But in a second a dark head appeared which shook itself vigorously, and a figure made for the other two with great strokes. He was by so much the best swimmer of the three that he had soon reached them, and though in all honesty he first swam to the farther shore, yet he touched the pier very little behind them. Then came a rush for the house, and in half-an-hour three fresh-coloured young men came downstairs, whistling, for breakfast.



"Alice found a scrap of rock and climbed to the summit"

The breakfast-room was a place to refresh a townsman's senses. Long and cool and dark, it was simply Lewis' room, and he preferred to entertain his friends there instead of wandering among unused dining-rooms. It had windows at each end with old-fashioned folding sashes; and the view on one side was to a great hill-shoulder, fir-clad and deep in heather, and on the other to the glen below and the shining links of the Avelin. It was panelled in dark oak, and the furniture was a strange medley. The deep arm-chairs by the fire and the many pipes savoured of the smoking-room; the guns, rods, polo-sticks, whips, which were stacked or hung everywhere, and the heads of deer on the walls, gave it an atmosphere of sport. The pictures were few but good—two water-colours, a small Raeburn above the fireplace, and half-a-dozen fine etchings. In a corner were many old school and college groups—the Eton Ramblers, the O.U.A.C., some dining clubs, and one of Lewis on horseback in racing costume looking deeply miserable. Bookcases of black oak ran round the walls, and the shelves were crammed with books, piled on one another, many in white vellum bindings, which showed pleasantly against the dark wood. Flowers were everywhere—common garden flowers of old-fashioned kinds, for the owner hated exotics, and in a shallow silver bowl in the midst of the snowy tablecloth was a great mass of purple heather-bells.

Three very hungry young men sat down to their morning meal with a hearty goodwill. The host began to rummage among his correspondence, and finally extracted an unstamped note, which he opened. His face brightened as he read, and he laid it down with a broad smile and helped himself to fish.

"Are you people very particular what you do to-day?" he asked.

Arthur said, No. George explained that he was in the hands of his beneficent friend.

"Because my Aunt Egeria down at Glenavelin has got up some sort of a picnic on the moors, and she wants us to meet her at the sheepfolds about twelve."

"Oh," said George meditatively. "Excellent! I shall be charmed." But he looked significantly at Arthur, who returned the glance.

"Who are at Glenavelin?" asked that simple young man with an air of innocence.

"There's a man called Stocks, whom you probably know."

Arthur nodded.

"And there's Bertha Afflint and her sister."

It was George's turn to nod approvingly. The sharp-witted Miss Afflint was a great ally of his.

"And there's a Miss Wishart — Alice Wishart," said Lewis, without a word of comment. "And with my Aunt Egeria that will be all."

The pair had got the cue, and resolved to subject the Miss Wishart whose name came last on their host's tongue to a friendly criticism. Meanwhile they held their peace on the matter like wise men.

"What a strange name Egeria is!" said Arthur.

"Very," said Lewis; "but you know the story. My respectable aunt's father had a large family of girls, and being of a classical turn of mind he called them after the Muses. The Muses held out for nine, but at the tenth and youngest he found himself in a difficulty. So he tried another tack and called the child after the nymph Egeria. It sounds outlandish, but I prefer it to Terpsichore."

Thereafter they lit pipes and, with the gravity which is due to a great subject, inspected their friend's rods and guns.

"I see no memorials of your travels, Lewie," said Arthur. "You must have brought back no end of things, and most people like to stick them round as a remembrance."

"I have got a roomful if you want to see them," said the traveller, "but I don't see the point of spoiling a moorland place with foreign odds and ends. I like homely and native things about me when I am in Scotland."

"You're a sentimentalist, old man," said his friend; and George, who heard only the last word, assumed that Arthur had then and there divulged his suspicions and favoured that gentleman with a wild frown of disapproval.

As Lewis sat on the edge of the Etterick burn and looked over the shining spaces of morning: forgetful of his friends, forgetful of his past, his mind was full of a new turmoil of feeling. Alice Wishart had begun to claim a surprising portion of his thought. He told himself a thousand times that he was not in love—that he should never be in love, being destined for other things; that he liked the girl as he liked any fresh young creature in the morning of life, with youth's beauty and the grace of innocence. But insensibly his everyday reflections began to be coloured by her presence. "What would she think of this?" "How that would please her!" were sentences spoken often by the tongue of his fancy. He found charm in her presence after his bachelor solitude; her demure gravity pleased him; but that he should be led bondslave by love—that was a matter he valiantly denied.

II

The sheepfolds of Etterick lie in a little fold of glen some two miles from the dwelling, where the heathy tableland, known all over the glen as "The Muirs," relieves the monotony of precipitous hills. On this day it was alert with life. The little paddock was crammed with sheep, and more stood huddling in the pens. Within was the liveliest scene, for there a dozen herds sat on clipping-stools each with a struggling ewe between his knees, and the ground beneath him strewn with creamy folds of fleece. From a thing like a gallows in a corner huge bags were suspended which were slowly filling. A cauldron of pitch bubbled over a fire, and the smoke rose blue in the hot hill air. Every minute a naked bashful animal was led to be branded with a great E on the left shoulder, and then with awkward stumbling let loose to join her naked fellow-sufferers. Dogs slept in the sun and wagged their tails in the rear of the paddock. Small children sat on gates and lent willing feet to drive the flocks. In a corner below a little shed was the clippers' meal of ale and pies, with two glasses of whisky each, laid by under a white cloth. Meantime from all sides rose the continual crying of sheep, the intermittent bark of dogs, and the loud broad converse of the men.

Lewis and his friends jumped a fence, and were greeted heartily in the enclosure. He seemed to know each herd by name or rather nickname, for he had a word for all, and they with all freedom grinned *badinage* back.

"Where's my stool, Yed?" he cried. "Am I not to have a hand in clipping my own sheep?"

An obedient shepherd rose and fetched one of the triangular seats, while Lewis with great ease caught the ewe, pulled her on her back, and proceeded to call for shears. An old pair was found for him, and with much dexterity he performed the clipping, taking little longer to the business than the expert herd, and giving the shears a professional wipe on the sacking with which he had prudently defended his clothes.

From somewhere in the back two boys came forward—the Tam and Jock of a former day—eager to claim acquaintance. Jock was clearly busy, for his jacket was off and a very ragged shirt was rolled about two stout brown arms. The "human collie" seemed to be a gentleman of some leisure, for he was arrayed in what was for him the pink of fashion in dress. The two immediately lay down on the ground beside Lewis exactly in the manner of faithful dogs.

The men talked cheerfully, mainly on sheep and prices. Now talk would touch on neighbours, and there would be the repetition of some tale or saying. "There was a man in the glen called Rorison. D'ye mind Jock Rorison, Sandy?" And Sandy would reply, "Fine I mind Jock," and then both would proceed to confidences.

"Hullo, Tam," said Lewis at last, realising his henchman's grandeur. "Why this magnificence of dress?"

"I'm gaun to the Sabbath-school treat this afternoon," said that worthy.

"And you, Jock—are you going too?"

"No me! I'm ower auld, and besides, I'm cast out wi' the minister."

"How was that?"

"Oh, I had been fechtin'," said Jock airily. "It was Andra Laidlaw. He called me ill names, so I yokit on him and bate him too, but I got my face gey sair bashed. The minister met me next day when I was a' blue and yellow, and, says he, 'John Laverlaw, what have ye been daein'? Ye're a bonny sicht for Christian een. How do ye think a face like yours will look between a pair o' wings in the next warld?'" "I ken I'm no bonny," added the explanatory Jock, "but ye canna expect a man to thole siccan language as that."

Lewis laughed and, being engaged in clipping his third sheep, forgot the delicacy of his task and let the shears slip. A very ugly little cut on the animal's neck was the result.

"Oh, confound it!" cried the penitent amateur. "Look what I've done, Yed. I'll have to rub in some of that stuff of yours and sew on a bandage. The flies will kill the poor thing if we leave the cut bare in this infernal heat."

The old shepherd nodded, and pointed to where the remedies were kept. Jock went for the box, which contained, besides the ointment, some rolls of stout linen and a huge needle and twine. Lewis doctored the wound as best he could, and then proceeded to lay on the cloth and sew it to the fleece. The ewe grew restless with the heat and the pinching of the cut, and Jock was given the task of holding her head.

Clearly Lewis was not meant by Providence for a tailor. He made lamentable work with the needle. It slipped and pricked his fingers, while his unfeeling friends jeered and Tam turned great eyes of sympathy upwards from his Sunday garments.

"Patience, patience, man!" said the old herd. "Ca' cannier and be a wee thing quieter in your langwidge. There's a wheen leddies comin' up the burn."

It was too late. Before Lewis understood the purport of the speech Lady Manorwater and her party were at the folds, and as he made one final effort with the refractory needle, a voice in his ear said:

"Please let me do that, Mr. Haystoun. I've often done it before."

He looked up and met Alice Wishart's laughing eyes. She stood beside him and deftly finished the bandage till the ewe was turned off the stool. Then, very warm and red, he turned to find a cool figure laughing at his condition.

"I'll have to go and wash my hands, Miss Wishart," he said gravely. "You had better come too." And the pair ran down to a deep brown pool in the burn and cleansed from their fingers the subtle aroma of fleeces.

"Ugh! my clothes smell like a drover's. That's the worst of being a dabbler in most trades. You can never resist the temptation to try your hand."

"But, really, your whole manner was most professional, Mr. Haystoun. Your language——"

"Please, don't," said the penitent; and they returned to the others to find that once cheerful assembly under a cloud. Every several man there was nervously afraid of women and worked feverishly as if under some great Taskmistress's eye. The result was a superfluity of shear-marks and deep muffled profanity. Lady Manorwater ran here and there asking questions and confusing the workers; while Mr. Stocks, in pursuance of his democratic sentiments, talked in a stilted fashion to the nearest clipper, who called him "Sir" and seemed vastly ill at ease.

Lewis restored some cordiality. Under her nephew's influence Lady Manorwater became natural and pleasing. Jock was ferreted out of some corner and, together with the reluctant Tam, brought up for presentation.

"Tam," said his patron, "I'll give you your choice. Whether you will go to the Sabbath-school trip or come with us to a real picnic? Jock is coming, and I promise you better fun and better things to eat."

It was no case for hesitation. Tam executed a doglike gambol on the turf, and proceeded to course up the burn ahead of the party, a vision of twinkling bare legs and ill-fitting Sunday clothes. The sedate Jock rolled down his sleeves, rescued a ragged jacket, and stalked in the rear.

III

Once on the heathy plateau the party scattered. Mr. Stocks caught the unwilling Arthur and treated him to a disquisition on the characteristics of the people whose votes he was soon to solicit. As his acquaintance with the subject was not phenomenal, the profit to the aggrieved listener was small. George, Lady Manorwater, and the two Miss Afflints sought diligently for a camping ground, which they finally found by a clear spring of water on the skirts of a great grey rock. Meantime Alice Wishart and Lewis, having an inordinate love of high places, set out for the ridge summit, and reached it to find a wind blowing from the far Gled valley and cooling the hot still air.

Alice found a scrap of rock and climbed to the summit, where she sat like a small pixie, surveying a wide landscape and her warm and prostrate companion. Her bright hair and eyes and her entrancing grace of form made the callous Lewis steal many glances upwards from his lowly seat. The two had become excellent friends, for the man had that honest simplicity towards women which is the worst basis for love and the best for friendship. She felt that at any moment he might call her by some one or other of the endearing expressions used between men. He, for his part, was fast drifting from friendship to another feeling, but as yet he gave no sign of it, and kept up the brusque, kindly manners of his common life.

As she looked east and north to the heart of the hill-land, her eyes brightened, and she rose up and strained on tiptoe to scan the farthest horizon. Eagerly she asked the name of this giant and that, of this glint of water—was it loch or burn? Lewis answered without hesitation as one to whom the country was as well known as his own name.

By-and-by her curiosity was satisfied and she slipped back into her old posture, and with chin on hand gazed into the remote distances. "And most of that is yours? Do you know, if I had a land like this I should never leave it again. You in your ingratitude will go wandering away in a year or two, as if any place on earth could be better than this. You are simply 'sinning away your mercies,' as my grandfather used to say."

"But what would become of the heroic virtues that you adore?" asked the cynical Lewis. "If men were all home-keepers it would be a prosaic world."

"Can you talk of the prosaic and Etterick in the same breath? Besides, it is the old fallacy of man that the domestic excludes the heroic," said Alice, fighting for the privileges of her sex.

"But then, you know, there comes a thing they call the go-fever, which is not amenable to reason. People who have it badly do not care a straw for a place in itself, all they want is to be eternally moving from one spot to another."

"And you?"

"Oh, I am not a sufferer yet, but I walk in fear, for at any moment it may beset me." And, laughing, he climbed up beside her.

It may be true that the last subject of which a man tires is himself, but Lewis Haystoun in this matter must have been distinct from the common run of men. Alice had given him excellent opportunities for egotism, but the blind young man had not taken them. The girl having been brought up to a very simple and natural conception of talk, thought no more about it, except that she would have liked so great a traveller to speak more generously. No doubt, after all, this reticence was preferable to self-revelation. Mr. Stocks had been her companion that morning in the drive to Etterick, and he had entertained her with a sketch of his future. He had declined somewhat nervously to talk of his early life, though the girl, with her innate love of a fighter, would have listened with pleasure. But he had sketched his political creed, hinted at the puissance of his friends, claimed a monopoly of the purer sentiments of life, and rosily augured the future. The girl had been silent—the man had thought her deeply impressed; but now the morning's talk seemed to point a contrast, and Mr. Lewis Haystoun climbed to a higher niche in the temple of her esteem.

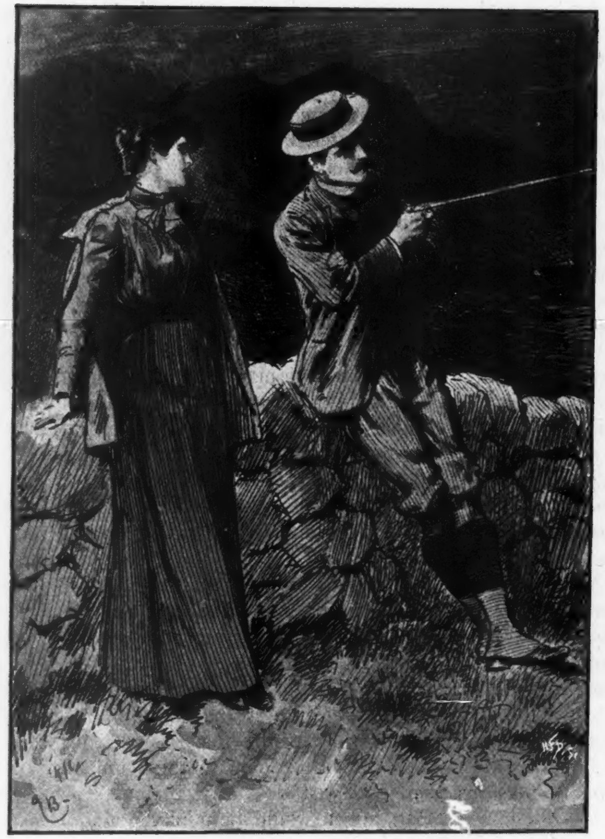
Afar off the others were signalling that lunch was ready, but the two on the rock were blind.

"I think you are right to go away," said Alice. "You would be too well off here. One would become a very idle sort of being almost at once."

"And I am glad you agree with me, Miss Wishart. 'Here is the shore, and the far wide world's before me,' as the song says. There is little doing in these uplands, but there's a vast deal astir up and down the earth, and it would be a pity not to have a hand in it."

Then he stopped suddenly, for at that moment the light and colour went out of his picture of the wanderer's life, and he saw instead a homelier scene,—a dainty figure moving about the house, sitting at his table's head, growing old with him in the fellowship of years. For a moment he felt the charm of the red hearth and the quiet life. Some such sketch must the Goddess of Home have drawn for Ulysses or the wandering Olaf, and if Swanhild or the true Penelope were as pretty as this lady of the rock there was credit in the renunciation. The man forgot the wide world and thought only of the pin-point of Glenavelin.

Some such fancy too may have crossed the girl's mind. At any rate she cast one glance at the abstracted Lewis and welcomed a courier from the rest of the party. This was no other than the dandified Tam, who had been sent post-haste by George—that true



"'Where is Etterick?'"

friend having suffered the agonies of starvation and a terrible suspicion as to what rash step his host might be taking. Plainly the young man had not yet made Miss Wishart's acquaintance.

IV

The sun set in the thick of the dark hills, and a tired and merry party scrambled down the burnside to the highway. They had long outstayed their intention, but care sat lightly there, and Lady Manorwater alone was vexed by thoughts of a dinner untouched and a respectable household in confusion. The sweet-scented dusk was soothing to the senses, and there in the narrow glen with the wide blue strath and the gleams of the river below it was hard to find the link of reality and easy to credit fairyland. Arthur and Miss Wishart had gone on in front and were now strayed among boulders. She liked this trim and precise young man whose courtesy was so grave and elaborate, while he, being a recluse by nature but a humanitarian by profession, was half nervous and half entranced in her cheerful society. They talked of nothing, their hearts being set on the scramble, and when at last they reached the highway and the farm where the Glenavelin traps had been put up, they found themselves a clear ten minutes in advance of the others.

As they sat on the dyke in the soft cool air Alice spoke casually of the place. "Where is Etterick?" she asked; and a light on a hillside farther up the glen was pointed out to her.

"It's a very fresh and pleasant place to stay at," said Arthur. "We're much higher than you are at Glenavelin, and the house is bigger and older. But we simply camp in a corner of it. You can never get Lewie to live like other people. He is the best of men, but his tastes are primeval. He makes us plunge off a veranda into a loch first thing in the morning, you know, and I shall certainly drown some day, for I am never more than half awake, and I always seem to go straight to the bottom. Then he is crazy about long expeditions, and when the Twelfth comes we shall never be off the hill. He is a long way too active for these slack modern days."

Lewie, Lewie! It was Lewie everywhere! thought the girl. What could become of a man who was so hedged about by admirers? He had seemed to court her presence, and her heart had begun to beat faster of late when she saw his face. She dared not confess to herself that she was in love—that she wanted this Lewis to herself, and hated the pretensions of his friends. Instead she flattered herself with a fiction. Her ground was the high one of an interest in character. She liked the young man and was sorry to see him in a way to be spoiled by too much admiration. And the angel who records our innermost thoughts smiled to himself, if such grave beings can smile.

Meantime Lewis was delivered bound and captive to the enemy. All down the burn his companion had been Mr. Stocks, and they had lagged behind the others. That gentleman had not enjoyed the day; he had been bored by the landscape and scorched by the sun; also as the time of contest approached, he was full of political talk, and he had found no ears to appreciate it. Now he had seized on Lewis, and the younger man had lent him polite attention though inwardly full of ravening and bitterness.

"Your friend Mr. Mordaunt has promised to support my candidature. You, of course, will be in the opposite camp."

Lewis said he did not think so—that he had lost interest in party politics, and would lie low.

Mr. Stocks bowed in acquiescence.

"And what do you think of my chances?"

Lewis replied that he should think about equal betting. "You see, the place is Radical in the main, with the mills at Gledfoot and the weavers at Gledsmuir. Up in Glen Avelin they are more or less Conservative. Merkland gets in usually by a small majority because he is a local man and has a good deal of property down the Gled. If two strangers fought it the Radical would win; as it is it is pretty much of a toss-up either way."

"But if Sir Robert resigns?"

"Oh, that scare has been raised every time by the other party. I should say that there's no doubt that the old man will keep on for years."

Mr. Stocks looked relieved. "I heard of his resignation as a certainty, and I was afraid that a stronger man might take his place"

So it fell out that the day which began with pastoral, closed, like many another day, with politics. Since Lewis refrained from controversy, Mr. Stocks seemed to look upon him as a Gallio from whom no danger need be feared, nay, even as a convert to be fostered. He became confidential and talked jocularly of the tricks of his trade. Lewis' boredom was complete by the time they reached the farmhouse and found the Glenavelin party ready to start.

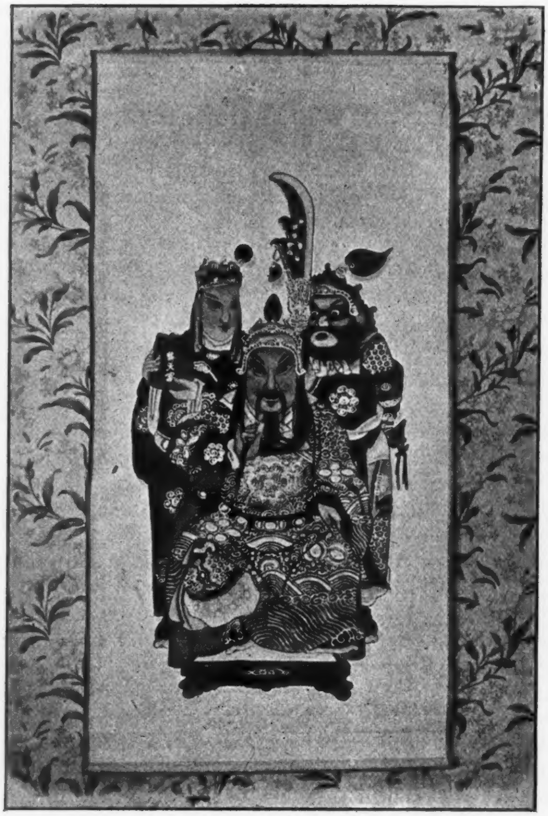
"We want to see Etterick, so we shall come to lunch to-morrow, Lewie," said his aunt. "So be prepared, my dear, and be on your best behaviour."

Then, with his two friends, he turned towards the lights of his home.

CHINESE JOSSES

By HARRY HILLMAN

THE Chinese are in a sense a very religious people. In every home they rear their altar, and no new business premises are ready until the Joss has been duly installed in the place of honour, and worshipped to the accompaniment of horns, fiddles, and cymbals, with the sweet savour of scented joss-sticks. There is also a big firing of crackers, but that is for another purpose. Not to salute the joss are these exploded, but as a means of frightening away any spirit of evil that may seek to imperil the good auspices of the occasion. Such a joss is that represented in the picture on page 88. No longer the recipient of the adoration of its makers, it hangs in the writer's room in an English home, and though the odour of the joss-stick may occasionally rise before it, it is not in worship, but in a reminiscent humour, to recall scenes and experiences that would be welcomed again. Red and green are its prevailing hues. It is painted on stout cream-tinted Chinese paper. The complexions are florid pink, shading off in the case of the fierce warrior to nearly white.

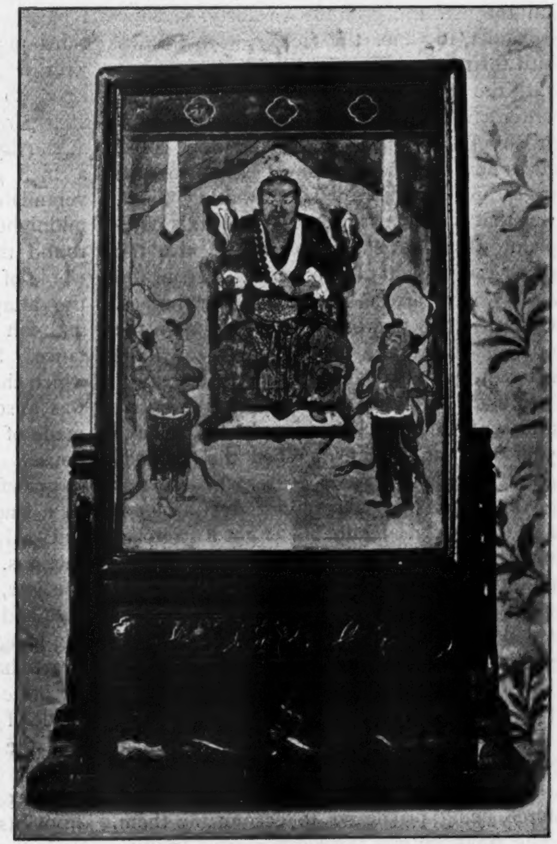


and often a pot of tea and diminutive cups.

Now to turn to the second photo. It will be noticed that it follows in the general line of composition of the other, but there is a difference. In fact, it represents an unique joss, such as probably very few Europeans have seen, and possibly none possessed. It came into the writer's possession in an unusual way. It belonged to a secret society, so that the vicious appearance of the central figure is not without foundation. These secret societies are of all kinds. Many are trades unions as simple as those which prevail in this country. Others are of a political character, and seek the overthrow of the government. Others, again, are merely aggregations of thieves and murderers combined for mutual protection. In their origin these societies were laudable, and Europe has not been without bodies of the same character. It was the impossibility of getting justice at the hands of the officials that led to the formation of secret vigilance committees all over the empire. These became very powerful in time, and then their degeneration—inevitable in any country, but how much more so in China?—set in. Wherever the Chinese go they take their secret societies with them. And it may be taken as a rule that every Chinaman belongs to one of them. The most innocent and well-meaning may be a member of one of the most criminal. He cannot help himself. It is a case of join or be murdered. For the wider the membership the more wealthy the chief officers and the greater the security of the whole. Sometimes these societies get up fights, when at the signal—the beating of a gong in a special manner—peaceful citizens will be seen to rush from their shops armed with murderous-looking tridents, swords, spears—often enough made out of bamboo with the tip sharpened and hardened in the fire—and other instruments of offence that one might never have suspected they possessed. Often they make a great row, cut each other about, prevent any business

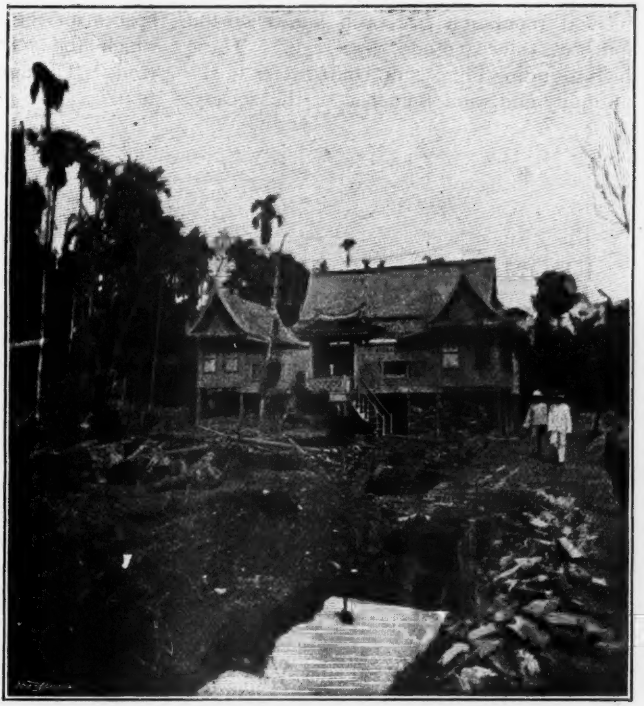
All the embroidery on the clothing is gold. The central figure is wearing a green robe, with red trimming and belt. The hat is blue and the ornament at top red. The elaborate trouser showing on the right leg is red and green with a strip of blue at the bottom. The hair is black, and though represented here by paint, is very often real. The warrior is in red with green and gold trimming, and gold ring armour on a dull purple. The spear has a pale blue cutting edge, with green ornamentation and gold mounting. The other figure is in red and holds what looks like a yellow purse, though the inscription on it reads "The Palace of Kuan-ti." The size of the whole is twenty-seven inches by fifty-two inches. In its own home it would have placed before it a vessel for holding joss-sticks, which would be kept constantly burning, very likely a lamp that would never go out, from being done, and finally disperse on the approach of the police without a single death occurring, for all their theatrical ferocity. Again, the fight may last for days and be characterised by a large number of fatalities, the victims being as a rule fearfully gashed about. Wherever European government has come into contact with them these societies have been nearly stamped out. They made a great struggle for it in Singapore, but they have practically been suppressed, and any that arise now generally meet with an early dissolution. At the same time the more innocent are allowed to exist on condition that they are registered, so that an oversight can be kept on them by the authorities. Siam has not yet reached this happy consummation, although it will do so in time, having passed a decree against them already. So at present the immense number of Chinese in the country are at liberty to combine as they please. It was to one of these societies that the accompanying joss belonged. A number of murders and disappearances were traced to the house where the society met, though it was a woman's desire for revenge that enabled the police to get at the evildoers. She had been kept in chains for twelve days, besides being beaten, this punishment taking place in the presence of the joss. The charge against her was that she had forged certificates of membership in the society, and as these represented so much money diverted from the pockets of the chief officers they were especially severe on her. Her story is interesting as showing both what she was made to suffer and also how even this society kept up the forms of administering justice; which has already been explained as the original *raison d'être* of its existence. This is the pith of her story as taken down by the police on her making a formal complaint:

"I am widow of Chin Hak, who . . . was a third officer of the Gee Heng Society. . . . Chin Chua Lim, the executioner of the Society, came to me and said the head of the Society wanted me, and if I refused he would use force. I was afraid and went. . . . They ordered me to be put in chains in the lock-up room of the Society's house. Three days after I was sent for into the office, and I saw there were present Chin Soon Tian and other big Chinese whose names I do not know. I also saw See Kiang, my witness. Then Soon Tian examined Chin Kee Seng as a witness in a private room. He came out in a few minutes and said I had given false certificates. Then Soon Tian said that as soon as Chin Hong (the second officer) returned from up-country judgment would be passed. I was then again kept for eleven days in chains, and one night I was again brought to the office before a meeting where there were present the accused Chin



Hong, Soon Tian, Chin Shoon, Chin Too, assisted by Chin Pen Kao (adviser) and other members, about fifty in number. Then Ching Hong, acting as president, decided that I should receive 180 lashes and then be thrown into the river. Then I cried out praying for mercy. Then Soon Tian proposed that the sentence should be commuted to thirty-six strokes only, and Chin Hong and the others agreed. Chin Bay was ordered then to whip me with a bamboo cane. The whipping took place in front of the altar of the Chinese secret deities. I could not bear the pain and cried out. When the whipping was over the chains were removed, and I was set at liberty. I was confined twelve days altogether and six other Chinamen. When I was set free only one of those Chinamen still remained."

What became of these Chinamen? According to the woman's story, the executioner of the society drowned them in a ditch that ran through the grounds—a dirty, shallow streamlet, in which the victims were thrown with their face down and held by main force until the drowning was complete. When the writer saw this ditch there was but an inch or so of slimy fluid in it, and one could guess how the poor men must have struggled to escape the horrid fate awaiting them. But that is anticipating. The woman's complaint was followed up promptly, with the result that several of the leading men in the society were arrested in their own homes. One was in bed groaning fearfully when the officers arrived, and the inspector—an Englishman—sent to his chief for instructions. The chief had been longer in the country, and sent back the laconic reply, "You have your warrant, use it." When the man was got off his bed it was seen that his leg was enswathed in rags well saturated with blood, and so the considerate officer got a stretcher on which to carry him to the police-station, and the doctor was sent for. The closest examination of the wounded limb, however, failed to reveal even a scratch, let alone a wound sufficient to have caused so great a flow of blood. But the Chinese always were past masters of the art of malingering. While these arrests were going on the woman was leading the police to the house where the society met; the writer, having a friend in the force, being privileged to accompany them. The approach was through a narrow opening between two houses, along a path with slimy, foul-smelling open drains on either side. At one place pigs were fattening on the refuse, with an even worse smelling open space close by to which other members of their tribe resorted for the titbits of garbage for which it seemed to be the general receptacle for the neighbourhood. Then there opened out a wide road, which it was evidently intended some day to continue out to the thoroughfare that had just been left. On the left was a temple, on the right the fateful house, standing in a fairly large "compound," amid areca palms and flowering shrubs that imparted a peaceful appearance quite out of keeping with its true character. Just inside the gate was a low wooden shed, open along one side but for a low paling, and with forms all round the walls. This was where the ordinary meetings of the members were held. Facing it was a wooden house, such as is common enough in the country, and a typical example of which is shown in the third picture. It was built up on piles, with a large square verandah in front open to the sky, and approached by wide steps from the ground outside. A gate at the top of the steps could be fastened, and a high paling all along the front of the verandah rendered the house secure from midnight foes. The house proper was built round the verandah with several rooms; the whole of wood, and roofed with the fronds of the attap palm. The smaller rooms right and left were bedrooms, and of little importance. Straight ahead was the big room in which the joss was placed. Against the wall was a sort of canopy right up to the roof, made of the same wood as the rest of the house. Red curtains depended from this in graceful festoons, finishing on either side in a knot from which hung a bouquet of artificial flowers. The canopy was in three sections. The central one was occupied by the joss, and the smaller divisions on either side had vases of flowers similar to those on the hangings. In the centre overhead was a heart-shaped ornament, such as the Chinese decorate their houses with at the new year, made of tinsel and artificial flowers. In front was the inevitable table, bearing a vase for putting the burning joss-sticks in, and the number that had been offered was evident from its large size and the closely packed ends that remained in it.



TYPICAL BANGKOK NATIVE HOUSE

The house was found to be stocked with arms, but as the raid was quite unexpected, and there was but one man in charge, no resistance was offered. A large safe, several boxes of theatrical properties, two boxes — shaped like those for carrying mandolines — full of ticals — the coin of the realm—also formed part of the police loot. To the writer, however, the joss was worth the whole lot, and, there being no objection, he proceeded to remove it. Instantly the one guardian of the establishment became much concerned. He was impassive at the general dismantlement of the house, but the capture of the joss moved him. He bowed before the captor, begged him not to take the thing, and finally threatened all the awful things that would happen to the sacrilegious hand. Fortunately, most of it was in Chinese, and so not understandable, and the rest moved its hearer but little. But great precaution had to be taken none the less. The joss was smuggled home by a circuitous route, in the course of which it changed its wrappers and was temporarily lodged in more than one house. Moreover, during the year it remained under lock and key in the writer's house it was never uncovered, and not one of the servants was allowed to have the faintest idea of the presence of so precious a relic, otherwise there is no knowing what steps might have been taken by its murderous ex-owners to recover it.

The frame is jet black. It is made of teak (that being the only wood used in Siam for everything), but stained black. The joss itself is painted in non-transparent colours on a piece of thin, and not over good, glass. How the artist worked it is difficult to tell, for as the picture is seen through the glass, he had to work backwards, putting on the foundation colour last and the gold ornamentation first. The colour of the bodies of the three figures is warm, but much nearer an approach to the Chinese flesh-tint than the other joss. The clothing worn is much coarser than in the other. In place of shoes the central figure wears sandals fastened on with string tied on the instep. The robe is brown, opened lower on the chest than in the other case He wears full knee breeches, and has red cloth wrapped round his legs in the style of the Indian soldiers' leggings. Around his neck is a string of beads, and in his left hand a whip of many cords. The attendants have bare feet, and are unclothed down to the waist. One bears a rod and the other a sword. The hangings are yellow, with two white bands ending in a blue border with gold key-pattern on it. These bands bear inscriptions in Chinese, the translation of which reads "Great honour has been spread over the three large rivers for ever," and "Good reputation has been known on the four seas since 10,000 years ago." These high-sounding phrases of course refer to the antiquity and wide influence of the society. There are also Chinese words in the three spaces on the deep red top border from which the yellow curtains fall, and these read, "The ancestors of the second generation."

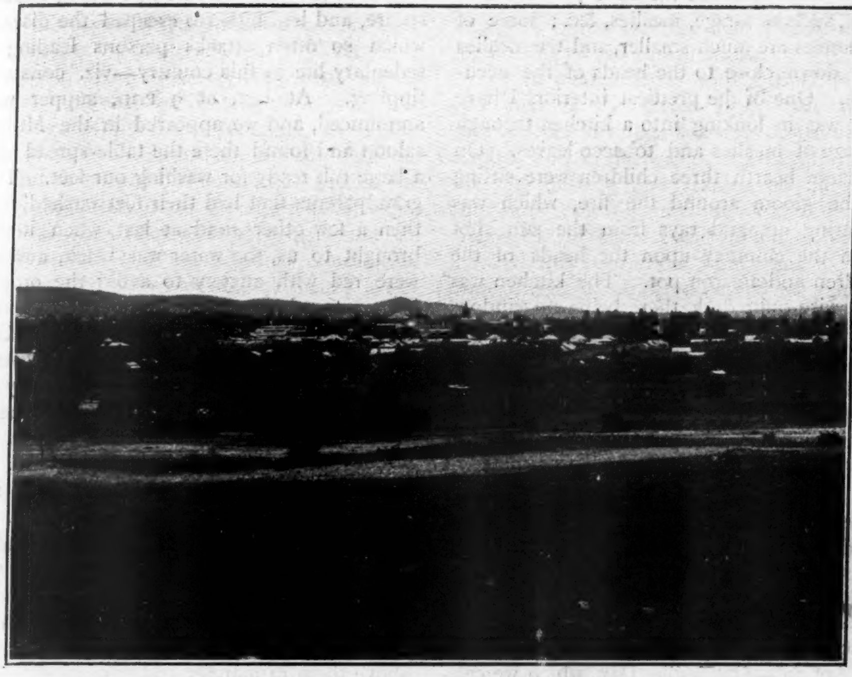
FROM THE DIAMOND FIELDS TO DELAGOA BAY

FROM THE DIARY AND LETTERS OF CAPTAIN CHARLES WARREN (LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR CHARLES WARREN, G.C.M.G.), MAY AND JUNE 1877

SECOND PAPER

WE had, on starting from Kimberley, intended to go down from Pretoria and embark at Durban, but Mr. Nelmapius had told us so much of what he had done on the Delagoa Bay road, and how all his efforts had come to grief through the breaking out of the war with the natives, that we became fired with desire to see this road, and ascertain to what extent it would be made available in the future as a means of communication between the gold-fields of Leydenburg and the sea-coast; we therefore set to work to obtain information on the subject. Mr. Nelmapius had told us that his company had cut a road through the bush and erected houses at various stages, but that his stage-keepers had been murdered by the Kafirs, and the houses plundered and damaged. He described the road as going through the heart of the "lion veldt". and through the "tsetse-fly country"; he also considered it was rather early to venture down just yet, on account of the fever which had been raging at the Bay all through the autumn. We found that Mr. Thompson, Agent of the Union Steamship Company, had just arrived from the Bay by New Scotland, and that he had suffered severely from the fever, which he described as very active down there, but he thought that we might venture, as, having lived so long at the "Fields," we might consider ourselves more or less "salted." We also paid a visit to Mr. Moodie, the Portuguese Commissionaire of the projected Delagoa Bay Railway. He appeared to be sanguine as to the prospects of the railway, and gave us much valuable information. Having now made up our minds to go down to Delagoa Bay, the question arose whether we should proceed by Leydenburg or by New Scotland: it all hinged on a question of time and transport; we were bound to reach Delagoa Bay on the morning of June 12, so as to catch the steamer to Natal, and it was necessary to be certain of the speed of our conveyance. The first difficulty arose in getting any kind of conveyance to Leydenburg; the post-cart had left and there were no private conveyances to be hired. The landlord of the hotel offered to sell us a dog-cart and two horses for £140, and the sub-post contractor offered to send us to Leydenburg (180 miles) in his cart with post-horses for £40, but afterwards repented and asked for more, but would not say how much. We were on the point of buying horses to ride round by New Scotland, when we ascertained that a waggon was just about to start, in which two wardens of the Dutch Reformed Church were about to proceed to a conference in Leydenburg. This exactly suited our requirements, and it only remained to ascertain whether they would take Englishmen. A French Afrikander, M. Franck, who had already engaged a seat, undertook to introduce us, and we were accordingly inspected by them, and they appeared satisfied that we were not so rough a lot as they had expected. Either influenced by our mild appearance, or by the prospect of our fares, they struck a bargain at once. We were to pay £16 for our two seats.

Accordingly, at 2 P.M. May 25, we started in company with M. Franck, an attorney of



(From a photograph by G. W. Wilson & Co., Aberdeen)

PRETORIA—PRESENT DAY

Leydenburg, formerly in the French navy, and a right good fellow. We said good-bye to pretty Pretoria, with its hospitable people, its red and white houses, gum-trees, melons and oleanders. On our way out we were shown the snug little cottage lately occupied by President Burgers.

Our waggon was drawn by six horses; we accomplished sixteen miles the first stage, and obtained tea at sunset at the house of Mr. Botha, described as being most anti-English. He was, however, most civil to us, but did not discuss political matters. Thirteen miles farther brought us to Prinsloo's farm at 9.30 P.M.; the moon was up, the man abed. It was necessary to awaken the proprietor, who was also represented by M. Franck as being very anti-English. Dogs dozed on the stoep, and on our approach crouched down and whined in fear of us. This strange proceeding of dogs in the Transvaal we noticed frequently, though in the Orange Free State they are very combative and guard the homesteads most faithfully. The only answer I could get regarding this difference of character was that in the Transvaal there is much animal food for the dogs, and that they get lazy and obese. This does not seem to be a valid reason, because eating animal food is generally supposed to make animals fiercer. It may, perhaps, be due to the fact that dogs here are subject to a sickness similar to that which attacks the horses, sheep, cattle, &c., and that they consequently lose their vigour, and seem to lack that great energy on the approach of strangers usually exhibited by watch-dogs elsewhere. The Prinsloo homestead is a specimen of many we visited in the Transvaal. A square building with stoep on one side, on to which the great room (twenty-five feet square and twelve feet high) opens, with small rooms about ten feet square on each side. A rough boarded ceiling in the big room, with a hole left in it, reached by a loose ladder: on these boards are deposited the farm produce and stores, such as forage, mealies, &c.; some of the houses are much smaller, and the mealies hang down close to the heads of the occupants. One of the prettiest interiors I have seen was in looking into a kitchen through a fringe of mealies and tobacco-leaves. On the large hearth three children were sitting in the gloom around the fire, which was flickering up, and rays from the sun shot down the chimney upon the heads of the children and an iron pot. The kitchen was otherwise quite dark, there being no window.

The Boer, when aroused out of sleep, was not very agreeable, but he had no desire to quarrel with us, but rather with our two conductors, the churchwardens, who desired him to turn his horse out of his stable in order that theirs might be accommodated and safely housed from the frost. This scarcely modest request rather startled him, and he declared it evident that the wardens were not accustomed to travel, but yet he was good enough to comply with their request. He gave us beds in a little room, in which we slept wrapped in our karosses.

May 29.—Oak-apple Day, which we celebrated by giving our churchwardens English water (otherwise "Old Tom"), and thus making Englishmen of them, to their great enjoyment. One of them was a teetotaler! Left at 6.30 A.M., continued our monotonous journey till we arrived, after thirty miles, at the homestead of Mr. Muller, "*very* anti-English," said M. Franck, "whose brother is one of the leading men in the Transvaal." A house adjoining is used as a trading store by an Englishman, Mr. Hodson. The Boers were not at first inclined to be very sociable, but soon got over their shyness, and one English-hater was quite won over by M. Franck pretending to mistake him for an Englishman; he came over and cut up some tobacco for us.

We were all so absurdly ceremonious that no one ventured to ask when food would be served, or even whether they were going to give us any, and having had no food since a very early breakfast we became hungry and threw ourselves on the mercy of Mr. Hodson's storekeeper (Mr. Hodson lives at another farm). He gave us some tea and rusks, but as he also fed when the Mullers chose to feed him he had nothing ready. He was a very superior young man, who improved his leisure hours by reading Shakespeare, and had hitherto escaped the disease which so often attacks persons leading a sedentary life in this country—viz. constant tippling. At last, at 9 P.M., supper was announced, and we appeared in the Muller saloon and found there the table spread and a large tub ready for washing our feet. The grandparents first had their feet washed, and then a few others, and at last, when it was brought to us, the water was black, and we were red with anxiety to avoid the ordeal. We managed to escape and settled to our supper: chops, biltong, and mealies. Our friend the young storekeeper was absent, and, forgetful of him, we finished nearly all that was on the table. The younger members of the family now crowded round to eat up what was left, and our friend, on coming in and finding things so, got the toothache and went supperless to bed. I applied an electric band to his face, after which the pain disappeared; but I was doubtful whether it was ordinary toothache or pain at our seeing the manner in which the Boers treated him, who was so much above them in manner and education. Mr. Muller had offered to provide beds for us, but we preferred to sleep in the store of our friend. On parting with Mr. Muller and his family we had, of course, to pay for our food, which payment was accepted in a gracious manner, as tribute from inferior mortals.

We had much conversation with Mr. Muller, and were amused with his remarks. It was apparently the opinion among his friends that the British authorities were already quite tired of their task of governing the Transvaal and likely soon to clear out again, at which they seemed more sorry than pleased, their only strong objection to the British being the fear that the Kafir would be placed in a higher position than the Boer, a very commonly expressed fear. They are quite aware of, and quite touched with, the idea that they would now make money more securely than in former days. They had great talk over a paragraph in one of the papers, in which it was represented that, at the time that Sir Theophilus Shepstone was annexing the Transvaal, Lord Carnarvon was writing to President Burgers (through the Governor of the Cape) about the confederation of the Transvaal with the British States, and this they construed to mean that the Administrator of the Transvaal was acting in opposition to the wishes of Lord Carnarvon. I explained that Sir Theophilus Shepstone had been sent up with discretionary powers, in conjunction with the Governor of the Cape, to annex the Transvaal if its demoralised state actually required it, and that Lord Carnarvon had written the letter in question on the supposition that perhaps the Transvaal had redeemed its position and had not required annexation. This seemed like a new light to them; it was so difficult for them, unassisted, to believe that the British Government would be acting for the good of the country and not for its own aggrandisement. We had passed two swarthy little men on the road, who arrived in the evening to stop near the homestead under the trees. They came into the store to buy spirits, tea, &c., and we were amused to see how the storekeeper persuaded them to buy many things they had not thought of, among other things, pocket-handkerchiefs at a shilling each, because they would find them so useful, and he had no paper to wrap up their tea in! I recognised their language as Spanish when they conversed among themselves, and followed them out and spoke to them. They were delighted to speak to me in their native tongue, and said they were deserters from the Spanish navy, and were migrating from the Diamond Fields to the gold region. They expressed themselves much surprised at the system at Kimberley, where all people, English and foreigners, were treated alike regarding the claims, and said that in Spain foreigners would not have the same liberty, to which I would not dissent.

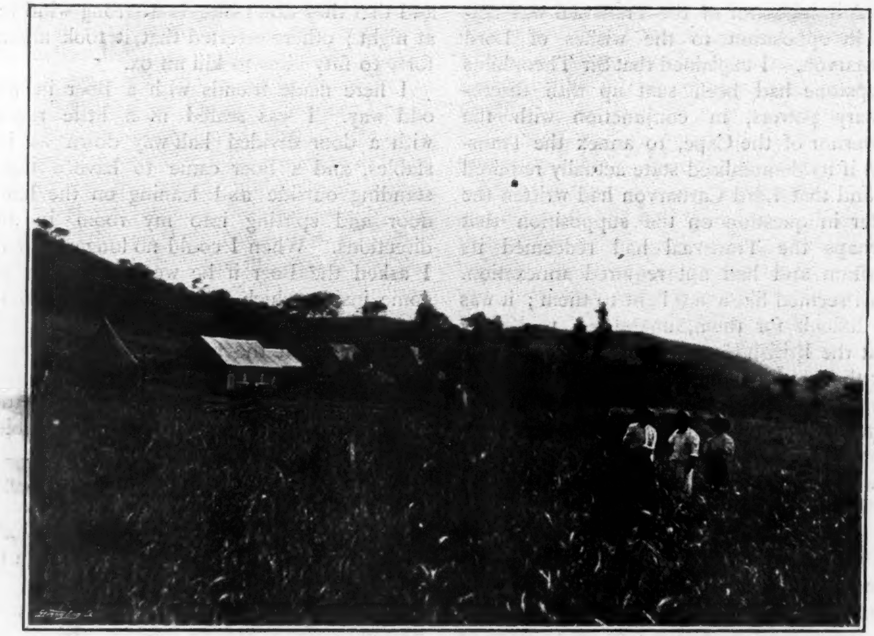
We heard it stated this evening that the whole export of the Transvaal is only 10,000 bales of wool, a few hides and feathers, less and less every year.

The homesteads certainly seemed to us more English in appearance than any we had seen in the Old Colony and the Free State, and English is far more generally spoken. The Boers for the most part seem to have come from Natal; they are very talkative, and before the annexation wasted their time in discussing politics, especially the women; but now they are quiet. We heard much of the tsetse-fly, but it is just like a house-fly, with three white lines on its body, and that two or three will kill an ox, and that they don't bite in a strong wind or at night; others asserted that it took about forty to fifty bites to kill an ox.

I here made friends with a Boer in an odd way. I was seated in a little room with a door divided half-way down as in stables, and a Boer came to have a talk, standing outside and leaning on the half-door and spitting into my room in all directions. When I could no longer bear it I asked the Boer if he would not like to come inside, which he accepted as a compliment. I then asked him to go on talking, but leaning on the half-door so as to spit *outside*. This affronted him very much and he went off in dudgeon, but subsequently came back and made himself very agreeable, but took care not to spit into the room. I concluded that the natural love of justice which so strongly affects the Boers forced him to consider the situation and conclude that I was within my rights in asking him to spit outside the room.

May 30.—Started before breakfast, and passed over a rolling plain; arrived at Middelberg (Nazareth) in the afternoon. A mean little town. We put up at the Hotel Burgers, which one of our party proposed should be called Hotel Bugs, from its filthy condition; vermin of various orders were careering over the tables and chairs. The landlord was an easy-tempered, slovenly Boer, who left everything to some dirty Kafir helps.

We heard that an interesting affair was coming off that afternoon before the magistrate: that an Englishman had been fighting on the side of the Kafirs in the late war and had killed some Boers, and on his appearance here had been set upon by three men of the name of Coetsee, and had been severely beaten. We inquired whether he had shown any resistance to the three men, and were told that he had tamely submitted. Upon this we asserted confidently that he could not be an Englishman. On arrival at the magistrate's office we found that the man's name was Vilgion, and that we were right in supposing that he was not an Englishman. We were also surprised to hear a reckless charge made by some of the Boers that the Kafirs under Secocoene had been instigated and assisted by British officers. We suggested that they should not bring such charges unless they could in



(From a photograph by C. H. Temple, London)

A DUTCH FARMHOUSE

some way substantiate them. To this they willingly assented.

Oranges from the country about Pretoria were here selling twelve for a shilling; this did not say much for the fruits of Middelberg. Since leaving Pretoria we have scarce seen a tree until arriving here; nothing but rolling plains.

Ravenscroft bought a rifle (a Westley-Richards) from a Boer for £16. The man, to prove it, put up a bottle at a hundred yards, and knocked it over at the first shot.

Fortunately for our comfort in the hotel, we had a packet of flea-powder, with which we sprinkled our little chamber, karosses, &c., and thus protected, slept peacefully.

May 31.—Our departure was delayed by one of our horses falling lame; our churchwardens had to buy another, and we consequently did not start till 9 A.M. We were now getting into the country that had been overrun by the Kafirs, and drove over rolling plains until we arrived at the house of Mr. Wheeler for lunch. Mr. Wheeler and his wife are from Berkshire, and bring their English tidy ways into the Transvaal. It was refreshing to see a house clean and comfortable after those of the Boers, and the eggs and bacon they gave us were so good that we ate double rations this morning. Mr. Wheeler and his wife were rather below the middle height in England, but their sons had grown up tall, as young men do in this country, one six foot six inches we were told. They had not left their homestead during the war, and the Kafirs had not molested them. Mr. Wheeler said that he had paid £9 10*s*. war-tax, a cow and three kinds of corn, and his sons had been out on commando for several days. He was very decided on the necessity for taxing heavily unoccupied farms, so that the owners should either reside on them and cultivate them or sell them. He had a large garden under irrigation.

On leaving his house we came upon crowds of wilde-besstes and blessboks.

I shot a large blessbok through the heart, but we were so loaded up in the waggon that we could only carry away the hind quarters. It seemed a shame to leave good food to waste in the wilderness, so we did not shoot any more, but contented ourselves with shooting at pauws (large bustards) at long ranges, many of which were flying about.

Ravenscroft, who is very handy and neat, took the tail of the blessbok and slipped the bowl of my pipe (presented to me by Adolf Erasmus) into it, so that when smoking I appear to have a long pointed black beard.

We now took our line over the direct road to Leydenburg, a road which had been abandoned during the war on account of the Kafirs, and which was now just coming again into use. We amused ourselves by exciting the fears of our churchwardens by suggesting every black object was a Kafir, and they levelled heavy jokes at us in return. Towards evening we began to descend the steep incline into the celebrated Steel Poort, and passed a smashed waggon on the road. The valley of the Steel Poort reminds me of the Plain of Esdraelon. We crossed a running spruit (brook) three times, and then darkness came over us, and we stumbled along and had much difficulty in preventing overturns several times. After losing our way and picking it up by help of a lantern, we arrived at a store kept by Madame F. Couris, on the north side of the valley. Here we arrived at 7 P.M. and were hospitably received by Mr. Jeffries, the storeman, who spread us out some blankets on the counter and gave us supper. We conversed about the projected railway to Delagoa Bay, and he asserted it would not pay.

The churchwardens came in and had some strong water, and on leaving they asked how much to pay, and looked dreadfully blank when they were told eight shillings. The storekeeper thought they were asking the price of a new bottle, as he was giving them their nightcap free out of friendship. It is evidently the difference of language that in a great measure causes the constant misunderstandings between Boers and English; in this case the Boers got quite angry and abusive until we explained the mistake.

June 1.—A sharp frosty morning. The

(From a photograph by C. H. Temple, London)

FARMHOUSE OF A POOR DUTCH BOER

view up the Steel Poort is one of the finest pieces of scenery I have seen in South Africa. We were up at daybreak, and drove on about a mile to the homestead of Grobler, a Boer; here we inspanned a span of oxen to drag our cart up the steep incline, rising about 1400 feet. On arriving again on the high veldt, we inspanned our horses and proceeded, and at midday we lunched near the ruins of a farm, burnt and plundered by the Kafirs. The Steel Poort is said to be a break in the Delagoa Bay range.

The case of Grobler during the last war is one of those which show that the Boer of the Transvaal has not degenerated to the extent generally supposed, and that they are often possessed of great personal courage. The Kafirs say that in defending their homesteads they are like tigers. He did not leave his homestead during the war, and his windows are still blocked up with brick. M. Franck gave the following account of him: The Kafirs, amounting to over a hundred, came and drove off his cattle. M. Grobler, on hearing this, called for his horse and started off with his two young sons, one of them quite a boy. He is a short heavy man, and can ride with difficulty. On coming within long range of the Kafirs he commenced firing, and so continued to pursue, the Kafirs returning his fire. But he had accuracy of aim on his side, and after knocking over sixteen Kafirs the remainder fled, and he brought back his cattle in triumph; after that he was no further molested.

In conversing about the resources of the Transvaal, M. Franck observed that there are 20,000 whites in the country, and that they can put 6000 men in the field. Making all allowances for the young men in the country, the proportion cannot be correct, unless the number of children in the families are very much less than in the Orange Free State, where in house after house, and tent after tent, ten to twelve children may be found. In the Free State they say they can put 12,000 men in the field on an emergency, and this I do not doubt.

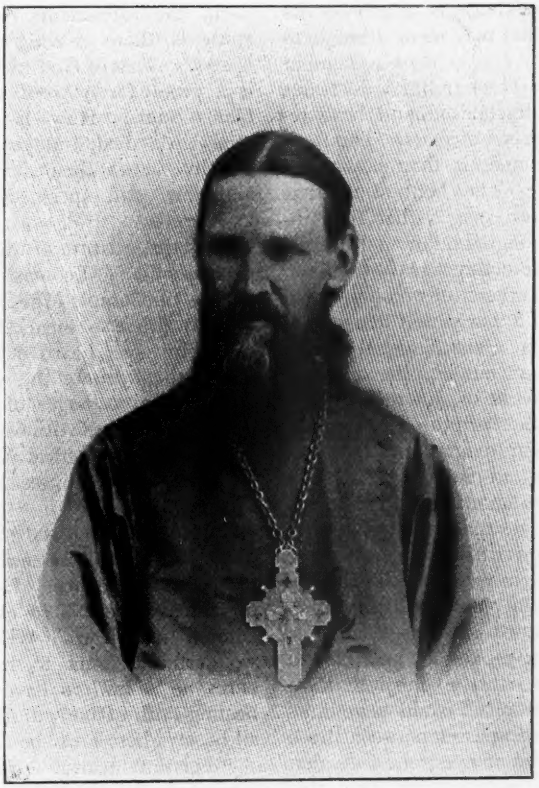
We proceeded on through a rocky country, where there had been various engagements between the Kafirs and the Boers, and where a fort had been erected by the latter. Towards evening we passed another ruined farm, where several Kafirs had congregated for the night; they were on their way down to the Diamond Fields, and had passes from the Landdrost of Leydenburg. One rejoiced in the name of "Englishman," and seemed very proud of it. Darkness closed in on us while we were still on the road, and we were obliged to outspan far from any inhabited part, near some water. We searched for cowdung (our usual fuel) with little success, and had barely enough fire to make some hot coffee. All along we had lived in very modest style, sometimes only one meal a day, sometimes only old bread, for we could get very little food on the road. Steaks of meat grilled on a stick over the fire and eaten in our fingers were often our only food, but this was a feast. We laid our karosses down in the high grass and slept soundly, waking at dawn with our beards nicely frosted over, and our limbs somewhat numb from the cold.

June 2, Saturday.—We started at daybreak, and in consequence of the roughness of the road, our good friends the churchwardens forgot to sing their morning hymn at sunrise, and thus deprived us of the pleasure of joining in. We did not fail to remind them of this, and asked them in lieu of it to join in a hymn with us—"God save the Queen." To this they readily assented with a good grace, and now we declared them to be duly constituted Englishmen. At 8 A.M. we arrived at a homestead that had been put in a state of defence, the house forming part of a square, composed of a thick stone wall, about one hundred feet a side; in this the cattle were kept at night. There were fourteen men in this kraal during the war, and the women told us they were ready to help, as they could both load and fire the rifle. They lamented that the Kafirs had not attempted to assault the place. One of the family had been in a kraal with his cattle, and had killed seven Kafirs and driven away the rest when they assaulted the place. All these good people were about to start for Leydenburg, for Nachtmahl, but waited to give us some coffee and bread. We arrived at Leydenburg at noon, putting up our baggage at the office of M. Franck. We took a hearty farewell of our churchwarden friends, and they announced their intention of getting two Englishmen to go back with them, as they had found us such good company and so remunerative a cargo.

FATHER JOHN OF CRONSTADT

By M. A. BALLARD

A PLAIN little house, half hidden from view; a scrap of ground behind a huge wooden fence. Near it the wash of the Baltic, the ceaseless flow of shipping, now monster ironclads, now dainty yachts, now lumbering merchantmen, now bustling gun-boats, all steaming towards Cronstadt, the great port of Russia. Soon they disappear, and seem to be engulfed between its giant batteries. If you listen intently, a clang will tell of ship-yards, of riveting, and mending the coats of those monsters called men-o'-war.



FATHER JOHN

A sort of cloud seems to hang over Cronstadt. In spite of brilliant sunshine and clear translucent air all around, there is a sense of bustle and smoke, which we felt distinctly on approaching the fortress. And beside it bristles a forest of masts, and what an imperial row of yachts!

"Whose are those?" I asked my companion.

"They belong to the Czar and the Royal Family. They look like a fleet, don't they?"

"Yes, I think they must each cost a fortune. The smallest is bigger than our Queen's."

My friend smiled.

"Why, you see the Czar commands the pockets, and one may say the bodies, too, of more than a hundred and four millions of subjects."

It was difficult even to think of such power. Yet as one looked at the surrounding fleets and frowning battlements one seemed to get a glimpse of what it meant.

Then, on the other hand, there flashed before my mind the modest grey house and its humble fence.

What a contrast! Here luxury and boundless wealth, there utter simplicity and quiet. Here lives spent in planning engines of destruction, there a life spent in bringing messages of peace. For in the little grey house lives "Father John."

"The people love you," said Alexander III. as he lay dying. "Yes, they love you because they know who you are and what you are." Perhaps the Czar thought wistfully of that love and devotion which he, with all his armies, could never command. Perhaps he knew that, in a sense, he was poorer than the priest by his side.

What is the secret of this wonderful influence? Why, when you mention Father John in Russia, do eyes flash with pleasure and voices soften with a romantic almost medieval reverence? It is not because of gifts of eloquence or genius, for Father John possesses neither. It is simply from the beauty of a life of prayer.

To understand a little this Apostle of the East one must look for a moment at his national church. There is much in its forms of worship that may seem strange to our modern minds; but we must remember that it is a mediæval church, its doctrines and devotions are crystallised, and have remained so for hundreds of years. The form of prayer it encourages is that of worship more than request. The bent of mind it fosters is that of reverence rather than inquiry. Individual thought is allowed little freedom; a form, and sometimes a beautiful one, is prescribed for every act of worship, down to the dedication of a newly-built house.

Thus the Russian Church has the same historic air as Rome; but in other respects it has emphatic points of difference. For one thing it has the Scriptures read every Sunday in the vulgar tongue, and it urges their perusal upon all its people. Then again, though it has monastic orders, every parish priest must be married. This link brings the whole priesthood nearer to the laity. At Cronstadt, in Father John's church, there are six beautiful pictures, representing six of the most saintly Russian Patriarchs. These are exquisitely painted, and have a spiritual, almost unearthly, expression. Not Fra Angelico nor Raphael could have done this better, and as one passes between those solemn, earnest pairs of eyes, one feels that these were saintly people, and that this Church must indeed have had a great past. Of course with many Russians the repetitions become mere forms. They are rattled through like an incantation, and become as useless as a cracked cistern or a broken jar. One wonders that they still survive. But in the hands of Father John they are transformed, their beautiful outlines appear complete, and they are filled with life-giving consolation. He hears in each the great voices of the past.

"The saints of God," he writes, "live even after their death. Thus I often hear in church the Mother of the Lord singing her wonderful, heart-penetrating song, which she said in the house of her cousin Elizabeth, after the Annunciation of the Archangel. At times I hear the song of Moses; the song of Zacharias, the father of the Forerunner; that of Hannah, the mother of the Prophet Samuel; that of the three children; and that of Miriam. And how many holy singers of the New Testament delight until now the ear of the whole Church of God! And the divine service itself, the sacraments, the rites? Whose spirit is there moving and touching our hearts? That of God and His saints. Here is a proof for you of the immortality of men's souls. How is it that all these men have died, and yet are 'influencing' our lives after their death; they are dead, and they still speak, instruct and teach us?"*

It is this mixture of the past and present, of the spirit of Thomas à Kempis with the energy of George Müller, that makes the Russian priest so remarkable. John Sergieff probably never heard of either, yet his life seems to illustrate the spirit of both. In the mystical passages of his book, one is transported to the atmosphere of mediæval saints; in the practical passages we hear the struggles of the nineteenth century knocking at our door.

But perhaps it is his thoughts about prayer which will be most read and have the widest influence. Here all creeds and sects may meet; here every Christian and Church may learn. When we hear of the wonderful answers to his prayers, of the cures he is said to have effected, of the healing both of body and mind, we feel that all he says here must be of deepest interest.

"Fervent, tearful prayer," he writes, "not only delivers the heart from sin, but it also cures bodily maladies and infirmities. It renews the whole being of a man, and makes him so to say born again and a new creature. I speak from experience. What a priceless gift is prayer! Glory to Thee, the only begotten Son of God, who hath obtained for us the endless pardon of our sins, and all kinds of access to the throne of grace!"

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* "My Life in Christ." John Sergieff. Trans. by M. Goulaeff.

"As He hears every word of the prayer, 'God have mercy upon me!' and fulfils every word of it, so likewise God hears and fulfils all the words of all our other petitions —the most personal and particular and peculiar and secret; only ask in all the simplicity of your heart, nothing doubting. This is from experience!"

"When you pray that your sins may be forgiven, strengthen your heart in faith, and put an absolute trust in His mercy. What are all your sins to God's mercy, whatever they may be, if you only truly repent of them?"

"Keep to the rule that it is better to say five words from the bottom of the heart than ten thousand words from your lips only. . . . The Lord will not forsake those who labour for Him, and who stand long before Him. He will reward them amply for their pain and toil, by sending a light and joy and peace and warmth into their hearts which the common run of men never taste."

His remarks on the practical side of religion are quite as instructive, and the best of his prescriptions is that they are always what he himself has tried.

"A man who is wrathful with us is a sick man; we must apply a plaster to his heart—love; we must treat him kindly, speak to him gently, lovingly. And if there is not deeply-rooted malice against us within him, but only a temporary fit of anger, you will see how his heart, or his malice, will melt away through your kindness and love—how good will conquer evil. A Christian must always be kind, gracious and wise, in order to conquer evil by good."

And again:

"In all caprices, all offences, all manner of family unpleasantnesses, always sincerely blame yourself. Acknowledge yourself as the real cause of the unpleasantness. Say, 'it was all my fault,' and the house will be healed, and your first love and honour will return. Know nothing at home but more love."

"The science of sciences is to know our passions, and to know how to conquer and expel them. It is a great science not to be angry with any one, or with anything: not to think evil of any one, not even if he has done us evil; but to find an excuse for him in ourselves, or in something else; it is a great science to despise gain and praise and luxury, and to live temperately and moderately in all things."

"If you are a scholar, or an official, or an officer, or a painter, or a mechanic, remember that the science of sciences to you is to be a new creature in Christ Jesus. And every day, and in every place, work at the new creation which you yourselves are. Working with all your might at your proper and peculiar calling, work out your own salvation in every part of every day."

And Father John not only utters these beautiful thoughts, but he illustrates them. His power in prayer is believed in all over Russia. One case is told of a paralytic girl whom he prayed over, and who was instantly and completely cured. Another may be cited of two children, which is even more remarkable, as he was unable at the time to attend them in person. This is how it is described. 39631

"In October 1889, in Moscow, in the family of a certain Mr. S——ff two children fell ill of diphtheria. Notwithstanding the measures at once taken, the illness developed rapidly and increased. A consultation of doctors was held, and it was decided to resort to tracheotomy. One can imagine the despair of the children's parents. Having lost hope in human aid, they sent a telegram to Father John of Cronstadt, begging for his prayers. The reverend father received this telegram in the morning, at the time when he was performing the early Liturgy, and as he usually does, immediately after receiving the telegram, he addressed an earnest prayer to God. Meanwhile what was taking place in Moscow? It had been decided to perform the operation at two o'clock that day, but already at nine o'clock, the very time of Father John's prayers in Cronstadt, some 500 miles away, the doctor who remained on duty noticed an improvement, which progressed as rapidly as the illness had formerly developed. The doctors, having assembled at the appointed time of two o'clock P.M., found such improvement in the condition of the children that the operation was pronounced unnecessary. In three to four days both children had completely recovered."

Though some of these cures may well appear wonderful, Father John never professes to work miracles, nor does he for a moment take the position of so-called "faith-healers." Sometimes he believes that sickness is God's messenger, perhaps to withdraw us for a time from the world, or it may be to test our trust in Him. Father John only promises to pray, and believes that if God sees best He will send relief. And it is wonderful how often the relief is sent.

As a natural consequence he is besieged with requests for prayer. They come from all parts of the world, even from England and Ireland, and these, combined with his parochial duties, give him an extraordinarily busy day. Rising long before dawn, he stands for half-an-hour before his ikon, wrapped in meditation and prayer. Then before he can start for the cathedral his door is besieged with beggars and sick, and sometimes messengers from the rich requesting his presence. With a word of comfort here and advice there, he gets through to his drosky, and drives to the cathedral, for he would never get his duties done if he walked. After service comes a round of visits to the sick, the bereaved, and the dying. Directly he gets home he finds piles of letters, perhaps a hundred, all requiring thought and some of them an instant answer. So day after day passes, each crowded with good works and a noble example.

Though the birthday of Father John is in winter, the town of Cronstadt in 1891 determined to make it a national festival. The city is on an island most difficult of access when the sea is frozen, yet crowds, both of rich and poor, crossed the ice from all parts of the country. A solemn service was held in the cathedral, and thirty priests took part. Fine ladies in rich furs sat beside ragged paupers, officers in uniform, and moujiks (peasants) with their red blouses and shaggy beards, pressed against each other to get a sight of their beloved priest. Many offerings were brought, but one moved him and the crowd to tears. Flowers are almost priceless at that season in Russia. Yet one poor sick woman pressed through, and laid her little bouquet at Father John's feet.

Yes, the age needs men like this. The festival was a tribute to high ideals and a life of faith. The Czar was right when he said, "My people love you because they know what you are."

TWO OLD SOLDIERS

By VICTOR L. WHITECHURCH

ILLUSTRATED BY A. D. M'CORMICK

THE Colonel lay dying. There could be no doubt about the matter at all. The old soldier had begun his last fight, and Death was waiting to take him prisoner at its close. The doctor had come downstairs, and stood in the hall shaking his head, and brushing his hat with his arm.

"No, Finch," he was saying to the Colonel's butler, "I am afraid I can hold out no hope. He's been a strong man all his life, as you say, but these strong old men often go off all the more suddenly at the last, and I can do no more. It's a case of forty-eight hours at the most—probably much less."

The butler stood rigid for a moment; then with a deep sigh and ashen face, clutched at the hall table and almost fell to the ground.

"Hold up, man," said the doctor, taking him by the arm.

"It's nothing, sir. Just a little faintness, that's all."

"I'm not so sure of that. Come into the dining-room and let's have a look at you." And the doctor led him into the room, unfastened his shirt and listened through his stethoscope for a minute or two.

"Look here, Finch," he said, when the brief examination was over, "your heart's not so strong as it might be. You must try and take things calmly for your own sake. I know it's a terrible blow to you, for you've served the Colonel a long time, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir, ever since I was his orderly, over forty years ago. We've been together, master and I, in camp and battle, in war and peace, and 'tis hard to think he's going to leave me now. Thank you, sir. . . . I'll try and remember what you've told me."

The doctor walked down the steps with a serious air, while Finch returned to his master's room, for the Colonel had his ruling passion of obstinacy strong in death, and would allow no other attendant at his bedside.

"Well, what did he say, Finch?" asked the sick man.

"He said you were very ill, sir," replied the old servant, standing in the stiffest attitude of "attention" at the foot of the bed.

"Was that all?"

The butler hesitated.

"I asked you, was that *all?*" repeated the Colonel in rather irritable tones. "There's not the slightest reason to keep anything from me. You and I have faced death together dozens of times, and you've never seen me flinch, thank God! Out with it, man; is it death in earnest this time?"

"Yes, sir," replied Finch in a husky voice, "that's what the doctor says."

"How long does he give me?" asked the Colonel.

"Two days," whispered the other.

"For certain?" demanded the Colonel sharply.

The butler shook his head.

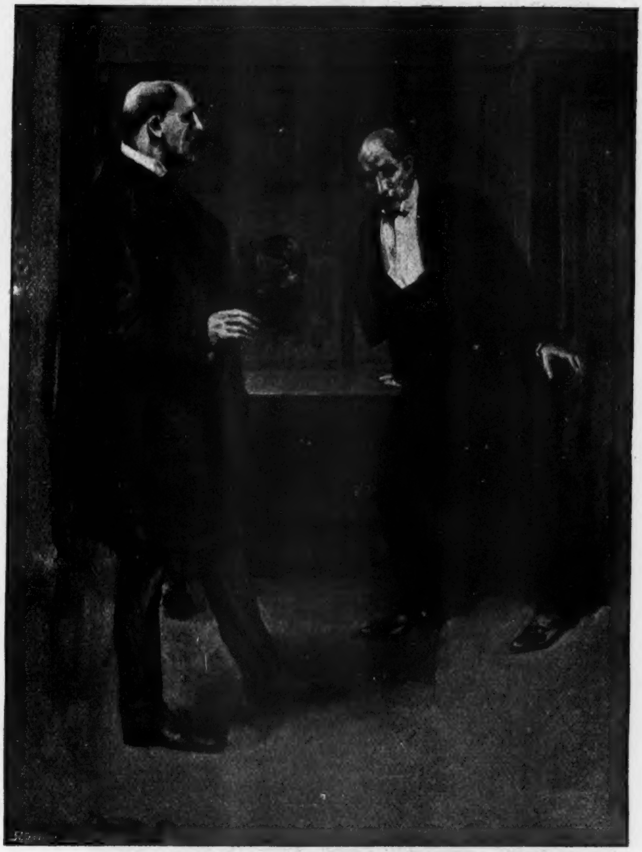
"May be less, eh?"

The man nodded.

"Thank God I'm ready, then . . . but I would have liked . . . I would have liked——"

"What, sir?" asked Finch.

"To have seen my son first," said the Colonel.



"'No, Finch, I am afraid I can hold out no hope'"

The old soldier at the foot of the bed started and turned pale.

"Yes, Finch, I mean it—in spite of all. You're as stern an old soldier as I am, but when your time comes to stand face to face with certain death, *then*, if you've time to think about it, Finch, you'll wish to see your daughter."

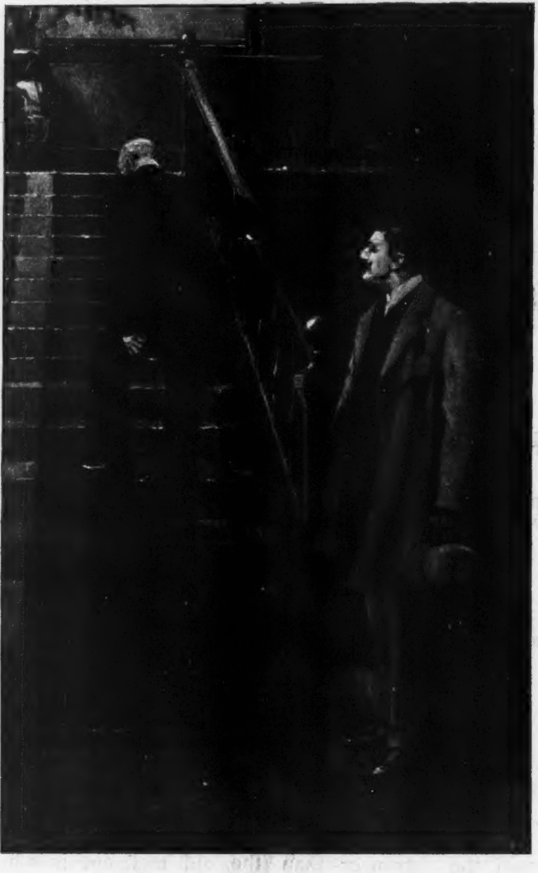
Finch sank into a chair and covered his face with his hands at these words. It was a subject to which his master had not referred for over five years—since he had thrown up his country house and come to live in a quiet street in Dullminster. Few knew of the secret bond of grief that bound the Colonel to his ex-orderly, a bond far stronger than the old regiment in which both had served. Finch had followed the

Colonel on his retirement from his regiment to serve him to the end. Master and man were both widowers; master and man both idolised an only child, the Colonel a son, his orderly a daughter. Finch and his daughter had been installed in the little lodge at the gate of the drive leading up to the old family house where the Colonel and his son resided.

"Boys will be boys," the Colonel had said to himself more than once after he had lectured his son on some fresh piece of extravagance in the way of horse-racing or roulette, but neither he nor Finch guessed what was going to happen, even when the Colonel began to be dunned for his son's debts, and Jessie Finch's bonny face lightened with a distinct blush when the young master came walking down the carriage drive.

But the storm broke in one day. A cheque for four figures came in from the bank, paid—a cheque with the Colonel's name on it glaring at him, though he had never signed it, a cheque which branded his son a *forger*. And Finch, when he returned from his duties at the house to the lodge that evening, found no Jessie to welcome him—only a note asking him to forget if he could not forgive her. Alas! the young master had robbed the Colonel of the family honour, and Finch of his daughter, in one and the same day.

"Finch," the Colonel had said, as the two men stood in the study at a late hour that night, for the butler had returned to tell his master, "I have lost a son and you a daughter. Let them never more be mentioned between us. We are two old soldiers, and we have learned how to bear pain, and this sort is best borne in silence."

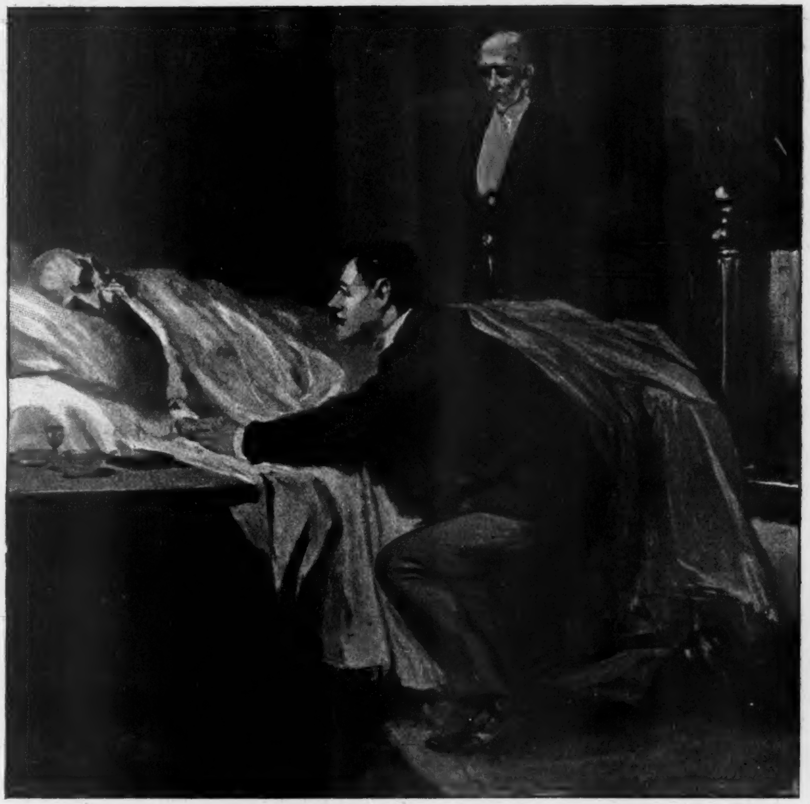

"'Very well, sir,' he replied, and went up the stairs"

A few months afterwards the Colonel let the old house and came to live at Dullminster, bringing with him his faithful factotum. He joined no club, rarely went into society, and generally when he took his regular walks abroad was followed by the stiff, ever military Finch—a veritable Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim.

And now, after five years of this quiet life, as he lay on his death-bed, the Colonel had suddenly brought up the old grief—never mentioned all that time.

He did not die that day. The faithful Finch sat up with him all night, and next morning, at a very early hour, stole softly downstairs to open the door in answer to a sudden knock. As he did so he started, for there, on the step outside, stood the Colonel's son.

"Is my father alive?" he asked with a tremulous voice as he entered the hall.



"The Colonel's son went down on his knees by his father's side and begged for forgiveness"

"He is, sir," said the butler, recovering himself with difficulty.

"Then I must see him at once," cried the young man, starting forward.

"Stop, sir," said Finch, standing in his way, "I must see first whether he is able and whether he is willing to see you."

"He can't refuse to see his son. Tell him I came at once, directly I knew he was ill—I have been travelling all night. Tell him I have come to ask his forgiveness."

The butler looked him up and down with a piercing gaze.

"Very well, sir," he replied, and went upstairs. The Colonel was awake and had heard the knock at the door.

"Sir," said the butler, "can you bear a shock?"

"What is it?" said the dying man; "not—not my son?"

"Your son, sir. He is waiting downstairs. He says he has come to ask your forgiveness."

"Thank God! . . . And yours, too, I hope. Let him come up before—before it's too late . . . and . . . Finch!"

"Sir?"

"You stop with us . . . and . . . but there, go and fetch him."

The old servant moved silently from the room, down the stairs, and motioned the Colonel's son to ascend. He drew back with a scarcely perceptible shiver as the young man passed him. Then, following, he went to the old spot at the foot of the bed and stood in the old stiff attitude, while the Colonel's son went down on his knees by his father's side and begged for forgiveness.

"My dear son—Harry . . . yes, yes, I forgive you," said the stern old warrior.

Then he motioned to Finch, who poured him out some medicine. A few more words passed between father and son, and then the former said in a low voice:

"Finch, come here. Listen. I made a fresh will five years ago . . . after . . . after you left me, Harry—leaving all to my niece, except a little pension for you, Finch. But even then I thought some day—some day, Harry, you'd come back, and ask forgiveness of your old father—and so I never destroyed the first will . . . the one that left you all, my boy, all except the same little pension to Finch. And now you've come, Harry! . . . Finch, you must forgive him too—but first—because I'm getting weaker . . . take my keys and go down to the library . . . the second drawer from the top on the right-hand side . . . a paper . . . my last will . . . dated the day after . . . you know, Finch! . . . Quick . . . bring it here."

Without a single word the butler darted downstairs, opened the drawer, and returned with the will. He had scarcely been gone five minutes, but even in that time there was a change. The shock of meeting his son had been too much for the Colonel. He was at his last.

"Finch . . . old friend . . . do you forgive him too? . . . if you do . . . burn the will."

The old soldier stooped down to his ear.

"Master, master! . . . I will do what you wish."

"Good-bye, Finch . . . I leave it with you . . . forgive him . . . if you can . . . Harry . . . God bless you!"

So the Colonel died. The two men stood on either side of the bed, Finch clutching the will in his trembling hand, a great lump rising in his throat. A problem confronted him.

"Master Harry," he said, "you heard what he asked. But how can I destroy the will now he's gone? It wouldn't be right. It's against the law."

"But, Finch," said the young man hoarsely, "he told you to destroy it—it's his dying wish—uttered with his last words."

"True," said the ex-orderly, turning half round towards the fire that was burning behind him. "God forgive me if I'm doing wrong in obeying orders . . . but," and he turned back towards the other as he put the question, "Master Harry, what . . . what has become of my daughter . . . of Jessie?"

The young man hesitated.

"Tell me the truth, sir—he asked me to forgive you—tell me the truth first!" His face was ghastly pale, and his lips quivering as he paused for the reply.

"She died three years ago," said the Colonel's son slowly.

"My God!" cried the old soldier, looking at the other for an instant. Then he suddenly threw up his arms, and fell across the body of his master—dead.

The returned prodigal quickly rushed to his prostrate form, felt his pulse carefully for a moment or two, half lifted his head, and looked at his face.

"Dead!" he ejaculated.

Then he coolly wrenched the document from Finch's hand and read it.

"Humph!" he muttered as he finished, "I came just in the nick of time. The governor hadn't even left me the proverbial shilling. However, it doesn't much matter now. Poor old Finch! Who would have thought an old soldier like him would have felt so much? Just as well, perhaps, it's happened, for he might have proved a bit awkward, whereas now——"

And he tossed the will into the fire and watched it change into ashes. Then he summoned the servants.

THE BOOK TRADE IN THE GOOD OLD TIMES

By FRANCES HEATH FRESHFIELD

OR, to be more explicit, in the period of the later Stuarts. The end of the century was to see the liberty of the Press. Newspapers were already a power, and the rage for discussing matters of State at the coffee-houses had become a theme for satirists. Yet the output of the wooden presses of those days must have been, according to our notions, ridicuously small. The number of master-printers in London was supposed to be limited to twenty; of journeymen to 140. White paper was not manufactured in England till 1690. The number of newspapers to be seen per week at the coffee-houses—each probably about a quarter the size of a single newspaper sheet of our day—was nine. Editor and author were one and the same person, usually resident in Grub Street, and employed at a starvation wage by the proprietor, publisher, and printer—also rolled into one, and also in anything but flourishing circumstances as a rule. The "penny public" could not yet read, and, worse than all, the Press laboured under the crushing disadvantage of a strict surveillance. Nevertheless, the swarm of authors, and the flood of pamphlet literature, provoked about as much comment as at present.

The body of workmen working in the same printing-house (exclusive of apprentices) formed an association with rules of its own, called "the chapel"; a name attributed by Thomas Gent, a printer of the early eighteenth century, to the fact that the first press was set up in Westminster Abbey. The name still survives, as does that of "father" or "foreman" of the "chapel"; and the thing also, very little altered in form. For a description of the quaint usages of seventeenth-century chapels we are indebted to Joseph Moxon, the great typographical authority of his time, and either a conscious or an unconscious humorist—it is not easy to say which. A penalty of a few pence for the general benefit, called a "solace," was attached to certain offences (such as swearing, fighting, giving the lie, or being drunk), and was assigned by a majority of votes; the supposition being that "the Chappel cannot err. But when any controversy is thus decided," continues the author, noting a remarkable fact, "it always ends in the good of the Chappel." If the delinquent refused to pay his solace, "they solaced him" with a severe thrashing. Anybody who was annoyed by one of his fellows might, with the consent of the chapel, have a solace imposed on payment of a few pence; and the instance suggested would command some sympathy among the neighbours of musical people. "If any of the workmen sing in the Chappel, he that is offended at it may, with the Chappel's consent, purchase a *1d.* or *2d.* Solace for any Workman's singing after the solace is made." A penny solace might very likely cost the purchaser sixpence; but it all went for "the good"—presumably to assuage the thirst—of the chapel; and in some cases revenge must have been sweet. "If some Compositor have, to affront a Pressman, put a wisp of hay into the Pressman's ball-racks, (compositors and pressman, by-the-bye, seem to have been each other's natural enemies), "if the Pressman cannot well brook this affront, he will lay *6d.* down on the correcting-stone, to purchase a solace of *12d.* upon him that did it; and the Chappel," continues the author, with innocent gravity, "cannot in justice refuse to grant it, because it tends to the good of the Chappel. And being granted, it becomes every member's duty to make what discovery he can; because it tends to the further good of the Chappel. And by this means it seldom happens but the aggressor is found out."

To be subject to time-honoured witticisms was evidently one of the penalties of a pressman's greatness; and the point of the "wisp of hay" is elucidated by the statement that pressmen were "jocosely," as our author explains, termed horses, "because of their labour," which was distinctly hard. Compositors, also "jocosely," were called galley-slaves, "because allusively they are, as it were, bound to their galleys." The pressman, therefore, when the wisp of hay palled upon him, could always stir the passions of a compositor by asking him "whether he had news of such and such a galley at sea"; but the penalty of a solace was righteously exacted for these perpetrations, even from unlucky strangers coming into the chapel. "And such strangers," observes Mr. Moxon, "were commonly sent by some who knew the customs of the Chappel, and had a mind to put a trick on strangers"; which does not seem impossible. Suffering in common as they did from the primitive humorist, the pressmen and compositors should have been drawn together; but instead, one reads only of a spiteful arrangement by which, if either compositor or pressman kept the other waiting, he should pay for the lost time of his colleague at the rate of ordinary wages.

The admission of a new apprentice or journeyman to the chapel was of course an opportunity both for fees and other pleasant usages. Thomas Gent on his admission underwent a mock ceremony of knighthood, receiving the impressive title of "Lord High Admiral over all the bogs in Ireland," and others which do credit to somebody's invention. Whether a workman entered the chapel or left it, or was bound an apprentice or made free of the trade, when he became a husband, or when he became a father—he paid something for the good of the chapel. The annual renewal by the workmen of the paper windows of the printing-house was the signal for a dinner to be given them by the master-printer; and the new windows, it is needless to observe, appeared every autumn with unfailing regularity, whether wanted or not. The dinner, however, was also the signal for the men to begin working by candlelight, which may, to some extent, have restrained their enthusiasm.

Benjamin Franklin, on passing from the press-room to the composing-room of a London printing-house, objected to paying the half-crown demanded by custom, which, as he drank no beer, seems reasonable; but his life was afterwards made a burden to him by a series of mishaps to himself and his tools, unanimously referred to the agency of the chapel ghost, which, he was assured, "ever haunted those not regularly admitted." The antics of this discriminating goblin, however, presumably ceased when Franklin succeeded in persuading some of the men to adopt his views. The reform seems to have been needed. "My companion at the press drank every day a pint before breakfast, a pint at breakfast with his bread and cheese, a pint between breakfast and dinner, a pint at dinner, a pint in the afternoon about six o'clock, and a pint when he had done his day's work." What did he do with the evening, one wonders? did he while it away by the assistance of sundry other "pints"? The whole chapel was astonished at the strength of the water-drinker, and Franklin succeeded in introducing among them the custom of breakfasting on porridge, instead of beer, bread, and cheese. The beer-drinkers, on the frequent occasions when their credit at the ale-house was exhausted—or, as they put it, "their light was out"—used to get him to go surety for them. "I watched the pay table," he says, "on Saturday night, and collected what I stood engaged for them." Some light is thrown on the application of chapel money by the fact that "we had an ale-house boy who attended always in the house to supply the workmen," and by the distinctive privilege of the "father of the Chappel," who "drinks first of Chappel drink." One fears that the fine for getting drunk was imposed with a single eye to "the good of the Chappel." Possibly the definition of drunkenness was a liberal one, or the solaces may not have been very strictly exacted. There was a solace for fighting but Thomas Gent gives a cheerful account of a fight between himself and a brother apprentice in the printing-house—in several departments, in fact, of the printing-house; for, beginning at the top among the compositors' frames, they fell downstairs into the press-room, and again by the same method arrived eventually in the kitchen, in which last descent "the paper-bank tumbled after us for company." Flights of stairs were then probably shorter than now, and Mr. Gent mentions no unpleasant consequences, and does not so much as hint at the solace. As to the penalty for giving the lie, a way out of that was soon found; the compositor evidencing his unbelief by rapping with his composing stick on his case, and the pressman knocking the handles of his ball sticks together.

The results of the work carried on among these genial surroundings were not quite what one expects to-day. Errata swarmed, even in Bibles. Field, who printed the Pearl Bible—a dwarf edition—substituted "ye" for "we" in Acts vi. 3, in consequence, it is said—though let us hope only by the ill-natured—of an arrangement with the Independents, who wished to have the sanction of Holy Writ in appointing their own pastors, and paid the printer £1500 for this simple piece of assistance. He in his turn apparently bought the connivance of the authorities. One Bible contained faults to the number of 6000. The Prayer Book was printed with type so worn as to be illegible; but then it was, as the printer pointed out, a book which everybody ought to know by heart. Books and pamphlets constituted almost the entire work of the printer. There were no public meetings to be announced on printed papers or posters; it was better, even if there was occasion for it, to appeal through the town crier to a population of whom so few could read; and advertisements, therefore, were of no practical importance. Still, a certain amount of jobbing work was done. Evelyn, when robbed on a journey, had 500 tickets printed, presumably for exposure in shop windows or other prominent places, and the robber was eventually captured. During the winter of 1684, when the Thames was frozen over, a press was set up on the river, and it became the rage to have one's name printed on the ice; a fashion by which, at sixpence a name, it was said the printer made £5 a day.

The sale of such literature as had any bearing on politics was regarded by the Governments of Charles II. and James II. somewhat as temperance reformers now regard the liquor traffic. Nor was the attitude of the authorities so preposterous as it seems to us. It had been the traditional privilege of Ministers to act in strict privacy, undisturbed by meddlers who could not understand the course of affairs. They were now exposed to a fire of that criticism which is the hardest of all to meet—ignorant criticism. The expert had to act under the eyes of those who, because they read unreliable information with avidity, thought themselves fully informed, and whose opinion was backed by votes, and could not be disregarded. The statesman had not yet had time to see that the true way out of his difficulty was to "educate his masters," or that the publication of news, regarded with so much fear and dislike, was the best of educational agents. The newspaper was in the end to solve the problem which it had created, but one cannot be surprised that the first solution which occurred to the authorities was the suppression of the newspaper.

The trade was thus, in the nature of things, under suspicion. The licensing power was theoretically distributed among several persons, but was, in fact, concentrated in the hands of one, and was frankly used for the benefit of the governing party. Messengers of the Press, by a very bad system, were frequently interested in the book trade, and the booksellers complained that they used their power to remove their own rivals or those of their friends. The simplest, surest, and quickest way to publish undisturbed was, of course, to make a present to the Licenser or one of the messengers, who doubtless came to consider that this tribute was rightfully due to them from the whole trade. The fate of the man who relied more on his integrity than his guineas was probably a hard one. The messengers had it in their power to inflict endless annoyance, if only by the right of making search. Even when nothing suspicious was found, the blunders made in confiscating the wrong books—intentional blunders, as the booksellers hinted—caused great loss and inconvenience. The bookseller might be innocent, but the task of proving his innocence was always expensive in money and time, and—the administration of justice being what it was in that age—often impossible. Licensers, on the other hand, complained, probably not without reason, that they found their signatures affixed to pamphlets they had never seen—the temptation to a bookseller, who must have known that the Licenser could not possibly keep pace with what was produced, was no doubt a great one—that it was not offenders against the Government, but against the private interest of the officials, who were punished; that wealthy sinners seldom failed to come off unscathed (Mr. Lestrange had not had time to receive many presents when he wrote that); that stationers had private warehouses in which they concealed unlicensed goods; that the multiplicity of private presses "made many printers, who must either do secret work or starve"; and that the trade maintained a regular system of intelligence abroad under false names and private tokens. A price, in their correspondence, was "a marque," an impression of so many dozen figured as so many pairs of gloves; and the unhappy messenger, though he confiscated their letters, could never be even with them. Some of his troubles provoke more amusement than sympathy. One bookseller, objecting to have his shop searched, under a general warrant, went so far as to talk of the liberties of the subject, and even mentioned Magna Charta, "on purpose," as the messenger deposed in a burst of injured feeling, "to discourage me from doing my duty."

Lestrange, when made Licenser, set forth some proposals for dealing with the noxious trade which, if somewhat ferocious, are businesslike and well reasoned, and from his point of view the only logical ones. He would include among those responsible for a book not merely the author and publisher, but every person concerned in its production and distribution, down to the joiner who made the press and the hackney coachman who conveyed copies about the town. He strongly advocates forcing the persons involved to betray each other, and offering rewards for information, "*the transaction to be as secret as the informer may desire.*" The system is now rightly regarded as a hateful one, but it must be remembered that it obtained in all departments at that period and probably formed the only resource of a Government without organised police. The authorities must have depended much more than now on the public for the enforcement of any law, and it is difficult to see how the public were to be stirred up to take the trouble of giving information for nothing. Books were to bear the printer's name, and not to be ante-dated; stationers to declare their warehouses; the number of presses to be strictly limited; printers thrown out of work to be compensated out of fines; and any one having an unlicensed book in his possession to be held responsible for it. Such proposals were reasonable under the existing law, and might have effected their object if carried out with energy and disinterestedness; but neither of these qualities was to be discovered in the system as it worked at the period, and though no objection was raised to it on the ground of principle, it proved itself in matters of detail both intolerable and absurd, and soon after the end of Lestrange's tenure of office it became a thing of the past. It was clear enough that the amount of work which could be read and licensed by half-a-dozen licensers at the outside could not be sufficent to meet the demands of the public, and that consequently it was folly to expect that unlicensed work would not be produced. But neither the Licenser nor the booksellers complained that the system was essentially a bad one. The Licenser probably thought that all books except those in which he himself had an interest ought to be improved off the face of the earth. The booksellers found fault, not with the licensing system, but with the endless vexations which it was in the power of petty officials to inflict. It was not, as Macaulay justly remarks, the arguments of Milton which produced the liberty of the Press. It was the indignation caused by "the law's delay" and "the insolence of office." In 1694 the Act which established the Licenser's office was not renewed, and the Press was thenceforth nominally free. Prosecutions for libel, however, were still so frequent, and political publications were so jealously watched, that the liberty was probably at first little more than a name. The proceedings of the House of Commons remained sacred for another seventy years, and reporting even then began rather to exist on sufferance than to be acknowledged as a right. But the reporting of parliamentary debates would take us far beyond our subject and our period.

WILLIAM II., GERMAN EMPEROR

By ANGLO-GERMAN

WILLIAM II., German Emperor, the subject of this sketch, is probably the most striking personality among the sovereigns of continental Europe, all the more so that he appears to combine in himself all the qualities of the races of his father and mother, the Hohenzollerns and the Guelphs. From the former he takes his earnestness of purpose, his determination to carry his ideas into execution, his military ardour, and his theories of autocracy and divine right, but these are modified by his far-seeing liberal views, his political wisdom, his devotion to sports and exercises, his love of art, and his passion for the sea which he has inherited with his mother's English blood. Almost it would seem as if he were a man selected and formed by Divine Providence to develop, extend, and solidify the great Empire built up by blood and iron by his grandfather, and to lead it out of the narrow views and methods induced by centuries of political disintegration and internecine warfare.

Born on January 27, 1859, in the "Crown Prince's Palace," as it is best known at Berlin, as the eldest son of Prince Frederick William of Prussia and Victoria, Princess Royal of Great Britain and Ireland, the little Prince William's life opened inauspiciously, for by an accident at his birth his left arm was permanently weakened, and it is no small tribute to his energy of character that throughout life he has overcome the consequent disadvantages by constant exercise. Under the fostering care of his English mother, who encouraged him in all manly sports and exercises, and personally taught him his letters, the little Prince grew up, and in 1866 was placed together with his brother, Prince Henry, under the care of Dr. Hinzpeter as tutor, to whose strict teaching both princes owe much. As military governor, after two others had been tried, Major-General von Gottberg was appointed, and under him the earlier military studies of the two princes were carried out. On his tenth birthday, following the custom of all Prussian princes, Prince William first donned uniform and was appointed to the 1st Foot Guards, but his education in the schoolroom and playground was continued as before, and as a soldier he only took part in great reviews. In 1873 the two princes, still under the care of Dr. Hinzpeter and General von Gottberg, joined the "Gymnasium" at Cassel, when they were treated the same as the other students. The boy is father to the man, and at school Prince William distinguished himself by his devotion to literature, poetry, and music, and by his ceaseless industry in all subjects. On January 25, 1872, he passed his final examination, and on his eighteenth birthday was declared of age and invested with the Order of the Black Eagle.

On February 9 following, he joined the 1st Foot Guards for duty, but his military career was soon interrupted by a course of study at Bonn University, still with Dr. Hinzpeter as tutor, which began in the autumn of the same year. The Prince took part in all the joyous life of a "Corps-student" and was a member of the "Corps Borussia." It was during his stay at the university that the attempt on the life of the venerable Emperor was made by the Socialist Nobiling, and from this time dates the firm determination on the part of the Emperor to stamp out the growing evil of social democracy with all its attendant revolutionary tendencies. In 1879 Prince William made the acquaintance at Primkenau in Silesia of Princess Victoria Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein. Acquaintance soon ripened into love, and on February 27, 1881, they were married in Berlin. It is characteristic of the Emperor that when, on this day, his own company was detailed as guard of honour at the palace, he marched it there, and half-an-hour before the ceremony handed the command over to his first lieutenant "as he was otherwise engaged," and proceeded to take his place as bridegroom. The young couple took up residence at Potsdam in the "Town Palace," but at the end of 1881, when the Prince was promoted Major and transferred to the Guard Hussars, they moved to the "Marble Palace," where on May 6, 1882, their eldest son, Prince Frederick William, was born.

During this time Prince William not only attended to his military duties, but also took daily lessons for two hours from Minister von Achenbach, President of Brandenburg, in political economy, and attended the various sittings of the governing bodies. Foreign policy he learned from Prince Bismarck, who was so impressed with the uncommon abilities of the Prince that at the time he expressed the opinion that "one day he would be Emperor and Chancellor of the Empire in one person"—a prophecy the fulfilment of which set in sooner than the "man of blood and iron" thought or found agreeable.

In 1884 Prince William made his first official journey abroad as representative of the Emperor at the coming of age of the Tsarevitch at St. Petersburg, and in the following year he was appointed to the command of the Guard Hussars. As a commanding officer the Prince was extremely strict with his officers, and a good story is told of how he stamped out gambling amongst them. Several, among them a Prince R., belonged to a club in Berlin where play was very high, and of this Prince William ordered them to resign their membership. Prince R. complained to the old Emperor, who hinted to Prince William that he was perhaps going a little too far. "Am I in command of the Guard Hussars or not?" asked the Prince. "Certainly!" was the reply. "Then, while

(From a photograph by M. Zeisler, Berlin)

THE EMPEROR AND HIS FAVOURITE CHARGER

I am its Colonel, I permit no gambling among my officers!" came the firm declaration. The Emperor afterwards told Prince R. that he "had spoken to the Prince, but the Colonel would not alter his decision."

In 1887 Prince William attended with his parents the Queen's Jubilee in London, and on the 27th January, 1888, he was promoted to Major-General and given the command of the second infantry brigade of the Guard. It was his last military command, and it is commemorated by a touching picture in the royal palace at Berlin, in which the Emperor Frederick III., seated in a carriage and already at the gates of death, is holding the only review ever attended by him as Emperor, that of his son's brigade of infantry. On the 9th March, 1888, the Emperor William I. died: on the 15th June his son, the Emperor Frederick III., followed him, and Prince William ascended the throne as William II.

Such was, in brief, the life of the Emperor before coming to the throne, which he ascended at a time when the outlook for Germany was dark and troubled. The old Emperor and his noble son were gone, socialism and other revolutionary forces were at work within, on the eastern and western frontiers powerful armies were being massed by nations who were believed to be only awaiting a favourable moment to throw off the guise of friendship, and the reins of the State were in the inexperienced hands of a monarch of twenty-nine years of age whose tastes were pronouncedly military. But the world at large knew not the nature of the new Kaiser, who in a short time falsified all the gloomy forecasts, seized the paramount power with a firm hand, introduced legislation calculated to remove discontent, attended to the needs of his army so as to perfect it as a fighting machine and consequently as the best guarantee of peace, by his visits to foreign Courts brought about better understandings, and throughout declared that peace and prosperity for his country were the great objects of his efforts. Let us now consider a few of the characteristics of the many-sided nature of William II.

The Emperor is never happier than when in the midst of his family, now consisting of six sons and a daughter, to which he devotes all his spare time, and a charming sight it is to see the Emperor and Empress with their handsome children, especially at family festivals such as birthdays and Christmas. The latter is always spent at Potsdam, and is the great festival of the year: a large tree, loaded with presents, being arranged for each member of the family, and in the same hall tables being laid out with presents for each member of the household. The Empress—who takes little or no part in political life, the Emperor being credited with pronounced views upon the duties of the female sex as restricted to their home affairs—is devoted to her children, and in sickness or health has never been separated from them till the two eldest princes joined the cadet house at Ploen. She, as well as the Emperor, attends personally to their lessons, and encourages them in every form of exercise, gymnastics, rowing, riding, music, and gardening, and they repay her with a devotion which is touching to witness. The princes are brought up very strictly according to plan, rising early, and after early breakfast with their parents having three hours' lessons, followed by breakfast at eleven. Various exercises precede the midday meal, and lessons again take three hours in the afternoon. Supper at eight is followed by bed at nine, and rarely is anything allowed to interfere with this programme.

The amount of daily work got through by the Emperor is stupendous, and can only be overtaken by a strict division of time. Rising very early both summer and winter, after a light breakfast he betakes himself to his working-room and devotes the whole forenoon to business. As he said in his speech to the Landtag on June 27, 1888, he is the first servant of the State, and assuredly he is one of the hardest worked men in it The correspondence addressed to the Emperor is enormous, but the bulk of it, chiefly petitions, is opened and dealt with in the Civil Cabinet, only the letters of princely personages and others of which the handwriting is recognised being opened by him personally. These have to be replied to either by himself or by secretaries, according to marginal notes made by him, and then the cuttings from various newspapers, pasted in folios, are laid before him. Each of the chief Ministers of State and heads of departments of the army and navy has one or two fixed days of the week on which he is received by the Emperor, and at these interviews all business connected with their department is transacted

(From a photograph by M. Zeisler, Berlin)

A SHOOTING PARTY

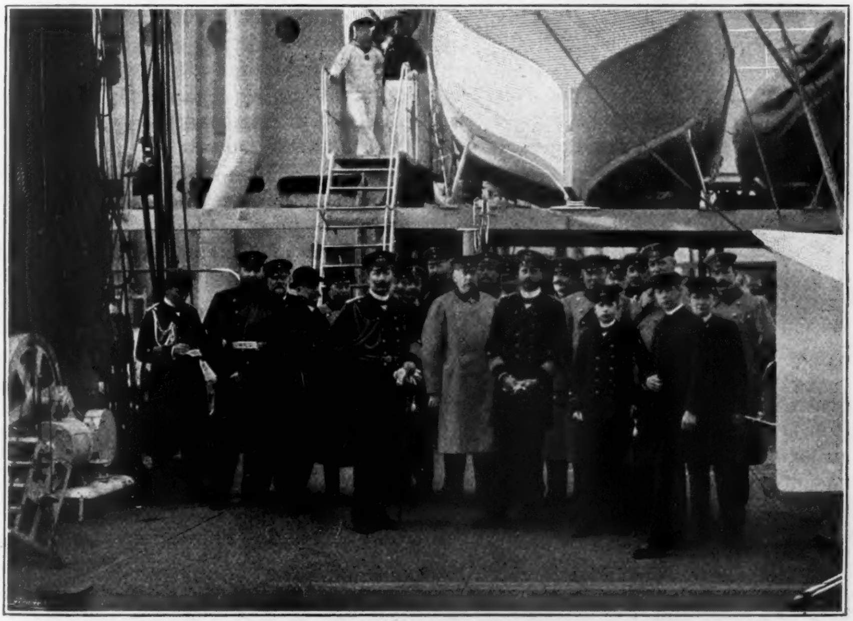
(From a photograph by M. Zeisler, Berlin)

AT THE MANŒUVRES

and his orders taken on all matters requiring such. Various interviews are also accorded in the forenoon to officers and others who have reports to make, and thus the day is filled up till luncheon, a meal the Emperor always takes with the Empress and his elder children, the younger ones joining the circle afterwards. Usually there are one or two guests and quite a small suite in attendance at the midday meal, which is light and very simple. The afternoon is taken up with more work, and then the Emperor, frequently accompanied by the Empress, rides, drives, or plays tennis for a couple of hours, returning in time for more work before dinner, which is at seven in summer and eight in winter. Work again follows dinner and precedes an early retirement to bed. Such is the normal programme of the Emperor's day; but, as may be imagined, it is frequently broken in upon by military duties and inspections, by representations, especially in winter, when numerous receptions, balls, festivals, concerts, and state dinners take place, and by political business.

Grave and stern to outward appearance, the Emperor is by nature not really so. He loves to joke and laugh with his friends and to hear a good story, and is always ready with kindly banter for those he knows well or likes. He is seen at his best in regimental officers' messes, where he has a kind word for all, and his knowledge of the families of many of his officers is remarkable. Himself no mean artist, as evidenced in his well-known published drawings of the German Michael and Europe in Arms, he rejoices in the society of painters and sculptors, and Werner and Mentzel the historical painters, Saltzmann the marine painter, Angeli the portrait painter, Kossak the battle painter, Begas and Schott the sculptors are welcome guests at the palace, and frequently have the honour of visits in their studios. To the Emperor's artistic tastes are due the renovation of the Royal Palace in Berlin, and the adornment of the Sieges Allee with a magnificent series of white marble groups representing the sovereigns of Brandenburg and Prussia, with the leading men of their reigns. Music and the theatre also claim him as a patron and admirer, and, himself a composer, he has done much to revive the taste for old German and Dutch music; indeed, a melody of the latter, a beautiful hymn known in German as "Wir treten zu beten zu Gott dem gerechten" is said to be the Emperor's favourite, and it is certainly performed before him on numerous occasions.

In his political actions the Emperor displays strong character, the highest degree of energy and tenacity, and the most absolute belief in himself and his mission. Perhaps the best proof of his fearless independence of judgment was his dismissal of Prince Bismarck in 1890, which with the great reputation possessed by that statesman in his own and other countries, and the great services he had rendered in the foundation of the Empire, must have required no small amount of moral courage. The eventual cause of the quarrel was the Prince's objection to the right of Ministers to approach the Emperor personally and not through him, but there were numerous other points on which the liberal-minded Emperor and his reactionary Chancellor differed in matters of internal policy, and a *modus vivendi* was no longer possible. The Iron Chancellor retired into private life, and the record of a great career has been marred by the manner in which subsequent advances of friendship on the part of the Emperor were received, and by the posthumous publication of memoirs better consigned to oblivion. Since 1890 the Emperor has practically been his own Foreign Minister, and his leading motive has been the preservation of peace in Europe, the best guarantee of which he believes to be a strong and united Germany. Thus while cementing and upholding by every possible means the Triple Alliance, he has striven to gain and maintain the friendship of Russia, and has let no occasion slip of trying to heal old sores, and, while asserting that Germany can never give up what she has won, assuage the enmity of France. Towards England and her venerable ruler the Emperor has always had the most friendly feelings, and if at times during his reign a press war has been carried on between the



(From a photograph by M. Zeisler, Berlin)

THE EMPEROR ON BOARD A MAN-O'-WAR

two countries, we may be sure that it was regretted by none more than the ruler of Germany.

A King of Prussia is, by tradition, first of all a soldier; William II. forms no exception to the rule, and from his earliest years has shown a marked predilection and aptitude for military duties. On his accession, he wrote in his proclamation to the army: "So we belong to one another—I and the army. We are born for one another and we shall stand indissolubly fast together; may God's will give us peace or storm. You will now swear the oath of fidelity and obedience to me, and I swear always to remember that the eyes of my ancestors are looking down on me from on high, and that I shall have to account to them for the renown and honour of the army." The oath has been well kept, and no branch of the public service has received more attention from the Emperor than the army, not only as regards its training, organisation, and equipment, but also as regards its *morale*, as may be seen from his orders as regards the training of cadets, the choice of officers, the abolition of duelling, and the treatment of the men, and the high tone of honour and devotion to duty which he constantly inculcates in his addresses to officers and men. In inspections of troops in all stages of their training he is unwearied, and not only the troops of the Guard at Berlin and Potsdam, but also those of the line in their various garrisons, are constantly visited by him. The apogee of his military year is formed by the Imperial Manœuvres held before him, in which large masses of men are always engaged. At them he frequently takes command of one side, and in this position his orders are said to be distinguished by extreme clearness and appropriateness. But it is as a leader of cavalry, the quick movements of which appeal to his energetic, go-ahead temperament, that William II. is most in his element, and at the manœuvres he frequently takes personal command of a large body of this arm and manœuvres it with consummate skill. Of military history he is a profound student, and in this study he is greatly assisted by a most retentive memory for details. Every winter, a war game, extending over several days, is played at the palace in Berlin, the Emperor taking one side and the Chief of the General Staff, or other high officer, acting as umpire-in-chief, and the tactical training of the army has much to thank the Sovereign for in the example he sets in the study of this useful means of instruction.

The Emperor's English blood comes out strongly in his devotion to the sea and all pertaining to it. His long sea voyages to northern latitudes, and his frequent attendances at sailing and other regattas, provide him with much-needed relaxation and change of air, and it is thanks to him, and to him alone, that the empire is beginning to wake up to the necessity of a navy in proportion to its importance among the Great Powers and to its rapidly increasing trade. With far-seeing wisdom, and thanks to his study of British naval history, he long ago recognised this, and in word and deed he never ceases to urge its importance upon his subjects, who, as a rule, are slow to receive new impressions, and have not as a body yet realised the true sources of power. His grasp of technical naval matters, as evinced to several members of the British Society of Naval Architects in their visit to him at Potsdam in 1896, is marvellous even to professional men; and when, in 1897, the question of an increase of the navy came before the Reichstag, there was nothing which tended more to convince waverers than the graphic tables of the comparative strengths of the several navies drawn up by his own hand accurately to scale, and circulated to members. And not alone the navy, but the commercial marine of Germany, gains by the fostering care of the Emperor, and among the places in his dominions which he visits most frequently are the main emporiums of German over-sea trade, the old Hanse towns of Hamburg and Bremen, where some of his most telling speeches in matters naval have been delivered.

No notice of the German Emperor would be complete without mention being made of his prowess with the gun and rifle, for it is in the chase that he finds his chief relaxation in winter. Besides the royal forests near Berlin, he has extensive shootings at Rominten Hubertusstock, Letzlingen, Königs Wüsterhausen, Göhrde, and Springe, and all these he visits in turn at the proper season, besides attending shooting parties over the grounds of private persons. Despite his disabled left arm he is an unerring shot, and his bag in the first twenty-five years during which he has been shooting is stated to have amounted to 33,967 head of game. Among the members of the Court and the high nobility it is considered one of the greatest marks of distinction to be given the right to wear the Imperial shooting costume of grey and green, and to take part in the Court *battues*.

Here we must close this imperfect account of one of the most interesting figures of the present time in the hope that it may help to make the German Emperor better understood among his mother's people.

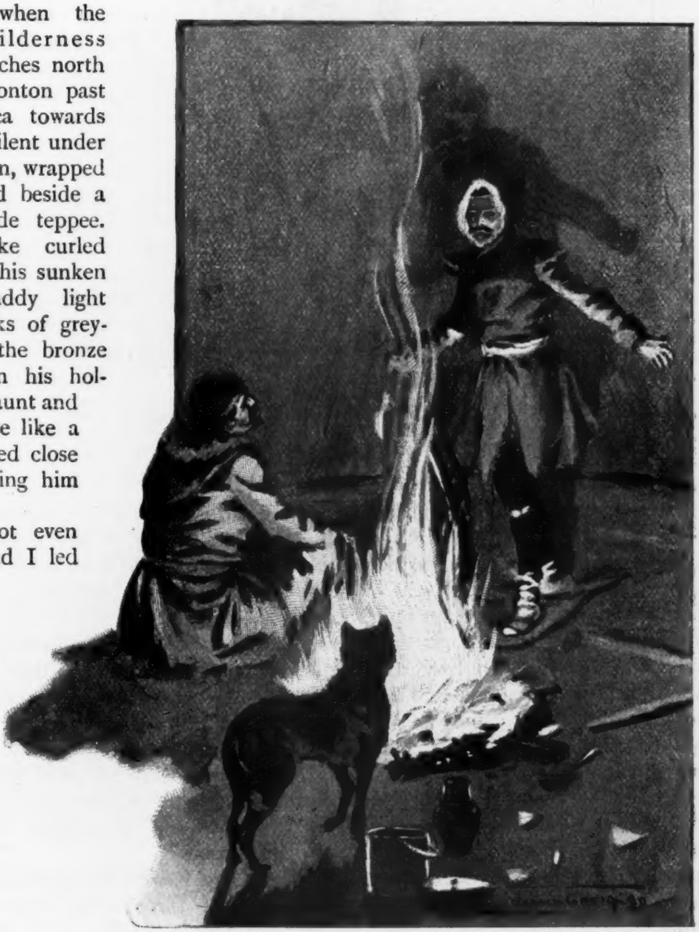
IN THE NORTH-WEST

By HAROLD BINDLOSS

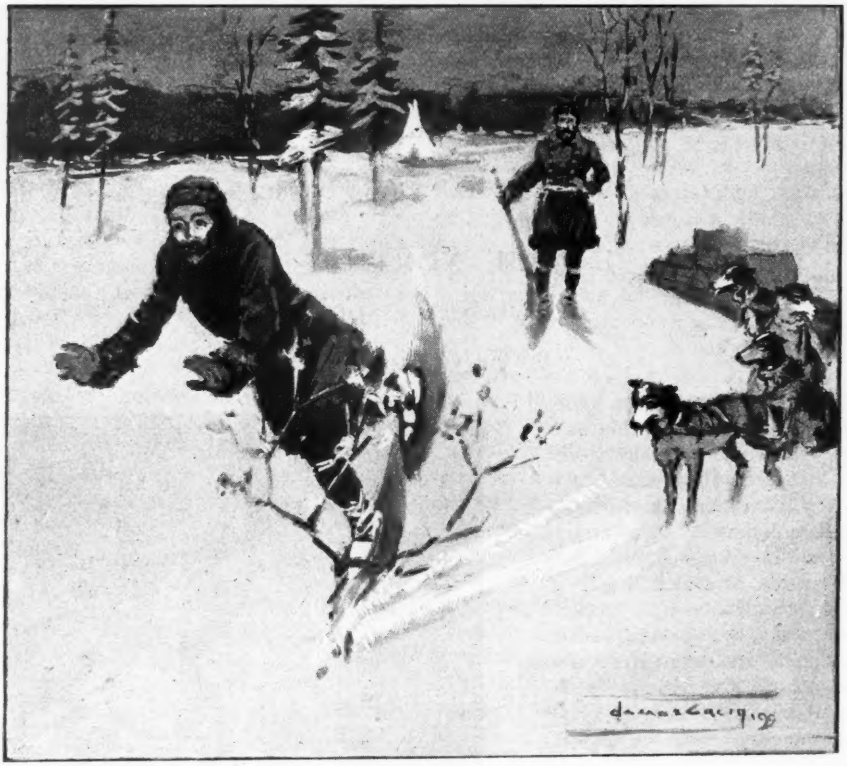
ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES GREIG

ONE night when the lonely wilderness which stretches north from Edmonton past the firs of Athabasca towards the barren lands lay silent under the snow, a white man, wrapped in fur robes, crouched beside a fire in a musk-ox-hide teppee. The resinous smoke curled round him, smarting his sunken eyes, and the ruddy light showed curious streaks of greyness mingling with the bronze of the snow-glare on his hollow cheeks; while a gaunt and starving creature more like a wolf than a dog nestled close in to his side watching him pitifully.

"I can't do it, not even for Charlie's sake, and I led him into this," he said, laying down the Winchester rifle which rested on his knee. "No, we have marched too far together, poor old Coureur, and there would be little to eat on you." Then raising a strip of the ox-hide, he looked out into the night.



"'There's no living thing in this country except you and me"



"One evening his snow shoes caught in a twig"

Above, the vault of azure was pointed with lambent stars ranged one behind the other through a long perspective of infinite space, while far beneath the nearest the Streamers of the North leapt up from horizon to zenith, and flamed back, green and blue and crimson, to the horizon again. Below, the dwarf firs were silhouetted in silver-filigree as the strange fires came and went, and the snowbound breadth of river shimmered with many-coloured radiance where it flung back the pulsating light. It was weird, unearthly, majestic, but only spoke of death, for leagues of desolation rolled south towards the open prairie that leads to Edmonton—muskeg, lake, and river one plain of untrodden white.

By-and-by a dusky figure came through the scattered spruce, and, shaking the snow dust from a rifle, entered the teppee, saying hopelessly, "Nothing—not even a timber wolf—there's no living thing in this country except you and me, and we won't be alive very long."

"Charlie," answered the other, "there's only one thing to do. We'll divide the few last handfuls, and you will start for the south—you may find an Indian encampment somewhere on the way. You are young, and there may be good fortune before you. I have played my game—and lost it; but there's no use grumbling when the reckoning comes."

Charlie Clayton made no reply, but stared out through the opening with longing eyes turned south, a fierce struggle going on within him, until he flung the hide strip to, saying, "No—there is not one chance in ten, and I am weak in sentiment, but it is not quite the thing as an Englishman to leave you helpless. We must wait and see what happens—perhaps some H. B. voyager may turn up by-and-by."

"More likely some hungry timber wolves," answered the other with a mirthless laugh, though when the two men's eyes met both were satisfied. Next Clayton stretched himself on the furs in silent apathy, and heard the spruce boughs crackle under the frost, while his thoughts went back to the time when, full of hope and energy, he entered the prairie land. Then there was a frozen wheat crop, followed by a season of drought, and he had invested all that was left him in a fur-trading venture which led him into the North. What his partner Morrison's past had been Clayton never knew, but he was evidently used to the business, a fearless, determined man, cynical and self-confident, and, like other wandering adventurers, of good education too. The expedition prospered, even in a region where the free-lance traders meet keen opposition from the agents of the Hudson Bay Company, and it was with two well-loaded dog sleighs that they set out from a little Continental mission on the last long stage to the south. Charlie remembered that morning very vividly, for the grizzled Frenchman who dwelt in solitude there had vainly tried to persuade them to traverse a better-known route.

Morrison laughed at the warning, and, referring to a matter they had discussed the night before, answered jestingly, "This is a world of material things, and if you know the causes you can calculate the result—there's nothing can stop the foreseeing man if he has the means in hand. The present case is an instance: you believe our journey is dangerous; I have proved it safe—so many pounds of provisions, so many days' march, and then we strike the caribou on their journey south."

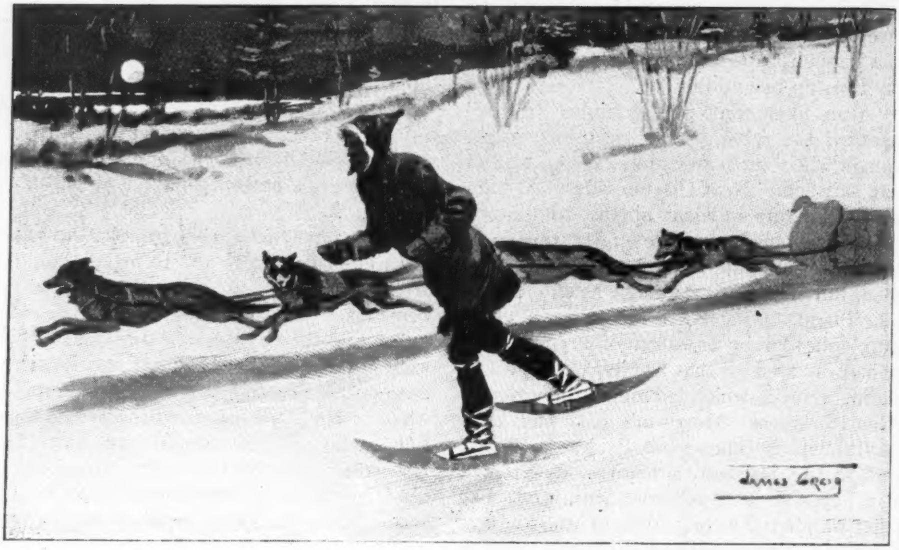
"The mistake is," said the grey-haired teacher, "that you leave the chief factor out, and some day the neglected quantity will reverse your sure result," and with a wave of his mittened hand Morrison started his teams away.

For two weeks all went smoothly, as Morrison had figured it would, and then as they pitched camp in a muskeg one evening his snowshoe caught in a twig. He stumbled over it laughing, but his face contracted when he got up again, and next morning Clayton, who had harnessed the dogs, found him sitting curiously still in the teppee.

"It is really too ridiculous," he said. "A tiny piece of birch twig to upset the whole thing so—but I cannot stand upon my feet. A trifling sinew or something has gone behind the knee."

That commenced the trouble, for they had to sacrifice many furs to make room for Morrison, and even then the dog teams were taxed heavily. The snow was also softer, and the day's march dwindled to half what it should have been. Provisions had been cut down, and now decreased rapidly, while with the fear of starvation before them the Indian packers would not wait, but hurried on towards the south, promising to send assistance if they found food on the way. Then the dogs perished one by one, and Clayton had to haul at the traces himself, until with but a few morsels of food in hand they lay that night in the teppee, staring death in the face. So the long panorama of weary march and lonely camp rolled through the young man's brain, until the pain of hunger vanished at the touch of sleep, while his comrade stared into the fire-light with reddened, hopeless eyes.

About this time it happened that Kenneth Mackenzie, agent of the all-powerful H. B. C. sat in his moss-caulked log house beside a glowing stove. Kenneth was grim of aspect, with eyes which the Indians feared, and a power of caustic language that hid a kindly heart. His business was to purchase peltries for powder, tobacco, and tea, and when possible to edge out intruders from the preserves of the Hudson Bay. The room glowed with warmth and comfort, there were books as well as guns upon the wall, while outside the spruce firs were splitting in the intense frost. Presently there rose a howl from the sleigh dogs, followed by a guttural Indian shout, and some one pounded on the door while the agent rose to his feet. When he threw it open an object which resembled a Polar bear, so thick were the caribou wrappings powdered with dusty snow, stumbled across the threshold, and stood there gasping for breath, for the shock of en-



"Running a race with hunger for a rival's life"

tering a heated room fresh from the northland frost tries the strength of the strongest man.

Then shaking off the wrappings the object resolved itself into a half-starved Dogrib Indian holding a strip of birch bark in his mittened hand. This, he said, was a letter of much importance, and true to his peddling nature demanded sundry pounds of tea before he gave it up. But the agent was also a trader, and a Scotchman, too, and with native diplomacy desired to read it first. At last the bargain was settled, and the hungry Dogrib handed the strip across with details how it had been given him by two Indian packers on the march.

Kenneth read it hurriedly, then wrinkling his brows, said half aloud, "Morrison crippled an' stairvin'—weel, he has found it dangerous to meddle with this trade. Still, it's no the thing for a Christian man to let another starve. Malcolm's at the Garou Lake, Eau Claire at Juniper Camp; it's a sair an' wearisome journey, but I must go myself. Pierre, ye'll feed this Dogrib, an' keep him aff the store."

Half-an-hour later, with a double team of pack dogs tugging at the sleigh and the white dust whirling behind, Kenneth swept down the incline out of Sapin Rouge. When presently he cried the hauling cry and a long howl went up, a group of drowsy Indians grunted as they stared out of their teppee at the muffled whitened figure and the line of panting dogs which raced past them out of the night and vanished into the snow. They were born in the northland, but there were few among them who could travel faster or farther than the keeper of the post. On the level the snow was looser, or the way cumbered by fallen trunks and dwarf junipers as they traversed a frozen muskeg, and here Kenneth sank to the knee of his mocassins, for the snow-shoes were of no avail.

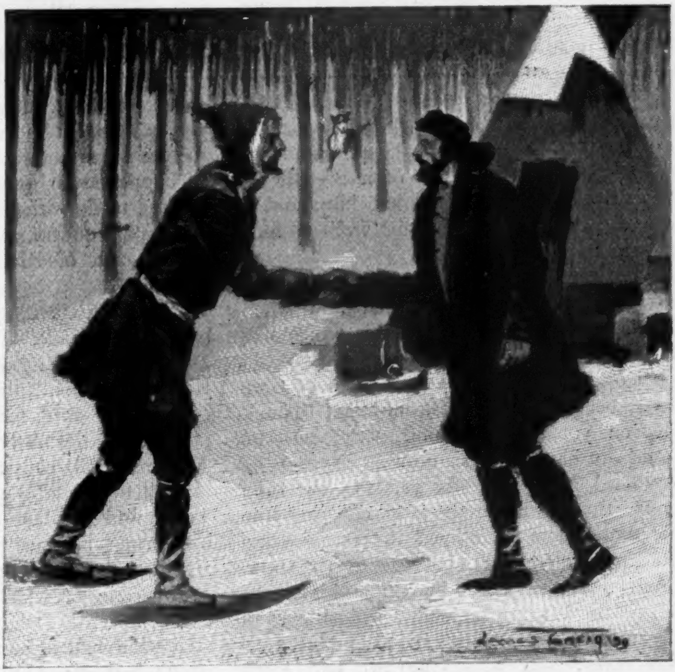
But he had learned the full meaning of starvation in the white wilderness, so he floundered panting beside the team, running a race with hunger for a rival's life. Then they slid out on the levels of a great lone lake, with the polar fires flickering before them as they pressed on towards the north, until the late dawn dimmed the starlight, and the low red sun appeared. At this

Kenneth halted on a spruce-clad isle to boil a can of green tea, and the dogs fought over the white fish while he munched a half-thawn strip of dried caribou; then he started again with the snowshoes across a shimmering expanse which was wind-ribbed and rough. All day the march was heavy, for their path wound through scattered groves of birches, and straggling twisted spruce, where rotten branches fouled the snowshoes, and ripping, crackling undergrowth had to be struggled through. At dusk man and dogs lay huddled together in a scooped-out trench of snow, until the moonlight silvered the branches and it was time to start again.

Then they struck the frozen river, a smooth and white highway, and Kenneth settled down to the swinging gait which breaks the heart of a novice in one short hour, though the man who is used to the birch-bow shoe may travel by it nearly fifty miles in a day. There was no sound to break the silence save the "whish" of the runners and the panting of the dogs, while their breath hung a moment like steam in the air, then turned to ice on the fur, and a bitter wind followed voiceless behind them, lifting the silvery crystals which whirled in the wake of the sleigh. Here and there the breast of the river was seamed by two parallel lines and the uneven print of snowshoes, and Kenneth read the meaning of the latter plainly, while twice as they passed the clean-picked bones of a dog, the long whip cracked like a pistol shot, and the pace grew faster.

Then with a howl of fierce encouragement in a mixed-up dialect of English and Indian and French, he drove his team at the slippery bank, and, floundering and plunging, they hauled the sleigh up the slope, to cut off a great bend to the east. But ere they reached the first plateau of a juniper-sprinkled rise the wind had freshened steadily, and plodding on, still climbing, it wrapped them round with a cloud of impalpable dust, that weighed down the wrappings and clogged the polished runners as fine sand would have done. At this Kenneth grew anxious, for no man could face that snow-laden rush of north wind for more than a few hours' time, while there was nothing larger than a juniper for several leagues ahead. Then he knew he must fight for his own life, as well as another man's, and struggled with a temptation to lighten the heavy sleigh. But the H.B.C. agent came of a stubborn race, and, setting his teeth, determined if ever he reached the starving camp he would bring it full relief.

So hour by hour they fought their way to the north, until breathless, half blinded, and



"'You did not come an hour too soon . . . we could not have held out another day'" limping, Kenneth blundered across the summit of a dividing ridge, beyond which a long slope of smooth-packed snow led down to the river beneath. The dogs saw the belt of spruce firs far away below, and knew there was shelter there, so when the sleigh shot forward, Kenneth flung himself down on the load. The whir of the runners grew sharper, the scream of wind increased, and the birch frame rocked and trembled as the junipers rushed by. Then the dogs were running their hardest to keep the traces clear, white smoke whirling about them, and a confused powdery smother streaming away behind like the wash of a propeller. Staring ahead through the stinging drift Kenneth saw a steep drop draw near, and fancied he caught a glimmering among the spruce; then the sleigh leapt forward on the heels of the team, and slipping out the clevis he cast the traces free. Next moment the dogs were far behind, though they were doing their best, and with one leg ploughing a furrow in the snow he strove to keep the birch frame fairly on end down the slope. There followed a space of giddy rocking, a breathless, lurching rush, something flashed among the trees, and a detonation fell scarcely heard on his ears, as man and sleigh came down, mixed up together, upon a level of snow. Then the dogs raced past him barking frantically, and when he had scraped the powder from his eyes, he saw the flicker of a fire ahead. Presently a faint voice hailed him, and a man came staggering forward from a hide teppee.

"I'm very glad I found ye," Kenneth said, holding out a mittened hand; and when Charlie Clayton gripped it his voice was harsh and dry, as he answered,

"You did not come an hour too soon—we have been eating musk-ox-hide. Thank Heaven you brought food with you—we could not have held out another day."

"Weel, I've plenty for ye," was the brief reply; though Kenneth, after crawling into the tent, where he stirred the smouldering fire and filled a cooking-pot with snow, coughed several times huskily as his glance fell on the haggard faces and wolfish eyes of the men inside. Soon an abundant meal was ready, and when the two had eaten ravenously he flung the rest away, saying, "That's enough for the present, ye'll get nae mair for a while. How can ye thank me?—we'll talk of that to-morrow. I've made a wearisome journey, an' it's sleep I need the noo'."

Clayton never forgot the delicious sense of returning warmth and life which crept through him as he lay down thankfully, and when he opened his eyes once more the red sun was in the sky, and their visitor busy over the fire again. Then there followed another meal during which the agent watched them approvingly, and afterwards made them tell the story of their journey. Morrison did so, and concluded:

"So except for the little birch branch that fouled my snowshoe, we would have had the pick of the buyers for a costly load of furs."

Kenneth listened grimly, and when it was finished, said, "It's aye the unforeseen trifle that spoils the cleverest plan, though ye'll learn in due time there are nae accidents. It's ill to drive hard bargains with starvin' men, but noo ye are fed an' rested, ye'll listen to what I say. I'll give ye fresh provisions, an' lend ye a hauling team; the furs that are left ye can keep as weel—ye won them hard enough—on Morrison's promise he'll no come back here again."

The free-lance trader's face was grave as he answered, "You can call it a deal. This trip has taught me several things, and has opened my eyes to a bigger mistake I made. It happened a long time ago, and has nothing to do with furs, so I'm going back to the old country, and Charlie, I think, has had enough of this land to last the rest of his life."

Clayton nodded approval, and thus the bargain was made.

On the following day they started back to Kenneth's post, and the latter proved as good as his word, for with a fresh team and provisions they safely reached the south. After several vicissitudes Clayton found himself comfortably established in Brandon Town, and the last letter he received from his former partner in England concluded significantly: "So you see it is foolish to be over-certain of what you are going to do, and the little twig that nearly brought starvation helped me to straighten a trouble which had set a mark on my life. And now when all goes well again I know that lonely Frenchman was a much wiser man than I."

NATAL AND ITS PEOPLE

By the BISHOP OF NATAL

SECOND PAPER

(Russell & Sons photographers, London)

THE BISHOP OF NATAL

I HAVE already said something as to the qualities of our Zulu people; but let me take the reader in thought to their own kraals, that he may picture the native "at home." The home of the heathen Zulu is a series of circles. In the centre there is a circle, formed perhaps by a hedge of prickly pear, which is his cattle kraal. Cattle are the Zulu's wealth. He spends his earnings in cattle, and with cattle he buys his wife. Think, therefore, in passing, what the rinderpest, under which he is, as I write, beginning to suffer, means to the native of Natal. Around the circle of the cattle-kraal, if the native is well-to-do, you will find another circle or half-circle of huts which look like big beehives. They are neatly plaited of wattle and tambooti grass. They have no windows or chimneys, and a door so low that you must go on hands and knees to enter. And round this door is often a small fence to keep off the wind. I have said that if the native is well-to-do there will be more or less of a circle of huts. The reason of this is that he adds a new hut for every wife he takes, the central hut being that of the Inkosikas, or chief wife. The furniture of the hut is not excessive or luxurious. There are blankets for beds, a narrow wooden stool for a pillow, a cauldron on three legs for boiling the mealie-meal porridge, on which the family lives, a hollow gourd or two for water or maas, red clay pots for Kafir beer, and a bunch of knobkerries and assegais stuck in the rafters of the roof. In the centre of the hut is a small circle of stone; this is the fireplace, on which a little fire of sticks and cow-dung will generally be burning, the smoke finding its way out through the wattle roof as best it may. This is about the whole inventory of the Zulu's furniture. It is hardly surprising if the raw Kafir, coming into service for the first time in a white man's house, should be somewhat overwhelmed with the elaborate machinery with which the white man surrounds himself. The native who has been accustomed to regard the single spoon of his own home as a luxury only to be used by the married women (fingers being enough for the rest of the household) may well be perplexed to find that the white man not only requires a spoon all to himself, but expects a particularly shaped spoon for his salt, and another for his tea, and another for his porridge, and so on. One should be patient with him if he does not always perceive the difference between a teaspoon and an eggspoon.

And what of the life of these simple folk? What do they think about and talk about? What is their view of life and morality? One wonders what a people, who have no books and no politics, and so few accessories of life, can find to talk about. But they seem to have no difficulty in this matter. The men are quite happy to sit in the sun and talk all day, while the women hoe the fields and do the work of the hut. Their conversational powers are quite unlimited. And humour plays a large part, to judge by the merriment. Their ethical standard is in many ways a high one. They have a very strong and clear sense of justice. They are honest and loyal to any trust which has been committed to them. They are kindly to each other and not cruel, except under stress of excitement, which is soon kindled.

But many people may feel inclined to say, "Here is a childlike, light-hearted people, almost as guileless as the animals around them, whose life is in many ways so little removed from their own. They are happy and contented with their lot. They do not do any particular harm. Why should we undertake immense sacrifice of the life and labour of cultivated men, and immense expenditure of money, in the too often futile attempt to make them Christians?" It is enough, no doubt, to answer that the choice is not left to us, that we have our marching orders to preach the Gospel to all nations. But beyond this it may be answered, "The case is not as stated. These people are no longer in the state of childlike innocence described. The white man has come into contact with them, and with him has come the knowledge of good and evil. The question now is whether the good or the evil is to prevail. There is no doubt that the native is learning the evil of the whites; have we no duty to teach him the good we know?

It is indeed doubtful whether the term "childlike innocence" was ever very applicable to the Zulu. Their customs are mixed with much that we should call immorality. While these customs were still under the firm control of their chiefs, and while those chiefs retained undiminished their patriarchal authority and summary jurisdiction, this immorality may have been less of an evil than it is at present. But the decay of the stern discipline by which kings like Cetewayo maintained their military power has certainly opened the door to an amount of licence which is fatal to moral elevation. All festive gatherings among the natives, such as weddings and beer-drinkings, are attended with a considerable amount of indecency. It is one of the chief tasks which our missionaries set before themselves to build up a public opinion among their converts against these customs, and keep them aloof from such gatherings. It is not always easy, and often no doubt they fail, and Christian natives fall back into that which they have been taught and know well enough is evil. But the very knowledge of a higher standard and the attempt to attain it is something. And, after all, I fear that many an English clergyman, whether in the slums of great cities or, perhaps, even more in the lax life of some country districts of England, would confess with sorrow that all his efforts to keep his confirmation candidates unspotted from the world had failed or but partially succeeded. We ought, in all fairness, not to exact a higher standard of success from the missionary working among those who have only just emerged from heathenism and its customs, which often have the sanction of ancient and widespread usage.

But, thank God, there are growing up around our mission stations communities of Christian natives who have their own standards and customs, which more and more, as they extend, provide a refuge and strength for the younger converts. These converts come to feel that to live a Christian life they must separate from much in the life of their heathen neighbours, and sometimes my fear is that the process of separation may go on too fast, so that the Christians do not exercise the influence one would wish among their families and their tribes. In one case the Christians of a certain tribe came together to meet me at one of my visitations with a request that I would intercede with their chief to assign to them a separate part of the tribal location where the Christians might dwell apart from their fellow-tribesmen. After some consideration I was inclined to demur to this, and pointed out to them the higher ideal of being in the world but not of it, and setting before themselves the resolve to hold aloof from the evil in their surroundings, but at the same time to feel that they had a work to do for their heathen relatives, to set before them, by word and example, the higher standard of Christian life. When, soon after, I met their chief I was glad to find that already this advice had some justification, for he confessed to me that his Christian people were conspicuous among their fellow-tribesmen for good living, and their example had had so much effect that he said he himself would gladly have become a Christian if it had not been for his many wives.

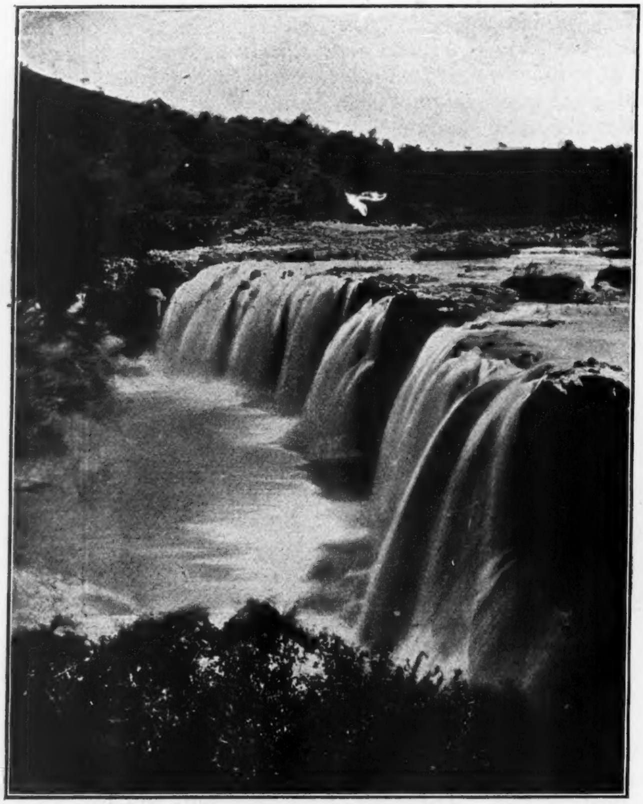
I have spoken too of the native life as being a light-hearted and merry one. But even with them it is not all sunshine; the shadows fall and the times come when all the world seems sick and sorry. And we have the light for those dark times. We

(G. W. Wilson & Co., photographers, Aberdeen)

A ZULU CHIEF'S KRAAL

have the key to all its mysteries, the clue to the labyrinth of life. We cannot with a clear conscience refuse to them the secret of peace.

I vividly recall one case where the shadows had fallen on a Zulu home, until light and joy were restored by the rising of the sun of righteousness. A native lad had been to a mission school, and had been, perhaps, too hastily baptized. He went away, like so many more, to work in the mines at Johannesburg. There he fell into bad company and soon forgot his Christian training and his baptismal vows. After a time, however, he fell ill with what turned out at last to be consumption. In his illness his great trouble was the thought of his baptism, which he felt must be to him a cause of condemnation rather than of salvation. One of our missionaries found him when he had returned to his home, and was able to teach him the lesson of the Parable of the Prodigal Son, that, though he had wandered into the far country, his baptism was still the assurance to him that he was the child of God, and had the child's right to say, " Father, I have sinned before heaven and in Thy sight." He found a place of repentance and with it much joy, and soon after died in great peace. The words of the missionary and the peace they had brought to her son had such effect on his mother that she too sought instruction, and both she and her husband were looking forward with great eagerness to my visit, that I might baptize and confirm them; but in the meantime she developed symptoms of the fatal complaint which had carried off her son. She was baptized before my arrival; but I was to baptize her husband and confirm them both. She was too ill to come to the church, and I rode with the missionary over distant hills till we came to a lonely valley, at the head of which was the hut where they lived. It was a strange sort of confirmation, in striking contrast to the solemn ceremony in an English cathedral or ancient parish church. We tethered our horses. Our vestry was the open veldt. We hung our coats on the wattles of the beehive hut and put on our robes under the broad sky. Entering the hut, we found a little gathering of the friends of the sick woman, reverently kneeling, though some of



(G. W. Wilson & Co., photographers, Aberdeen)

WATERFALL ON THE TUGELA RIVER

with many more, on the following Sunday, and at his express wish I baptized him with my own name as his new christian-name, though it sounded odd: "Baynes, I baptize thee," &c.

The poor woman died a few weeks after, but her testimony to the end was the same, "I have pain in my body, but no pain in my heart." She had found the secret of peace.

There is another large class of people in Natal for whom also we have responsibilities—the natives of India. From early days in the colony the custom began of importing labour. The Dutch brought Malays from the Dutch colonies in the Malay Peninsula; the English brought coolies from India. The question will naturally be asked, "Why, with this large native population around them, should the colonists have gone to India for labourers?" The answer is that the

them were still heathens—and in the centre, stretched on her blankets on the floor, was the patient. I knelt down beside her and asked her of her health, and she answered in the pretty fashion of her race, "My body is full of pain, but my heart has no pain." Then I spoke to her of how we must through much tribulation enter the kingdom of God, and I confirmed her, to her great joy. The husband was absent, and afterwards he told me he should never forgive himself that he had been away. Poor fellow, he too was engaged in a divine service—the service of love—for he had ridden away across the hills in search of some cooling drink which he had heard of in some distant kraal, to soothe his poor wife's parched lips. He, too, was baptized and confirmed, along

native labourer has an unfortunate habit, of which we have not yet succeeded in curing him, of wanting to go home every six months or so, and of stopping there another six months before he will come back to work. This is all very well, or at least it has to be endured, in the case of domestic servants and other employees, but it will not work on a sugar estate, where the work requires a certain amount of training and must be carried on continuously. The native of India, on the other hand, though physically inferior to the Zulu, has this recommendation, that he sticks to his work. The Government has therefore, by arrangement with the Government of India, for a long time past been introducing shiploads of indentured Indians. They come, of course. voluntarily, but they enter into covenants to work for a certain wage, and to stay a certain time, and in return for this the Government pays their passage-money and undertakes to send them back again at the end of their term of service. If, when that time arrives, they elect to stay they are free to do so. Large numbers of them do elect to stay. They then settle down as market gardeners, or traders, or domestic servants, or in other occupations. They have been in many ways a great gain to the colony. Old inhabitants often speak of the days when fruit and vegetables could not be got for love or money unless you grew them yourself. Now the "free" Indians are the gardeners and purveyors of fruit and vegetables, and though they bring with them their Indian love of striking a bargain they supply us with these necessities of life at a very reasonable rate. Of late, however, the services the Indians render to the colony are in danger of being entirely lost sight of under the pressure of a sudden and rather exaggerated alarm that they are becoming a danger to the colony. The fact is that, in addition to providing us with cabbages and potatoes, the Indians have discovered that there is a very good trade to be done with the natives, and the result is that nearly all the "Kafir stores," which once were in the hands of white men, are now in the hands of Indian traders. The Indian can live at a rate that the white man cannot, and he likes selling some things below cost price, that he may have the chance of driving a bargain and making a handsome profit on other articles. In all these ways he finds the native trade suits him. The effect of this may well be somewhat disquieting, for in many of the smaller towns of Natal one finds the houses of the main streets, which were built by white men and for white men, are now inhabited by Indians. And the change can hardly be felt to be desirable. The Indian does not live a very clean or wholesome life. The houses get a squalid and unsavoury look. Outside, there are the Indians squatting with slippers on their stockingless feet; inside, there are more Indians, men, women and children, crowded together in a close and fetid atmosphere. One cannot look forward with equanimity to the substitution of this state of things for the smartness and cleanliness of English households.

The agitation has, however, already had

(J. E. Midlebrook, photographer, Durban)

TOWN HALL AND GARDENS, DURBAN

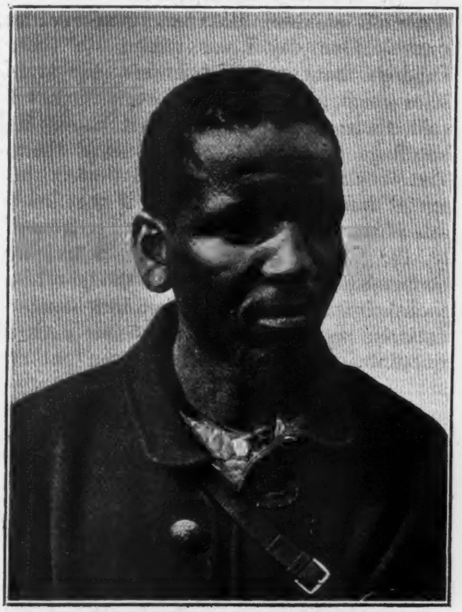
(G. W. Wilson & Co., photographers, Aberdeen)

NATIVE WATER-CART

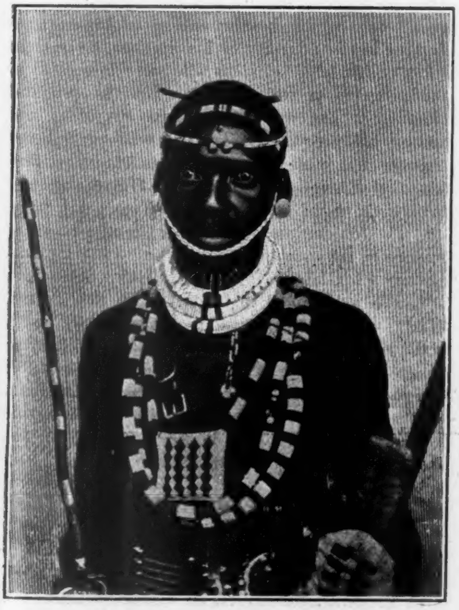
its effect. It reached a head one day in Durban, when two ships full of Indians which had been lying in quarantine for a fortnight, and so giving time for the agitation to be organised, were to land their passengers. All shops were shut and the whole of Durban went down to the Point to see the anticipated fun. The leaders had vowed not to permit the landing of another shipload of Indians. The captains of the ships had no less strongly declared their intention of landing them. It was felt to be a crisis, and one not free from danger, more especially when it was found that the natives had caught the infection of excitement and were on the spot in some numbers equally determined to prevent the landing of their Indian rivals. It was a situation needing a strong man to grapple with it. Fortunately the strong man was found. The Prime Minister, Mr. Escombe, himself came down to the Point and faced the crowd. A crowd is not an easy thing to reason with, and the time for reasoning is apt to be past when the crowd is gathered for action. But Mr. Escombe did succeed in reasoning with it. He mounted some bales of goods and harangued the mob. He told them that he sympathised with them, that the Indian competition was becoming a serious danger to the colony, that their agitation had accomplished its purpose, that it had so strengthened the hands of the Government that they would feel themselves justified in bringing in a Bill to deal with the subject. But he went on to say, as far as these particular Indians were concerned, he had given them his word, and the word of the Government, that they were as safe in Durban as they would be in their own villages in India, and that they should land unmolested. Perhaps even this language might not have averted the danger of a fight if it had not been somewhat opportunely discovered by the leaders of the agitation that more than half of the Indians on board were not new arrivals, but simply Natal

Indians who had been home on a visit and were now rejoining their wives and families. It was felt that it would be a cruel injustice to prevent these people from landing, and so Mr. Escombe carried the day. The Indians landed, and though there was one incident which was deplorable and might have brought lasting disgrace on the colony, the crisis passed without injury to life or property. The one unfortunate incident was the mobbing of an Indian barrister, named Ghandi, who had returned in the ship in question, and who had aroused the antipathy of the mob, both because he was known to be the champion of the Indian immigrants and also because certain speeches of his in India about the treatment of his countrymen in Natal had found their way into the Natal papers and had created much heartburning.

The Bill promised by Mr. Escombe has been introduced and has become law. It is not aimed explicitly at the Indians, as the Home Government advised the Government of the colony that her Majesty would find great difficulty in giving her assent to a measure aimed specially at one class of her subjects. It therefore applies in the letter to all undesirable immigrants who have neither means of subsistence nor education enough to write; but presumably its application will specially affect the Indians.


(G. W. Wilson & Co., photographers, Aberdeen)

"TOCK" BOY, OR PORTER


(G. W. Wilson & Co., photographers, Aberdeen)

ZULU IN MARRIAGE COSTUME

Apart, however, from all questions of politics, we have a population of Indians in Natal as large as the whole white community. There they are, and there they are likely to stay, and we have a duty towards them.

There is, therefore, I rejoice to say, a considerable mission work going on among them. There was a medical man in Natal who came to take so great an interest in these Indians that he gave up his practice as a doctor on purpose to be ordained as a medical missionary to the Indians. Dr. Booth is now superintendent of Indian Missions, and he has not only his dispensary, where large numbers of the Indians come for his advice, and that of Dr. Lilian Jenkins, a lady doctor who has come to Natal from the medical missions of Lucknow, but also his schools and his church. In the former we have now two-thirds of all the Indian children who are being educated in the colony. In those schools, with their two thousand children, lies our hope for the future. One day I was talking to these children about the wild flowers—the arum lilies which grow with us in every ditch. I told them of the Love which plants its seedlings in our hearts, and tends them, that they may grow to beautiful flowers and useful fruit, and I asked them if they knew any of those fruits which St. Paul tells us of as the "fruits of the Spirit." I had no sooner said the words than I thought how foolish it was to suppose that little Indian children should be able to answer such a question. But a little girl of seven put up her hand. "Well, little one," I said, "what is it?" And she said, "The fruits of the Spirit are love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." I stood rebuked for my want of faith in the little ones, and in Him who said, "Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent and hast revealed them unto babes." The wise and prudent colonist may sneer at mission work, but while one little Indian maiden knows these fruits of the Lord, and the garden where they grow, and the seed from which they spring, we will not despair of Natal and her people, whether native or alien.

PRESENT-DAY LEADERS OF SCIENCE

II.—PROFESSOR WILLIAM RAMSAY, LL.D., F.R.S.

By PROFESSOR DOBBIE, M.A., D.Sc.

SIR ARCHIBALD GEIKIE, in the opening chapter of his charming "Memoir of Sir Andrew Ramsay," gives the following account of the Ramsay family:

> In the little town of Haddington during last century several generations of Ramsays carried on the craft of dyers. At length one of the family, William by name, the son and grandson of previous Williams who had been content to pursue their calling by the banks of the East Lothian Tyne, determined to push his fortune in a wider sphere. He appears to have been a man of high principle and great energy, wide-minded and good-tempered, with a strong bent towards chemical pursuits, and not a little originality as an investigator. About the year 1785 he went to Glasgow, and became there junior partner in the firm of Arthur and Turnbull, manufacturers of wood-spirit and pyroligneous acid. Besides making dyers' chemicals and a variety of Prussian blue still known as "Turnbull's Blue," this firm was the first to manufacture "chloride of magnesia" as a bleaching liquor, and also "bichrome." Had William Ramsay patented some of his processes, it was generally believed among his friends that he might have become one of the richest men in the West of Scotland. But he did not consider himself entitled to retain for his own behoof a discovery which, if made widely known, would benefit the general industry of the country, and he was content to remain comparatively poor.
>
> The requirements of his business made him an excellent practical chemist, but his interest in chemistry reached far beyond these limits. In 1800 he founded the "Chemical Society of Glasgow," into which, by the energy of his example and the kindly courtesy of his manner, he brought those of his fellow-citizens who were interested in the progress of theoretical as well as practical chemistry. He was chosen first President, and among his associates were the well-remembered chemist and mineralogist, Thomas Thomson, Professor of Chemistry in Glasgow University, and Walter Crum, of Thornliebank. Two years later, on the foundation of a wider brotherhood of science by the establishment of the "Philosophical Society of Glasgow," the Chemical Society was voluntarily dissolved in favour of the new organisation, which thus received, we may believe, not a little of the vigour which has enabled it to flourish till now as a centre of scientific life in the midst of the mercantile atmosphere of Glasgow. William Ramsay's reputation as a chemist spread outside his own country. His house was one of the attractions to foreign chemists who came to Glasgow; and even long after his death his widow received visits from such men as Liebig, who remembered her husband's meritorious work.

William Ramsay, the discoverer of Argon and Helium, was born at Glasgow in 1852. He is the grandson of the William Ramsay to whom reference is made in the above extract, and only son of William Ramsay, the elder brother of the late Sir Andrew Ramsay, the eminent geologist. His father inherited the scientific tastes of the family and was at one time on the point of becoming assistant to Thomas Graham, afterwards Master of the Mint, when he was obliged by family circumstances to choose a business career. His mother, a typical lady of the old Scotch school, also came of a scientific family, her father, Dr. Archibald Robertson of Edinburgh, being the author of two handbooks for students, well known in their day, entitled *Colloquia Anatomica* and *Colloquia Chemica*.

The family bent for chemistry was not long in showing itself in young Ramsay. The kitchen was his first laboratory and it was there that he carried out his earliest recorded experiment—the preparation of oxalic acid from sugar. That he was to be a chemist was plain from his earliest years. After receiving his school education at the Glasgow Academy, he entered the University, where he followed the usual curriculum for the M.A. degree, and began the study of chemistry under Professor Anderson. At the same time he attended the laboratory of Mr. Tatlock, the well-known analyst, from whom he received his first instruction in practical chemistry. In 1871 he proceeded to Tübingen, where he remained for two years studying chiefly organic chemistry in the laboratory of Professor Fittig. Having taken the degree of Ph.D. in 1872, he returned to Glasgow, and was appointed chief assistant to the "Young" Professor of Technical Chemistry in Anderson's College, a position which he exchanged in 1874 for that of tutorial assistant to the Professor of Chemistry in the University. He held this post for the next six years, and it was during this period, from 1874 to 1880, that he laid the foundation of his future success.

Although throughout the seventies and eighties organic research engrossed the energies of the great majority of chemists, another great field of investigation, that of Physical Chemistry, was gradually being opened up. It is true that some of the most important researches in this branch of chemistry date back to the early years of the century, and that the work then accomplished has never been surpassed in importance. But these early researches were more or less isolated in character. A new school of physical chemists, whose object was to explore systematically the borderland between the sciences of chemistry and physics, was now beginning to make its influence felt. Attaching himself to this school, Ramsay practically abandoned organic chemistry, to which he had first directed his attention; and ever since 1879 he has devoted himself almost exclusively to physical and inorganic chemistry. His researches on such difficult subjects as "Atomic Volumes" and "The Critical State of Gases," which he published while he was still assistant to Professor Ferguson in the University of Glasgow, showed that he had chosen his line of research wisely. He was able to bring to this class of work not only scientific gifts of a high order, but precisely that kind of technical skill which is most essential to its successful prosecution. He possessed remarkable detexity in the manipulation and arrangement of the delicate and complicated apparatus which many of his experiments required, and he was a master of the art of glass-blowing.

In 1880, Ramsay was elected to the chair of Chemistry in University College, Bristol, and in the following year, the principalship of the College falling vacant, the Council showed the high opinion they had formed of Ramsay's powers of organisation and administration by selecting him for the post. The additional appointment made heavy demands on his time and energy, but Ramsay continued to pursue with unabated zeal the difficult physical investigations on which he was engaged, and soon came to be regarded as one of the leaders in this country of the new school of physical chemistry.

In 1887, on the resignation of Professor Williamson, Ramsay was elected to the chair of Chemistry in University College, London, a chair which had at one time been filled by another distinguished citizen of Glasgow — Thomas Graham. About the time of his removal to London he translated a paper by the Dutch chemist Van't Hoff, dealing with the new views as to the nature of solutions which were then attracting general attention on the Continent.

This paper was an epoch-making one in Ramsay's career, for it proved to be the starting-point of an important discussion in which the most distinguished chemists and physicists in this country took part. It also brought him into touch with the leaders of the new school of physical chemistry abroad, with whom, thanks to his familiarity with German and French, he was able afterwards to maintain close relations and a constant interchange of views on the scientific topics of the day. The earlier years of his residence in London were years of marked activity, in which he engaged in a great variety of physico-chemical researches, several of which, but more especially that on the "Molecular Complexity of Liquids," were of first-rate importance.

But the occasion was at hand which was to give a new direction to his energies and put him on the track of those discoveries which have won for him a world-wide reputation and given him a prominent place amongst the scientific men of the century. The discovery of Argon will rank amongst the most remarkable achievements of modern chemistry. It was brought about in the following manner. Lord Rayleigh had been engaged for several years in investigating the relative densities of oxygen and hydrogen, and had extended his investigations to nitrogen. This gas not only exists in the free or uncombined state, mixed with oxygen in the air, but occurs as a constituent of a large number of compounds, from some of which it can easily be separated by simple chemical processes. For the purposes of his experiments Lord Rayleigh used nitrogen derived from both sources, and was surprised to find that the nitrogen obtained from chemical compounds was invariably somewhat lighter than that obtained from the air. The difference was very small, only about one-half per cent., but it was much greater than could be explained by any error attaching to the experiment. He drew attention to this anomaly in a letter addressed to *Nature*, and invited suggestions from chemists as to its cause. Although the letter must have come under the notice of scientific men all over the world, it remained unanswered. Soon after its publication, however, Ramsay, after communication with Lord Rayleigh, commenced experiments on the nitrogen of the atmosphere. Lord Rayleigh in the meantime continued his own investigations. The two experimenters, working on different lines, arrived independently at the conclusion that the anomaly was due to the presence in the nitrogen obtained from the air of a small quantity of a gas heavier than nitrogen, the existence of which had hitherto been unsuspected. Ramsay succeeded in separating this gas by heating atmospheric nitrogen to a high temperature in contact with metallic magnesium, which absorbs the nitrogen, leaving a small residue of gas. This gas proved, on examination, to be heavier than nitrogen, and in other respects to differ from it in properties. Lord Rayleigh used a method of investigation which had been employed more than one hundred years earlier by Cavendish. Cavendish had shown that when a mixture of nitrogen and oxygen is placed over a solution of potash and exposed to a succession of electric sparks, the two gases unite with one another, and that in this way the nitrogen of the atmosphere may be absorbed, all except a very small residue. On repeating this experiment with nitrogen from the air, Lord Rayleigh also obtained a small residue of gas which would not disappear on sparking with oxygen, and on examining this residue he found it to possess properties similar to those of the residue obtained by Ramsay. The experiments were so far advanced by the summer of 1894 that Rayleigh and Ramsay were in a position to announce to the British Association meeting, held that year at Oxford, the discovery of a new constituent of the air, a gas heavier than nitrogen, possessing a spectrum distinct from that of any known substance, and differing from all other bodies in its inability to enter into chemical combination. On account of its inertness the name Argon (*inactive*) was subsequently given to it. The volume of argon present in the air is $\frac{1}{84}$ part of the atmospheric nitrogen. Cavendish, in the experiment above referred to, had estimated the residue at $\frac{1}{120}$ of the bulk of the nitrogen. He therefore concluded that if there was any part of the nitrogen of the atmosphere different from the rest it could not be more than the $\frac{1}{120}$ part of the whole. We now know that the small residue is different from the rest of the nitrogen and that it is, in fact, argon. That Cavendish, working with minute quantities of gases, and with appartus imperfect compared with that now available, should have been able to make so close an estimate of the amount of the residue, fills scientific men at the present time with wonder and admiration. The announcement made by Rayleigh and Ramsay was received with universal interest, but not without a certain measure of scepticism. Some chemists were inclined to think that the new gas was not really a constituent of the air, but a substance produced by the very processes which had been employed to isolate it. All such views, however, were soon found to be untenable, and the fact of the existence of a hitherto undiscovered constituent of the air became indisputable. Criticism gave place to universal congratulation and justifiable pride that a discovery of such importance and interest should have fallen to the lot of two of our countrymen.

In these days we are naturally sensitive to everything connected with the composition of the air we breathe, and surmises were rife as to the possible hygienic influences of argon. "Well, that is a disgusting thing, to think that I have been breathing this thing all my life without knowing it; I call it perfectly disgusting," remarked an American lady to whom an account of the discovery had been given. When it was seen that argon would not under any conditions combine with other substances, it was plain that a body so inert could not take part in physiological processes. If we except its presence in a few rare minerals, and some mineral waters, the occurrence of argon appears to be confined to the atmosphere.

Professor Thorpe, in one of his delightful "Essays in Historical Chemistry," says: "An infallible test of the value of a scientific paper is afforded by the number and variety of the issues it suggests." Tested by this criterion, Rayleigh and Ramsay's paper on argon must rank high among the classical memoirs of the science, for it introduces altogether novel considerations into the discussion of such questions as the nature of chemical affinity, and the relations of the chemical elements to one another. But the first important outcome of their work was almost accidental.

During the solar eclipse which was visible in India on August 18, 1868, the spectroscope was, for the first time, employed to examine the luminous envelope of gas known as the chromosphere which surrounds the sun. Amongst a large number of lines belonging to the spectra of known elements, one line was observed close to the well-known bright yellow line, commonly termed the D line, which is given by the metal sodium. Most of the observers mistook it for the sodium line, but M. Janssen, the distinguished French astronomer, recognised that although very close to the sodium line it was not really coincident with it in position. In the same year, the late Professor Frankland and Sir Norman Lockyer made a careful study of the spectrum of the chromosphere, and being unable to assign the line observed by Janssen to any substance of terrestrial origin, they concluded that it was due to an unknown element existing in the sun to which they gave the name of Helium. And so the matter rested for thirty years. In the hope of finding some substance containing argon in combination with other elements, and of thereby obtaining information with regard to its mysterious chemical properties, Ramsay was engaged in the early part of 1895 in examining certain rare minerals which were said to give off nitrogen when heated with sulphuric acid. He was, happily, sceptical as to the possibility of nitrogen being evolved under such conditions, and resolved to make an examination of the gas on his own account. He prepared the gas from the mineral cleveite, and subjected it to examination by the spectroscopic method, throwing the spectrum of argon at the same time into the field of the spectroscope for comparison. It happened that the sodium spectrum with its well-marked D line was accidentally in view at the same time. When the spectrum of the gas from cleveite was examined it was at once apparent that it contained argon, but Ramsay noticed that there was also present a brilliant yellow line which did not belong to the argon spectrum, and which, though near to the D line of sodium, did not exactly coincide in position with it. The gas was sent to Sir William Crookes, who accurately measured the position of the yellow line, and found it to coincide exactly with that of the line which Janssen had observed in the sun's chromosphere, and which Frankland and Lockyer had ascribed to the unknown hypothetical element helium. Helium has since been found in a number of other rare minerals, all of which contain the metals uranium, yttrium, or thorium. It has also been found in some mineral waters and in the atmosphere. The interest attaching to the discovery of helium was greatly enhanced when the new element was found to resemble argon in its inability to enter into chemical combination with any other substance. Helium is also remarkable as being, next to hydrogen, the lightest of all known forms of matter.

In the summer of 1897, the British Association met at Toronto. Ramsay was President of the Chemical Section, and in his presidential address on "An Undiscovered Gas," he ventured to assume the rôle of the prophet. His predictions, however, had a strictly scientific basis. The object of his address was to show that certain relations being assumed between the elements argon and helium, the existence of a third, and hitherto unknown, element was highly probable. When the chemical elements are arranged in the order of the numbers expressing the comparative weights of their atoms, beginning with the element of lowest atomic weight, it is seen that those elements which possess similar properties recur at regular intervals in the series. If the series is broken at these intervals, and the different sections placed one under the other, so that the similar elements are in the same vertical lines, we get the table of the elements known as the Periodic Arrangement. The elements in the same vertical columns form natural groups, the members of which are closely allied by their properties, and by the character of the compounds which they form.

When three successive elements in one of these groups are compared, it is frequently found that the difference between the atomic weights of the two extreme elements is a number near thirty-six. Now, this is the difference between the atomic weights of argon and helium, and, having regard to the resemblance between those elements, Ramsay argued that they ought probably to be considered as the extremes of a set of three, in which case he held that the middle element must be lurking somewhere undiscovered. He predicted that when this element was discovered it would be found to have the atomic weight twenty, and to possess properties similar to those of argon and helium. The prediction of the existence of unknown elements was no novelty in the history of chemistry. The Russian chemist Mendeléeff, who elaborated the periodic arrangement of the elements, saw that in order to work out the system it was necessary to leave blanks in his table. He prophesied that in the course of chemical research these blanks would be filled up by the discovery of new elements, and he ventured in several instances to foretell the properties which the elements, when discovered, would be found to possess. The elements Germanium, Scandium, and Gallium now fill three of the blanks left by Mendeléeff in his table, and they possess in nearly every particular the properties which he ascribed to the hypothetical elements with which he had provisionally filled the blanks. The minds of Ramsay's audience were thus already prepared to follow and appreciate the arguments for the existence of an undiscovered gas.

The search for the undiscovered gas proved for a long time fruitless. The various sources of helium and helium itself were carefully examined. The method mainly employed in the search was diffusion, a process which had been studied by Graham, Ramsay's predecessor at University College, and which had played an important part in the isolation and purification of argon and helium. As it was certain that the undiscovered gas could only be present in very minute quantity, if present at all, in argon, in helium, or in the gases from which they had been separated, the prospect of success rewarding the search by this method seemed well-nigh hopeless. But a happy idea occurred to the investigators. The public had recently been made familiar with liquid air through the researches of Professor Dewar. Now, air when liquefied occupies only $\frac{1}{800}$ part of the bulk it occupies in the gaseous state, and Ramsay and Mr. Morris Travers, who was associated with him in this work, saw that the chances of success in their quest after traces of unknown gases would be greatly improved if they followed up the pursuit in liquid air instead of in gaseous air.

When a mixture of liquids differing in the temperatures at which they boil is evaporated, the constituents of lower boiling-point pass off before those of higher boiling-point. This is the principle applied in the well-known chemical operation of "fractional distillation," which finds important applications in such industries as the rectification of spirits, and the separation and purification of mineral oils. Ramsay and Travers now resolved to apply it to the examination of liquid air, and their first experiment was crowned with success. A large quantity of liquid air was allowed to evaporate slowly away until only a small residue remained. The gas from this residue was collected, and after removal of the oxygen and nitrogen which it contained, it was examined with the spectroscope and found to give a spectrum which had never before been seen. The new gas thus discovered, to which the name Krypton (*hidden*) was given, proved to have a greater atomic weight than argon. But the " undiscovered gas" was to have a smaller atomic weight. Krypton, therefore, would not fill the vacant niche between helium and argon, and the search was renewed. A new and powerful method of investigation had, however, been brought to bear on the problem, and the possibilities which this method opened up had not been exhausted. Liquid argon, derived from the nitrogen of the air, was next prepared and examined. If it were assumed to contain any gas lighter than itself it was to be anticipated that this would escape with the first portions of the argon which passed off, since, in the same group of elements, the element of lowest density has often also the lowest boiling-point. The first portion of the liquid argon which evaporated was therefore collected apart and subjected to the usual spectroscopic examination. Once more a spectrum was disclosed distinct from that given by any known substance, and a fourth new gas was added to the list of discoveries. The properties of this gas, which the discoverers named Neon (*new*), have only been imperfectly ascertained as yet, but it is known to have a higher density and atomic weight than helium, and a lower density and atomic weight than argon, and as it resembles these elements in its physical properties and chemical inertness there is little reason to doubt that it is the long-sought "undiscovered gas" of the Toronto address.

In the course of these later experiments another " companion of argon," Xenon (*strange*) was discovered. There is reason to believe that Xenon completes the number of the "companions of argon," and that no further discoveries are to be looked for in this direction.

The new elements Helium, Neon, Argon, Krypton, and Xenon are invisible gases which can only be distinguished by means of their spectra, or by a careful examination of their physical properties. They differ from all other elements in their inability to form compounds with one another or with other elements. The chapter of their chemical properties is therefore a blank.

Such, in brief outline, is the history of the remarkable series of discoveries with which chemical science has been enriched in the course of the last five years. In reviewing these discoveries it is difficult to know whether most to admire the fearlessness with which, in absolute reliance on the accuracy of the experimental work, results, hardly to be reconciled with long-cherished ideas, have been given to the world; the resource and ingenuity in devising new experimental methods as the exigencies of each investigation required; or the dexterous manipulation of the delicate and complicated apparatus employed.

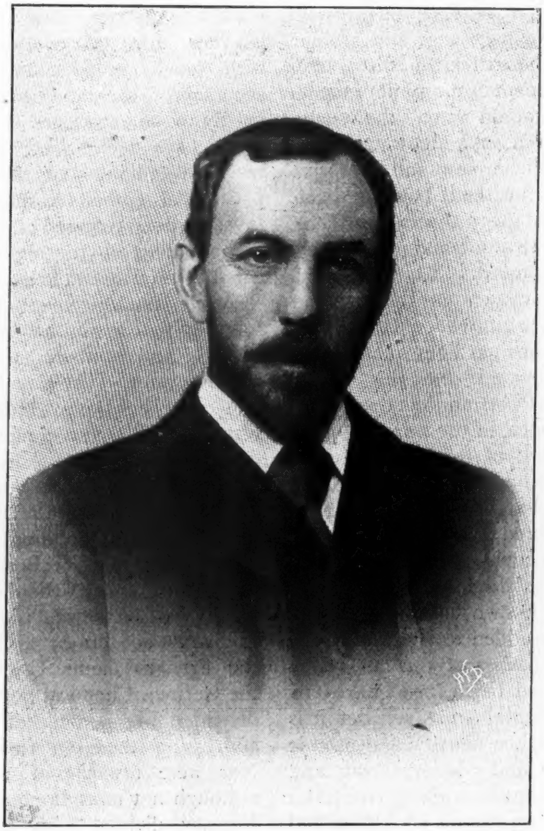
As the announcement of one new element followed that of another in rapid succession, rewards and honours strewed the path of the discoverer. The Royal Society presented him with the Davy Medal. His old University of Glasgow conferred on him the degree of LL.D. The French Government made him an Officer of the Legion of Honour, the Institute of France elected him one of its corresponding members, and the Royal Academies of Berlin, Bohemia, Leyden, Turin, and Sweden enrolled his name on the lists of their fellows. He was invited to give an account of his discoveries before the French Chemical Society in Paris and the German Chemical Society in Berlin, and delighted his audience in each capital by addressing them in their own language. Nor were rewards of a more substantial although not more honourable kind wanting. Ramsay divided with Lord Rayleigh the Leconte Prize of 50,000 francs awarded by the French Academy, and the Hodgkins Prize of 10,000 dollars, which had been offered by the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, not long before the discovery of argon, for the most important chemical discovery in connection with the atmosphere.

Such a list of distinctions bears striking testimony to the importance which scientific men all the world over attached to the discovery of the new elements.

Ramsay occupies a high place as a teacher as well as a discoverer. The personal element plays a large part in the successful teaching of science no less than in the successful teaching of literary subjects, and Ramsay possesses those qualities which appeal most strongly to the student: a frank genial manner, ready sympathy, and, above all, an enthusiasm for his subject which inspires all who come under his influence. His power of attaching younger men to himself is one of the secrets of his success. At all stages of his career he has enlisted round him a band of willing auxiliaries, without whose aid many of his ideas must still have remained undeveloped. The formation in this way of a school of physical chemistry at University College is not the least of the debts which the cause of science in this country owes to him.

Students of University College would think any sketch of Ramsay's life very incomplete which omitted to mention the part played by Mrs. Ramsay both as a hostess and as a sympathetic partner in all those interests which a professor and his students have in common.

Notwithstanding the absorbing character of his scientific work, Ramsay has found time to render important service to the wider interests of education. He took a prominent part in the successful effort made a few years ago to secure Government aid for the university colleges throughout the country, and in the discussions relating to the proposed reorganisation of the University of London he has borne an important part, and has consistently opposed every scheme in which the true interests of education appeared to be sacrificed to expediency. He is a determined foe of the examination system which has taken so firm a grip of this country, and believes that the best hope for the future of our higher scientific education lies in as close an assimilation of the English to the German universities as the different circumstances of the two countries will permit.



(Elliott & Fry, photographers, 55 Baker Street, W.)

PROFESSOR WILLIAM RAMSAY, LL.D., F.R.S.

Ramsay has inherited not only the scientific talent but the personal characteristics of his grandfather; and if the reader will turn again to the extract at the beginning of this article he will find a portrait, drawn by a skilful hand, for which the grandson might have sat. One trait in particular of the grandfather's character which is reproduced in Ramsay deserves to be specially noted. In all his work he has thought little of personal gain and much of the advancement of science.

THE MIRACLES OF JESUS

SUNDAY READINGS FOR FEBRUARY

BY THE REV. COSMO GORDON LANG, M.A.

FIRST SUNDAY

THE TOUCH OF FAITH

St. Mark v. 24-35

IN a crowd the individual is lost, merged for the moment in the spirit of the body, in the common wave of excitement, anger, or pleasure which passes through it. So must it have been with this crowd in Galilee. We can see it passing along the white road, pressing and thronging under the stress of a common excitement. They were intent upon the chance of seeing the Prophet of Nazareth working a wonder. To one only—to the Prophet himself—the mass was as nothing, the individual souls that composed it everything. Can we not reverently imagine His thoughts as men, women, and children jostled confusedly against and around Him? For each one of them, there was the infinite longing of His love, the infinite desire of His compassion, the infinite willingness of His help. His person was as it were stored with resources of love and power, upon which each one of them if he cared could draw for his need. They were ready for him if only he would put forth the plea of faith to claim them. But they could not be bestowed, unless of his own free will and in the felt urgency of his own need, he asked for them. There must be the claim of faith. Jesus would work no miracle to compel their faith, but only to reward it. Though, therefore, the crowd thronged Him and pressed against Him, He felt in none of them that touch of faith which alone could draw forth the virtue, the energy of love and power that was in Him. It is an experience which many of His disciples in their degree have shared. They have moved among the crowds of men, eager to give His message, knowing and trying to communicate its power; and everywhere it is met and repelled by the blankness of sheer indifference. In the midst of the many, they are alone. Such was the solitariness of Jesus as He moved along with this Galilean crowd.

At last and suddenly, He felt that touch of faith. At last He knew that among the crowd one soul had put forth the hand of its own secret need, and drawn forth from Him the strength wanting for the claim. "And straightway Jesus perceiving in Himself that the power proceeding from Him had gone forth turned Him about in the crowd and said, 'Who touched my garments?'"

Into the company there had glided a poor, lonely, afflicted woman. For twelve years her life had been given over to the weary tragedy of an incurable disease. All her money had gone in the fruitless search of cure: doubtless, as in so many similar lives, with the money had gone her friends. The disease, moreover, had made her ceremonially unclean; she was compelled by law to keep apart from men. It is a picture of sordid, miserable, hopeless loneliness. Yet even to her, in that sad withdrawn life, the tidings of the Prophet of Nazareth had come. Had He not wrought wondrous cures? He was the friend of the sinful and unclean; *He* would not despise her. She would go to Him even in the crowd. Think of the courage needed for that venture—she unclean, to enter a crowd, to run the risk of exposure, shame, punishment. But her faith was strong with the urgency of her need. She dared not speak to Him—that would call the attention of the multitude to an unclean person in their midst. But she said to herself, "If I touch but His garments I shall be made whole." So shrinking and fearful she crept behind, and touched the fringe of His cloak. And at once the thrill of health—of freedom from her weary prison—passed through her. "She felt in her body that she was healed of her plague." It was the touch of faith; and it liberated for her the resources of divine compassion and power. It was a faith ignorant, perhaps, and superstitious; but it was real, and because it was real it was sufficient. Jesus must speak to her; must make that very picture of lonely misery an evidence to all of the love and pity of God. "He looked round about to see her that had done this thing." Surely a sore trial. How she must have shrunk from the gaze, half curious, half contemptuous, of the crowd. "Fearing and trembling she came and fell down before Him." But the reward was worth the shame. He called her by a name of special tenderness—her, the diseased outcast—"Daughter." "Daughter, thy faith hath saved thee—healed thy disease, given thee a new hope in life, a new trust in God; go in peace, and be whole of thy plague."

It is surely a tale full of the deepest lessons. If it were only a human tale, it would be memorable—a fragment of the infinite pathos of humanity coming down to us from that old Eastern world, and claiming still the response of that sympathy which binds all men in all ages with one another. But how much more memorable, if we believe that the kind Prophet was none other than the Creator of heaven and earth made manifest in human form! Then it becomes no mere tale, but a revelation of the ways of God with men. The crowd becomes the world heedless of God, knowing nothing of the mysteries in its midst, in which the Spirit of God answers to the need of man. The woman becomes the symbol of the pathos of human life—the burden of loneliness, of anxiety, of disease, of weariness, of effort baffled, of hope deferred that weighs down the spirit of man. The Prophet becomes the assurance of an infinite pity adequate in its response to the infinite pathos, of an infinite power bending to the infinite need, of an infinite love working out its glory, through the very sadness of things. The tale is the witness, that behind all the mystery which sometimes veils it, "The heart of the Eternal is most wonderfully kind."

SECOND SUNDAY

THE DIVINE KNOWLEDGE OF HUMAN NEED

LET us try to learn the first and simplest lesson of the tale. It is the lesson of the individual knowledge and care of God. Jesus was God—the sure revelation of the mind and thought of the great Spirit of the universe: and God felt the woman's touch. Jesus giving out the fulness of His pity and power to this poor outcast, Jesus calling her "daughter" is revealing God's thought for every soul that He has made.

We are apt to think that in the great throng of the world's multitudes—multitudes which none can number of suns and stars and men and living things—our solitary individual life, with its own poor burden of care and wish and hope must be forgotten. We know that our nearest friends have little heed of it, and we shrink from bringing it to their notice. How then can we venture to think that there is knowledge of it in the Most High? We can think of His great laws governing the course of things; but even in their operation we note the vast waste and sacrifice of the units. "So careful of the type" He "seems, so careless of the single life." Great thoughts, great acts, great discoveries, great ideals—these doubtless are known to Him, for they have something of His own greatness. But what place can there be in an infinite and eternal mind for the cares—petty enough even to my friends, though heavy enough for me—the secret anxieties, hopes, disappointments, struggles, which ruffle the waters of my little stream of life, before it is calmed in the great depths of the Sea of Death? "I shall be hidden from the Lord: and who shall remember me from on high? I shall not be known among so many people; for what is my soul in a boundless creation?"*

So we think in moments when the solitariness of our inner life presses upon us. But just because the knowledge of God is infinite, there can be nothing that is unknown to it. It cannot fail to be as real and definite and full about my individual life and its even unspoken thoughts, desires, cares, as it is about the courses of the sun and stars, and the destiny of the human race. You remember how Tennyson watching the "flower in the crannied wall," says that if he could only understand it through and through, he would "know what God and man is." It is only when we think of the divine mind as finite like our own—limited by space and time—that we can feel the force of that disquieting doubt which checks prayer, and shuts us up to the sense of our own solitariness.

And yet there would be little solace in the mere thought of divine omniscience. God might be no more than a passive intellect, to which everything was at once absolutely known and absolutely indifferent. But Jesus—accepted as God—reveals that with and in His knowledge is eternally His love.

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* Eccles. xvi. 17

His love is as wide in its range and yet as individual in its application as His knowledge. An infinitude of love and care and power is ever available for me as for the meanest of His creatures. There is nothing in the universe that is within the knowledge of God which is not equally within His love—except sin. That secret prayer of mine, that wish known only to myself, that thought which could not be expressed in words, that disappointment of which none shall ever know, that hope which I almost fear to indulge—all the story of my solitary inward life is within the love and the knowledge of God. And it is as intensely real to Him as it is to me. He is concerned in it: He has a purpose for it. He will guide it, as He who knows best sees best.

THIRD SUNDAY

THE WORK OF FAITH

There is then available for me, for the secret needs of my solitary life, the infinite knowledge and compassion of God. But before these can reach me something must go forth from me to claim them. The relationship between divine resource and human need is never mechanical: it is personal. God deals with us and we must deal with him as person with person. My personality must come into direct conscious contact with His. How, then, is my personality to reach His—my need to secure for me the waiting grace of God?

The story we are considering gives us the answer. It is the touch of faith. The virtue did not go forth from the great Healer until it had been summoned by the hand that touched Him. The hand which had in it the appealing energy of faith reached and drew forth the answering energy of grace. The human need was there: the divine resource was there; but they were apart. It was the touch of faith, of personal claim, that brought them together. So must it be with us. Faith it is which, abandoning altogether the proved futility of trust in self, or in any effort self can make, stretching forth the plea of a felt need to the divine compassion, brings my personality into touch with God and liberates His grace upon me.

And what, then, is this faith? It is first of all, simple acceptance of the revelation of God in Jesus Christ. It is taking the Word of God, expressed in the life and death and rising again of Jesus, as true. Encompassed as we are with mysteries which we cannot fathom, beset with difficulties which we cannot solve, knowing instinctively that there is a God if only we could find Him; that there is a purpose in life if only we could grasp it; realising that without this supreme discovery our life must be uncertain, fragmentary, sick with impotence, we listen to all the voices of the world, to hear perchance some sure word on which we can trust; we scan the history of the world to find perchance some sure fact on which we can lean. Then the tale of Jesus of Nazareth confronts us—the tale of the words He said and of the facts He lived. It meets our need with a mingled depth and simplicity beyond our imagining. We are sure that it is not human need that has conceived the tale, but rather the tale that has vindicated and completely met the human need. We believe; we take it to be true; true that in Jesus God revealed what He is, what we are meant to be, what He wills to make us. Here is the sure word to trust, the sure fact to lean upon. It is not a feeling; it is a word historically spoken, a fact which historically happened. We trust and accept it. This is the first act of faith.

It may be a faith at first childish, imperfect, ignorant of all that it involves; so was the faith of the woman in the story of the miracle. It may be a faith conscious all the while of the difficulties which remain, and which if dwelt upon by the mind would make against it. It may be but the faith "as of a child that cries." But if it is *real*, it is enough. If it is the casting of one's whole self in the urgency of one's need upon the truth of the message which answers it, then it brings us to God.

> There was I as a child that cries
>   And, crying, knows his Father near;
> And what I am behold again
>   What is, and no man understands.
>   And out of darkness came the Hands
> That reach through Nature moulding men.

Such faith can bring our personality into touch with God long before it is full, clear, conscious of all it means. If it be the appeal of a really felt need of God made in trust that the divine ear will hear it, then it will avail for whatever answer the perfect knowledge and love of God see best. Still less must faith wait until the moral life is in full accord with it. We do not believe because we *are* perfect: we believe in order that we may become perfect. "Abraham believed in God; and it was accounted unto him for righteousness." For God sees in this faith the promise and potency of all that it can make us. He takes us not for what we are, but for what, with faith continued, we can become. The first act of faith unites us to God, and the life of faith keeps us united to Him. His word is, "Thy faith hath saved thee—hath put thee in that conscious relationship with God, by means of which the grace that will keep thee in a true life can enter thee: go in peace—go forward in the sure and restful sense that you are in the right way."

FOURTH SUNDAY

THE VENTURES OF FAITH

THERE is another element in faith which must not be forgotten if it is to "save" us. A thing so deep-reaching as faith—involving as it does the mystery of personality, human and divine—cannot be compressed into a single definition. But it would be a description adequate enough to say that Faith is accepting God's revelation *and* living as if it were true. Both sides must be remembered. It is no mere blank acceptance: it is an acceptance which at once proves and sustains its reality by the acts a man does on the strength of it. Faith, however simple, is not proved to be real until it ventures into act. The woman's faith was realised in the act of touching: that was the test and evidence of its reality. So must it be with ours. It is not enough merely to believe that God is, that He is as Jesus has revealed Him. It is not even enough to welcome that revelation as a supreme answer to our needs: we must in some way act upon that faith. We must stake something upon it, make ventures on the strength of it. "Faith without works," said St. James, "is dead." He was thinking indeed of mere dull orthodoxy of creed; but his words are true of faith itself. The test of life in the new-born child is motion; and if faith does not at once and continuously move out into action, it is proved to be stillborn. The faith which justifies, said St. Paul, is the faith that "energises itself in love." And therefore we can have no such thing as an "assurance" of faith, unless it prompts us to act. And God may well wait for the act—as Jesus waited for the woman's touch—before He gives to faith its full reward. Part of the plea of our faith must be its evidence in act. The acts may be, like the faith, at first simple and imperfect. But if they are done loyally and thoroughly, they prove the faith's reality.

One of our most brilliant men of science told us that long after he had come to believe in God, he could not bring himself to the act of prayer—an act which seemed to be so counter to all the associations of his mind. But until there had come into his faith the courage of that act it must have remained uncertain of itself, shorn of its reward. If therefore I have come to accept God's revelation of Himself in Jesus Christ, I must throw myself into acts corresponding to it—acts which apart from it I either would not do at all or would do with another motive. I must pray, and pray with a directness, a simplicity, a confidence answering to my faith in the Fatherhood of God as revealed in Jesus. I shall surely school myself to welcome the sacramental acts which He Himself instituted as the pledged and appointed means by which He conveys to me His Presence and the Life which His Presence gives. I must set to work to train myself by repeated acts of recollection and of effort in those qualities of the soul upon which He has set the special stamp of His will—not only *e.g.*, honesty, thoroughness, kindness, but also humility in thought and speech. I must be able to point to some definite acts of self-denial which would not have occurred to me unless I had believed in the Cross as the law of life. It is in such ways as these that my *will*—the abiding centre of my personality—puts itself into my faith: and when once God knows that my will is His, He knows that He can fulfil His will in me. He sees therefore that I am fit to receive His grace. He can give His Holy Spirit to me, to work with me and in me. If then a man is trusting not to any emotion of his own, but to his faith in God revealed in Christ, if he is accepting God's grace under the conditions on which God has revealed His will to bestow it, if he is putting his will-power into the service of God, and of his fellow men—then the Spirit of God is pledged to him; and he may humbly and surely know that he is in the way of salvation. He is learning the power of the faith that saves

FROM ONE POINT OF VIEW

By WILLIAM CANTON

QUITE apart from its interest as a record of the career of one of the greatest of English painters, the Life of Sir John Millais [*] is a most delightful art-book. Besides a number of fine photogravures, the two sumptuous volumes contain over 300 illustrations, and of these a very large proportion are excellent reproductions of his most highly appreciated masterpieces. To readers who have not seen the originals they convey, it must be admitted, no notion at all of the glory and glamour of the artist's supreme mastery of colour, but they do preserve the poetic conceptions which drew from Jan van Beers the apt description of Millais as "the great poet-painter of our time." These are books that it is good to have within reach. Whatever one's mood, it will be strange if one does not chance on something in these pictures to arrest attention and carry the observer into a region "full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing." It is sufficient to name such creations as "The Huguenot," "L'Enfant du Régiment," "Sir Isumbras," "The Vale of Rest," "The Knight Errant," and "Victory, O Lord!" to awaken trains of happy recollection of several of the unforgettable subjects that are reproduced within these covers.

Turning to the Life itself, it seems to me that two special impressions are left on the mind of the reader. I may be wrong, but it appears to me that after all that is here recorded I have not been brought into any close personal relationship with Sir John Millais. The man of genius, the great indefatigable artist, the English gentleman I see clearly enough, but with the inner spiritual man I do not get into touch. From the few pages quoted from Mr. Holman Hunt's letters, I feel that I know something of the real thoughts and feelings and aspirations of *him;* but I look in vain for any such deep revelation of Millais. And yet there is unmistakable evidence in many of his pictures that there were in his nature those heights and depths, those elevations of soul and profundities of thought, without which no man can be a great poet, whatever the medium in which he expresses himself. It may be that the biographer regarded these matters as too intimate to be laid bare to the public gaze; and though I should be the last to question his discretion, it is precisely on these matters that the convictions and experiences of distinguished men are most valuable to the world. One passage, however, does occur in the second volume, which must not be overlooked: "Christianity was with him no mere profession, but a living force by which his actions were habitually controlled."

The second impression is the splendid vindication of genius which one finds at every turn in the life of the great painter. The vindication is twofold. Never was man more indubitably born with that happy ease in doing great and original things perfectly which we call genius, and never was there a man who realised more completely, in perception and in practice, that genius is conditioned by the exercise of unstinted labour and insuperable patience. Again, many of us seem disposed to recognise that in regard to ethics and conduct a man of genius stands on a different plane from that occupied by the rest of humanity. Not only are his shortcomings to be more leniently judged, but the very gift of genius is supposed to carry with it a latitude of irresponsibility which would be intolerable in commonplace people. Nothing is more strikingly manifest in these volumes than the fact that genius of the highest and most impassioned order is quite compatible with the delicate observances, the courtesy and kindness, the breadth and geniality, the highmindedness and unblemished integrity of an English gentleman.

John Everett Millais, who traced his descent from an old Norman family long resident in Jersey, was born at Southampton on the 8th of June, 1829. If from his father's side he derived some of his fine presence and possibly his artistic and musical temperament, it was to his mother that, like so many distinguished men, he owed the development of the qualities which carried him to greatness.

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[*] "The Life and Letters of Sir John Everett Millais, President of the Royal Academy." By his son, John Guille Millais. With 319 illustrations, including nine photogravures. 2 vols. Methuen and Co. 32*s.* net

At the early age of four he was continually at work sketching figures as he lay on the floor. Some examples are given here of his performances when he was seven, eight, and nine, and they are so remarkable for a child, that one is not surprised that the President of the Royal Academy, Sir Martin Archer Shee, recalled his hasty "Better make him a chimney sweep than an artist," and declared that it was the plain duty of his parents to fit the young artist for the vocation for which Nature had manifestly designed him. Leave was obtained for him to sketch in the British Museum, and in the winter of 1838-9 he was admitted to the best art-school of the time in London. He was between nine and ten when he won the silver medal of the Society of Arts for a drawing of "The Battle of Bannockburn." On the prize-day, when the secretary called out "*Mr.* John Everett Millais," a little lad in white plaid tunic, with black belt and buckle; short white frilled trowsers, showing bare legs, with white socks and patent leather shoes; a large white frilled collar, a bright necktie, and his hair in golden curls; walked up unseen by H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, who was giving the prizes, and stood at his raised desk. The Duke observed after a time that "the gentleman was a long time coming up," to which the secretary replied, "He is here, your Royal Highness;" and his Royal Highness standing up, caught sight of the little fellow, and giving him his stool to stand upon, the childish golden head appeared above the desk. At the age of ten he was admitted a student at the Royal Academy—the youngest student in its history—and "during his six years there he carried off in turn every honour the Academy had to bestow." His fellow-students nicknamed him The Child, and the name stuck to him at the Garrick Club for the rest of his life. When he received the gold medal, Rogers, among other famous men, took notice of him, and it was at the poet's house that he saw Wordsworth—"a poor-looking man, apparently a country clergyman, dressed in a shabby tail-coat." He and his brother William were witnesses of Oxford's attempt to shoot the Queen on Constitution Hill, and it was their father who seized the lunatic and held him till the mounted escort arrived.

The most interesting incident in his early years, and one which indeed marked a new epoch in his life, was his acquaintance with Holman Hunt. The two young fellows became close friends, assisting and encouraging each other in their work, discussing principles of art, and talking over their ambitions together. Millais was yet but nineteen when he and Hunt "determined to adopt a style of absolute independence as to art-dogma and convention." "This *we* called 'Pre-Raphaelitism,'" Mr. Hunt writes. "D. G. Rossetti was already my pupil, and it seemed certain that he also, *in time*, would work on the same principles. He had declared his intention of doing so, and there was beginning to be some talk of other artists joining us, although in fact some were only in the most primitive stages of art, such as William Rossetti, who was not even a student." Here we have the story of the actual genesis of the little school which excited such a Babel of hostility among the critics and Academicians. The addition of the word "Brotherhood" to the title of "Pre-Raphaelite" was due to Rossetti; but Rossetti's influence on the work of the young men seems to have been practically *nil*. His ideals in art were not theirs, and, indeed, to use Millais' words, "it was not long before he drifted away from us to follow his own peculiar fancies." The one idea of Pre-Raphaelitism was "to present on canvas what they saw in Nature."

When one thinks of the long list of pictures that came from his easel drenched with the beauty and passion of nature and humanity, one rejoices that he had the power to free himself from the conventionality of his time, and go on his own way undeterred by any consideration. One of the charms of his work is that, in addition to its qualities as art, it is alive with a poetry which appeals to the world at large. Take as a single instance, which I select for a peculiar attraction that it has for me, the picture of "Sir Isumbras at the Ford," which, when it was admitted to the Academy in 1857, was "greeted with howls of execration, the lion's roar of Mr. Ruskin being heard high above the jackal's yelp of his followers." The picture represents "an ancient knight all clad in golden armour," who, coming at sunset to a river, lays aside all thought of pride and glory, and carries two woodcutter's children across the ford upon the saddle of his great war-horse. "The face of the warrior," observes a critic of this noble picture, "was one of those pictorial victories which can derive their success from nothing less than inspiration." And yet this face, like many another on his canvases, was a portrait. Millais had a wonderful faculty for looking among his friends or the models who came to him, and perceiving at a glance the subjects and characters they could represent to the life, while other artists were perhaps racking their brains to discover what could be done with the same material. And here we are brought in touch with the infinite patience and untiring labour which he was ever ready to lavish on any task he had undertaken. It was not merely of the "The Old Garden" that he could say, "A bit of my life has gone into that picture." "I am waiting here for a sunny day," he writes, "to give a finishing touch to the trunk of a tree which is in broad sunlight." It was at Knole Park, in a wonderful old room which had undergone no change since the days of James I., with the moonlight streaming in through the window on to the tapestry, old furniture, and fittings of solid silver, that he painted at midnight in December the picture of "The Eve of St. Agnes," Lady Millais standing for the figure of Madeline, half dressed in the bitter cold of the unheated room. For "The Order of Release" he obtained a genuine order signed by the Governor of Elizabeth Castle in Jersey, and he copied it so faithfully that in walking through the gallery where the picture was exhibited the Governor's son recognised his father's signature. Indeed, when he wished to make the nun's face a little prettier in "The Vale of Rest," he dared not undertake the change "without a look" at the lady who had sat for the subject. With such a passion for accuracy and such a mastery of technique brought to bear on all he did, it is not surprising to read that "the bees used often to settle on the bunches of blossom (in 'Spring Flowers'), thinking them real flowers from which they might make their honey."

He had an infinite love for his work and the joy of genius in doing it, yet he was not free from those visitations of depression and impotence which haunt every earnest worker. "Why, there are times," he confessed to Sir Noel Paton, "when I am so crushed and humiliated by my sense of incapacity, that I literally skulk about the house, ashamed to be seen by my own servants"; and all the sensitiveness and misery of feeling that one can't do what one wants to do is expressed in the words: "I know, my dear boy, how difficult it is to do good work—indeed, anything; I myself am so discouraged about my painting that I sometimes go to my wife and have a good cry." And he could not have gone to anyone wiser, more sympathetic, or more helpful.

Taking his life of sixty-seven years as a whole, Millais was an exceptionally happy and fortunate man. Few, as the close of all has drawn nigh, have been able to exclaim with more complete truth than he did, "I have had a good time." At the beginning he had his struggles—keen and thankless struggles against envy and malignity and spite and stupidity, but in these he was supported by his own buoyant spirit and the affection and admiration of his friends. Of fine presence and physique, blessed with good health, fond of sport and able to gratify his liking, surrounded by friends whom it was distinction merely to know, above all happy in his family circle, he was one of that curiously restricted list of mortals who have been at once men of genius and men whose life, protracted nearly to the threescore and ten, has been "a good time." These volumes give pleasant and interesting glimpses of his friendly relations with some of the most celebrated of his contemporaries. We see the author of "Esmond" dramatically and affectionately flinging wide his great arms to embrace him; Holman Hunt writes him wonderful letters from Palestine; Wilkie Collins rushes away from him at midnight in St. John's Wood to learn something of the lady who flashes past them and who is to give him the clue for "The Woman in White"—but to enumerate all the famous men who were his friends would exhaust the patience of my readers.

In the second volume, however, there is one little incident which I may quote, in connection with Matthew Arnold. It is just one of those strange occurrences which take us on the weak side of our wonder as to the mysterious things in life. Generally we call them coincidences, but we have inherited enough of the superstitious awe of our ancestors to dwell on them with a certain feeling that there really *are* more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy. When Millais and his family were living at Birnam Hall, Murthly, in 1885, it happened that thirteen sat down to dinner. No one noticed the unlucky number till all were seated, when a Miss G. S— called attention to the fact and declared that, after her painful experience on a former occasion when thirteen were present, she dared not now be one of the thirteen. Millais tried to laugh her out of her superstition, but had at last to ask his son to dine in the drawing-room. Still the lady was not at ease and frequently expressed her dread that some calamity was impending. On the son returning when the ladies were about to rise, he found Matthew Arnold discoursing learnedly on superstition. "And now, Miss S—," he said with a laugh, "the idea is that whoever leaves the table first will die within a year, so, with permission of the ladies, we will cheat the Fates for once. I and these fine strong lads [pointing to two of the guests] will all rise together, and I think our united constitutions will be able to withstand the assault of the Reaper." Strangely enough, six months later Matthew Arnold, in the prime of life and apparently in robust health, died suddenly of heart disease; a little later one of the fine strong lads was found dead in his bed; and the last of the three, though he outlived the fated year, was lost in the wreck of the steamer in which he was returning home from Melbourne in the following February. Towards the close of the volume an equally curious story is told of a haunted house in Scotland, but in this particular case the incident had a very happy ending.

In 1885 Millais accepted the baronetcy offered him by Mr. Gladstone. He had long held that honours of this kind were not confined to the recipient, but that they encouraged art and were of benefit to the whole body of artists. At the same time, that he was humorously alive to the practical uses of a title the following anecdote bears witness. "You fellows think it is nothing to be made a baronet," he once said to some of his friends, "but I can tell you it means a good deal. Here, you see, I went to the hotel at Manchester, and I said to a beautiful young person in the bar, 'I want a bedroom with a fire in it.' Off she went to a pipe and said, 'Whist! No. 238 and a fire.' She then asked me to write my name, which I did. Looking at me, she said, 'Are you Sir John?' Upon my answering 'Yes,' back to the same pipe she went, and said, 'Whist! Not 238—No. 23, and a good fire in it.' Now you see the use of being a baronet, my boys!"

On the death of Lord Leighton he was elected President of the Royal Academy in February 1896, but he was not destined to enjoy that distinction long. The disease of the throat to which he succumbed developed very seriously in March, so that at times he could scarcely make himself audible, and on May 2, when he went to the Academy to receive the Prince of Wales, he was almost too weak to walk round the room. Though the conviction was growing on him that his days were numbered, he maintained his cheerfulness and buoyancy of spirit. Both his biographer and Mr. Briton Riviere had urged him to undertake a sort of companion picture to his Arctic Explorer. The subject was "The Last Trek," and he had already treated it as a frontispiece to his son's book, "A Breath from the Veldt." The subject appealed to him, the title pleased him, and he got a canvas ready: "I am really going to begin 'The Last Trek' to-day." An hour later he was so unwell that he had to go to his own room, and his studio door closed on him for the last time. He died on August 13, after a brilliant, happy, and prosperous life, the labours of which not only brightened numberless British homes, but reached out into remote and surprising places. A copy of the "North-West Passage" was seen on the mud wall of the hut of a Hottentot shepherd on the Great Karroo; "Cinderella," gorgeously framed, hung in the house of a Samoan chief; and "Cherry Ripe," which had brought him letters of affection and admiration from Australian miners, backwoodsmen, and South African trekkers, found its way to a Tartar's hut. He died honoured and beloved, and at peace with all men. "There's no man," he once said, "with whom I would not shake hands—except one, and, by Jove! I should like to shake him by the hand now."

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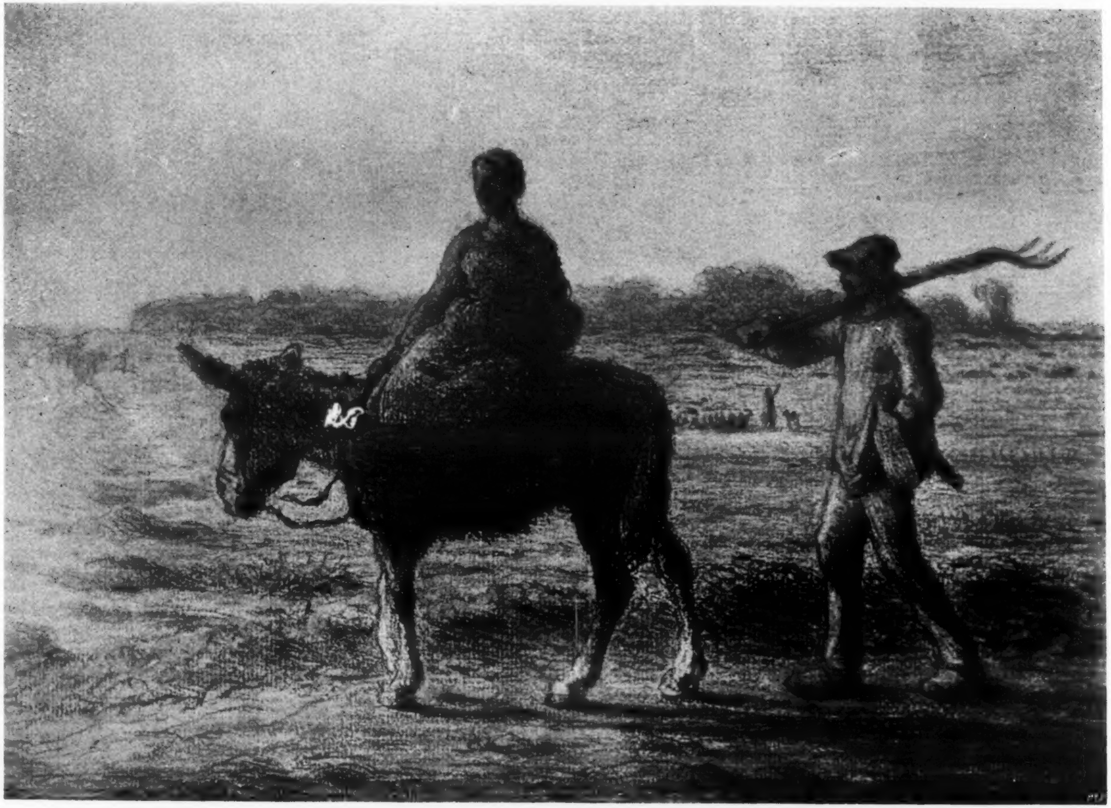

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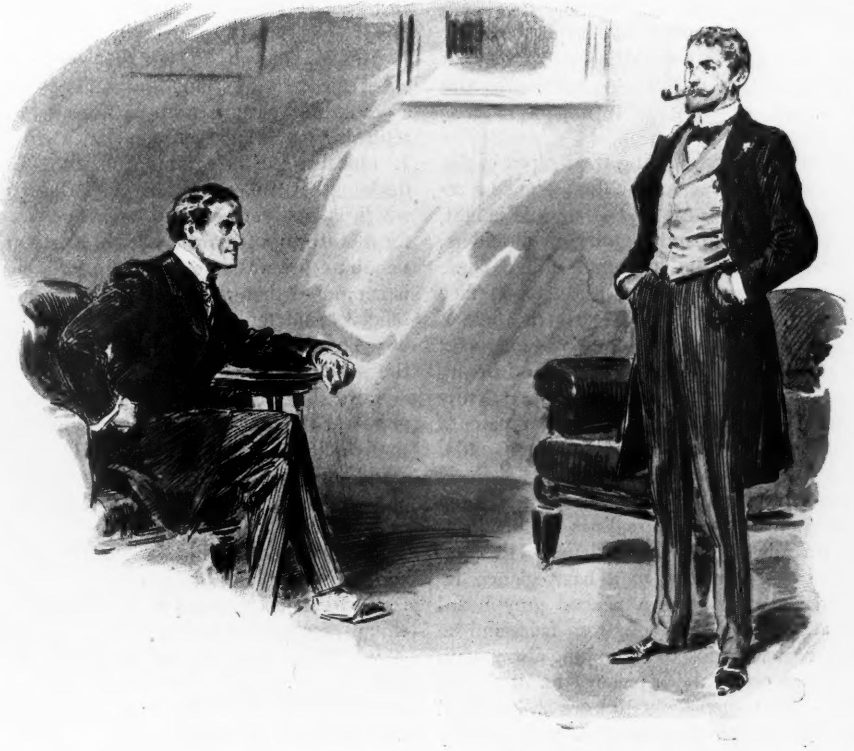
THE RETURN FROM WORK

By J. F. Millet



"'I am very unpopular, and I have the grace to know it'"

THE HALF-HEARTED*

BY JOHN BUCHAN, AUTHOR OF "JOHN BURNET OF BARNS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON BROWNE

CHAPTER VII

THE MAKERS OF EMPIRE

THE day before the events just recorded two men had entered the door of a certain London club and made their way to a remote little smoking-room on the first floor. It was not a handsome building, nor had it any particular outlook or position. It was a small old-fashioned place in a side street, in style obviously of last century, and the fittings within were far from magnificent. Yet no club carried more distinction in its membership. Its fifty possible inmates were the cream of the higher professions, the *chef* and the cellar were things to wonder at, and the man who could write himself a member of the Rota Club had obtained one of the rare social honours which men confer on one another. Thither came all manner of people,—the distinguished foreigner travelling *incognito*, and eager to talk with some Minister unofficially on matters of import, the diplomat on a secret errand, the great traveller home for a brief season, the soldier, the thinker, the great lawyer. It was a catholic assembly, but exclusive—very. Each man bore the stamp of competence on his face, and there was no cheap talk of the "well-informed"

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variety. When the members spoke seriously they spoke like experts; otherwise they were apt to joke very much like schoolboys let loose. The Rt. Hon. Mr. M—— was not above twitting Lord S—— with gunroom stories, and suffering in turn good-natured libel.

Of the two men lighting their pipes in the little room one was to the first glance a remarkable figure. About the middle height, with a square head and magnificent shoulders, he looked from the back not unlike some professional strong man. But his face betrayed him, for it was clearly the face of the intellectual worker, the man of character and mind. His jaw was massive and broad, saved from hardness only by a quaintly humorous mouth; he had, too, a pair of very sharp blue eyes looking from under shaggy eyebrows. His age was scarcely beyond thirty, but one would have put it ten years later, for there were lines on his brow and threads of grey in his hair. His companion was slim and, to a hasty glance, insignificant. He wore a peaked grey beard which lengthened his long thin face, and he had a nervous trick of drumming always with his fingers on whatever piece of furniture was near. But if you looked closer and marked the high brow, the keen eyes, and the very resolute mouth, the thought of insignificance disappeared. He looked not unlike a fighting Yankee colonel who had had a Puritan upbringing, and the impression was aided by his simplicity in dress. He was, in fact, a very great man, the Foreign Secretary of the time, formerly known to fame as Lord Malham, and, at the moment, by his father's death, Lord Beauregard, and for his sins an exile to the Upper House. His companion, whose name was Wratislaw, was a younger Member of Parliament who was credited with peculiar knowledge and insight on the matters which formed his lordship's province. They were close friends and allies of some years, standing, and colloquies between the two in this very place were not unknown to the club annals.

Lord Beauregard looked at his companion's anxious face. "Do you know the news?" he said.

"What news?" asked Wratislaw. "That your family position is changed, or that the dissolution will be a week earlier, or that Marka is busy again?"

"I mean the last. How did you know? Did you see the telegrams?"

"No, I saw it in the papers."

"Good Heavens!" said the great man. "Let me see the thing," and he snatched a newspaper cutting from Wratislaw's hand, returning it the next moment with a laugh. It ran thus: "Telegrams from the Punjab declare that an expedition, the *personnel* of which is not yet revealed, is about to start for the town of Bardur in N. Kashmir, to penetrate the wastes beyond the frontier. It is rumoured that the expedition has a semi-official character."

"That's our friend," said Wratislaw, putting the papers into his pocket.

Lord Beauregard wrinkled his brows and stared at the bowl of his pipe. "I see the motive clearly, but I am hanged if I understand why an evening paper should print it. Who in this country knows of the existence of Bardur?"

"Many people since Haystoun's book," said the other.

"I have just glanced at it. Is there anything important in it?"

"Nothing that we did not know before. But things are put in a fresh light. He covered ground himself of which we had only a secondhand account."

"And he talks of this Bardur?"

"A good deal. He is an expert in his way on the matter and uncommonly clever. He kept the best things out of the book, and it would be worth your while meeting him. Do you happen to know him?"

"No—o," said the great man doubtfully. "Oh, stop a moment. I have heard my young brother talk of somebody of the same name. Rather a figure at Oxford, wasn't he?"

Wratislaw nodded. "But to talk of Marka," he said.

"His mission is, of course, official, and he has abundant resources."

"So much I gathered," said Wratislaw. "But his designs?"

"He knows the tribes in the North better than any living man, but without a base at hand he is comparatively harmless. The devil in the thing is that we do not know how close that base may be. Fifty thousand may be massed within fifty miles, and we are in ignorance."

"It is the lack of a secret service," said the other. "Had we that, there are a hundred young men who would have risked their necks there and kept us abreast of our enemies. As it is, we have to wait till news comes by some roundabout channel, while that cheerful being, Marka, keeps the public easy by news of hypothetical private expeditions."

"And meantime there is that thousand-mile piece of desert of which we know nothing, and where our friends may be playing pranks as they please. Well, well, we must wait on developments. It is the last refuge of the ill-informed. What about the Dissolution? You are safe, I suppose?"

Wratislaw nodded.

"I have been asked my forecast fifty times to-day, and I steadily refuse to speak. But I may as well give it to you. We shall come back with a majority of from fifty to eighty, and you, my dear fellow, will not be forgotten."

"You mean the Under-Secretaryship," said the grim-faced man. "Well, I don't mind it."

"I should think not. Why, you will get that chance your friends have hoped so long for, and then it is only a matter of time till you climb the last step. You are a youngish man for a Cabinet Minister, for all your elderly manners."

Wratislaw smiled the pleased smile of the man who hears kind words from one whom he admires. "It won't be a bed of roses, you know. I am very unpopular, and I have the grace to know it."

The elder man looked on the younger with an air of kindly wisdom. "Your pride may have a fall, my dear chap. You are young and confident, I am old and humble. Some day you will be glad to hope that you are not without this despised popularity."

Wratislaw looked grave. "God forbid that I should despise it. When it comes my way I shall think that my work is done, and rest in peace. But you and I are not the sort of people who can court it with comfort. We are old sticks and very full of angles, but it would be a pity to rub them off if the shape were to be spoiled."

Lord Beauregard nodded. "Tell me more about your friend Haystoun."

Wratislaw's face relaxed, and he became communicative.

"He is a Scots laird, rather well off, and, as I have said, uncommonly clever. He lives at a place called Etterick in the Gled Valley."

"I saw Merkland to-day, and he spoke his farewell to politics. The Whips told me about it yesterday."

"Merkland! But he always raised that scare!"

"He is serious this time. He has applied for the Chilterns and sold his town house."

"Then that settles it. Lewis shall stand in his place."

"Good," said the great man. "We want experts. He would strengthen your feeble hands and confirm your tottering knees, Tommy."

"If he gets in; but he will have a fight for it. Our dear friend Albert Stocks has been nursing the seat, and the Manorwaters and scores of Lewie's friends will help him. That young man has a knack of confining his affections in the main to members of the opposite party."

"What was Merkland's majority? Two-fifty or something like that?"

"There or about. But he was an old and well-liked country laird, whereas Lewie is a very young gentleman with nothing to his credit except an Oxford reputation and a book of travels, neither of which will appeal to the Gledsmuir weavers."

"But he is popular?"

"Where he is known—adored. But his name does not carry confidence to those who do not know the man, for his family were weak-kneed gentry."

"Yes, I knew his father. Able, but crotchety and impossible! Tommy, this young man must get the seat, for we cannot afford to throw away a single chance. You say he knows the place," and he jerked his head to indicate that East to which his thoughts were ever turning. "Some time in the next two years there will be the devil's own mess in that happy land. Then your troubles will begin, my friend, and I can wish nothing better for you than the support of some man in the Commons who knows that Bardur is not quite so pastoral as Hampshire. He may relieve you of some of the popular odium you are courting, and at the worst he can be sent out."

Wratislaw whistled long and low. "I think not," he said. "He is too good to throw away. But he must get in, and as there is nothing in the world for me to do I shall go up to Etterick to-morrow and talk to him. He will do as I tell him, and we can put our back into the fight. Besides, I want to see Stocks again. That man is the joy of my heart!"

"Lucky beggar!" said the Minister. "Oh, go by all means and enjoy yourself, while I swelter here for another three weeks over meaningless telegrams enlivened by the idiot diplomatist. Good-bye and good luck, and bring the young man to a sense of his own value."

CHAPTER VIII

MR. WRATISLAW'S ADVENT

As the three men went home in the dusk they talked of the day. Lewis had been in a bad humour, but the company of his friends exorcised the imp of irritation, and he felt only the mellow gloom of the evening and the sweet scents of the moor. In such weather he had a trick of walking with his head high and his nostrils wide, sniffing the air like the wild ass of the desert with which the metaphorical George had erstwhile compared him. That young man meanwhile was occupied with his own reflections. His good-nature had been victimised, he had been made to fetch and carry continually, and the result was that he had scarcely spoken a word to Miss Wishart. His plans thus early foiled, nothing remained but to draw the more fortunate Arthur, so in a conspirator's aside he asked him his verdict. But Arthur refused to speak. "She is pretty and clever," he said, "and excellent company." And with this his lips were sealed, and his thoughts went off on his own concerns.

Lewis heard and smiled. The sun and wind of the hills beat in his pulses like wine. To have breathed all day the fragrance of heather and pines, to have gladdened the eye with an infinite distance and blue lines of mountain, was with this man to have drunk the cup of intoxicating youth. The cool gloaming did not chill; rather it was the high and solemn aftermath of the day's harvesting. The faces of gracious women seemed blent with the pageant of summer weather; kindly voices, simple joys—for a moment they seemed to him the major matters in life. So far it was pleasing fancy, but Alice soon entered to disturb with the disquieting glory of her hair. The family of the Haystouns had ever a knack of fine sentiment. Fantastic, unpractical, they were gluttons for the romantic, the recondite, and the dainty. But now had come a breath of strong wind which rent the meshes of a philandering fancy. A very new and strange feeling was beginning to make itself known. He had come to think of Alice with the hot pained affection which makes the high mountains of the world sink for the time to a species of mole-hillock. She danced through his dreams and usurped all the paths of his ambition. Formerly he had thought of himself—for the man was given to self-portraiture—as the adventurer, the scorner of the domestic; now he struggled to regain the old attitude, but he struggled in vain. The ways were blocked, a slim figure was ever in view, and lo! when he blotted it from his sight the world was dark and the roads blind. For a moment he had lost his bearings on the sea of life. As yet the discomfiture was sweet, his confusion was a joy; and it is the first trace of weakness which we have seen in the man that he accepted the unsatisfactory with composure.

At the door of Etterick it became apparent that something was astir. Wheel-marks were clear in the gravel, and the ancient butler had an air of ceremony. "Mr. Wratislaw has arrived, sir," he whispered to Lewis, whereat that young man's face shone.

"When? How? Where is he now?" he cried, and with a word to his companions he had crossed the hall, raced down a lengthy passage, and flung open the door of his sanctum. There, sure enough, were the broad shoulders of Wratislaw bending among the books.

"Lord bless me, Tommy, what extraordinary surprise visit is this? I thought you would be over your ears in work. We are tremendously pleased to see you."

The sharp blue eyes had been scanning the other's frank sunburnt face with an air of affectionate consideration. "I got off somehow or other, as I had to see you, old man, so I thought I would try this place first. What a fortressed wilderness you live in! I got out at Gledsmuir after travelling some dreary miles in a train which stopped at every farm, and then I had to wait an hour till the solitary dog-cart in the inn returned. Hullo! you've got other visitors." And he stretched out a massive hand to Arthur and George.

The sight of him lifted a load from these gentlemen's hearts. The old watch-dog had come; the little terriers might now take holiday. The task of being Lewis's keeper did not by right belong to them; they were only amateurs acting in the absence of the properly qualified Wratislaw. Besides, it had been anxious work, for while each had sworn to himself aforetime to protect his friend from the wiles of Miss Wishart, both were now devoted slaves drawn at that young woman's chariot wheel. You will perceive that it is a delicate matter to wage war with a goddess, and a task unblest of Heaven.

Supper was brought, and the lamps lit in the cool old room, where, through the open window, they could still catch the glint of foam on the stream and the dark gloom of pines on the hill. They fell ravenously on the meal, for one man had eaten nothing since midday and the others were fresh from moorland air. Thereafter they pulled arm-chairs to a window, and lit the pipes of contentment. Wratislaw stretched his arms on the sill and looked out into the fragrant darkness.

"Any news, Tommy?" asked his host. "Things seem lively in the East."

"Very, but I am ill-informed. Did you lay no private lines of communication in your travels?"

"They were too short. I picked up a lot of out-of-the-way hints, but as I am not a diplomatist I cannot use them. I think I have already made you a present of most. By-the-bye, I see from the papers that an official expedition is going north from Bardur. What idiot invented that?"

Wratislaw pulled his head in and sat back in his chair. "You are sure you don't happen to know?"

"Sure. But it is just the sort of *canard* which the gentry on the other side of the frontier would invent to keep things quiet. Who are the Englishmen at Bardur now?"

The elder man looked shrewdly at the younger, who was carelessly pulling a flower to pieces. "There's Logan, whom you know, and Thwaite and Gribton."

"Good men all, but slow in the uptak'. Logan is a jewel. He gave me the best three days' shooting I ever dreamed of, and he has more stories in his head than George. But if matters got into a tangle I would rather not be in his company. Thwaite is a gentlemanly sort of fellow, but dull—very, while Gribton is the ordinary shrewd commercial man, very cautious and rather timid."

"Did you ever happen to hear of a man called Marka? He might call himself Constantine Marka, or Arthur Marker, or the Baron Mark—whatever happened to suit him."

Lewis puzzled for a little. "Yes, of course I did. By George! I should think so. It was a chap of that name who had gone north the week before I arrived. They said he would never be heard of again. He seemed brave, but a reckless sort of fool."

"You didn't see him?"

"No. But why?"

"Simply that you came within a week of meeting one of the cleverest men living, a cheerful being whom the Foreign Office is more interested in than any one else in the world. If you should hear again of Constantine Marka, Marker, or Mark, please note it down."

"You mean that he is the author of the *canard*," said Lewis, with sharp eyes, taking up a newspaper.

"Surely, and of many more. This graceful person will complicate things for me, for I am to represent the Office in the Commons if we get back with a decent majority."

Lewis held out a cordial hand. "I congratulate you, Tommy. Now beginneth the end, and may I be spared to see!"

"I hope you may, and it's on this I want to talk to you. Merkland has resigned; it will be in the papers to-morrow. I got it kept out till I could see you."

"Yes?" said Lewis, with quickening interest.

"And I want you to take his place. I spoke to him, and he is enthusiastic on the matter. I wired to the Conservative Club at Gledsmuir, and it seems you are their most cherished possibility. The leaders of the party are more than willing, so it only remains for you to consent, my dear boy."

"I — don't — think — I—can," said the possibility slowly. "You see, only to-day I told that man Stocks that Merkland would not resign, and that I was sick of party politics and would not interfere with his chances. The poor beggar is desperately keen, and if I stood now he would think me terribly disingenuous."

"But there is no reason why he should not know the truth. You can tell him that you only heard about Merkland to-night, and that you act only in deference to strong external pressure."

"In that case he would think me a fool. I have a bad enough reputation for lack of seriousness in these matters already. The man is not very particular, and there is nothing to hinder him from blazoning it up and down the place that I changed my mind in ten minutes on a friend's recommendation. I should get a very complete licking."

"Do you mind, Lewie, if I advise you to take it seriously? It is really not a case for little scruples about reputation. There are rocks ahead of me, and I want a man like you in the Commons more than I could make you understand. You say you hate party politics, and I am with you, but there is no reason why you should not use them as a crutch to better work. You are in your way an expert, and that is what we will need above all things in the next few years. Of course, if you feel yourself bound by a promise not to oppose Stocks, then I have nothing more to say; but, unless the man is a lunatic, he will admit the justice of your case."

"You mean that you really want me, Tommy?" said the young man, in great doubt. "I hate the idea of fighting Stocks, and I shall most certainly be beaten."

"That is on the knees of the gods, and as for the rest I take the responsibility. I shall speak to Stocks myself. It will be a sharp fight, but I see no reason why you should not win. After all, it is your own countryside, and you are a better man than your opponent."

"You are the serpent who has broken up this peaceful home. I shall be miserable for a month, and the house will be divided against itself. Arthur has promised to help Stocks, while the Manorwaters, root and branch, are pledged to support him."

"I'll do my best, Lewie, for old acquaintance' sake. It had to come sooner or later, you know, and it is as well that you should seize the favourable moment. Now let us drop the subject for to-night. I want to enjoy myself."

And he rose, stretched his great arms, and wandered about the room.

To all appearance he had forgotten the very existence of things political. Arthur, who had a contest to face shortly, was eager for advice and the odds and ends of information which defend the joints in a candidate's harness, but the well-informed man disdained to help. He tested the guns, gave his verdict on rods, and ranged through a cabinet of sporting requisites. Then he fell on his host's books, and for an hour the three were content to listen to him. It was rarely that Wratislaw fell into such moods, but when the chance came it was not to be lightly disregarded. A laborious youth had given him enormous stores of scholarship, and Lewis's books were a curious if chaotic selection. On the fly-leaf of a little duodecimo was an inscription from the author of "Waverley," who had often made Etterick his hunting-ground. A Dunbar had Hawthornden's autograph, and a set of tall classic folios bore the handwriting of George Buchanan. Lord Kames, Hume, and a score of others had dedicated works to lairds of Etterick, and the Haystouns themselves had deigned at times to court the Muse. Lewie's own special books—college prizes, a few modern authors, some well-thumbed poets, and a row in half-a-dozen languages on some matters of diplomatic interest—were crowded into a little oak bookcase which had once graced his college rooms. Thither Wratislaw ultimately turned, dipping, browsing, reading a score of lines.

"What a nice taste you have in arrangement!" he cried. "Scott, Tolstoi, Meredith, an odd volume of a Saga library, an odd volume of the 'Corpus Boreale,' some Irish reprints, Stevenson's poems, Virgil and the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and a French Gazetteer of Mountains wedged above them. And then an odd Badminton volume, French 'Mémoires,' a Dante, a Homer, and a badly printed German text of Schopenhauer! Three different copies of Rabelais, a De Thou, a Horace, and—bless my soul!—about twenty books of fairy tales! Lewie you must have a mind like a lumber-room."

"I pillaged books from the big library as I wanted them," said the young man humbly. "Do you know, Tommy, to talk quite seriously, I get more erratic every day? Knocking about the world and living alone make me a queer slave of whims. I am straying too far from the normal. I wish to goodness you would take me and drive me back to the ways of common sense."

"Meaning——?"

"That I am getting cranky and diffident. I am beginning to get nervous about people's opinion and sensitive to my own eccentricity. It is a sad case for a man who never used to care a straw for a soul on earth."

"Lewie, attend to me," said Wratislaw, with mock gravity. "You have not by any chance been falling in love?"

The accused blushed like a girl, and lied withal like a trooper, to the delight of the un-Christian George.

"Well, then, my dear chap, there is hope for you yet. If a man once gets sentimental, he desires to be normal above all things, for he has a crazy intuition that it is the normal which women really like, being themselves but a hair's-breadth from the commonplace. I suppose it is only another of the immortal errors with which mankind hedges itself about."

"You think it an error?" said Lewis, with such an air of relief that George began to laugh and Wratislaw looked comically suspicious.

"Why the tone of joy, Lewie?"

"I wanted your opinion," said the perjured young man. "I thought of writing a book. But that is not the thing I was talking about. I want to be normal, aggressively normal, to court the suffrages of Gledsmuir. Do you know Stocks?"

"Surely."

"An excellent person, but I never heard him utter a word above a child's capacity. He can talk the most shrieking platitudes as if he had found at last the one and only truth. And people are impressed."

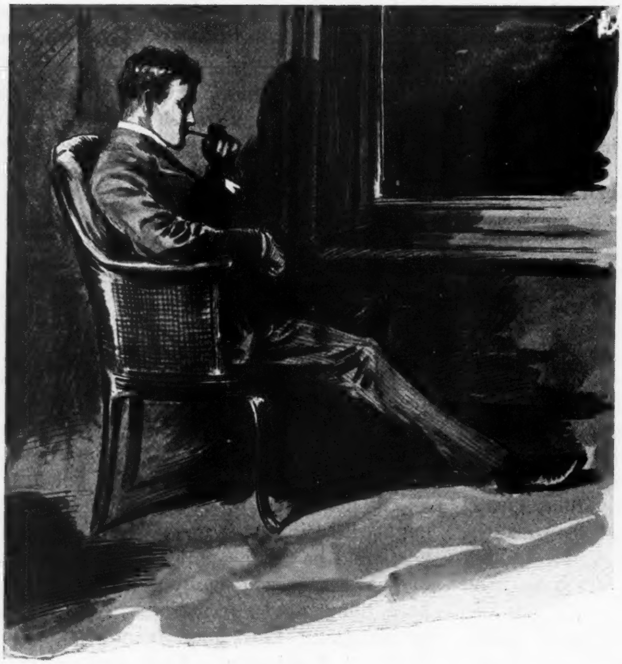
Wratislaw pulled down his eyebrows and proceeded to defend a Scotch constituency against the libel of gullibility. But Lewis was not listening. He did not think of the impression made on the voting powers, but on one small girl who clamorously impeded all his thoughts. She was, he knew, an enthusiast for the finer sentiments of life, and of these Mr. Stocks had long ago claimed a monopoly. He felt bitterly jealous—the jealousy of the innocent man to whom woman is an unaccountable creature, whose habits and likings must be curiously studied. He was dimly conscious of lacking the stage attributes of a lover. He could not pose as a mirror of all virtues, a fanatic for the True and the Good. Somehow or other he had acquired an air of self-seeking egotism, unscrupulousness, which he felt miserably must make him unlovely in certain eyes. Nor would the contest he was entering upon improve this fancied reputation of his. He would have to say hard, unfeeling things against what all the world would applaud as generous sentiment.

When the others had gone yawning to bed, he returned and sat at the window for a little, smoking hard and puzzling out the knots which confronted him. He had a dismal anticipation of failure. Not defeat—that was a little matter; but an abject show of incompetence. His feelings pulled him hither and thither. He could not utter moral platitudes to checkmate his opponent's rhetoric, for, after all, he was honest; nor could he fill the part of the cold critic of hazy sentiment; gladly though he would have done it, he feared the reproach in girlish eyes. This good man was on the horns of a dilemma. Love and habit, a generous passion and a keen intellect dragged him alternately to their side, and as a second sign of weakness the unwilling scribe has to record that his conclusion as he went to bed was to let things drift—to take his chance.

CHAPTER IX

THE EPISODES OF A DAY

It is painful to record it, but when the Glenavelin party arrived at noon of the next day it was only to find the house deserted. Lady Manorwater, accustomed to the vagaries of her nephew, led the guests over the place and found to her horror that it seemed undwelt in. The lobbies were in order, and the tart and rosy lairds of Etterick looked down from their Raeburn canvases on certain signs of habitation; but the drawing-rooms were dingy with coverings and all the large rooms were in the same tidy disarray. Then, wise from experience, she led the way to Lewis's sanctum, and found there a pretty luncheon-table and every token of men's presence. Soon the four tenants arrived, hot and breathless, from the hill, to find Bertha Afflint deep in rods and guns, Miss



"Smoking hard and puzzling out the knots that confronted him"

Wishart and Lady Manorwater ensconced in the great armchairs, and Mr. Stocks casting a critic's eye over the unruly bookshelves.

Wratislaw's presence at first cast a certain awe on the assembly. His name was so painfully familiar, so consistently abused, that it was hard to refrain from curiosity. Lady Manorwater, an ancient ally, greeted him effusively, and Alice cast shy glances at this strong man with the kind smile and awkward manners. The truth is that the great man was painfully nervous. With Mr. Stocks alone was he at his ease. He shook his hand heartily, declared himself delighted to meet him again, and looked with such manifest favour on this opponent that the gentleman was cast into confusion.

"I must talk shop," cried Lady Manorwater when they were seated at table. "Lewie, have you heard the news that poor Sir Robert has retired? What a treasure of a cook you have, sir! The poor man is going to travel, as his health is bad; he wrote me this morning. Now who is to take his place? And I wish you'd get me the receipt for this tomato soup."

Lewis unravelled the tangled skein of his aunt's questions.

"I heard about Merkland last night from Wratislaw. I think, perhaps, I had better make a confession to everybody. I never intended to bother with party politics, at least not for a good many years, but some people want me to stand, so I have agreed. You will have a very weak opponent, Stocks, so I hope you will pardon my impertinence in trying the thing."

The candidate turned a little pale, but he smiled gallantly.

"I shall be glad to have so distinguished an opponent. But I thought that yesterday you would never have dreamed of the thing."

"No more I should; but Wratislaw talked to me seriously and I was persuaded."

Wratislaw tried to look guileless, failed signally, and detected a sudden unfavourable glance from Mr. Stocks in his direction.

"We must manage everything as pleasantly as possible. You have my aunt and my uncle and Arthur on your side, while I have George, who doesn't count in this show, and I hope Wratislaw. I'll give you a three days' start if you like in lieu of notice." And the young man laughed as if the matter were the simplest of jokes.

The laugh jarred very seriously on one listener. To Alice the morning had been full of vexations, for Mr. Stocks had again sought her company, and wearied her with a new manner of would-be gallantry which sat ill upon him. She had come to Etterick with a tenderness towards Lewis which was somewhat dispelled by his newly-held political aims. It meant that the Glenavelin household, including herself, would be in a different camp for three dreary weeks, and that

Mr. Stock would claim more of her society than ever. With feminine inconsistency she visited her repugnance for that gentleman on his innocent rival. But Mr. Lewis Haystoun's light-hearted manner of regarding the business struck the little Puritan deeper. Politics had always been a thing of the gravest import in her eyes, bound up with a man's duty and honour and religion, and lo! here was this Gallio who not only adorned a party she had been led to regard as reprobate, but treated the whole affair as a half-jocular business, on which one should not be serious. It was sheer weakness, her heart cried out, the weakness of the philanderer, the half-hearted. In her vexation her interest flew in sympathy to Mr. Stocks, and she viewed him for the occasion with favour.

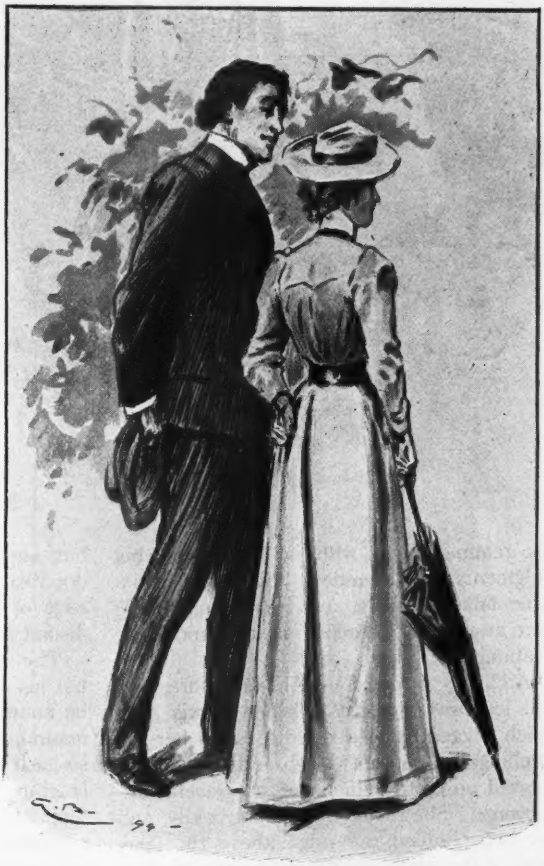
"You are far too frivolous about it," she cried. "How can you fight if you are not in earnest, and how can you speak things you only half believe? I hate to think of men playing at politics." And she had set her little white teeth, and sat flushed and diffident, a Muse of Protest.

Lewis flushed in turn. He recognised with pain the fulfilment of his fears. He saw dismally how during the coming fight he would sink daily in the estimation of this small critic, while his opponent would as conspicuously rise. The prospect did not soothe him, and he turned to Bertha Afflint, who was watching the scene with curious eyes.

"It's very sad, Lewie," she said, "but you'll get no canvassers from Glenavelin. We have all been pledged to Mr. Stocks for the last week. Alice is a keen politician, and, I believe, has permanently unsettled Lord Manorwater's easy-going Liberalism. She believes in action; whereas, you know, he does not."

"We all believe in action nowadays," said Wratislaw. "I could wish at times for the revival of 'leisureliness' as a party catchword."

And then there ensued a passage of light arms between the great man and Bertha which did not soothe Alice's vexation. She ignored the amiable George, seeing in him another of the half-hearted, and in a fine heat of virtue devoted herself to Mr. Stocks. That gentleman had been melancholy, but the favour of Miss Wishart made him relax his heavy brows and become communicative. He was flattered by her interest. She heard



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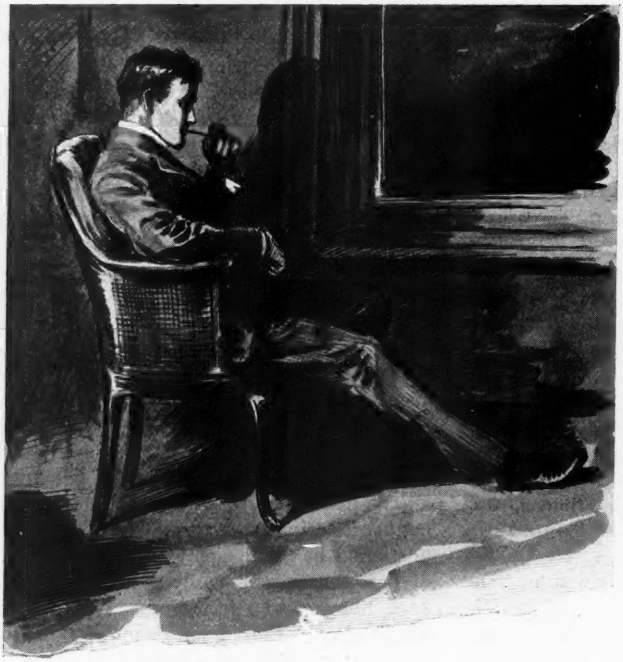

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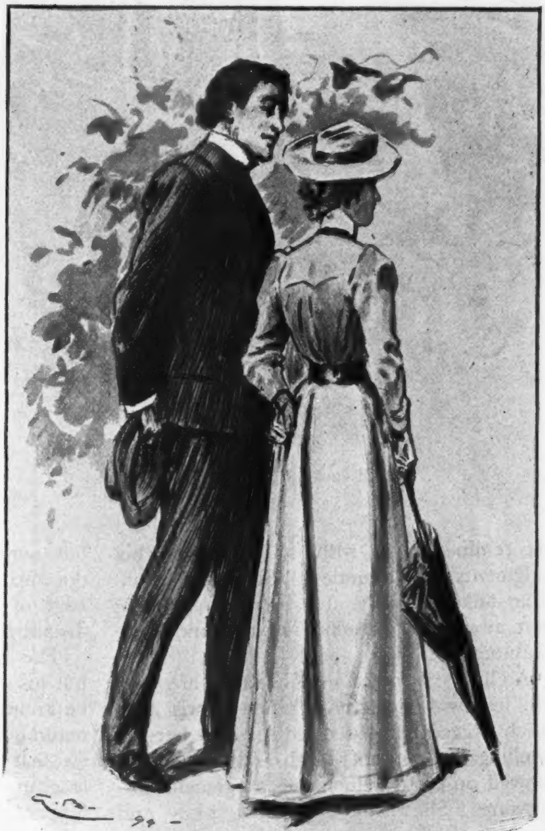

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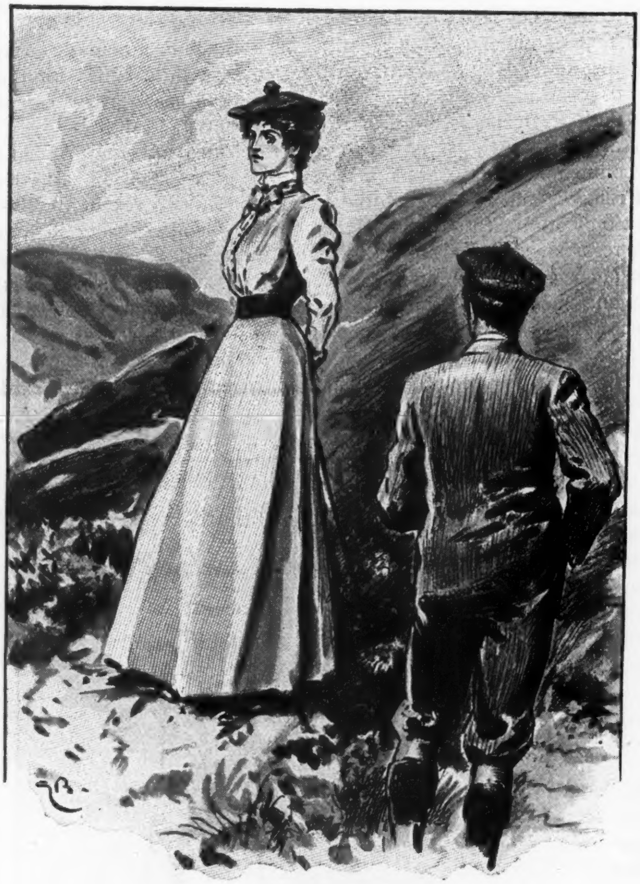


"'Of course it is none of my business'"

his reminiscences with a smile and his judgments with attention. Soon the whole table talked merrily, and two people alone were aware that breaches yawned under the unanimity.

Archness was not in Alice's nature, and still less was coquetry. When Lewis after lunch begged to be allowed to show her his dwelling she did not blush and simper, she showed no pretty reluctance, no graceful displeasure. She thanked him, but coldly, and the two climbed the ridge above the lake, whence the whole glen may be seen winding beneath. It was still hot July weather, and the far hills seemed to blink and shimmer in the haze; but at their feet was always coolness in the blue depth of the loch, the heath-fringed shores, the dark pines, and the cold whinstone craigs.

"You don't relish the prospect of the next month?" she asked.

He shrugged his shoulders. "After all, it is only a month, and it will all be over before the shooting begins."

"I cannot understand you," she cried suddenly and impatiently. "People call you ambitious, and yet you have to be driven by force to the simplest move in the game, and all the while you are thinking and talking as if a day's sport were of far greater importance."

"And it really vexes you—Alice?" he said, with penitent eyes.

She drew swiftly away and turned her face, so that the man might not see the vexation and joy struggling for mastery.

"Of course it is none of my business, but surely it is a pity." And the little doctrinaire walked with head erect to the edge of the slope and studied intently the distant hills.

The man was half amused, half pained, but his evil star was in the ascendant. Had he known it, he would have been plain and natural, for at no time had the girl ever been so near to him. Instead he made some laughing remark, which sounded harshly flippant in her ears. She looked at him reproachfully: it was cruel to treat her seriousness with scorn; and then, seeing Lady Manorwater and the others on the lawn below, she asked him with studied carelessness to take her back. Lewis obeyed meekly, cursing in his heart his unhappy trick of an easy humour. If his virtues were to go far to rob him of what he most cared for, it looked black indeed for the unfortunate young man.

Meantime Wratislaw and Mr. Stocks had drawn together by the attraction of opposites. A change had come over the latter, and momentarily eclipsed his dignity. For the man was not without tact, and he felt that the attitude of high-priest of all the virtues would not suit in the presence of one whose favourite task it was to laugh his so-called virtues to scorn. Such, at least to begin with, was his honourable intention. But the subtle Wratislaw drew him from his retirement and skilfully elicited his coy principles. It was a cruel performance—a shameless one, had there been any spectator. The one would lay down a fine generous line of policy; the other would beg for a fact in confirmation. The one would haltingly detail some facts; the other would promptly convince him of their falsity. Eventually the victim grew angry and a little frightened. The real Mr. Stocks was a man of business, not above making a deal with an opponent; and for a little the real Mr. Stocks emerged from his shell.

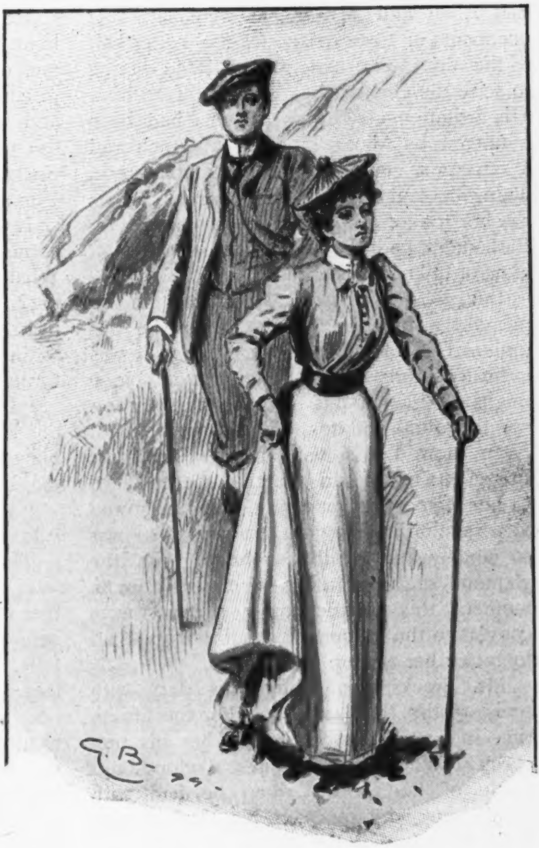
"You won't speak much in the coming fight, will you? You see, you are rather heavy metal for a beginner like myself," he said, with commercial frankness.

"No, my dear Stocks, to set your mind at rest, I won't. Lewis wants to be knocked about a little, and he wants the fight to brace him. I'll leave him to fight his own battles, and wish good luck to the better man. Also I won't come to your meetings and ask awkward questions."

Mr. Stocks bore malice only to his inferiors, and respected his betters when he was not on a platform. He thanked Wratislaw with great heartiness, and when Lady Manorwater found the two they were beaming on each other like the most ancient friends.

"Has anybody seen Lewie?" she was asking. "He is the most scandalous host in the world. We can't find boats or canoes and we can't find him. Oh, here is the truant!" And the renegade host was seen in the wake of Alice descending from the ridge.

Something in the attitude of the two struck the lady with suspicion. Was it possible that she had been blind, and that her nephew was about to confuse her cherished schemes? This innocent woman, who went through the world as not being of it, had fancied that already Alice had fallen in with her plans. She had seemed to court Mr. Stocks' com-



"Seen in the wake of Alice"

pany, while he most certainly sought eagerly for hers. But Lewis, if he entered the lists, would be a perplexing combatant and Lady Manorwater called her gods to witness that it should not be. Many motives decided her against it. She hated that a scheme of her own once made should be checkmated, though it were by her dearest friend. More than all, her pride was in arms. Lewis was a dazzling figure; he should make a great match; money and pretty looks and *parvenu* blood were not enough for his high mightiness.

So it came about that, when they had explored the house, circumnavigated the loch, and had tea on a lawn of heather, she informed her party that she must get out at Haystounslacks, for she wished to see the farmer, and asked Bertha to keep her company. The young woman agreed readily, with the result that Alice and Mr. Stocks were left sole occupants of the carriage for the better half of the way. The man was only too willing to seize the chance thus divinely given him. His irritation at Lewis's projects had been tempered by Alice's kindness at lunch and Wratislaw's unlooked-for complaisance. Things looked rosy for him; far off, as on the horizon of his hopes, he saw a seat in Parliament and the fair Alice in the soft glow of unknown beatitude.

But Miss Wishart was scarcely in so pleasant a humour. With Lewis she was undeniably cross, but of Mr. Stocks she was radically intolerant. A moment of pique might send her to his side, but the position was unnatural and could not be maintained. Even now Lewis was in her thoughts. Fragments of his odd romantic speech clove to her memory. His figure—for he showed to perfection in his own surroundings—was so comely and gallant, so bright with the glamour of adventurous youth, that for a moment this prosaic young woman was a convert to the coloured side of life and had forgotten her austere creed.

Mr. Stocks went about his duty with praiseworthy thoroughness. For the fiftieth time in a week he detailed to her his prospects. When he had raised a cloud-built castle of fine hopes, when he had with manly simplicity repeated his confession of faith, he felt that the crucial moment had arrived. Now, when she looked down the same avenue of prospect as himself, he could gracefully ask her to adorn the fair scene with her presence.

"Alice," he said, and at the sound of her name the girl started from a reverie in which Lewis was not absent, and looked vacantly in his face.

He took it for maidenly modesty.

"I have wanted to speak to you for long, Alice. We have seen a good deal of each other lately, and I have come to be very fond of you. I trust you may have some liking for me, for I want you to promise to be my wife."

He told his love in regular sentences. Unconsciously he had fallen into the soft patronising tone in which aforetime he had shepherded a Sunday school.

The girl looked at the large sentimental face and laughed. She felt ashamed of her rudeness even in the act.

He caught her hands, and before she knew his face was close to hers. "Promise me, dear," he said. "We have everything in common. Your father will be delighted, and we will work together for the good of the people. You are not meant to be a casual idler like the people at Etterick. You and I are working man and woman."

It was her turn to flush in downright earnest. The man's hot face sickened her. What were these wild words he was speaking? She dimly caught their purport, heard the mention of Etterick, saw once again Lewis with his quick kindly eyes, and turned coldly to the lover.

"It is quite out of the question, Mr. Stocks," she said calmly. "Of course I am obliged to you for the honour you have done me, but the thing is impossible."

"Who is it?" he cried, with angry eyes. "Is it Lewis Haystoun?"

The girl looked quickly at him, and he was silent, abashed. Strangely enough, at that moment she liked him better than ever before. She forgave him his rudeness and folly, his tactless speech and his comical face. He was in love with her, he offered her what he most valued, his political chances and his code of fine sentiments; it was not his blame if she found both little better than husks.

Her attention flew for a moment to the place she had left, only to return to a dismal reflection. Was she not, after all, in the same galley as her rejected suitor? What place had she in the frank good-fellowship of Etterick, or what part had they in the inheritance of herself and her kind? Had not Mr. Stocks—now sitting glumly by her side—spoken the truth? We are only what we are made, and generations of thrift and seriousness had given her a love for the strenuous and the unadorned which could never be cast out. Here was a quandary—for at the same instant there came the voice of the heart defiantly calling her to the breaking of idols.

DIVERSIONS OF NEWSPAPER LIFE

By JOHN PENDLETON

FLEET Street is the busy, sleepless centre of the newspaper life of the country. At dawn the old-fashioned historic thoroughfare echoes with swift effort. Horses and vehicles clatter and rumble at the pavement edge, and newspapers, wet or dry printed, are flung pell-mell from doorway and window. The carts are quickly loaded, and then begins, amid much shouting, the early morning race to catch the newspaper trains. Through the quietude of the London night the telegraph has been busy. News from every land, and particularly from the Cape, has poured into a hundred newspaper offices—messages telling of fierce battle, armoured train sortie, intrigue, state function, crime, philanthropy, and commercial enterprise. All this intelligence has been put into type, and rattled off the machines in the shape and dignity of the daily newspaper. Similar processes have kept men busy in the provincial cities, for notwithstanding the recent introduction of the "war express" from London to the North, newspaper making and circulating is almost as up to date in Manchester, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Birmingham, Leeds and Sheffield as in the metropolis.

From whence does the news come—who gets it, and how is it dealt with in the newspaper office? When Parliament is sitting a great deal of it comes from the House of Commons. There is not any news with the exception of that of war, or tragedy, so important as political news, and the editor, zealous for the circulation and influence of his paper, cannot afford to ignore it. The reporter, according to the standing orders is still "a stranger" in the House: but the prejudice against the journalist—whether leader writer, parliamentary correspondent, lobbyist, or gallery man—has died out, and he is given facility for work, and even recreation within the precincts of the Legislative Chamber. The corps of the leading daily papers represented in the press gallery consists of from three to twelve reporters, and the speeches are taken in shorthand and transcribed into longhand by a careful subdivision of labour. The work is hard and responsible, and gives little opportunity for hilarious outbursts such as Mark Supple indulged in many years ago. This convivial pressman was no respecter either of place or persons, and entering the gallery one night, after dinner, he startled hon. members by leaning over the rail, and shouting: "Order for a song from Mr. Speaker!"

It is in general work, rather than in recording parliamentary debates, that "Our Own Reporter" has the most varied duty. He hears everything worth listening to. He sees everything worth seeing. Nothing is too important; scarcely anything is too trivial for his notice. He is fearless, too, in his news-getting. He will ascend in a balloon, row to a wreck, descend a mine, or pass a night in a lodging-house to obtain facts. Now and again he finds himself in awkward positions. He has been mistaken for the defendant in a breach of promise of marriage action. He has, lest he should lose a syllable of a veteran statesman's speech, not only sat at his feet, a modern Gamaliel, but taken shorthand notes between his legs! Mr. John Reid, in his "New Lights on old Edinburgh," says that at a meeting of the City Council a reporter who sought admission was told that he might if he wished to take notes, ensconce himself under the Council table! At a revival meeting in the Central Hall, Glasgow, two reporters, occupying a bench just beneath the platform, were surprised at the sympathetic interest their presence aroused, till they discovered that they were sitting on the penitents' form! Possibly the embarrassment to which these pressmen were subjected did not equal that of the obliging journalist who promised to give a good report of a Sunday-school tea meeting, and was presented by a grateful deacon with a piece of plum cake!

The newspaper reporter is usually well informed, or levelheaded enough to act upon the advice: "When in doubt, leave it out;" but though he often avoids error by this drastic method of procedure, he occasionally creates diversion by fine writing, or humorous slips. In the account of a London fire a reporter wrote: "The glare was so great that the birds, thinking it was early morn, assembled in the trees, and warbled forth their sweetest notes." Even more poetic, or pathetic, was the northern reporter's description of the death of John Bright: "The great statesman breathed his last as the chiffchaff sang its plaintive lay." In quite another direction a journalist was scarcely less diverting. Describing one of Mr. Gladstone's speeches at Liverpool he surprised the cultured with the assertion that the veteran statesman not only fascinated the people by his eloquence, but coined two new words—"primacial" and "rivality." The words, though rarely used in daily conversation, were already in the dictionary.

As a critic the reporter is original, trenchant, unique. A journalist deputed to give a paragraph of a special service at St. Michael's Hill Church wrote: "The music was apparently dance music." The organist indignantly replied that the march he played was from one of Handel's oratorios, and the editor, apologising for the inadvertence, sorrowfully admitted that "his reporter's musical education had been sadly neglected."

In his work as an interviewer the reporter has now and again a diverting time of it. He has been threatened with personal violence by enraged people; but in one instance the laugh was undoubtedly on his side. The journalist, a patient man lingered on a Derbyshire grouse moor on the Twelfth of August with the object of ascertaining how many birds the sportsmen had shot. His task was irksome, and inseparable from rebuff. One old plutocrat was exceedingly obnoxious. As he came panting along, for he was of full habit, the reporter courteously asked: "What bag have you made, sir?"

With an insolent stare, and without deigning to reply to the civil question, the surly man passed on, and was assisted into his carriage at the cross-roads. The door was shut by the keeper; but the reporter deftly reopened it and asked with smooth, pleasant voice: "Did you say one brace and a dog, sir?" Then he stepped back quickly, for there were sounds of fury in the equipage.

Mr. Chamberlain, on the other hand, says that he has a kindly feeling towards the interviewer, and that there is still a warm place in his heart for the American reporter who said it was a pity he was not better dressed, and added: "My editor told me to give it you hot, but I think you have the making of a good fellow in you, and I am not going to spoil you in your early years."

The war correspondent, practically the reporter abroad, has considerable peril mixed with his duty. Russell and Forbes, on the fringe of death, the former in the Crimea and the latter in the Franco-Prussian War, came scathless from the battlefield; but O'Donovan disappeared in the disaster to Hicks Pasha's army in the Soudan, and many other war specials have since forfeited their lives, to newspaper enterprise, in skirmish and general engagement.

Already in South Africa one war correspondent has been killed. Another has died from fever; a third has been severely wounded; and Mr. Winston Churchill, after his plucky exploit on the armoured train from Estcourt, had the mortification of finding himself a prisoner among the Boers till his daring escape, which, with true journalistic instinct, he turned to vivid account. In the fighting that preceded his capture he encouraged the wounded engine-driver with the remark: "Come back—a man is never hit twice on the same day." There is evidently a philosophic as well as a grim side to the career of the war correspondent. M'Gahan made a similar comment in the Russo-Turkish War. A shell burst near him; but he coolly continued his luncheon, saying:

"Lightning never strikes twice in the same place."

Life inside a newspaper office is not so exciting as the incident that springs from the gathering and despatch of news; still the sub-editor who receives, selects, and arranges the intelligence in readable form, who really builds the newspaper, is not without diversion.

His desk is piled high with copy, with heaps of war news, speeches, special reports, and paragraphs from every quarter, and he has to work like a galley slave when everybody else is in bed; but no night passes without irritating or amusing blunder or bungle, and his task is the reverse of monotonous. The country correspondent arouses his wonder, or drives him to despair. He has a fancy for writing "alledge" instead of allege; he gravely asserts that crime has cast a gloom over the neighbourhood; and he indulges in such graphic description as the following, taken literally from the account of a notable man's interment: "It was a boisterous winter's day, with fitful showers of rain and hail, and as the polished coffin was borne into the church the lid was sprinkled with rain, like dewdrops on a laburnum leaf, which was a great contrast to wreaths of flowers as the deceased did not approve of them"! Probably one of the most remarkable paragraphs ever sent into a newspaper office from a rural district recorded, with regret, a person's escape from death on the railway in these words: "The man was laid with his head on the metals; but, *unfortunately*, no train passed along, or undoubtedly he would have been killed."

The political notes from this or that news agency, and even from special pen, contribute especially after a Cabinet Council, to the sub-editor's diversion; but the telegraphist is conspicuously the mountebank of the daily newspaper office. He cuts strange verbal capers nearly every night on tape and flimsy (the latter the thin paper on which newspaper telegrams are written.) The bulk of the telegraphist's work is done under great difficulties; but he is human and errs. Eager to get messages through, or weary with continuous effort, he sends bewildering information in "general evening telegram," or startling political utterances in the verbatim speeches of statesmen.

The sub-editor is obliged to be lynx-eyed over every word lest he should make his paper ridiculous. Some of the blunders are stealthy, creep into type, and disturb the editor, or entertain the reader next morning at breakfast. Others are easily detected, and cause simply a mild flutter of amusement in the sub-editor as he ruthlessly strikes them out with his blue pencil. For instance comparatively little acumen was necessary to correct the Cabinet Minister's whimsical appeal to the great political meeting: "We are now at the parting of the ways—will you, gentlemen, take the path that is full of *footballs* and precipices?" But the sub-editor who received a telegram of a Bishop's speech in which his lordship solemnly asserted that in the Christian life the inexorable condition was —"No cows; no cream!" was reduced to a piteous state of perplexity till the conviction flashed into his brain that the words should have been telegraphed, "No cross; no crown!"

At the present time the sub-editor has no sinecure. The war news from South Africa heaps on his desk nightly, but owing to whim of military censor, or difficulty of despatch, it is fragmentary, contradictory, unsatisfactory. The war correspondents are capable, and anxious to distinguish themselves; but they are not, in the British-Boer campaign, allowed a free hand in cabling their news. The sub-editor yearns in vain for such connected picturesque descriptions as Archibald Forbes wrote of the Capitulation of Sedan and the battle of Plevna. He is at his wit's end as he strives, in the small hours, to arrange a readable account of the progress of the war from the mass of chaotic telegrams that pour in. He needs in fact, the decision of character revealed by a pressman on the night of President Carnot's assassination. The telegraphic messages from three or four different sources contradicted each other. There was a doubt as to whether the President was really dead: but the sub-editor promptly solved it. —"We're running it close—what shall we do about Carnot?" hurriedly asked the printer's overseer, anxious to get to press. Splendid in emergency, the sub-editor put his lips to the speaking tube, and shouted: "Kill him for the first edition!"

A Handful of Nut Shells

By the Author of "In Garden, Orchard, and Spinney"

RIGHT down the middle of the old orchard, from one end to the other, runs a closely planted avenue of nut-trees. There are filberts of different sorts, and cobs and Barcelonas, and here, during the months of autumn, foregather the elect of the nut-eaters of the parish. It is no promiscuous convention that invades the nut-avenue during the last week of July and the first of August: no shifting mob of plunderers, but every year, so it seems to me, very nearly the same assortment of creatures in the same proportions come into residence for the season.

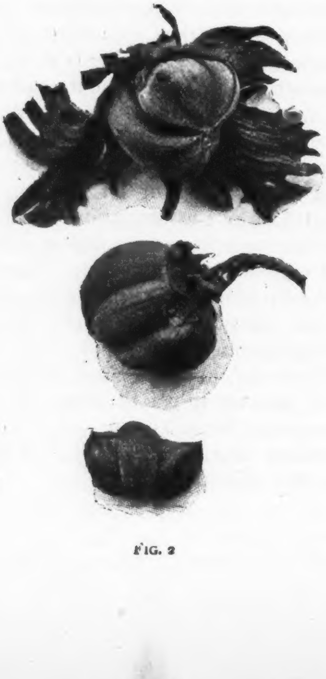


FIG. 2

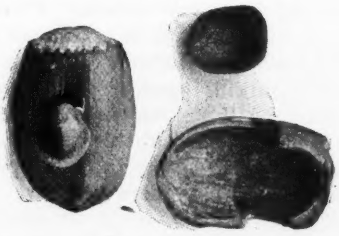


FIG. 1

First to arrive are the mice. They are the "prospectors," and, as miners say, go "fossicking" about. On the first of August you may be certain of finding nibbled nuts on the ground, nuts that have not yet developed any kernels worth calling such, but to a mouse, which takes the trouble to empty every individual seed inside a rose-hip, they are already goodly morsels. Besides, when the nuts are young the mice eat part of the green husks. A very remarkable example of the nimble art of eating nuts under difficulties is the little twig, with five bunches and thirty nuts pictured at the head of this article How the mice must have swung about as they ate, and in what curious and embarrassing attitudes they must have eaten! As a specimen of filbert-fertility the twig is interesting enough, but when we find that all the nuts on it were emptied as they hung it becomes quite a curiosity.

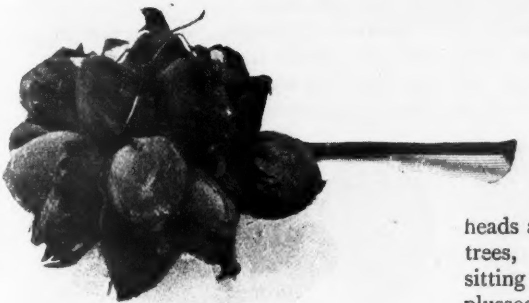


FIG. 4

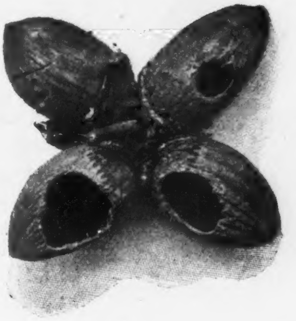


FIG. 3

To most of us, who only meet filberts in association with nutcrackers, a salt-cellar and port wine, there is a familiar monotony in their appearance. No individual in a plateful differs in looks from its neighbour more than does any particular sheep in a flock or rook in a flight. But to those who carry their crackers in their heads and hunt for nuts while growing in trees, great surprises are in store. We, sitting at a table, should be rather nonplussed if we were asked "which of those filberts" we preferred. But the mouse, scrambling about among the nuts as Nature grows them and not as the greengrocer retails them, has large margins for choice. In size alone there is much difference (Fig. 1): one nut upon another, while in shape there is variety enough to please the most fantastic appetite (Fig. 2). It must be said that, as a rule, the mouse leaves the curiosities alone. "Give me," he says, "the plain old-fashioned nut: one shell, one kernel," for it is not often that you pick up an eccentricity that has been eaten. Sometimes, no doubt, they leave them alone out of mere prejudice as "kickshaws"; sometimes, perhaps, old stagers come across them, and, knowing that each lobe on the shell means an extra partition to gnaw through, pass them

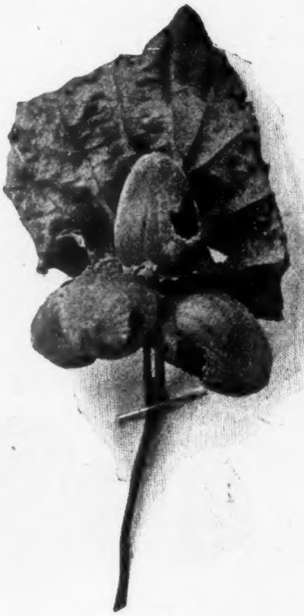


FIG. 6

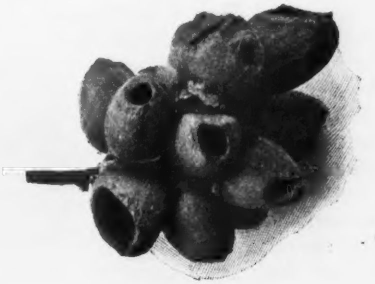


FIG. 5

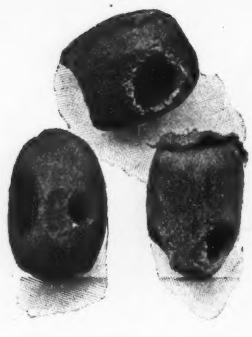


FIG. 7

by as not "conducive." The Maltese Cross (Fig. 3) bunch had each of its nuts exploited, three being good, with large holes: the fourth being bad, merely punctured. For mice when at large seldom, if ever, attack a bad nut. At the beginning of August, in some years, great numbers of nuts fall from the trees, each with its small stalk attached. To these the astute mouse will have nothing to say—nor the squirrel. Only the tits peck them, and this, perhaps, for a special purpose—to see whether there is a grub inside or not. But they might save themselves the trouble of looking, for the mother-weevil does not domicile her offspring in nuts that are going to have no kernels, for it is a fact that in these empty "windfall" filberts there is never a grub—which is an excellent illustration of the correct judgment of the mother-weevil. As an illustration of the same sagacity on the part of the mice, here are two bunches off the same tree, one, being stunted (Fig. 4), left untouched to wither on its bough; the other most punctually and elaborately eaten out (Fig. 5).

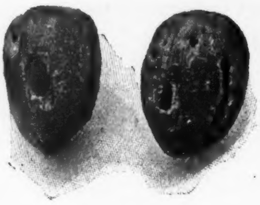


FIG. 8

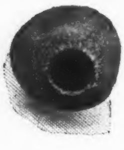


FIG. 10

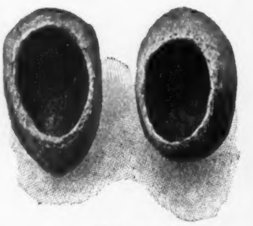


FIG. 11

Mice, then, are the earliest to come on the scene: they are the "tasters" for the others; and every year they make their first experiments on the same two trees—the last ones at either end of the avenue. These, of course, are the nearest to the shrubberies in which the mice live, and convenient, therefore, for reconnaissance. Moreover, as it happens, both are Barcelonas, which always set their kernels before any of the other kinds—except the red-skinned filberts. But these both the mice and the squirrels habitually avoid when green, for the husks are very fleshy and full of astringent acid juice. So juicy indeed that if nut-crackers are used the acid spurts out, and as it blackens and becomes sticky by exposure to the air, the process becomes too disagreeable, and the red-skins are left alone. A mouse that once bit one would be twice shy for ever after.

Dormice, I imagine, are the first to come and they search the topmost twigs, climbing out (for they are quite as fearless and acrobatic as squirrels) to the uttermost tips (Fig. 6), and so long as the shells are soft, they devastate the bunches at a great rate. Numbers of nuts also may be found on the ground, bitten off close to the stalk, and these, I take it, are dropped by dormice who unintentionally bite through the stem when nibbling the husk off the big end of the nuts preparatory to attacking the nut itself. Admirable as they are as gymnasts, the dormice are not artistic nibblers. The holes which they gnaw are irregular even in the young soft nuts. In the hard ripe ones their perforations are often pathetic (Fig. 7). They nearly always have to make two holes, sometimes as many as *seven* (Fig. 8), and in desperate cases actually take off half the shell (Fig. 9). Oddly enough, their chief difficulty seems to be in the handling of the "soft-shell" nut, a variety with a particularly smooth and highly varnished shell. They find it, I suppose, hard to hold them tight, and the consequence is that these nuts, whose defences are no tougher than acorns, are generally scratched and scored

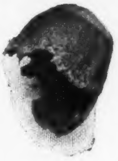


FIG. 9

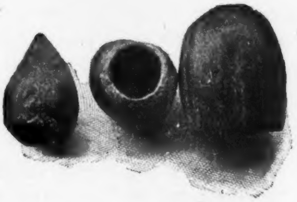


FIG. 12

all over before the mouse triumphs over the contents.

How different the workmanship of the long-tailed field-mouse! When a small hole suffices how exact he is that it shall be round (Fig. 10), or if he requires larger ones see how symmetrical they are (Fig. 11). But why should a mouse sometimes require such large holes to eat out of? My idea is that they are made so big because there is a family at home to think of. A mouse cannot carry a whole nut without great difficulty; but a whole kernel is easy enough. So mouse *père* gnaws a large hole, picks out the kernel and carries it home for the family; mice, by the way, generally have two broods in a year, a vernal and an autumnal. When he is only feeding himself the smaller hole is enough and he arrives at his food in little fragments. But how does he get all the meat out? It looks very wonderful, but small as that hole is there is room in it for the long curved rodent teeth which scrape the surface off the kernel, the mouse generally holding down the nut with its paws while it eats. Two mice discussing the same nut together make a pretty sight. Very often the task is made, to our notions, easier by a larger hole, and the mouse does not always seem to care whether he makes it at the big end or the little end, or in the middle (Fig. 12). Again, look at this bunch. Every nut out of the nine has been emptied, and through holes of differing sizes (Fig. 14). But why, one cannot help asking, did not the nibbler make things more comfortable for itself by rasping off more of the shell? Nor can one help answering, "What do we know about it? If the mouse had been bothered by the smallness of the hole it would have enlarged it." As it is, he makes it just big enough. For the mouse knows exactly how small an aperture he can do with, and fixes his own dimensions accordingly—and after all, it is not for us human beings to offer advice to mice about nuts, is it? Or what should we say when we came to such smaller items of fare as cherry-pips, laurel-stones and seeds? The tinier their eatables the tinier the holes! To get the kernel out of a filbert takes a hole about the size of a cherry-stone, but to get the kernel out of a cherry-stone takes only a hole the size of a laurel-pip; to get the kernel out of a laurel-pip a hole only the size of a spindle-berry seed; out of a spindle-berry seed one the size of a rose-hip seed, and so on, I suppose, to the vanishing point. Extraordinary to say, there is no minimum to a mouse. It keeps on reducing the size of the hole in proportion to the size of the object, until at last it excavates the seeds out of a rose-hip through a neat oval aperture into which the head of an ordinary pin will not pass. Any advice of ours would therefore be obviously thrown away on a field-mouse.

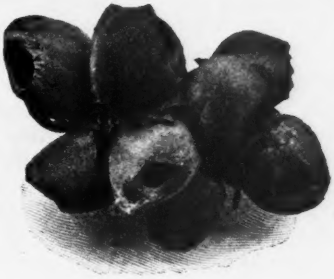


FIG. 14

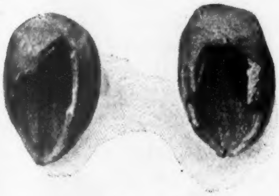


FIG. 15

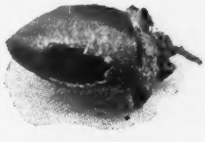


FIG. 16

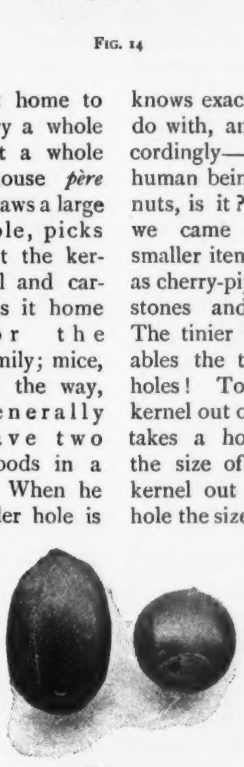


FIG. 18

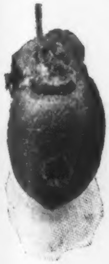


FIG. 17

Remember too that the squirrel husks every grain of *millet* seed that is given to it before eating the contents! But it does not, of course, gnaw a hole; it simply tears the husks off. If it stopped to make neat apertures it

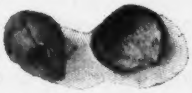


FIG. 19

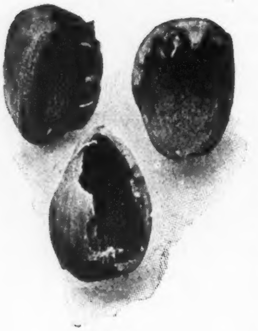


Fig. 20

would never get a full meal. So with its nuts. The squirrel always eats as if for a wager against time. It grabs its nut, whips off the husk, adzes a hole for its strong front teeth to get a purchase on; with a backward jerk of the head and a forward push with its paws, wrenches off a great jagged piece of shell, seizes the kernel, and stripping off the brown skin as it eats, gobbles it up in an incredibly short time. Timed by a watch a squirrel can make away with three nuts in less than five minutes (Fig. 15). While eating it thinks of nothing else, letting husk, shells, and skin fly about as they please while it attends to the kernel, and before the last scrap of one nut is decently swallowed it has snatched up another. It makes no pretensions to art when it is bolting its food, but satisfies its immediate wants as quickly as possible, so as to have the more time for its insane craze of burying nuts. That it digs up a good many of them again later on by industrious searching is true enough, but with just a little more intelligence and a little less "heredity" it might easily fare ten times as well with one-tenth of the trouble. By the time the squirrel comes to the nut-avenue the nuts are ripening, for the burying of nuts rather than the eating of them is its temptation, and the little creature "knows" somehow or another that it is no use burying an unripe nut. By this time the mice have been a month at work, and to help them in the looting of the avenue have come the Great Tits.

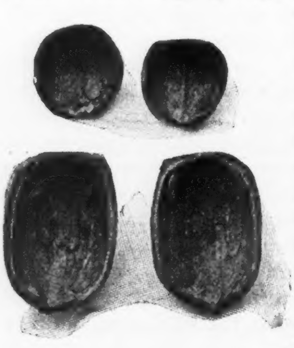


Fig. 22

There is no bird more difficult to observe than the great tit, for if it once discovers you it will never give you another chance. When you come the avenue is apparently full of them; the leaves on the ground wherever you look seem to be jumping up and down; the boughs above are alive with the restless creatures. But in a second they are all gone—as far away as they can—and though you can still hear them talking to one another, and the stealthy tap-tap-tap of their beaks against the nuts resounds in a bewildering, ventriloquist way from every side of you, you cannot bring your glasses to bear on a single bird. Yet the tale of their industry is written large all along the broad pathway down the avenue, and under the trees on either side. The nuts which they have emptied of their kernels (Fig. 16), the others out of which they have taken sleepy, full-fed weevil-grubs (Fig. 17), and the others more numerous than all the rest, which they have pecked and found altogether unprofitable (Fig. 18), strew the ground in whichever direction you look. And if you pass out of the avenue into the orchard, you will find, wedged into the cracks of the rough-barked old pear and cherry trees, the nuts that the tits fixed there for convenience of hammering and have left there. Underneath others you will notice a litter of split and splintered shells, the relics of many a meal. These are the tits' eating-places—convenient little chinks in the fruit trees—to which they bring their spoils. Some nuts, the wild hazels for example, they split very neatly and on a system, always striking them on

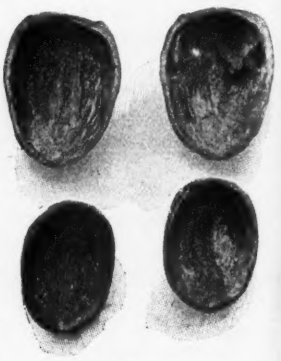


Fig. 21

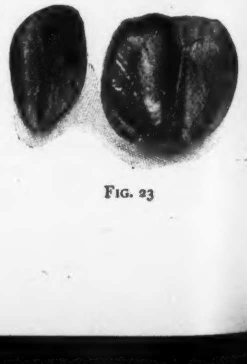


Fig. 23

the natural line of cleavage, though not, like the nuthatch, at the right point (Fig. 19). Others they tear to pieces, leaving disorderly remnants, like the squirrel (Fig. 20).

But neither nuthatch nor squirrel is so persistent in foraging as the great tit, for in midwinter, long after the field-mouse and the dormouse have gone to sleep, the great tit will be seen, whenever a temporary thaw permits it, tossing over the dank dead leaves in its insatiable quest for nuts, and from the bare trees around and the hedgerows will be heard the mysterious half-muffled hammering of the invisible birds. Gnomes, I fancy, make much the same kind of noise when at work, and the elves.

Much clearer and more regular in beat sounds the beak of the nuthatch. This is the latest of all the visitors to the filbert-trees, but when it does come it comes to great purpose. It takes over command of the place from everybody and, incessantly patrolling the avenue, hunts even the restless soul out of the tits. With its woodpecker-like flight it goes looping down between the trees, flickering into sight and flickering out again, taking the squirrels by surprise and darting viciously to one side or the other as it espies a bird among the boughs. Its work among the nuts is characteristic and unmistakable. Sometimes when the filberts are sprouting the slightest rap will make the shells gape apart in two exactly even halves, and then the squirrel, the mouse and the tit all arrive fortuitously, with the minimum of trouble and the maximum of neatness, at whole kernels. But the nuthatch has discovered the line of cleavage for itself, and the only differences between shells which have split open of themselves by the sprouting of the kernel and those which the nuthatch has split with taps of its beak, are the broken points of the latter (Fig. 22). If you look at the small ends of the nuts you will see where the bird has cloven them, and can compare them with those of nuts that have sprouted and burst in two naturally (Fig. 21): the bird's work is as neat as Nature's. But sometimes, so it amuses me to think, the opinionated methodical nuthatch receives a shock when it encounters something heterodox, a double nut for instance.

I was once standing under the tree watching a nuthatch hammering at a nut on a broad bough, when suddenly the bird gave one of its queer little half-human squeaks and jumped aside, while down from the bough fell my prize—the shells. It was a double nut (Fig. 23), not a "fillipean," and the bird having tapped it in vain at the small end had turned it round and tried the big, when evidently it split unexpectedly in a very irregular manner, quite upsetting the calculations and equanimity of the nuthatch. And the nuthatch hates irregularities and holds the uncommon in abhorrence.

THE DEATH-WATCH

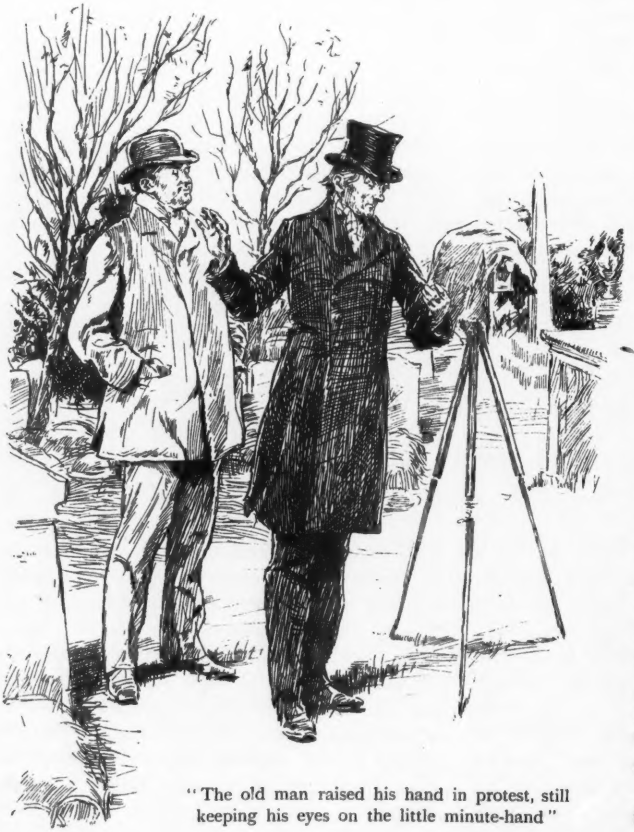
By J. DEANE HILTON

ILLUSTRATED BY CHRIS. HAMMOND

LESS than three miles from the Bank of England, in the least fashionable quarter of the town, lies Bow Cemetery. Travelling into Essex by the Great Eastern Railway from Fenchurch Street, you may see from the carriage windows on the left-hand side a large tract of perfectly flat enclosed land, studded all over with white headstones and stunted trees. Here sleep the weary toilers of the dark East, lulled by the monotonous throbbing of factories and the dull roar of rushing trains. The cold clay knows no sect, Church and Dissent have no dividing influence here. Time works his will upon both alike. Earth takes all her children to herself at last. On the surface, however, the old class distinctions are maintained for a few years; heavy stone monuments are reared to the memory of rich traders, the poor sleep not less soundly under a single stone.

The brief winter day was drawing to a close. The cold was intense. Light clouds of mist began to gather, and drifted sluggishly about like hovering ghosts over the silent graves. The broad, smooth roads and numberless alleys of the great cemetery were almost deserted. A few, a very few people still lingered—one or two men in rusty black, with grey, hopeless faces; a woman here and there in cheap mourning, with red eyes and busy handkerchief; and two little girls in deepest black, who walked hand in hand towards the gate silently, and with eyes upon the ground. These belated mourners faded away one by one till the place appeared to be quite deserted. In that part of the cemetery where the graves were newest, near the southern boundary, an old, grey-headed man was at work. In front of a headstone where the cut lettering was black and shining with recent paint, he had set up a half-plate camera. The focusing-cloth was frayed and ragged. The camera was battered and old, and looked as if it might leak. The tripod had the appearance of infirmity; the legs had been spliced more than once and bound round with string. The old man himself looked an appropriate object at that hour and place, completely suited to his surroundings. His lined face was pallid and bloodless, his grey hair was thin and straggling, his dim eyes had a preoccupied, absorbed expression. The clothes he wore were very ancient and of sombre hue; the weather and long usage had imparted a green tint to the cloth originally black. He looked like a bat or an owl that had crept out too soon from some dark lurking-place.

Necessity drives men to adopt strange means of getting a living, hunger spurs invention. This old man, Matthew Hodder, had tried many callings and failed in all. He now took photographs of headstones on speculation—that is to say, he took them in the hope of getting orders for copies from the relatives of the deceased. The photographs were not good, people were not eager to order them, and quite half of his labour proved unproductive. The margin of profit at the end of each week was very, very small, especially in such weather as this. He was a mild, harmless old man, and several local undertakers took compassion upon him, and gave him early information. His profession, together with a certain ghostliness of appearance which appealed to the popular imagination, had gained him the nickname of the Death-watch. The title was not bestowed in dislike or derision, but the London poor have a genius for congruity in nomenclature. The name, thrown carelessly, had stuck.



"The old man raised his hand in protest, still keeping his eyes on the little minute-hand"

Old Hodder having performed the operation of focusing with some difficulty, for the light was falling fast, capped the lens, put in the slide, drew out the shutter, and took out a dinted old watch with a minute-hand. He gave one comprehensive look at the grey sky, then uncapped the lens, and stood waiting with his eyes fixed on the watch.

The sound of a rough voice made him jump. "Now then, dad, do you want to pass the night here?"

The old man raised his hand in protest, still keeping his eyes on the little minute-hand.

"Come along. Shut up shop, time's up," said the man, who was coarse, red-faced and loud, but not unkindly.

"I am sorry to keep you waiting, Mr. Graveley, I shall only be a few seconds more; this requires a rather long exposure."

"Exposure! Haven't you had about as much exposure as you can well stand? You've got a blue nose and an inflamed eye. If you don't look out, old chap, you'll be coming here to stay, and we don't want you here yet awhile."

A smile flickered across the old man's face as he capped his lens. He knew it could not be very long before his name was carved on a headstone, which it would be worth no one's while to photograph.

He soon had his apparatus in carrying order, and followed the official to the great iron gate. "Good afternoon, Mr. Graveley," he said politely, "and thank you."

"Good afternoon, dad. Hope you haven't wasted your work over that there stone: dressmakers don't as a rule run to much, you know, and that one's friends are bearing up wonderful. Now you look sharp home, and have a herring for your tea." With this piece of advice the man slammed the heavy iron gate to, and locked it.

Old Hodder flitted across the road and turned into a busy street where the shops were already blazing with gas.

Graveley stood watching him till he was lost in the throng, then shook his head sadly. "Poor old beggar," he said to himself, "it won't be long in my opinion before they take *his* measure for a box. The life's shiverin' out of 'im."

The Death-watch crept towards his home rather overburdened with his camera and stand, but humming, or rather wheezing, an old hymn tune very much out of tune, for old Hodder was one of those patient philosophers who try to make the best of life. He was not nearly so miserable as he might have been. He soon passed out of the flaring noisy street, and turned into a lane where there were no bright shops, and where the street lamps shed but a feeble gleam. A few hundred yards down, a small beerhouse shot a stream of light across the dark road, telling of warmth and comfort within. As a pot of treacle attracts flies, so a liquor-shop attracts the idle and vicious. On the cellar-flap half-a-dozen lads were collected. Their hands, which had never learned to work, were thrust deep into their trousers pockets, their feet were kept warm by incessant pounding on the boards—the movements of the feet showed a skill only to be acquired by years of assiduous practice. These wretches, for their sins, were condemned to the tortures of Tantalus. Their lives were passed, with intervals of prison, on the cellar-flaps of licensed premises within sight and smell of the Paradise they could only enter at rare intervals. Occasionally they barked out sentences of foul gibberish by way of conversation, and pushed each other about for amusement. Thus they lived, and thus they would continue to live for the next forty or fifty years, the cellar-flap their location, the bar their horizon.

This evening the nipping cold had made the loungers especially vicious. They had not seen the interior of the bar, save through the dim glass, for a long time. It was a case of empty pockets, and benevolence was at a premium this evening.

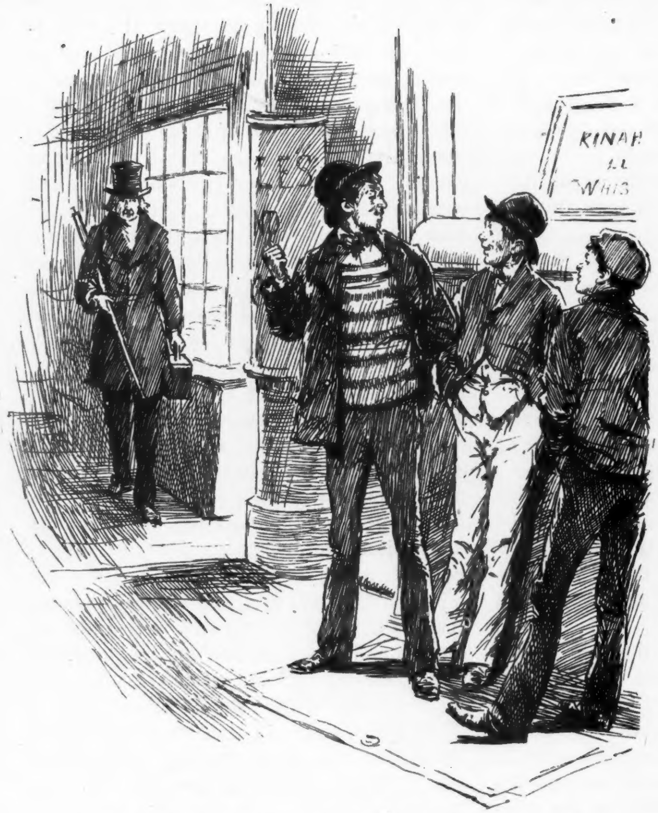
When the feeble old man came into the light, the eldest rough, one Ginger Cook, raised a loud whoop and said:

"'Ere's that hold Deffwatch, let's bash the silly hold josser. I lay 'e's got the price of a few drinks on 'im."

The proposition was acted on with alacrity. There was a sudden rush, then a low cry of fear and pain, soon drowned in the exuberant laughter of the spoilers. The old man's green coat was torn in fragments, the camera and stand were dragged from his grasp, his pockets were emptied.

"Now then, boots," said Ginger, "not *too* 'ard; then let's scoot."

There was a dull sound of blows, a stifled groan, the galloping of hob-nailed



" 'Ere's that hold Deffwatch, let's bash the silly hold josser"

boots up the street, and a great shout of jubilant laughter.

The light from the beerhouse windows fell on a ragged heap which lay quite still.

The keeper of the house came slowly to the door and looked out. "I thought them boys was up to something," he said. "Why, good Lord, if it ain't that poor old Deathwatch, with a cut on his 'ead, too. Wish now I'd been a bit sooner. Here, you," he shouted to some blear-eyed sots in the bar, "lend a 'and, will yer? Here's murder, or wot's next door to it."

It was seven o'clock. The fog had come on in dead earnest and wrapped the whole city in its foul embrace. The cold had increased—even the greasy black water in the gutters in front of the blazing shops had turned to ice.

A tall, well-grown girl of about twenty, in poor but neat attire, walked with tired, languid step along the great thoroughfare which connects the East India Road with Mile End Road. She was undeniably pretty, but in a style that fails to attract attention among the worshippers of colour and bulk. No enthusiastic admirers pinched her arm or thumped her on the back as she passed along. Her face was pale, and her eyes had the patient, pathetic look of the daughters of toil; hers was the maturity that had known no childhood. She turned down a dark side street, and entered a tall old house, mounting by slow degrees to the topmost storey. In the total darkness she felt for the handle of the sitting-room door. Finding it locked, she took out a key, and entered. Darkness and silence within, the place struck as cold as a grave; the fire had long since died out in brown ashes.

The girl groped for the matches, and soon lighted a small paraffin lamp. She looked anxiously round the room, then opened the window and took in a couple of printing-frames that lay on the window-sill.

"He has not been home," she said under her breath, and her face grew a shade paler.

Then, tired as she was, she set to work to kindle the fire with a few sticks and some lumps of coal from a small box.

The kettle was full, but it would be a long, long while before it boiled. She nursed the fire very skilfully and warmed her numbed hands at the blaze.

She was alarmed at her father's absence—the fog was full of evil possibilities—but many hours passed in a heated, noisy workroom, toiling at the highest human pressure, had left her almost without sensation. Her brain seemed atrophied, and hunger, that undying enemy, was producing a feeling of drowsiness and lethargy. She sat over the handful of fire in a kind of stupor, too spent even to cry.

The room was scantily furnished with a table, a couple of chairs, and an old shut-up bedstead. In one corner stood a thing like a black sentry box with a tin cistern on top—here the Death-watch developed his plates. Three flower-pots, with withered sticks in the frozen mould, stood in the window. A frightful photographic caricature of the girl, Kate, in a cheap gilt frame, was the only ornament on the bare wall. But the room, unlike all the other apartments in the house, was quite clean; it was permeated by the faint odour of washed boards. The girl's own room was a mere garret at the back of the house, and, facing the east, was as cold as a well.

The minutes slipped by. The kettle began to sing in a weak dispirited manner, as if it lacked the strength to produce a full note. The shouts of children playing in the street came up through the fog, mingling with the deep murmur and occasional shrill cries from the lodgers quarrelling in the lower rooms.

Suddenly the girl started out of her reverie, fancying she heard a feeble, uncertain step on the stairs. She sprang up, and, taking the lamp, went to the door. The light flashed down the crooked stairway, and revealed an old man clinging to the rickety handrail.

"Father, what has happened?—are you hurt?" she called in terror.

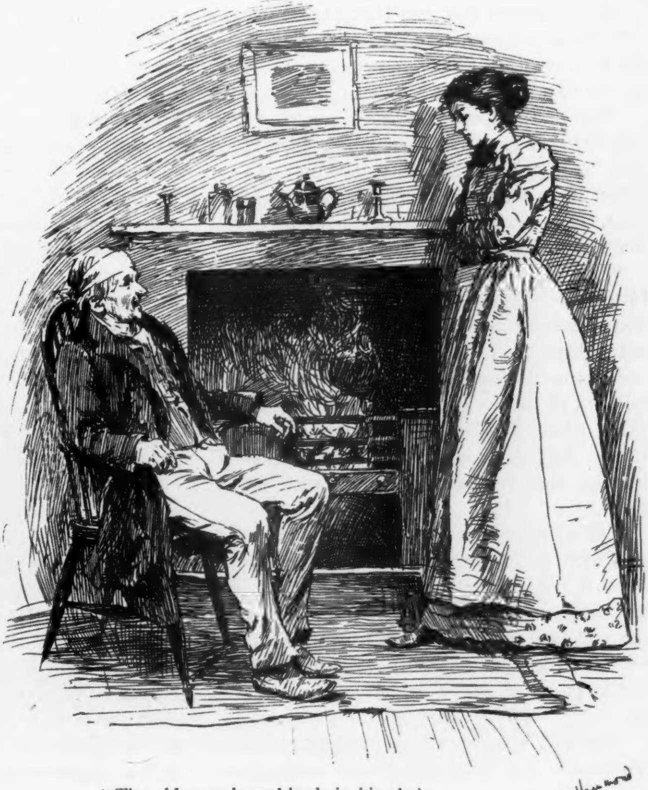
He did not answer, but stood there swaying idly on the stairs.

Kate put the lamp on the floor and ran down to him. Holding him up with all her strength, she helped him into the room, where he sank down into the chair before the fire like a bundle of rags. His grey head, bound up with dingy handkerchiefs, rested on the girl's shoulder, and for a minute or so he seemed to slumber. A choking cough roused him, and he pressed his hand to his side with a cry of pain.

"O father, where's your camera?" said Kate, noticing that he carried nothing with him.

Still he did not speak, but raised his hand, as if to signify that he would explain soon.

The girl busied herself with the kettle and tea-things, and in a few minutes handed her father a cup of hot tea. It was very weak, but the hot water was something of a stimulant.



"The old man leaned back in his chair and smiled"

"Better now, Kate," he said in a weak voice, and trying to smile. "We must be thankful it is no worse; I might have been killed. I was set upon by a gang of roughs. They knocked me down and stole everything, everything," he said, his quivering voice rising to shrillness; "my camera and lens and stand, my watch with the minute-hand, my spectacles, and sevenpence halfpenny in coppers. They kicked me on the head and in the ribs," he sobbed, raising his trembling hands above his head. "The rascals! they might have spared one so poor and old."

He drank some more tea before continuing. "I was taken care of, Kate. They lifted me into a beerhouse, and bound up my head. People are not all bad, Kate, even in public-houses. The landlord lent me this old coat to come home in, and he and some other men in the bar made up half-a-crown amongst them and gave it me. But what's that, Kate?—who will give me back my camera and lens that I used to take wet plates with years ago when I was better off, and your poor mother was alive?" And he fell to crying again.

Kate had helped herself to a cup of tea, but she had no appetite for the hard bread and margarine. She sat looking at her father, with flashing eyes and mouth tightly shut. She was not without sympathy, but her sad life had made her rather hard.

"There's no justice in the world," she said bitterly. "They set upon you because you were old and weak, and there was no man there to help you. I should like to see them flogged. And these things are allowed!" she almost screamed, then became silent suddenly, as though by a great effort; but she rose up panting, and stood leaning against the mantelpiece with folded arms.

"What's before us, father?" she said presently in a calmer voice. "The rent is behind, coals have gone up this week, and we can't live on what I earn. We shall have to sell everything, and go up and live in my attic. It's horrible, disgraceful! O Jack, Jack, if you'd only behaved like a man!"

The girl was fighting down an attack of hysteria. She felt an almost overmastering inclination to indulge in shrieks of despair.

The old man roused himself from a brief doze.

"Jack," he said, "don't talk of Jack, Kate, it sets you off; and don't blame him yet, my girl, he may be drowned."

"You've said that before, father. I don't believe it. Jack's thought better of it, and no wonder," and she uttered a short laugh of self-contempt. "It's no use talking, father, my strength won't last much longer; it must come at last; we shall have to go into the House, and then be buried with the other paupers in a few years."

Youth is often more pessimistic than age. Seventy had hope when twenty had none. The old man leaned back in his chair and smiled.

"No, no, Kate," he said, speaking with great difficulty and with many painful coughs. "We shall be kept from that. It all looks confusion here, but there *is* order in it if we could only understand. Don't get angry, my dear, I know your life is hard. The world is full of trouble; but we might be worse off—there are many people in the street who would be glad of this room and this fire. There is Someone who doesn't forget us, Kate. I don't know what is before us next week, but I leave it. We shall be kept from the parish, you may be sure of that. Where are you, Kate?—I don't seem able to see quite so well. It's warmer now, and I think I could sleep a little. I'm very tired, and can't think much, with the pain in my head where the boot came, but it's getting better fast. I'll take the bandage off presently. Have you lighted the lamp, Kate?—it's very dark. Just kiss me once, my dear."

Kate kissed the thin, bandaged face in a mechanical, absent-minded kind of way that she remembered often and often in the after years. Then she sat looking at the fire, a hard, painful lump in her throat.

The evening dragged on. The old man rested very peacefully in his chair, Kate shivered at the fire. The noisy children still played in the street, shouting to each other in the fog; the lodgers wrangled and fought in the rooms below.

It was very quiet in the little room—perfect stillness, save for the fall of ashes, and a death-watch ticking in the wall.

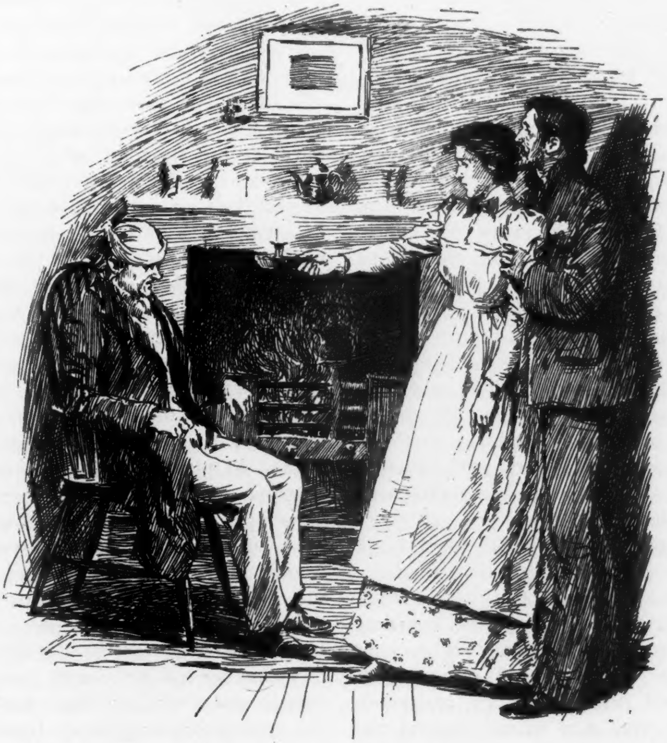
Kate's mood was one of blackest misery. The future looked as dark as the night.

Love had come into her life, and gone, leaving her maimed and embittered. She was hungry, cold, weary to the bone; the future was an eternity of suffering, the end the parish grave. She sat brooding over her sorrows, mourning for her vanishing youth.

A deep, hoarse voice speaking at the street-door made her start convulsively, it sounded right up the stairs and woke memories in Kate's heart. Then a heavy, deliberate tread came up and up; a moment's pause on the lower landing, while Kate held her breath, then more quickly up the last flight, and a resounding thump nearly forced the door open.

Kate rose up, and with her hand pressed to her heart, went to the door. No sooner was it opened than she was grasped tight in a pair of enormous blue arms, and a bronzed, bearded face was scrubbing hers, and making her scream.

"Why, Kate, lass," said a voice fresh and hearty as a sea breeze, "did you think I'd forgot you? Lord, Lord, I've been wrecked, and picked up, and took right across the world, and come straight home most as soon as a letter could. Come, hold up, and pull yourself together. Don't cry like that, it's no use now. I've never forgot you for five minutes. We'll get spliced in no time. I've lots of money here, and a heap of back pay to take! Why, you look half-starved. Never mind, my poor lass, you'll never be hungry no more. Try and stop yelping or you'll bust something, it's all over now. I understand—you thought I was dead, or had forgot you. There, you're coming round Well, how's the dad, the old Death-watch, ha, ha! Asleep, is he? Hold up the lamp, let's have a look at him. Why, he's been in the wars, poor old chap. Hullo, father, wake up, it's Jack home again. Give us your fist. What! Good Heavens, Kate, he's got to port. Come here, lass. Take it calm, my arm's round you. Don't you be afraid, I'll stand by you. Hold up, your father's dead."



"'Hold up, your father's dead'"

ALFONSO XIII

By HANNAH LYNCH

TWENTY years ago, Maria Christina of Hapsburg-Lorraine entered Spain, by law a newly-made Spaniard. Born at Gross-Sodowitz, July 21, 1858, granddaughter of the Archduke Charles Ferdinand, she was then abbess of the canonesses of Hchradin in Bohemia, and the project of her marriage with the young widower of Spain was conceived at Arcachon by the ex-queen Isabella, who spent a season in her company there. She was not a stranger to the bereaved sovereign; as boy and girl they had already met in Vienna, when Prince Alfonso wore the uniform of the military college Teresiano. The king came to Arcachon incognito, in the August of '79, exactly eleven months after the death of Mercedes, whose loss he had so passionately mourned, and continued to the end of his short life to mourn with an ostentation not befitting his condition as the husband of another woman. Three months later, November 29, the young arch-duchess united her destiny with his in the church of Atocha, in the roar of cannon and the clamour of trumpets. Madrid rejoiced in the usual way: the Plaza de la Armeria, beflagged, thrilled in response to every sound of the military orchestra. Nothing was heard from the thronged Plaza del Sol to the War Office, near the Puerta de Alcalà, but the joyous greetings from dawn of the City to the new queen. The papers teemed with praises of her, with flamboyant descriptions of her trousseau, of the fabulous gifts the King gave her, of her wedding-gown of silver and lace, and long cloak stamped with the golden lilies of the Bourbons. And the uniforms of all the armies of civilisation were gathered round her to assure her of universal sympathy and congratulation.

But what did all this mean for Spain? The consorts of ruling monarchs are usually but decorative figures, of small historic importance, interesting only to their courtiers and to the foreign embassies deputed to hold official relations with them. If they conduct themselves with dignity and tact, and good-nature, their fame may extend beyond the palace walls, and their subjects may possibly bless them. But the rôle they accept in marriage, however illusively brilliant it may seem, is a passive and an effaced one, a surrender of personal tastes, and prejudices, and habits, added to the surrender of nationality. If they exercise an influence, it must be a subterranean one, hidden, unfelt, without a shadow of insistance, with every possible regard for the susceptibilities of those who openly suspect them as intruders.

Never was a young queen a more effaced and unconsidered figure among her subjects than was Maria Christina during her husband's lifetime. Never was a proud young girl, with all the exactions of a woman's heart, all the demands of a pure and lofty nature upon her domestic surroundings to satisfy, placed in a situation so ungrateful and so difficult. It is only when you disrobe a queen of her royalty, and place her before your imagination as a mere woman, with all the rights and weaknesses of a woman, that you will recognise the immense, the almost superhuman demand of courage, of self-effacement, of stoic dignity that is made upon her. Put an ordinary heroine of a novel in the situation of Maria Christina, before almost the wedding-bells had ceased to peal their joyous promise, and the weeping sympathies of her readers would have made a martyr of her. In the first place, the king was the ostentatious mourner of a buried bride, and no less ostentatiously sought oblivion in the wide world of women outside his home. This appears to be the recognised right of kings, and it is customary to ignore what the exercise of this right may mean for their queens. These latter are trained to play the part of constitutional enigmas. Sometimes, as in the case of the late empress of Austria, the enigma unveils itself, and shows us the face of suffering woman in revolt. This is to misunderstand the rôle of queen. Maria Christina once or twice, in an outbreak of outraged womanhood, may have forgotten that she was queen, to remember too poignantly that she was a woman and a wife, but these defections from the compulsory enigmatic attitude of sovereign were but temporary, the passing cry of a wounded heart and of wounded dignity: she was quick to recognise her duty as queen, and hide her griefs behind an exterior of adamantine reserve. A tall, slender, cold-looking young woman, she sought to make no friends, veiled herself from obtrusive sympathies, proffered no confidences. The Spaniards around her bitterly complained. She was a foreigner, and as such a suspect. They distrusted her, not knowing her, resented her coldness, what they called her Austrian haughtiness and her silence.

(Valentin, photographer, Madrid)

ALFONSO XIII.

The day Alfonso died, November 25, 1885, her tragic position won all Spanish hearts. The king had outlived his brief hour of popularity. He was too young and frivolous to measure the consequences for so democratic a nation as Spain of to-day of a frivolous reign. He could be brave as befits a man of his birth, which he proved in the small-pox plague and the earthquakes. But his real preoccupations were bull-fights and ladies of light morals. Instead of the serious sovereign Spain needed, she had only a mediocre rake, and whatever may be thought to the contrary, nowadays at least, the rule of the rake is none of the wisest. And so Spain was once more on the verge of a revolution. But death at twenty-eight is considered a tragic expiation of the follies of youthtide, and the country only remembered the king's extreme youth and regretted its unfulfilled promise. His errors were after all, the errors of impulsive and passionate nature, without a bridle to its desires and no higher ideal than the enjoyment of the hour. Spain saw but the corpse of a young man, beside which knelt a young widow. Spanish chivalry awoke when the Spaniards reflected that this young widowed queen was a foreigner, a woman on the point of motherhood, whose fate was in their hands. When the Prime Minister, Señor Cánovas came into the mortuary chamber to tender her his resignation, the newly proclaimed Regent, terrified at the immediate prospect of her responsibilities, cried to him, "No, no, don't talk to me of business-matters, at least while Alfonso is here." But she was even in that awful hour made to understand that affairs of State may not yield to private misery, and as *Reina Gobernadora*, though her eyes were full of human tears in the presence of a human unhappiness, she was obliged to take the oath of allegiance to the king's successor and to the laws of the country, which she confided to the new minister Señor Sagasta.

What manner of woman, Spain asked itself, was this reserved and silent queen?

(*Valentin, photographer, Madrid*)

ALFONSO XIII. AND HIS MOTHER

For many centuries Spain has not been fortunate in her queens. Their morals have left all that was possible to be desired, and, unlike the case of Catherine of Russia, this extraordinary lack of virtue and decency was not once modified by the presence of extraordinary intelligence. For the moment Christina was a woman made sacred by her condition, but after the birth of her child, who might be the future sovereign, it needed but an unwise and undignified action to bring about the ever threatened revolution and her own expulsion. By that time the Spaniards knew what manner of woman Maria Christina was—knew and appreciated, won by her great if unobtrusive qualities, so completely won that the very Carlists, who had hoped to profit by the perils of her widowhood, were forced to pay the tribute of sheathed swords to her sovereignty, and when the little king was born, thanks to his mother's tact, he found a stable throne for his cradle. It is her tact that has obliterated the memory of her husband's misconduct, and carried her triumphantly through the reverses of the Spanish-American war. Had Alfonso been king then, Spain to-day would be a Republic. What else was it but a stroke of genius that made her select for a summer resort San Sebastian, the stronghold of Carlism, where she and the young king are adored, where Alfonso XIII. has his own regiment of children which he commands in perfect military style? Maria Christina is proof, if proof were needed, that no reign is better than that of a good woman without any considerable qualities of intellect, with only her dignity and tact of woman of the world; while a bad one backed by genius may leave a record so brilliant that it would tax a great Frederick to beat it. Indeed, we may call the Queen Regent's tact, as Rossetti called a woman's beauty once, genius, for it, like beauty, has accomplished a work which resembles the triumphs of genius. And this miracle she has wrought solely by her personal prestige, without beauty or a brilliant personality, amidst a race irrationally hostile to strangers, and suspicious of foreign influences; a race of proud, umbrageous, and ungrateful temper, composed of various elements of disaffection, narrow, jealous and embittered by misfortunes. For a chill moment, during and after the war, it was feared this noble figure of Queen would be called upon to pay for the defeat of her country, and that the crown she has so heroically worked to place upon her son's head would prove one of the unfulfilled dreams of an admirable career. It was even stated that her Austrian refuge was ready to receive the royal fugitives. But the

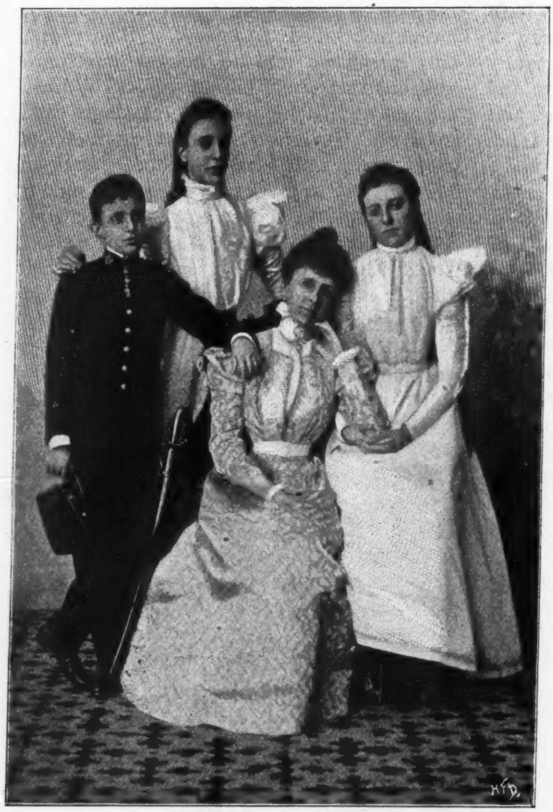
Spaniards remembered all they owe her: years of dignified regency such as they have not been accustomed to for centuries, a Queen among their smirched annals of royalty not unworthy to take a place beside the glorious figure of Isabella the Catholic, and so to-day her authority is undiminished, her prestige stronger than ever.

It would be impossible to bestow excessive praise upon the Queen Regent as a mother. If she has ruled Spain wisely, she has only lived for her children, and these she has ruled even more wisely than her kingdom. A tender austerity, an unsleeping watchfulness may be described as her exercise of motherhood. The young King has been brought up admirably, and is really a charming little fellow, bright, full of natural kindness, impulsive, like his father, but with all his mother's exceeding sense of duty and discipline. A letter before me from Madrid this week tells me of a recent punishment. General Sanchez, his tutor, would not allow his favourite playmates, the little boys of the Marquesa de Monistrol, to be telephoned for from the Palace, and so the disgraced king sits alone in his schoolroom. But his mother has trained him to bear his punishments with extreme goodwill, and he suffers like a little gentleman. With a sigh he complains that there is not much fun in being a king, as he has to obey every one, and people only pretend to obey him. His dream is to go about with five other boys in a big carriage without elders, pending the more brilliant and congenial hour of commanding regiments. Even as a tiny lad he was never affected with shyness, and began to chatter in foreign tongues to the ambassadors as soon as he knew a few words of their languages. Trivial but amusing anecdotes of his childish intelligence fly to my pen as I strive to fashion a picture of this important little lad. There is one I heard from General Martinez Campos, about six or seven years ago, who was then the king's military tutor, I think. The wild ambition of Alfonso was to possess a real gun, "that went off, you know, and killed the enemy." The Queen only permitted him to possess inoffensive weapons that could kill nobody. His feast-day was approaching, and he coaxingly came up to the General, "Mamma won't let me have a real gun," he protested, "but you know, it will be my feast-day soon. Could'nt you give me a present of a real gun, General? You know, if it were a present, mamma couldn't prevent me from accepting it." Said the General recounting this anecdote at table: "*Es tremendo eso chico*" (he is a tremendous little fellow).

What we disengage from all the court gossip about Alfonso XIII. is a delightful evidence of simple and austere training. If the boy does not turn out a sage and a saint it will be no fault of his mother's. She is bringing him up to be a model king, a wise

(Valentin, photographer, Madrid)

PRINCESS MERCEDES AND PRINCESS MARIA THERESA

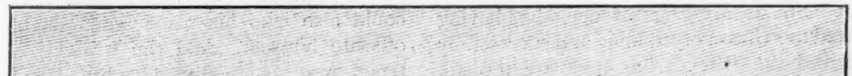


(Valentin, photographer, Madrid)

THE ROYAL FAMILY

and efficient ruler, and a thorough gentleman. And all that without a touch of priggishness or self-consciousness. He has not the ghost of an idea what a surprisingly good little fellow is he. Lest the flattery of the people should spoil him, she keeps him away from public view as much as possible. He is obliged to study hard, so as to be able to converse intelligently when he comes to reign, with every class of his subjects. He must rise winter and summer at half-past seven. And, thanks to his own impulsiveness and love of play, he remains quite a child, with nothing of Spanish precocity. Last summer a friend wrote me from San Sebastian, he might be seen whenever he got the chance, playing enthusiastically with a group of children. His tutor, the Commandante Castréjon, has four or five lovely children with whom he was allowed to romp to his heart's content, and there was the Hope of Spain on all fours, with three babies of both sexes on his back, shouting to him as he tore round the room, "*Arr burro*" (gee up, donkey), he with a string in his mouth, which they violently tugged as reins, the little girl beating a wild tattoo on his royal head. The game over, his majesty espied through a door sweet things on the dining-room table, and with the air of a rogue whispered to the eldest child, "Take me in there where the sweets are." He saw his first play this summer at San Sebastian, and I learn that he is reserving a great surprise for his mother. He and his boy friends are inventing a play of their own, which they are going to act themselves. "It's much nicer to invent your own parts as you go along," the King proudly explained, "then you haven't the trouble of learning them beforehand." It is to be hoped he will not spoil the surprise as he nearly spoiled a surprise at San Sebastian got up by the young princesses, who arranged, unknown to the Queen, an amateur concert. They dressed up all the officials in disguises of their own invention, and gave their brother a trumpet to play. In his eagerness to show off his new talent he rushed away for his mother before the poor princesses had time to group their effects; but the concert went off all the same, and naturally the courtiers pronounced that never was such a trumpeter before as the King of Spain. Innocent scenes, but all this pretty gossip goes to the fashioning of charming historical studies by and by. Read M. de Haussonville's big work on the child Duchess of Bourgogne, and admit that the charm of the book lies in the quaint mingling of infancy and court etiquette, the contrast of the extreme importance of the baby duchess with her velvet trains and ermine mantles, her court and grave officials, and the ordinary little girl, like any other, with the usual child's preferences and prejudices, gaiety and laughter, tears and tempests. And so, through that singular mixture of solemnity and simplicity which the Spanish court has become, Alfonso XIII. comes and goes a very pleasing picture of impulsive childhood, brightening royalty with the grace of childhood, lending to it the laughter of its surprises. Who that can remember such an incident as this, would not always have children upon thrones? It was the occasion of a splendid Court ceremony, I forget in whose honour. But all the ambassadors were there, and every one kissed the infant King's hand as he sat on his big throne, with the Regent on his right. On the steps of the throne sat the little princesses, Mercedes on one side, Maria Theresa on the other. Maria Theresa was then her brother's favourite playmate, but she excited his wrath on this occasion by repeatedly knocking her head against his leg. The temper of his Majesty the King gave way; he could no longer endure the intolerable outrage. Forgetful of ambassadors and courtiers, of his royal mother's presence, of the solemnity of the great hall, he bent down and caught his sister's hair in both fists, and began to tug it violently. Thus assaulted, Maria Theresa lifted up her arms and seized her brother's head in a vengeful grasp, and before any one could come to the rescue of the King and the princess, both angry children had rolled ignominiously down the steps of the throne, and their various members had to be gathered together by obsequious gentlemen-in-waiting, and restored to their earlier dignity. If infants ruled kingdoms in this cheerful fashion, and so delightfully kept the nursery with its wars and disasters in view, be sure there never would have been a revolution against them in any land.

What manner of king Alfonso XIII. will prove, time has yet to tell us. But if he should fulfil the excellent promise of his well-bred infancy and boyhood, Spain has nothing to fear. He has been taught to remember others and not himself. He has



(Hansery Menel, photographer, Madrid)

ROYAL PALACE, MADRID

been trained to obey before learning to command. Now in his teens he is still a child, with all a child's fondness for children, and the play of children. And should Spain ever recover her ancient prestige, let her honestly tell herself and others that she owes this immense debt to the gracious and admirable woman who rules her, and who has proved herself so royal and so noble a mother.

A STICKIT MINISTER

By the EDITOR

MR. CROCKETT has given this name, so familiar in Scotland, a certain currency beyond the Border. But Mr. Crockett's "Stickit Minister" was one by mistake. Touching as is the story of the self-sacrifice of the fine scholar who gave up his own prospects for the sake of a selfish brother, and allowed the true cause of his being a farmer instead of a Minister to remain unexplained, accepting without protest the popular belief that he was "stickit," yet he ought in fairness to be taken out of that category.

A "Stickit Minister" is one who, having passed the University training and successfully survived the "Trials," as they are termed, of the Ecclesiastical Courts, has reached the position of "Licentiate" or "Probationer," which, as in the case of a Deacon in the Anglican Communion, conveys authority to preach but not to dispense the Sacraments, and makes him eligible for appointment to a Parish. Until he has reached the status of an ordained Presbyter he is not a Minister in the full sense of the term; and if he has grown old in the ranks of the probationers, or taken up another calling, such as that of Schoolmaster, he gradually sinks into the limbo of the "Stickit Ministers," being men who have stuck fast on the way to the full rank of Presbyter. There are not many "Stickit Ministers" now in the strict sense of the term. Nearly every licentiate fills some office as assistant in a Parish. A very few may remain for a time, or, perhaps, permanently, in the pathetic position of being dependent on casual employment as preachers when a Sunday service is required, receiving a fee, usually a guinea, for their trouble. Their lot is far from enviable, especially when under the faded black coat there is found a man of culture, but lacking the popular gift or the "push" and influence which may have carried his college chums, whom he may have beat in class work, into comfortable charges. But in former times, before the School Board had displaced the historic Parish School, and ere the advent of "My Lords" and "Pupil Teachers," the Dominie was frequently a Reverend; and the Manse and Schoolhouse stood in a peculiarly friendly relationship. For it was a great gift to the Minister to have in his quiet Parish a man as well educated as himself, and one who could also take his place when unable to officiate himself. And the "Stickit Ministers" were generally splendid Dominies, implanting with a rare enthusiasm and a wise use of the tawse—would that we had more of that now—a love of the classics or of mathematics into the towsy-headed lads whom he educated, instead of merely cramming, into intelligent, scholarly, God-fearing men. It is true that the sermons which Dominie this or Dominie that preached were usually read from well-thumbed manuscripts, and were well known throughout the neighbourhood, but these were kindly days, and friendliness covered a multitude of repetitions. Aberdeenshire was the favoured home of the "Stickit Minister" Schoolmaster; and the high level of education reached in that district may, perhaps, be traced to the influence of the scholarly men who, failing to reach the Manse, had settled in the Schoolhouse. Many quaint stories are told of these times. I heard one recently, long current in the North, which illustrates the kind of life I am describing. An important parish being vacant, it became the duty of the Presbytery to supply the pulpit, and when, among others, it fell to a Minister in close proximity to officiate, he took as text "Now Jacob was a plain man, living in tents." On the following Saturday, a brother Presbyter living at a distance, whose turn came next, put up at the Manse of him who had preached previously. Discovering that he had left his own intended sermon at home he begged his friend for the loan of one and was told, "If ye open that drawer ye'll find plenty; just help yourself." Taking the first that appeared he retired to another room, saying: "I'm thinking this is a gey nice bit sermonie [the Aberdonians delight in diminutives] "I'll just read it ower." Next day, to the astonishment of the congregation, not only was the text of the previous Sunday announced, but it was followed by the well-remembered sermon they had recently listened to. Many were the whispered remarks over the church, and when all was over the astonished elders met the preacher in the vestry. "It's rather queer, sir—indeed verra queer—that that's the very sermon Dr. —— preached here last Sunday." "You don't say so," was the reply; "nae wonder ye think it's strange; I'll certainly tell my friend aboot it." But instead of returning to his friend's Manse he rode home, and learning that the Dominie of his own parish would preach in the same church on the following Sunday he thought he would pay off the congregation and elders for having told him he had blundered. So going to the Schoolhouse during the week he said: "I hear you are to preach at —— next Sunday, an I thocht ye wad be nane the waur o' a sermon, for your ain are gey ken speckle, and so I hae brocht ye a nice bit sermonie, which ye can tak' if ye like." So off the Dominie went, delighted to be so well prepared. But to the consternation of the congregation out came for the third consecutive Sunday: "Now Jacob was a plain man, dwelling in tents." From all sides arose murmurs, but when the now familiar introduction followed, up rose the brawny blacksmith and crying: "Deil take your plain man Jacob and his tents, I'm awa hame," he banged out of the door in a rage. The laughter of every market for weeks afterwards, when the story and its explanation oozed out, amply atoned in the eyes of the farmers for the rather profane joke that had been played.

The "Stickit Ministers" who used to form the pathetic group of preachers unattached and depending on fees, embraced not a few interesting men and a good many "characters." There was one well-known several years ago who was nick-named "The Sparrow" because his favourite sermon was on the text, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?" After discoursing for some time on the uses and habits of sparrows he approached with an important air the point on which he felt the value of his sermon depended. "My friends," he would begin with a slow and dignified emphasis, "there are modern critics who imagine they have discovered a serious discrepancy between the saying of this Gospel, which states that two sparrows are sold for a farthing, and that of the other Gospel which asserts that five sparrows are sold for two farthings, and on this ground they attempt to show the existence of a grave error on the part of the sacred penmen. But, my brethren," he would rejoin with triumphant aspect, "there is no discrepancy here at all, for the seeming inconsistency is at once explained when we recollect the difference between wholesale and retail prices!"

There was another disappointed man who struggled on for years without losing hope of receiving an appointment to a Parish. A well-known and influential clergyman of the period meeting him on a Monday asked him if he had had any duty on the previous day. "That I had," he replied. "I was preaching in——" naming a neighbouring Parish then vacant, "and I think that I have got a good chance of getting it." "And why do you think so?" grimly questioned the comfortable parson. "Because I noticed once or twice that everybody was smiling!"

"The Stickit Minister" of whom I wish to give some reminiscences was a familiar visitor in many Manses in Scotland. It was in his later years that I came to know him—a simple looking old man, with thin hair flowing in shallow streamlets from under the broad brim of an old rain-plashed silk hat, which in good weather shone with that meritricious gleam which comes from having been polished when wet. When he removed it there were revealed sundry handkerchiefs and mufflers that had been packed into the crown. His cheeks were of a delicate pink, his head well shaped and somewhat bald, and his feeble mouth seemed the feebler by a total absence of teeth. He wore a spacious surtout, a huge clerical waistcoat, a large white necktie, and his baggy trousers ended in firmly planted feet, encased in broad flat-soled shoes, usually bearing the traces of long tramps over rough roads and wet moorlands, with the very slightest suspicion of having once been blacked. But there was that about his appearance which puzzled observers, for his waistcoat bulged and was unnaturally stretched to what ought to have been bursting-point, while the pockets of his surtout were swollen and evidently laden with some weighty cargo, for the tails dragged behind him and softly struck his calves as he walked. He was an utterly homeless man, as far as I could judge from his reticence when asked for his address. He was more than homeless, for he was a wanderer, and roaming from parish to parish. Glasgow was his head-quarters, but in what corner of the great city he rested his weary body I could never learn. He had no luggage, not even a hand-bag, and a huge umbrella, which served for walking-stick as well, was all that his hands carried. But he did not travel abroad, he did not even walk in the street without the things which portmanteau or bag usually contains, for he carried all his worldly goods on his person. The huge pockets of his surtout were crammed with his library, consisting of a book or two, together with magazines, sermons, socks, spare neck-cloths, pocket-handkerchiefs, pipes, tobacco, and spare bits of cord, while the protuberating waistcoat was but a screen behind which were carefully laid in various strata, shirts, soiled linen, collars, missionary and other serials, all packed and folded and buttoned over and kept secure by the waistcoat. More than once have I found him engaged in building up these in layers across his chest. Once I found him thus employed under the shelter of a shrubbery of one of the city parks. Once again, far up among the wilds of Peebleshire, noticing a mysterious wreath of smoke rising at the back of the enclosing wall of a sheep-fold, and going to discover the cause, I found my friend the "Stickit Minister" disburthened of all his goods and chattels, which were spread on the grass beside him, his waistcoat wide open, a cutty pipe in his mouth, and his toothless mouth and cheeks drawn into hollow cavities from the vigour with which he sucked in and blew out the smoke. The expression was one of divine content. He had tramped many a mile that day and had as many yet to go, and was now enjoying his mid-day repose, free from the burden of all his earthly property—wardrobe, library, sermons, and various nick-nackets. His eyes, usually showing the gentleness of long disappointment, now twinkled in the summer sun. With self-respecting dignity he gave little information as to whence he came or whither he went, or any fact that threw light on his long life of weary waiting. The only event in his life on which he dwelt with a touch of pride was that early in his career he had once been assistant to the venerable Dr. Macfarlane, Principal of the University of Glasgow and Minister of the Cathedral Church there. Why he had been thus selected and why that post had led to nothing better I cannot tell, except that failure seemed his doom. I believe this was about the time when so many of the clergymen of the Church of Scotland threw up their livings to constitute themselves the Free Church, and when more than four hundred livings in the National Church were left vacant. It was a period when it was difficult to get a sufficient number to carry on the work of the parishes, and when not a few who had previously been "Stickit Ministers" found themselves appointed to benefices. As an old clergyman once described it: "It was like the time of the famine in Samaria when an ass's head was sold for four score pieces of silver." But no bid at that great auction was made for the head of my poor friend. Nevertheless, that he had once been an assistant in the Cathedral was a reminiscence which he gave with a certain awe-struck confidence as testifying to possibilities which the world had failed to recognise. In later years I fear he had few engagements and still fewer fees. Nevertheless in spite of this haunting back-ground of failure he seemed bright, happy and healthy. He loved his open-air life and long journeys on foot "ower muirs and mosses many o'," being sure that hospitality awaited him at whatever Manse he was steering towards, and he consoled himself with the thought that at least the offer of a sermon on the subsequent Sunday amply repaid the Minister's entertainment. Some said that he was a gossip carrying stories from house to house, the friendliness or bitterness of which was according to the reception he had received. Nor would it have been strange if the solitary wanderer gathered an unusually intimate knowledge of the *menage* of each Manse, and estimated the character of the inmates according to the generosity or meagreness of the fare placed before him. But I never heard a word of unkindly gossip from his lips, and can scarcely imagine that those sweet blue eyes were in the habit of peering out faults.

He usually presented himself in my study on a Saturday night when the weather was exceptionally bad, his umbrella running in torrents, his surtout soaked, and his shoes plashed with mud. Taking a seat with the look and manner of Charles Lamb's "Poor Relation," he made no vocal appeal for help. The grey hair, beaded with rain drops, his damp cheeks and pensive eyes were enough, and if further enforcement were required, the deepening pools gathering on the carpet made decision speedy. He accepted your gift of money with brief acknowledgment, but the gleam that lit the withered face showed how welcome was the aid, and so he strode out with an oozy tread into the darkness although into what refuge in the city no one knew.

He often came to worship in my church, and once on a warm summer day I noticed him entering some time after the service had begun with flushed face and greatly overheated. He had evidently hurried up the hill, and remembering all that he carried with him, the exertion must have been trying. During the chanting of the Psalms I saw that he did not rise, and that he gradually leaned back until his head was hanging over the book-board behind him. It seemed a faint, but there was something so ghastly in his aspect that I signed, at first in vain, to the people near him to give him help. At last the pew-openers were summoned and he was carried out. When service was concluded, and I was passing through the waiting-room to my vestry, I saw what had happened. A white sheet lay on a still form; the lonely wanderer whose life had been a long failure was at rest.

The body was removed by the undertaker, and when I went next day to make arrangements for the interment, I saw laid out on the counter all the contents of the great pockets which had been so often a mystery, with all the packages that had been borne behind the buttoned waistcoat and, most pitiful of all, the aged and yellow sermons that were the touching evidences of many a disappointment. These constituted the entire property and furnishing of the earthly life of this educated man, whose days had been a silent and pathetic tragedy. We could not find out any link binding him to any home or to any person. Not a relative or friend could be found to ask to his funeral; and so my assistant and I together laid the lonely man in his grave. It seemed a fitting ending to the sad story of the "Stickit Minister."

FAIRIES IN BOARD SCHOOLS

By LADY MAGNUS

THE scene, a class room in a Board School, where, though heads were bending over desks in quite orthodox fashion, the occasion was evidently one of extra time-table interest. Fifty small girls, writing away for dear life, the little bent heads varying a bit in colour, but mostly brown, and mostly fluffy, and the little intent faces, in their general whiteness of tone, seeming to vary even less. There was an air of concentrated and important purpose about the very way in which the pens were dipped into the ink, that any of the craft must have recognised at once as the atmosphere of original composition, and even to an outsider, prize essay writing would have been an obvious guess. A very nearly right one. For some years back, a hopeful seeker after mute inglorious Miltons had given in that school a generous prize for "the best essay," and, yet more generously perhaps, had kept up the habit of religiously reading all the essays that were sent in before he awarded the prize!

But in December the days are short, and the platitudes and the periods concerning *The character of Cromwell*, or *A visit to St. Paul's Cathedral*, were always long. So this year a new departure was made, and subject as well as treatment, it was decided should be original. The blackboard was brought forward, and the question writ large on it: "If a fairy were to offer you anything you like, what would you choose, and why?" A sheet of paper, only one! was served out to each VIth and VIIth Standard child, and at the end of half an hour, with no help to busy brains or fingers save what pens and ink might supply, the said papers were gathered up and the goodly bundle was carried off to be conned at leisure. An oddly pathetic collection of twelve-year-old wishes it revealed! A lingering and pretty general belief in fairies, an "I hope some day there will be fairyes in this land," a "though I have not seen one yet, I am still hoping that I will see one"; this survival seemed somehow in piquant contrast with the ruled lines, and the neat phrasing of these modern little scholars. For there was not a smudge among the lot, and such correct, and correctly expressed desires, they were too, for the most part. "For a nice workbox," "for something useful," "for a sweet temper," "for to learn to be obliging and not to make complaints," and some for "wisdom," and several for "health and strength." A few aspirants, like our old favourite of black pudding fame, were not quite up to their opportunities; "a little dog," a vague "book," exhausted the ambition or the imagination of these less soaring characters, though many, in slightly differing form, wished for "interesting books which would give me information." In one case, indeed, "a book about housekeeping" was specially suggested to the fairy, with the explanation, hopeful or pathetic, as you take it, from a twelve-year-old petitioner, "for we shall all be wives and mothers." Two or three would have importuned that not impossible she, for "a Bible!" for "I love the Psalms" added one. But these "uncommon guid," were we fear, a slightly diplomatic sort of devotee, mindful of a favourite teacher known to take especial interest in her Sunday class. "Of course, a fairy can give *anythink*," began one young dogmatist, who was manifestly untouched by the scepticism of the age, but whose orthography was not at all equal to her faith, nor her desires, alas! to her beliefs. "I would say" continued this small Epicurean, with a fervour quite independent of stops, "please dear fairy will you be so kind as to pervide me with a nice carrage with four lovly white horses so I could drive to theaters partys and balls. I should like to live in a pallace\ and have all that my hart desires, I should like long life and helth, and no troubies or worrys."

It really seemed to the unregenerate reader almost a pity not to bestow the prize on this delightfully frank little sybarite since one could give her so little else of all her "hart" desired. Considerations, however, of it being equally impossible to endow another and a less selfish enthusiast with the "carridge and pair," for which she longed and in which she contemplated, "taking out my little brothers and sisters, one at a time,"—how many were there we wonder?—such considerations stayed one's hand. Another wish, the emphasis once only overpowering the spelling, for "a comfortable house with *everythink* in it to make it nice, *properly* furnished, and *clean* and tidy, and *white* curtains all over," made a forcible appeal to one's impotence. One had perforce to "grow content in one's poor degree," and quite glad to come across at last a utilitarian aspiration to which one could act fairy without much cost to purse or conscience. And this wish, in its simplicity, was perhaps the most pathetic of them all. "I would ask for new boots and underclothing."

Touching too, in another way was an abrupt "I would wish for mother's life." One seemed to catch a glimpse here of hovering wings, with no straw laid down to soften the sound of the dread rustling. Altogether it proved a difficult matter to pick out from these very human documents the one most deserving of a prize. One of them beginning, "I would ask for nothing else than health and wisdom, because I do not think there is anything half so nice as them two things," was lingered over and only finally rejected, not on account of its lapse in grammar, but because the sentiment in favour of "them two things," seemed somewhat general, and so perhaps a trifle suspiciously reminiscent of class lessons on hygiene. And after all it had to result in something like compromise, in two or three "consolations" being added in the name of "fairy gifts," and in *the* prize being adjudged to the paper here given verbatim.

"If a fairy were to say to me 'I will give you anything you choose,' I think I would choose money. Fairies cannot give any one good health, or I would certainly choose that. God is the only one who can give us that precious gift. If a fairy were to say 'I will give you good health,' I would not choose it, because I know it is utterly impossible. With that money I would travel about different countries, and help along poorer people, and see at the same time what the country and town and inhabitants are like. I would also try and get savages civilised—help them on in the wide world. I would also have a home built for girls and boys whose mothers and fathers are drunk nearly all day long, and do not care about their children, and have them brought up well, perhaps that would prevent a lot of wicked crimes who are so frequently happening. Then I would feel happy for being able to have done some good in the world."

And this, the prize-paper, is in truth so very slightly better than most of the rest, whether we make a standard of sentiment or of spelling, that our informal excursion into fairy-land should, we think, be very reassuring to ratepayers, as to average "results" in an average Board School.

THE HEDGE

Fair neighbour of the thatchèd cot
With gloire de Dijon clustered gable,
So star-sweet, on from plot to plot,
Thou trippest, like a nymph of fable;

So blithe thy smile, so soft thy tone,
Thy love so good a life to lead in,
I'd fain the hedge were overthrown,
And our two gardens made one Eden!

But "No!" cries Wisdom, "spare the fence,
The thorn, the ivy blackbirds nest in;
Leave something for the finer sense,
Some dream of joy to hope and rest in,

Some glad surprise, some mystery
Of inconceivably sweet meaning!"
Wisdom is wise. My friend and I
Scarce press the topmost twigs by leaning.

G. D. C.

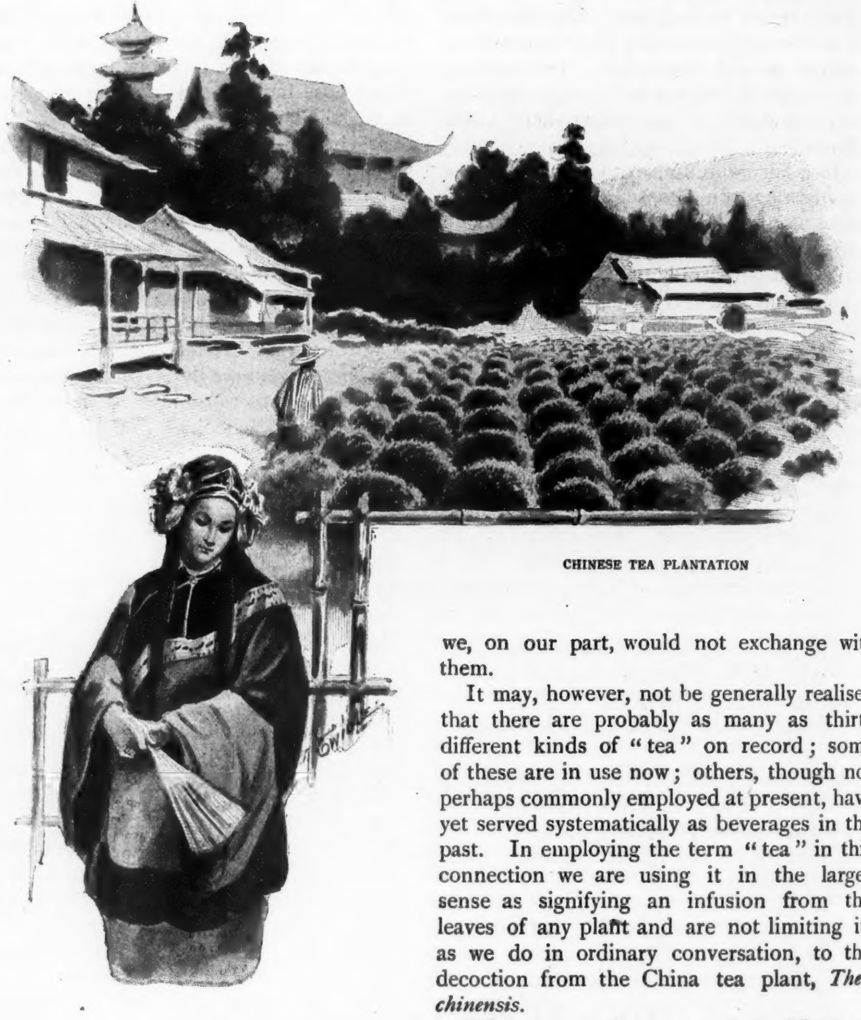
THE "TEAS" OF THE WORLD

By G. CLARKE NUTTALL, B.Sc.

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR TWIDLE

It is difficult to estimate how great would be our loss were tea to be swept off the face of the earth. It has become so much of a necessity in the lives of most of us at the present day that an existence in which tea played no part would indeed seem to lack an essential to happiness. It is quite probable that we are hardly aware how much we depend upon it, and perhaps were the picture drawn for us we should scarcely believe it; but if the sceptical ones would only test it by abstaining from the fragrant cup for some considerable time, there would undoubtedly be found few among them who could conscientiously say that they felt no void at its loss and no craving for its return.

And the need that it fills in our lives is a need that has been felt in all parts of the civilised world, and it is curious and interest-



CHINESE TEA PLANTATION

ing to note what serves as "tea" in various parts of the earth. Of course by far the greater part of the world means by "tea" precisely what we do, namely, an infusion of the leaves of a certain plant called the tea-plant and known to botanists as *Thea chinensis*, but all the world is not so fortunate as to have access to this particular tea, and there are other "teas" in existence which take its place in various countries. Some of these are really excellent, and in one or two instances, at least, those accustomed to them would not wish to change with us, though it is only fair to add we, on our part, would not exchange with them.

It may, however, not be generally realised that there are probably as many as thirty different kinds of "tea" on record; some of these are in use now; others, though not perhaps commonly employed at present, have yet served systematically as beverages in the past. In employing the term "tea" in this connection we are using it in the larger sense as signifying an infusion from the leaves of any plant and are not limiting it, as we do in ordinary conversation, to the decoction from the China tea plant, *Thea chinensis*.

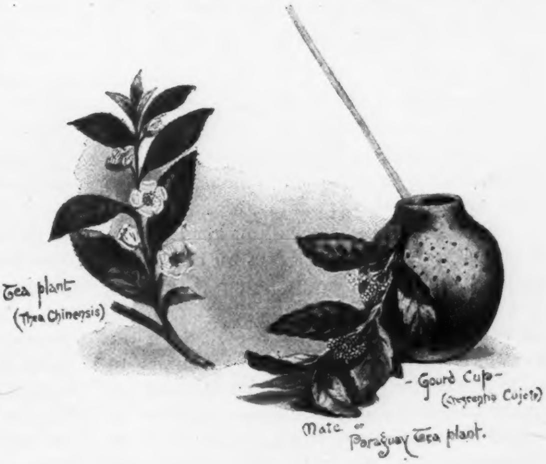
Chief among these "teas" is Maté or Paraguay Tea. It is likewise known as Jesuit's Tea, Tea of Missions, and St. Bartholomew's Tea. It is in general use in Paraguay, Brazil, and many other parts of South America. The plant which furnishes it is a species of holly, an evergreen shrub, with long narrow leaves and small white flowers. It grows in low woods which are called Yerbales, and it has provided tea from time immemorial. The Indians were using it in South America when the Portuguese first settled there, but it derives its name Jesuit Tea and Mission Tea from the fact that the Jesuit missionaries, who went out to convert the Indians, were the first to cultivate it, and thus seek to improve its quality and flavour.

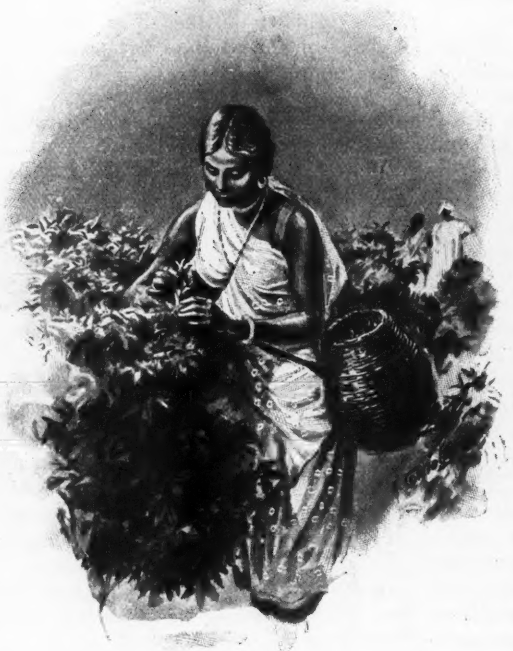
The leaves are prepared for use as follows. The leafy branches are cut down, usually by small companies of Indians; they are then roasted and when thoroughly dry the leaves are stripped off them and ground down into a coarse powder. Afternoon Maté Tea is served somewhat differently to our afternoon "pick-me-up." The cups are made out of a dry hollow gourd-like fruit, the size of an orange. Each has a circular hole at the top as large as a florin, and they are often silver mounted. To make the tea, sugar and a little hot water are put into each, a little powdered Maté is added, and then the cups are filled up with boiling water. An additional flavour is sometimes given by adding burnt sugar and lemon juice. The tea is not drunk directly out of the cups, but is sucked up through a narrow glass tube; thus the Maté dust does not enter the mouth. We should probably find this tea rather disagreeable and bitter, but those accustomed to drink it are devoted to it, and there is no doubt that it is a most excellent restorative and a mild stimulant. It has the further advantage of being a most economical tea, for at least three good brews of tea can be made from the same portion of Maté. The first brew, perhaps, excels in flavour, but it lacks something of the stimulating power of the latter ones, and all three are equally without any injurious effects, for Maté has no tannin in it.

Another species of holly has long furnished the Cherokee Indians of Georgia and Florida with a kind of black tea. This holly shrub grows wild along the coast from the James River to the Rio Grande, and it has lately been the object of investigation by the United States Department of Agriculture. It is found that its leaves and twigs contain the active principle of China tea, while yet free from some of the drawbacks of its more familiar rival. There is now a proposition on foot to make a special cultivation of the plant in question—*Ilex casseine*—in the region already mentioned, as it is believed this tea might be made more generally popular and profitable.

Ayapana is another well-known tea hailing from tropical and central Africa. It is made from the dried leaves of a species of *Eupatorium*, a plant of the daisy tribe. The leaves when dried have a fragrant odour, and the tea is spicy and agreeable though slightly bitter. It is claimed for Ayapana that even its excessive use is free from the injurious effects which follow the continuous drinking of China tea or Maté; in fact, it is asserted that its use is of real benefit to health, as it acts as a tonic. Curiously enough, the leaves are also applied externally to wounds, ulcers, &c.; indeed it is considered a panacea for everything by those who use it. The fame of Ayapana has spread from Africa to Mauritius, Java, Ceylon, and India, and in all these places it is frequently met with.

Kât or Cafta is the tea of Arabia and Abyssinia. It is usually acknowledged that coffee is the sheet-anchor of the Arabs, but it is now believed that the use of Kât tea is of even greater antiquity. The plant from which it is made is known as *Catha edulis*, a native of Arabia and Abyssinia, where it grows as a shrub with olive-green leaves, often side by side with the coffee. When the branches are in a fit condition, the twigs with the leaves upon them are dried, and then collected into tightly packed bundles. The decoction obtained from them is rather like strong green tea, only more pleasant to the taste. It has a distinct effect upon the nervous system of the drinker, producing an agreeable wakeful-





GATHERING TEA, INDIA

ness of mind, and even hilarity of spirits. It is said that the stricter Mahommedans at first classed Kât or Cafta among the beverages forbidden by the Koran on account of its stimulating effect, but a synod of wise men finally decided, to the great relief of the faithful, that though Kât was undoubtedly stimulating, yet it was not sufficiently so to have injurious results, hence it was an allowable drink. The leaves of Catha are not always used to make an infusion from; at times they are simply chewed. This chewing is more especially resorted to when the Arabs or Abyssinians are anxious to keep their strength, when, possibly, food is scarce, or when some special claim is made upon their endurance, for the leaves of this plant have a reputation of centuries for possessing a wonderful power to banish fatigue. A French botanist, somewhat sceptical on the point, undertook definite experiments to ascertain if the plant really had the sustaining virtues commonly attributed to it, and he found that the claim was just and the tales not exaggerated, for both the infusion and the tincture have a marvellous power to overcome fatigue and sleepiness.

Lao Tea is somewhat similar to the tea of Arabia in its effects, though it is quite a different plant and its preparation presents some unusual and remarkable features. The Assam tea-plant is very closely allied to the ordinary tea-plant, and the leaves used by the Laos, a people of a certain district of Siam, are more often chewed than used to make into an infusion. The leaves, when gathered, are steamed, then tied up into bundles and buried in the earth for about a fortnight. The reason for this burying process is, at present, rather obscure: probably, however, some sort of fermentation is induced which brings about a change of flavour in the tea. The bundles go by the name of Mieng, and they will keep in perfect condition for two years or more. Chewing these leaves, as chewing the Kât of Arabia, gives strength and endurance, and the practice is almost universal among the Laos, indeed the Lao men are only able to perform their feats of endurance by a liberal use of this substance.

In some of the interior districts of India tea is made from the sweet-scented Lemon Grass. This plant emits a most delightful odour when bruised, and it is commonly believed that it is the Sweet Cane that Isaiah speaks of, and the Sweet Calamus—"a rich aromatic reed from a fair country"—that is referred to in several places in Scripture. It provides an aromatic and pleasant tea.

Botany Bay Tea is another sweet-tasting tea, made from a species of Smilax, whose leaves are peculiarly rich in sugar. It was drunk in the past in Australia.

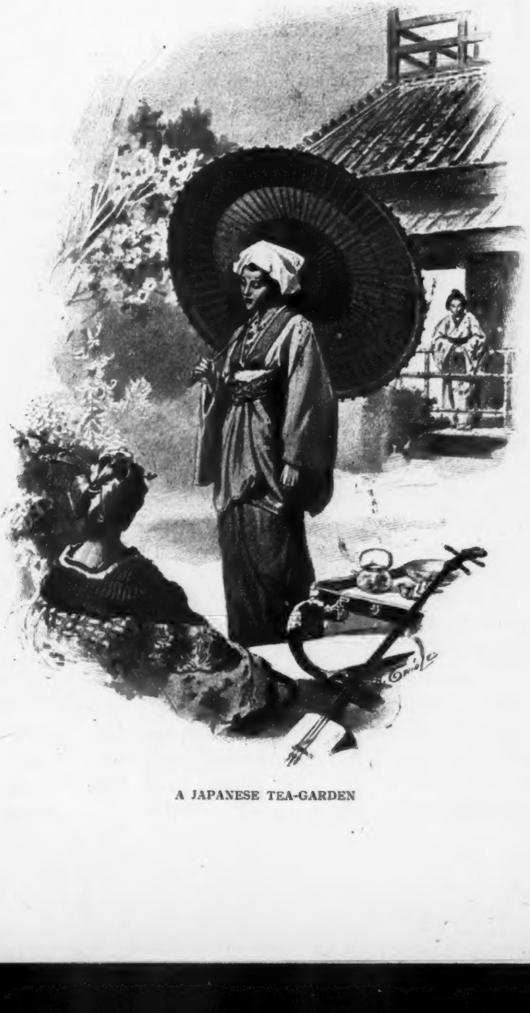
In the same class falls also the Bush Tea of Africa, which is an infusion of the leaves of a leguminous plant growing in dark green bushes, and bearing yellow flowers very like those of the Broom. This beverage has an agreeable smell, reminding one much of our English tea, and it is sweet and astringent to the taste. The last-named plants are all more or less substitutes which have been found by men who know what the pleasure and help of a cup of tea is, and who have yet been obliged to make shift with the best they can obtain at some time or another in out-of-the-way localities.

The "Tea-trees" of Tasmania and the Falkland Islands are Myrtles with fragrant leaves, and, though a beverage is made by infusing the leaves, yet the tea is not altogether satisfactory to our English ideas, being far too aromatic. One variety of Myrtle was used for this purpose by the crews of Captain Cook's ships, and as it was not of quite so aromatic a kind, they found the tea was passable, though if brewed too strong it had an emetic tendency, a property shared by our ordinary green tea.

"Tea of Heaven" is the grandiose name which the Japanese have found for the decoction from the leaves of a certain Hydrangea, but in what respects it merits this flowery title is yet to be made clear to us. Probably we should find that in the matter of this tea, as in other matters heavenly, we should require education up to a proper appreciation.

All the previously mentioned teas are fairly palatable, and if we were in dire need of "tea" and without our own special variety, we could doubtless manage very well with them. But it is likely our endurance would be tested to the breaking-point were our only resource the Brick Tea of Tibet, made and flavoured after the true Tartar recipe. This tea, for the convenience of porterage on camels, is made up in the form of hard, solid, brick-like lumps which are supposed to consist of the stems and leaves of our ordinary tea-plant. But, in the majority of cases, Brick Tea is merely the off-scourings of the tea-plantation, together with dust and adulteration of endless other plants. There is little of the crisp, curly tea-leaves to be found in these lumps. When tea is to be made pieces are chipped off the bricks and immersed in boiling water. The result is a dark, strong-flavoured liquid with harsh, unpleasant taste. One merit alone it possesses—it is undoubtedly stimulating. The flavour of the tea is not improved either to our taste by the additions to it which the Tartar favours. Instead of cream and sugar, mutton fat and salt are usually considered the correct things to add, and it can readily be imagined that the beverage thus produced does not present any particular attraction to Englishmen. The Tartars themselves are as devoted to their tea-drinking as is any old Welshwoman, so it is to be presumed that here, as elsewhere, habit is everything, even in the matter of the flavour of a tea.

In these "Teas of the World" we do not include that endless number of so-called teas, which are really decoctions made by the country people from plants for medicinal purposes. Thus we have Broom Tea, Sage Tea, Rue Tea, Nettle Tea, and so on; these are not beverages for everyday use, but are rather only prepared at certain times to promote



A JAPANESE TEA-GARDEN

good health or cure certain diseases. Perhaps exception should be made in the case of "Paigle"—a tea made from Cowslips, and much drunk in some country districts of England in the past. It has now almost died out as a beverage, and probably the present generation have little acquaintance with "Paigle."

Mullein Tea has been favoured by the country people of Germany for centuries, and is worth a passing notice. It is the flowers which are used, and the tea is made by pouring boiling water over them. But as a thick felt-work of hairs covers flowers and leaves and the boiling water detaches them, the tea must be carefully strained before drinking. If this is omitted the hairs will pass into the mouth with the tea and set up an intolerable irritation and itching, which it is very difficult to allay, the felt hairs having a peculiar faculty for attaching themselves to the membrane lining the mouth and throat.

A NEAR THING

By F. J. DAVEY

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

He was a young doctor, but an old friend, and I had asked him to tell me all the truth.

"There doesn't seem to be any organic disease," he explained, "but you're run down—terribly run down. Fact is, Maitland, you are not fitted for office life, especially in this Melbourne climate. You ought to go somewhere, right away in the country, and with a fresh, open-air life, you'll probably live to be a hundred."

"I don't believe it's so bad as all that," I said. "Anyhow, it can't be done. What should we live on? Think I'm going to chuck up a good permanent Government billet?"

"Permanent? Look here, Maitland. You asked me to speak without reserve, and I will! You can take it straight from me—I'm certain you can't keep on twelve months longer as you're doing now. It's killing you by inches, but you are a young man yet, though not an over strong one, and if you'll only take my advice——"

"Well, I won't!"

"Very well, then I've nothing more to say."

I went back to the office with little enough inclination for work, although my angry mood had given place to a despondent one, for I had half suspected the truth about myself. "I'll see what Possie says this evening," I thought to myself.

Possie—short for 'Possum—which in this case was short for Wilhelmina—was a sweet little wife, not a bit worldly, but I knew that the varied interests and amusements of town life were dear to her lively little soul; she had never made any secret of that, and I remembered how often she had rallied her back-block cousins about the dull life they led, and how, when one of them had quoted the old saying, "God made the country, but man made the town," she had answered, "Yes, men make all sorts of nice things, don't they?" I had no intention of upsetting Possie by revealing to her the doctor's grave warnings; besides, I always hated to be made a fuss of. At tea-time she said, in an off-hand way, "Mrs. French called to-day."

"Yes? What had *she* got to say?"

"She said—why, she's twice my age and five times as big, and yet she hasn't half as much sense."

"Peculiar thing for her to say, too!"

"She didn't, you old stupid! She wanted to make me believe that you are seriously, miserably ill, and that I must be blind if I couldn't see it."

"What rubbish! Well?"

"Oh, of course I knew it was all nonsense, so I told her it was only a family ailment you are suffering from—that for generations back your people have all had a violent attack of remorse at about your age, but you all grew as jolly as sand-boys again after a year or so." And then I saw Possie's eyes grow suddenly moist, which was a rare thing with her. "But you *have* been awfully seedy lately, Phil, haven't you? It's all these wretched hot winds—disgraceful, I think they are—and of course you'll get all right again in no time, now the season's over."

I was very glad to find that, much as I knew she sympathised with my ill-health, she betrayed no real anxiety; it would make it all the easier for me to sound her and see how deep her aversion to rural life might really be. Later on, as I lay on the sofa, I suggested, in a half joking way, that we should go and live in the country.

Possie jumped up as if she had been shot, brought over little Charley's or Beryl's armchair (I forget which was the baby at that particular time), and sat upon it, looking down at me with an indignant but forgiving expression.

"Of course you're only joking," she said, "but I think it's cruel of you to tease me so, when you know it's the dearest wish of my heart."

I sat up, astonished. "Do you mean to say, 'Possum, that you really want to live in the country?"

"Of course!" she replied. "You know very well I do! And I won't have you call me 'Possum; I'm a perfect owl for wisdom, and I'm sure you don't really mean to go. Oh, if we only could! But I'm not a tomtit, to be caught with chaff like that."

"I don't fancy they *do* catch tomtits with chaff."

"Then why do you try to catch *me* that way?"

"But you said you were an owl!"

"So I am! I despise this frivolous town-life, and——"

"Possie!" I interrupted indignantly. "I believe you are a complete fraud—a hollow little——"

She bent over me caressingly, and there was quite a ring of pain in her voice as she said, "Oh, don't call me hollow, Phil! Anything but that!"

"But you are!"

"No, no, Phil, really I'm not. Noel Reid brought me a box of chocolates this morning, and they're all gone, so I can't be hollow!"

"'And they're all gone'"

What could I do but groan? "And oh," she went on, "for your own sake you ought to get away from all the temptations of balls and races and card-parties——"

"I never go to any of 'em," I growled.

"No, dear, but you might do so some day, and once you are on the downward course, you know—besides, what are all these things compared to cows and pigs, and fowls and poultry——"

"Fowls *and* poultry?"

"Well, they're all the same, aren't they?" she replied, brazenly. I meekly assented—it was always impossible to argue with Possie.

"But you've so often said——" I began.

"I never said a word of the sort! Besides, can't I change my mind if I want to?"

"You certainly can! But we know nothing of farming—how should we live?"

"How do other farmers live? Sell the calves and sheep, and—things, of course."

"Sounds quite simple and arcadian."

"Arcadian?" she echoed. "No, indeed! Let me catch you dancing with the shepherdesses, and—I don't believe you can play the lute a bit!"

I admitted it.

"Well, then, the difficulties are all cleared away, it seems to me. Oh Phil, *do* let us go!"

"Well, I must say I'm astonished that you, of all women——"

She got up and crossed the room to the mirror, where she surveyed herself with unaffected complacency. "I of all women, indeed! What next! *Some* of my friends, I fancy, think I haven't been altogether a dead failure in town, but as a country bumpkin I believe I should simply eclipse all previous performances!"

After a long-continued talk, in which my state of health was never once mentioned, it was at last definitely settled that we should sell off and go. Possie leant over and kissed me. "My dear old Phil, your whistling is almost artistic, it leaves so much—even the tune—to the imagination, so it's *such* a comfort you won't have to learn the lute, isn't it?"

I was well used to her little inconsistencies, though none had yet been so amazing as this, and somehow it never even struck me that the doctor might have thought fit to call on my wife that afternoon—but he had. We were both of the opinion that for us "the country" ought to mean the very wildest part of the bush. The Wimbriatta River was at that time being newly opened up, and certainly nothing wilder or more primitive could be imagined, so I bought a "farm" from the Government. In reality it was a piece of land every inch of which was heavily timbered, and my heart sank down into my boots when I went to look at my purchase. However, after a piece of it had been cleared and a little cottage built, I soon began to get well and strong, and if Possie missed her concerts and afternoon teas, she at all events never said so, and I don't believe she did very much, for she took to the milking, churning, and all the rest of it as if she had been born a dairy-maid. Yet I often wondered how it was she had come to change her views so suddenly about town life, until one afternoon, when the mail came in, bringing only one letter, and that was for Possie. "Who's your correspondent?" I asked.

"Oh, nobody!" she replied airily.

"Yes, I thought so"—I knew the writing. "And what has 'nobody' got to write about?"

"Oh, nothing much—in fact, nothing at all!"

"What a delightful letter! May I see it?"

"Of course not! And it's nearly tea-time —why don't you go and change? I'm going to."

She whisked out of the room, leaving the letter, of course quite accidentally, on the chair, but I knew very well she was peeping through the crack of the door. It was from the doctor, and then I learned how I had been tricked into leaving Melbourne. Presently she came in again, got up for the evening as usual. With all the work she did, Possie somehow always managed to keep herself neat and clean all day long, while I grew grimier and grimier every hour. And, the day's work done, she always came out as nicely dressed as she had done in town. On this occasion she had a new gown on, and I suspect the creature had taken a little extra trouble with her get-up that evening.

"What, haven't you changed yet?" she said. "Oh Phil, I think it's just lovely to be a yokel! It's all so simple and innocent and guileless! Why, a year ago, don't you remember you didn't even know that fowls and poultry were the same thing!"

"*I* didn't know?" I looked at her searchingly, but she didn't show the least sign of a flinch; there was just a wee bit too much beautiful child-like candour in her smile, that was all.

"We can't help being yokels," I said. "I don't care if we are, but don't—oh don't let us be innocent and guileless—it isn't honest!" She laughed outright, shamelessly.

"'Twas a dear little snub," she murmured, laying her head on my shoulder. "Oh Phil, my love, if you'd only snub me always, how happy I should be!"

But there were one or two thorns in our bed of roses; for one thing, we feared the snakes. We were such "new chums" in the bush that we could not tell how much to believe of all the snake-yarns that were constantly told us. How could we know if there were really such a thing as the hoop-snake, which was said to bend itself into a circle, its tail in its mouth, and so bowl itself along ten miles an hour after its human prey; or the tree-snake, that lies in wait on an overhanging branch till it gets a chance to drop down on the back of one's neck; or the knotted snake, which looks so like a dead stick lying on the ground that anybody might pick it up by mistake? So poor Possie lived in constant fear that one of us might get bitten; what would her feelings have been could she have foreseen the terrible experience that was to come?

I had my troubles, too. Early rising is one of those vices I instinctively abhor, but I was obliged to cultivate the degrading habit. "Possie," I said mournfully, "I don't complain, but if you should notice any steady deterioration in my character—especially during the winter—you must be gentle with me and not upbraid. What chance is there for a man who has to get up and tramp around after cows at the very time when he ought to be preparing good resolutions for the coming day?"

"I never will upbraid!" said she, heroically. "Sooner than your—ahem!—character—sooner than *that* should get any worse than it is now, the wife of your bosom will stop in bed half an hour longer and make good resolutions enough for the two of us!"

But my worst trouble was the stock-whip, which is like the violin—you ought to begin practising it before you leave your cradle. But everybody said I couldn't do without it, so I bought one at the store. At the very first attempt, about two yards of the thong coiled itself round my neck so tightly that I was nearly strangled, and I soon discovered that the villainous thing had no idea of fair play, but was as eager to hit me below the belt as it was ready to lash me over the back or across my face, and that, wherever it contrived to strike, it generally managed to cut considerable slices off me, which I (being a slim-built man) was extremely loth to spare. At last, in despair, I cut off more than half its length; the loss of its "business end" made it look hideously thick and stumpy, and of course it would no longer crack, but I could cheerfully dispense with that, for the sound of its crack had been too often immediately followed by my own yell of rage and pain.

One day we were going up to the store, leaving the three or four children at home. I don't remember exactly how many there were at that particular time, but Possie would know to a fraction. Mrs. McLure, our nearest neighbour, came to look after them, her husband going with us in the boat to help with the pulling. We had not gone far when we saw a snake swimming across the river; McLure instantly brought the boat's head round with a jerk, so that she shot away from the direction of the reptile's course.

"Why did you do that?" I asked.

"What chanst have a man got with a snake in the boat?" answered McLure.

"But the snake wouldn't know that?" I objected. "So why should it get into the boat?"

"Snakes," explained McLure, "snakes don't *know* nothin', s' far as that goes, nothin' at all! There's no brains in 'em, an' no sense, nothin' but instink, but my word, they got plenty o' that! Barrin' the skin an' teeth, all the rest of a snake is jus' nothin' but instink, an' that's why they'll alwiz get into a boat if you gives them half a chanst. One o' them had me proper that way some two year ago—crawled up inside me trousers!"

"Is this a snake-yarn?" I asked.

"No fear," replied McLure, "it's solum truth an' no snake-yarn about it! I was pullin' down the river in a punt with a load o' bullock-yokes an' other fixin's. The sun were pow'rful hot an' I was pullin' along lazy-like, wi' me eyes half shut, when I see a black snake wriggle over the side an' scoot in amongst the things out o' sight. I drops the paddles an' was jus' gorn to jump out, when all of a suddent I feels a beas'ly creepin' streak o' cold slidin' up me leg, an' I knowed in a minnit it was that divil of a snake. I didn't feel no bite, but 'twas sure to come fore long, an' I jus' give meself up for lost, though I was too dazed-like to think of anything at all. An' then I see a bulgin' under me trousers up near the pocket—jus' here—where he were foolin' roun' tryin' to find a way out, an' without knowin' what I was doin' I jus' grabbed holt o' me trousers so 's to clutch him by the neck. Snakes is perty slipp'ry, an' I had to squeeze all I knowed to keep him from gettin' his head away, for then I knowed I'd ha' been a dead man in no time, but he couldn't bite while his head was wrapped up tight in me moleskins inside me fist. The paddles had floated away, an' there I was standin' up in the punt, floatin' down stream, an' what I was gorn for to do I couldn't tell, an' I s'pose I kep' on like that for over half an hour, till

"Ten miles an hour after its human prey"

Jerry Barber come along in his boat. When I opens me mouth to speak to him, me voice was nothin' but a ridic'lous little squeak, but after a bit I managed to tell him the fix I was in, an' in another minnit I was kneelin' down so 's to bring the divil's neck on the gunnel, an' then wi' one blow o' the tommyhawk, Jerry cut a great piece out o' me trousers with the snake's head inside of it. I weren't partic'lar sorry neither, for me arm was cramped jus' awful, an' I couldn't ha' held on much longer, anyhow!"

"It was a narrow squeak for you!" I said.

"They're horrible things!" shuddered Possie. "Perfectly horrible! the only animals in the world I hate!"

"Mos' animals likes you, too, Mrs. Maitland," grinned McLure.

"I don't want snakes to like me, at any rate," replied Possie with complacency. A compliment from McLure was as pleasing to her as would have been one from the Prince of Wales, and I have seen her flirting outrageously with old King Billy, the blackfellow. "But everything else," she continued—"the cows and horses, and sheep and chickens—"

"And the geese!" I interrupted. "And the pigs! Why, poor old Grumpy actually laid down his life to make bacon for you!"

Possie eyed me severely. "Unfortunately we can't make bacon of *all* the old Grumpies!" she retorted.

"You come here and steer, McLure. I'll pull for a bit."

About two years or so afterwards, I got up "one morning oh so early" to get the cattle in for milking, and as usual I took the stockwhip. It had developed a new sin of its own wicked invention; the thong—what was left of it—kept continually coming off the handle, and I found myself treasuring up every available piece of string to tie it on with. Such was the evil influence of that whip that I even used to sneak into Possie's store-room and steal the string off her jampots, not that it was of any use; there was an unsightly knot—a nasty wen—of string wound and twisted round it, but it still persisted in coming off. On this particular morning—it was in autumn, when the mornings were already chilly—it flew off and whirled itself away into a pool of water. I fished it out, but my fingers were too cold and the string too wet to fasten it on again just then. I just tied the thong loosely around my neck, for a new idea had struck me; I would nail it on, and glue and solder and rivet and bolt it on, lest peradventure it should worry me into an early grave.

The cows were difficult to find that morning, but I found them at last and had driven them to within a short distance of the stock-yard, when, as I was passing a log, I saw a snake right under my feet. I naturally jumped smartly aside, but I was not quick enough—in a moment the snake had vanished and I felt the same horrible streak of slimy cold down my leg that McLure had told us of. What I should have done if I had not had his experience as a guide I don't know, for a sickening panic of fear seemed to take away all presence of mind. But, unlike McLure, I was able to think—I seemed to think of everything in the world. I thought of poor Possie as a sorrowing widow with all the brightness gone out of her life, of my little ones growing up fatherless in an unpitying world, and I thought of myself, too: of course I did not want to die at all just then, but that particular form of death was especially hateful. And even while these thoughts were rushing through my mind, I saw the same bulge at my hip as McLure had seen, and I instinctively grabbed it as he had done. For a moment I felt triumphant, and rejoiced to think that I was now safe, and then I immediately scorned myself for a fool—what likelihood was there that such a dodge should succeed twice? And for a time a new and terrible feeling took possession of my whole being; I no longer had the slightest sense of fear, and felt only an intense loathing, a savage, fiendish hatred of the reptile. I was no longer a man, but a cruel, bloodthirsty animal. I fiercely craved to tear and rend the snake; I would willingly have crushed the hideous head between my teeth, and hotly lusted to wrench its deadly jaws asunder with my hands and trample out its life.

But the mood passed, and I remembered that if I would try to save my life, there was no time to lose. Possie was not very well just then, and I dreaded the ill-effects that might follow such an alarm to her, but the situation was critical, and no other help was at hand, so I walked over to the cottage—I could not run with the feel of that sinuous horror writhing about my knee at every step—and called to her.

I wondered, as I saw her bright, cheery face, whether it would not soon be clouded over with a bitter sorrow, for the muscles of my hand and arm were strained so fearfully that I felt as if I *must* relax the intensity of my grip, even if it brought certain death, as I knew it must. I tried hard to steady my

"I had no fear that she would strike amiss" voice and tell her quietly what had happened, but it was not easy. Yet a very few words were enough, she seemed to know almost at once, and her cheeks became pale as death as she glanced down at my feet. I looked too, and saw perhaps an inch of the black tail protruding below the foot of my trouser leg. For an instant I thought she was going to faint, but Possie wasn't built that way; she quickly regained control of herself—in less than a minute she had everything ready, and I had no fear that she would strike amiss when she raised the sharp tomahawk in her hand.

She knew that a false blow meant certain death, and for a moment her eyes looked straight into mine, and I saw there all the—well, never mind what I saw there—and then the blade came down with all her strength, and I instantly let go the deadly thing within my grasp. A great hole gaped in my trousers, and a slimy length slid down my leg and lay across my boot. The severed piece of cloth fell to the ground as I let go, and in its folds we saw—not the head and neck of a black snake with its beady eyes and gleaming fangs, but the upper end of my whip-thong, with the bulge of string around it, still wet and cold from its immersion in the pool. It must have slipped off my shoulders down into my trousers at the moment when I had jumped aside from the snake I had nearly stepped on.

And then the children came running out of the house, the whole five of them—or was it six? But Possie was trembling like a leaf; the look of self-reliance had left her eyes and lips, and I could read in her face all the horror and anxiety she had crushed so bravely out of sight before. The strain had been almost more than she could bear, and as she took my arm so that I might lead her into the house, never a word—only one little choking sob—escaped her lips.

It was a long while before she got over the shock and recovered her spirits, and when at last she did so, and I found her brimming over with suppressed laughter, I feared I was in for a bad quarter of an hour.

"Phil," she said, "my beloved Phil! no tongue can paint——"

"No," said I, "why should it? Are there not brushes sold for that purpose?"

"Oh, but Phil! what *will* they say, when they hear——"

"They will say nothing, because they will hear nothing," I interrupted in my sternest tones. "Swear to me, here and now! Swear by the bones of your ancestors—by your hopes of—of—coming into your aunt's money—and by the memory of all your infant sins and youthful scrapes—that you will never—never—reveal——"

And she swore.

So do I—whenever I think of that confounded stock-whip.

WINDFALLS

By FLORENCE MacCUNN

A COUPLE of years ago I happened to read in a French magazine a poem which discovered to me the secret source of much of one's enjoyment of life. Ever since then I have been more alert to catch and recognise each delicate and fleeting manifestation of this hidden and beneficent power. My author admitted (and that without much regret) the disappearance of the major gods, but the smaller gods, the gentle, uncouth, half-animal divinities of field and fold, of woodland and hillside, these he declared to be still alive, and in secret places, at dawn or at twilight, to be still visible to their worshippers. You may still hear the sound of Pan's pipes among whispering reeds and singing ripples or catch a glimpse of his sunburnt face hanging over a gipsy fire. Among these familiar and rustic gods my French poet had chosen two for his special worship—Terminus, who presides over the gates and boundaries of cottage and farmstead and domain, and, under his Greek name

Tuchon, the god who offers little chances, small way, side bits of happiness to his devotees.

It is among us of the great tribe of Lacklands that the god Terminus has his real worshippers. Under the names of Rent or Crops or Landed Interests, strange gods, idols of men's device, have usurped his honours in the eyes of farmer and cotter and landlord. But we, who trudge or wheel past on the dusty road, it is we who are always pursuing the ideal of "Home." The fields of our childhood lie far behind, and we know not the hills where the sun will finally go down for us, and in the meantime, street and houses and crowds hem us in, and we could envy the lot of the peasant who ploughs the lea where he played as a child, whose shadow falls every Sunday morning on his destined grave in the country churchyard.

A roof and chimneys seen across the tops of pine-trees will set us dreaming of the old age we could so peacefully wear away in that romantic retreat. We see our children at play on every reach of yellow sand or beside every tumbling stream. We even plan the books we could write, or at least read, in the white-walled farmhouse in winter evenings when the silence lies heavy on the moors.

Did not Wordsworth—loftiest of vagabonds—make implicit confession of this habit when he wrote of the cottage below Newark:

> Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss,
> A covert for protection
> Of studious ease and generous cares
> And every chaste affection?

If leaves of willow and rue mingle with the votive wreaths we bring to Terminus, his brother divinity, the shy, bountiful god of little chances, requires from his worshippers no rite but the habit of vagabondage, no gifts but clear eyes and a heart idle and unpreoccupied. He has indeed a secret favour for those who are up early, go to bed late, and neglect their regular meals. It was because dinner was at any hour from seven to eleven that we happened to be out on the hill that evening when the rain cleared off and the moon built her wonderful bow in the sky, a bridge of pearl such as St. John might have seen in his vision, a sort of ghost of the sun's rainbow.

It is this favouring god who leads our footsteps at the right moment to the haunts of some rare, shy animal, so that we see the dark head of an otter between the boat and the bank some late summer evening; he who speeds the blue lightning of the kingfisher across our path when we start on a day's tramp some early morning in spring.

Last June in a twilight so luminous that the ten strokes of the clock sounding across the valley hardly convinced us that the day was done, we were on a terrace road leading from the big mountains down into the Strath. Suddenly a whirring sound started from the hollow at our feet, so distinct, so mysterious, so unlike any whir of mill or bicycle or any human wheel, that we could think of nothing but the witch woman Whuppity Stoorie and her green hillock. As we watched, from a stunted thorn flew a black bird with a short gaping beak and a peculiar flight like a paddle boat in a swell. Down in the south the goat-sucker belongs to natural history and every-day experience: in our Glen he is sacred to the god of happy chance.

Nor does our homely divinity lead only woodland creatures in his train. It is one of his finest strokes to fill the traveller's brain and heart with the secret, intangible genius of a country-side, and then to gather up the floating impressions and personify them in some native of the place. Tall, dark-eyed shepherd boys, whose shyness may lighten into smiles or settle into sullenness, row you silently across lochs that may be sunned into pensiveness or darkened into gloom. Little girls with white pinafores and shining hair play hide-and-seek among the dark trunks and bright patches under the oaks, and seem part of that Fairyland which always haunts a greenwood.

One solitary figure in a patch of corn, "reaping and singing to herself," summed up for Wordsworth a hundred intangible impressions of the West Highlands, the loneliness, the beauty of the country, the ancient, melancholy race, the alien speech, the traveller's pathetic consciousness of loofness.

It is a less subtle and more frequent chance to find the history and characteristics of the people of a district all summed up in some "worthy" whom one stumbles on by chance, on the bridge perhaps, or seated ready for conversation at his own doorway.

Our south-west corner of the Scottish Lowlands was once the home of the Hillmen: their graves are in our churchyards, their shrewd, grave faces and vigorous speech are still among us in their posterity. We are a pastoral people and our talk is of flocks and herds. I was sitting on a hillside one afternoon, knitting a stocking to enhance the sense of idleness. A countrywoman, old, upright, wrinkled and bright-eyed, was going the round of the hill. "You're a clever woman to sit there weaving your stocking." "And you are still cleverer to be looking after the sheep on the hill." It was a case of necessity, she explained; her husband was in bed, and though her bones were stiff and crazy she made the round of the hill twice a day. "There's nothing you can't do if you must do it and if you set your heart to it." From where we sat we could see across the glen the long white village climbing up the hill. She had no opinion, she said, of such "thrang bustling places"—the village contains at the outside 500 inhabitants—it was good for nothing but producing "poor feckless gudedochters" (useless daughters-in-law). A herd's life was, she thought, of all lives the best, what she called the "heartsomest." "All summer you are out on the hill-tops, and in winter you sit round the fire and pass the joke about the sheep." It was good to learn that humour as well as content could be produced by such simple elements.

Sometimes it is a curious word in the passing speech of a stranger that gives us pleasant food for thought for half an hour afterwards. "Aye, the sheep smoored in the drift could mak' nae debate ava'," said a shepherd, describing the hard winter. "Debate" in our English sense offered no meaning, twist it how one would; we had to go back to the old French Alliance to account for this as for so many beautiful old fragments of Scottish speech.

Though rustic in habit and born in the country, our friendly deity follows us to the city; but here, like the rest of us, he loses his individuality and appears in a variety of disguises. He is commercial and haunts the meanest and pokiest licensed broker where one old bit of lustre china, one stately but dilapidated Chippendale, rewards the quick eye and slender purse; he is benevolent and takes us out into midnight streets on Saturday evening, when the lights flare on the patient, anxious faces of the hardest-worked class of the community at their most momentous task—the house-mothers laying in the week's provisions. Or he is a Bohemian and picturesque, and reveals some of the extraordinary elements of which our great cities are composed. Cut a section through the society of one of our seaport towns and there is no class, no degree of civilisation or savagery, no amazing superstition or survival, no tongue, no form of religion that will be lacking But if we would follow our guide to haunts where Spanish sailors dance sarabands, where vulture-like old women in yellow handkerchiefs cheat one another in Jüdisch, or where Italians and their monkeys eat polenta and garlic, we must lay aside all fastidiousness, all dislike of dirt, all trepidation.

Next to the country our friend most dearly loves the world of books. At one time old libraries, bookstalls, dust and vellum were his own domain, but popular control in the shape of reprints, volumes of extracts and extension lectures have disturbed "his ancient solitary reign." Only professed students may hope to discover an old author, or a forgotten lyric, or a romance in many thousand lines. For us who belong to the great band of desultory readers, fortune lurks in footnotes and appendices and prefaces. Mr. Stevenson has called the biographer of John Knox and the Melvilles the "learned but unreadable M^c^rie," and as far as the edifying text goes, the judgment may stand, if we be but permitted to revel in all the curious, picturesque information diligently garnered into the notes. Here is an account of old Scotch lesson books in the fifteenth century — "Ane instruction for bairns to be learned in Scots and Latin, ane regimene for education of young gentlemen in literature and virtuous exercises, ane A.B.C. for Scotsmen to read the French tongue with an exhortation to the Nobles of Scotland to favour their old friends." The closely printed pages are fuill of similar pleasant discoveries.

One wonders if sympathetic authors do not hide special treasures where only the diligent and curious reader will find them. Canon Ainger has cunningly stowed away in his notes to Lamb's letters Cary's verses on receiving back his own Sidney's "Arcadia" after Lamb's death, the tenderest and most humorous elegy that ever was penned. In the kindred volumes, the "Letters of Edward Fitzgerald," is there anything in all the exquisite criticism, the humour, the lovable personal traits of the writer, that is quite so perfect as the little poem in the preface?

Like most of my generation, I owe my acquaintance with More's "Utopia" to Professor Arber's reprints, but dearer far are the pages of an old black-letter edition of 1557—found years ago, one hopelessly wet day, in the library of an old house in Cantyre—where I read of the pageants Master Thomas More painted in his youth in his father's house. Surely it was a lofty imagination that planned these emblems and the verses that accompany them. The successive stages of man's life are figured, first by a boy with a whip and top, next by a fresh and goodly young man trampling underfoot the joys of childhood, thirdly by Venus and Cupid subduing the young man, and fourthly by a wise and aged sire crushing Venus and Cupid beneath his chair. Then Death with his scythe overthrows the young man, Fame with her trumpet defies death, Time with his "horologe" wears out Fame, and finally Eternity has overthrown Time. These pictures have remained in a mind whose laxer grasp has forgotten all the ideal conditions of "Utopia."

It was perhaps less a happy chance than the kindness of a friend that put into my hand a duodecimo volume bound in vellum, dedicated to Charles II. It was Sir Thomas Murray of Glendook's "Laws and Acts of Parliament made by King James I. and his successors the Kings and Queens of Scotland." It was like plunging straight into history. Halting memory might ill supply the date of accessions and battles and invasions, but the life of the people, the bitter fight with dearth, the economic distress from a scanty and debased currency, the universal diet of salmon, the needful measure for destroying wolves, the compulsory patronage of hostelries—all these and much else can be found in the "Laws and Acts." When injunctions against football and golf are frequent, and the incitements to wappenschaus and practising at the butts are urgent, then we know that the "auld enemy" is at the gate.

Here we seem to have all the raw material of the old ballads and of the Waverley novels. We may have puzzled a little over the dismay of so stouthearted a skipper as Sir Patrick Spens:

> Oh who is this has done this thing
>   To tell the King of me,
> To send us out at this time of year
>   To sail upon the sea?

But in an Act of 1566 it is statute and ordained that "no ship shall be freighted out of the realm with staple goods between the day of Simon and Jude (*sic*) and Candlemas."

And has not this old Act of 1455 anent the beacons on the Borders the very ring of Otterbourne or Chevy Chase?—

"One bale is warning of their coming what power soever they be of: two bales together at once *they are coming indeed:* four bales each one beside the other and all at once like four candles, soothfast knowled that they *are of great power and means far.*"

Lovers of Meg Merrilees and Edie Ochiltree know how widespread and lawless and generally tolerated were the classes to which these worthies severally belonged, but the Act of 1579 for the punishment of strong and idle beggars discovers an amazing diversity and picturesqueness among the persons so described. Besides those who "use crafty subtle and unlawful plays as jugglery fast and loose," we have of course the Egyptians who feign a knowledge of charms and other abused science and foretell "weirds, deaths, fortunes, and siklike fantastical imaginations," wandering minstrels, songsters and tale-tellers, like him who charmed the Duchess and her ladies at Newark. But here is a class we are not prepared for: "Vagabond scholars of the Universities of St. Andrews, Glasgow, Aberdeen not licensed by the Rector and Dean of Faculty of the Universitie to ask alms."

Would that the hand that drew Dugald Dalgetty and Nanty Ewart had drawn for us such a scholarly vagabond!

If part of the pleasure of reading these "Laws and Acts" was the sense of discovery, that soon proved delusive. In some form or other, in allusion or quotation, many of the best are referred to in some note of Sir Walter's either to the novels or poems. After that reaper who can glean in any Scottish field? But if any one would enjoy the fruit of many happy chances, gathered in old libraries in books of law, from the recitation of peasant women by their fires, let him take down the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," skip the familiar text, and read the notes from A to L.

(From a photograph by C. H. Temple, London)

ROCKY COUNTRY NORTH OF THE DRAKENSBERG

FROM THE DIAMOND FIELDS TO DELAGOA BAY

FROM THE DIARY AND LETTERS OF CAPTAIN CHARLES WARREN (LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR CHARLES WARREN, G.C.M.G.), MAY AND JUNE 1877

THIRD PAPER

DURING the past week in our journey from Pretoria it had been rather a rough time, feeding just as we could, for we only got three or four good meals at the Boer houses. We had passed several houses burnt down during the late war, and all the rest were still barricaded to resist attack. It was great fun and very inexpensive, our living for six days having cost only about 25*s.* each; but then we lived a good deal upon bread, and had some biscuits with us when we started. It is very easy to spend a fortune in food if you choose to. A bottle of gin costing 2*s.* at Cape Town here costs 8*s.*, and other things in proportion; a quart bottle of beer costs 5*s.*, and still more at the gold-fields. It is curious how long we can do without food in this country. This morning we have not yet breakfasted, and yet it is 1.30 P.M., but we had a little coffee and bread at a farmhouse. It was very interesting to hear the various accounts of occurrences during the late war; some of the Boers appear to have behaved with immense pluck, while others proved themselves abject cowards. We have been through part of the lion veldt without seeing any lions; they are said to be rather shy of showing themselves near the highway. We noticed, however, that in the ruined farmhouses where the Kafirs slept they always had rows of little fires all round them, to protect themselves from lions. The general impression was that the lion goes for the Kafir in preference to the white man, but he only then does so when he is very hungry. We were told of one case where there were several white men and Kafirs secured within a strong stone wall, and a lion sprang over and carried off a Kafir before they could shoot him; but this was considered a very exceptional occurrence.

We expected to see beautiful scenery in the Transvaal, but since we have left Pretoria we have scarcely seen a tree until we got to Middelburg; the country has been one succession of rolling plains, quite brown or black where the grass has been burnt. I have not seen the great richness of this country, so much talked of, and always such extremes, great heat or great cold; but still it seems a healthy country for a healthy person. One thing we have noticed—the grass seems to grow higher than it did farther south.

We were now anxious to arrange for our journey to Delagoa Bay, but for some time could not settle whether we would go by Pilgrims' Rest or Spitz Kop. Reliable information was difficult to obtain, but eventually we decided in favour of the road through the Spitz Kop gold diggings. The people shook their heads and said the road had not been opened to Delagoa Bay since the war, and that the fever was raging violently still. The idea of being the first to open up the road had a certain charm about it, and as to the fever, we declared ourselves "salted." M. Franck most kindly instructed his son to ride about and see after men, horses, &c. We were advised by some to take horses, by others donkeys; others said buffaloes would carry our things, and one man wanted to sell us a waggon and sixteen oxen, as it would be so comfortable at night, and we might sleep well raised above the ground! We had, however, set our affections on a Scotch cart, and decided that four oxen should drag our goods, and that we ourselves would walk. After much bargaining, we finally arranged to buy a Scotch cart for £30; a cart sound as to its wheels and shaft. A Griqua lad now appeared upon the scene; at least we took him for a lad, but he afterwards told us that he was more than fifty years of age. This boy said he knew the road perfectly, and we engaged him, but we afterwards found that he had never been along the road. His name was Peet. We also engaged two of Sicocoene's Kafirs, very raw boys; one named Little Billie and the other Elijah. Little Billie proved to be very foolish, but Elijah afterwards saved one of our oxen by giving it some food he was carrying for Peet, much to Peet's indignation.

Captain Marshall Clark, R.A., the new Civil Commissioner, was away on tour, and we were received and looked after by Mr. Roth, the Landdrost, a well-educated Afrikander. He proposed we should take up our quarters in his house, but we only accepted his invitation to dinner, and camped in an empty room in the old barracks while we made our various preparations, so that we could make a fair start when we were ready.

During the day I met with an Irishman, who proved to be the famous Captain Aylward of Fenian notoriety and filibustering renown. I came across him casually in the street, and before we had been conversing ten minutes we had entered into a discussion as to the texture of angels' wings! Ravenscroft came up during the discussion and introduced us to each other. I had heard of the prominent part Aylward had taken in the revolution at the Diamond Fields some two years ago, and was much struck with the frank manner in which he related an account of the disturbances, and he gave Ravenscroft some valuable information, which he noted. He also described some comical scenes which he had witnessed on the committees of the Fenians when he was engaged with them. He has the same extraordinary rapidity of thought and fluency of tongue that I have noticed only among a few; among others, Emmanuel Deutsch and Richard Burton; and is certainly one of the most amusing persons I have ever met. He had taken command of the Leydenburg filibusters on the death of Von Schlickmann, and now appeared to be in a quasi state of command of the volunteers of Leydenburg—at least so we understood it; but, in the absence of Captain Clark, we could not be quite certain. He says that the Transvaal cannot develop; that there is no great wealth in it; no corn, no

(From a photograph by C. H. Temple, London)

ON THE ROAD TO SPITZ KOP

feathers, no ivory; that he had been quite deceived as to the wealth of the country, and would now return to Cape Colony. He stated that he had been brought up for the Roman priesthood against his will, and that this had wrecked his life. He has been most anxious to assist us in every way.

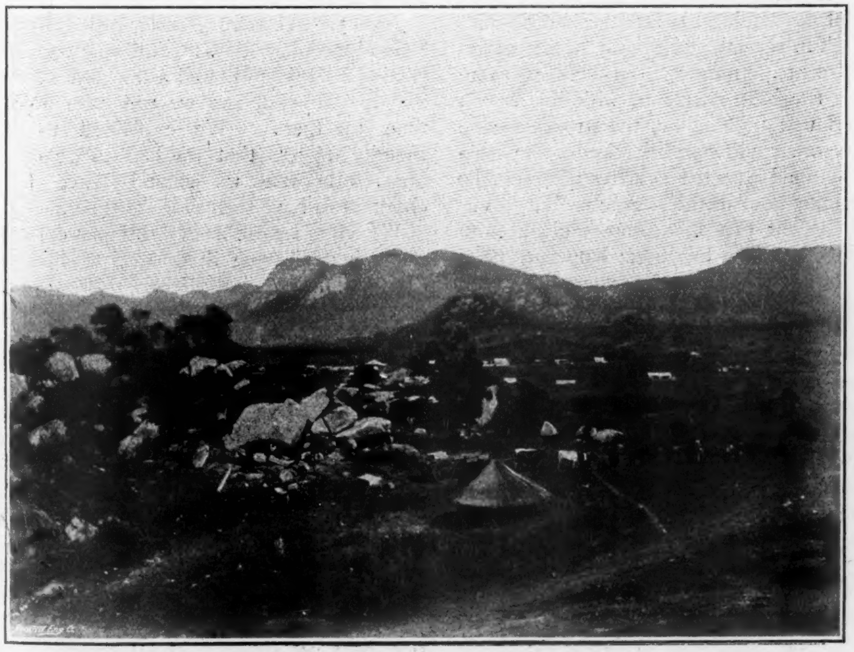
We were asked to supper or dinner at the Landdrost's, and having taken an early and light lunch we hoped to get it at seven o'clock. Mrs. Roth was evidently doing the cooking, but was also much occupied in conversation, and kept us highly amused; but we were hungry, and eight, nine, ten, and eleven o'clock struck, and still no signs of dinner, though the rattling of plates and the savoury smells which came from the kitchen told us that there was plenty of food coming. At last, at midnight, when we were quite famished, a most sumptuous repast was spread out for us—soup and mutton and hare, and a curry, and plenty of vegetables, sweets and coffee—quite a feast. We then smoked and played cards; at least some did. We got away as early as we conveniently could after the first square meal since leaving Pretoria.

Leydenburg is really a very pretty little town, with, of course, the usual square, in which the waggons of the Boers are outspanned. Water runs through the streets, and there are pleasant green hedgerows around the outskirts of the town. The elevation is about 4350 feet, about the same as Kimberley, but, owing to the proximity of high mountains near, and also being in a lower latitude, and there being a greater rainfall, the climate is quite different.

Sunday, *June* 3.—We had much difficulty in getting oxen, but at last succeeded: two large oxen in the shafts and two small Kafir oxen in front; they cost with their yokes £40, so that the turn out complete cost £70. We were anxious to get off as soon as possible, for fear our boys would get drunk or our oxen stray. Accordingly we started at 7 P.M. for Spitz Kop, and succeeded in losing our way at the outset. After various guesses at the truth, we happened to strike the right path, and found ourselves, about 9.30 P.M., at the mill of Mr. Curtis, only a short distance out of the town. We asked permission to stop a few hours at his house, to which he willingly acceded, and cooked us a beefsteak. He said that the war had nearly ruined him, and that, if he had not had an English assistant, he would not have continued his business, the Boers and Kafirs are so idle and thriftless. He had been in New Zealand, and thought the wealth of the Transvaal far inferior. He said that the Transvaal climate was very enervating, and that he was losing his energy; that if troops came up they must bring their own corn, as in consequence of the war there was not now sufficient corn in the country to support the people. He gave us directions as to our road; how, after passing the "Devil's Knuckels," we were to go up a hill like the wall of a house, and were to take care in various places that our cart be not precipitated into the valley below.

Monday, June 4.—Up at midnight and off at 12.30 A.M. The moon having now risen, we took our road up hill, for several miles to the east, and got into a dense fog; smelt a strong odour which we took to be malaria, but which we found afterwards to be the smell of a jackal, quite different from the smell of a fox.

On resuming our journey, and skirting round by the southern side of the "Devil's Knuckels," the darkness suddenly disappeared, and it was as light as day, our shadows being thrown strongly on the ground to north. On looking south we saw a magnificent meteor not far above the horizon; it only lasted for a few seconds, and then left us again in darkness. (We subsequently heard that it burst over Kokstaadt, in Griqualand East, some five hundred miles south of us, and that it was also seen from Port Elizabeth way, looking north-east.) About sunrise we found ourselves on the hills at the top of the range, and were intensely cold. We made some coffee and cut a slice of bacon, and then commenced our descent of the Drakensberg, a most disagreeable operation. Road there was none; we went down mountain passes that looked like broken staircases; we trussed up the wheels of our cart with many reims (leather thongs), and then, four of us holding on behind, we let the cart go down, bounding from rock to rock, and nearly carrying the oxen with it. Fortunately the rocks are not slippery but of a sandy nature. Quartz abounds in these parts.



(From a photograph by C. H. Temple, London)

VIEW NEAR THE DRAKENSBERG

After winding about the bare hills for some time we came, at 6 A.M., on a stream of water and breakfasted. Here Peet succumbed to the chill we had got during the night, and lay down with congestion about the kidneys, and refused to go on. We had no mustard, so I put a strong pepper plaster on the parts affected, and dosed him with castor-oil and aconite, and put him into the cart. He said the aconite did him good, and during the day recovered. The Kafirs had never been with oxen before, and without Peet we should have been in a difficulty.

After a few more miles we emerged upon the steep eastern side of the Drakensberg (about 6700 feet) along a road cut on the face of the rock. Here the scenery was very fine, the mountains breaking down to depths of 3000 to 4000 feet, and the river Sabie flowing at the bottom amid much verdure. The hills themselves were brown, but here and there covered with trees, and the deep kloof filled with fine timber. Our course lay over a succession of ranges gradually falling towards Spitz Kop, a conical hill in the distance, and to get at this point without descending too far the road doubles on itself in several places, and has considerable ascents. Some of our descents were of the roughest character, with the wheels trussed up; nothing but the strongest carts or waggons could stand the shocks they must get. We had expected to arrive at Spitz Kop at an early hour in the afternoon, but it was soon evident that the distance given to us was incorrect, and that Spitz Kop must be at least thirty-five miles from Leydenburg. After we had been travelling seventeen hours our oxen began to flag, and we ourselves were very tired from our exertions in trying to prevent our cart pitching over into the valleys below, but we were anxious to get to some house for the night and pressed on. Darkness overtook us, and at last we saw a light in front of us, and about 8 P.M. got near it; the lights began to multiply, and we thought we were getting to some new Kafir kraal or to a bush fire.

As we neared the lights, however, we saw that they came from many houses, and our surprise was great when we heard the people talking English. We had come on to the Spitz Kop (4050) Gold Diggings, which we did not know were now being worked. During the whole day we had not met a single individual, either black or white, as the Spitz Kop folk keep up their communications with Macmac and Pilgrims' Rest. We were delighted to put up our traps in a little room at the store and converse with the diggers. They had many of them come from Australia, and were not impressed with the wealth of the Transvaal, and many of them would willingly go back. There were some thirty diggers here. Several of them had been out shooting in the veldt before the war. As to lions, they all agreed on one point, you might meet a dozen of them in a day or you might meet none; it is all uncertain, sometimes the country is full of game, at other times no game is to be seen; you must follow it like the lions if you want to find it.

They said that they were making no money to save; practically, they made on an average about twenty-five shillings a day, but with gin eight shillings a bottle and all other things in like proportion, they were only just able to rub along. They also said that the gold-fields here would never be very productive.

June 5.—We were greeted this morning, "Good-morning, boys! Are you off prospecting? If you will wait a few days a lot of us will join you, and we will have a jolly time together." We explained to the friendly diggers that we had to go off at once, otherwise we should have been charmed to have seen more of them.

We left the store at 8 A.M. and went over the heights, leaving Spitz Kop to the right (4700) and arrived at Niekerk's farm (4200) at 10 A.M. This is the most outlying homestead to the east, and was abandoned during the Kafir war. Mr. Niekerk spoke most feelingly of his losses, and was glad of the change of government. Here were the huts of a few more diggers. Our road from this point had not been traversed for some months, and was therefore difficult to find. We got as many particulars as we could from Mr. Niekerk.

We saw one buck, out of range, the only one we saw to-day, and we had seen but one yesterday. As we had come dependent for our meat on what we could shoot on the road, we were rather disappointed at the scarcity of the game.

At 2 P.M. we arrived at the highest point of the second range (5050), from whence the hills break down into undulating country and the "middle veldt" (*i.e.*, the plains lying between the highlands and the coast). We had now a fine view of the country, and saw some odd-looking, comical peaks in the distance south-east, which proved to be the hills about Pretorius Kop. We had now again to lash up the wheels of our cart and let it slide down the steep steps, and in about an hour had descended 1200 feet into a comparatively warm country. After several ups and downs among the undulating hills of the middle veldt, we passed some wild plantains in a kloof and came upon the remains of a station house plundered and burnt. The sun having now set, we went on to a rocky slope and outspanned and tied up our oxen. We lighted a large fire, as we were now in the lion veldt, and watched by turns all night, the Kafirs being so tired that they could only sleep. They were peculiar in their night dress; the night was cold, but yet they stripped stark naked and toasted one side by the fire, while the other must have been near freezing-point. Their skins seemed very tough—during the night hot embers and sparks fell on them, and the outer skin must have been burnt, yet they never flinched. We only heard jackals around us this night.

June 6.—We hoped to get to Pretorius Kop this day and started early; our path was most undefined, and wound in and out among the hills, gradually falling to the south-east; we found much wood here and there and tall tambookie grass. There was very little food for the oxen. We walked on in front looking for game, at about three and a half miles per hour, and the oxen kept up well with us. At 2 P.M. we began to descend through a dense forest, and came upon a beautiful stream of water about ten yards wide. Here was grass for our oxen, and we waited an hour and bathed and fed. Starting again about 3 P.M., we found the heat had much increased, as we had come down 2500 feet, and were now only about 1800 feet above the level of the sea. The oxen now showed signs of lameness, and we were anxious to get on to a house at Pretorius Kop, where we might make ourselves secure, but it was to no purpose. We trotted the oxen through the tall grass and thickets at five miles an hour, and ran ourselves behind the cart, but though we made great haste we were still far from the Kop at sunset, and in a very disagreeable thicket full of tall grass, where it was so dark it was no longer safe to be without a light; we turned off to a thorn-tree and made preparations to stay there for the night.

Our anxiety was lest the sudden attack of lions would frighten our oxen and cause them to break away and leave us alone with the cart. We commenced burning the tall grass around us, at least seven feet high. It was obstinate and would not burn rapidly this evening, however, we cleared a space about thirty yards around us, and brought together thorn bushes (mimosa) and logs of wood, and when all was ready we lighted two fires, one of which was to be kept up by Peet and the Kafirs and one by ourselves.

The oxen we tied up to the trunk of a tree, under which we had placed ourselves. We had only collected just enough wood for the night, and by daybreak had burnt up every piece of our temporary kraal available. We were not molested during the night, though there were lions in the vicinity of the camp.

At daybreak Peet was lazy and refused to get up, although we had cooked our breakfast, and consequently he had his blanket dragged from under him. He got up in a rage and said, "I'm d——d if I don't leave you in the lurch," and proceeded off into the wood. It was an awkward moment, as it is customary for boys to leave travellers in this way in moments of irritation, and oxen are difficult animals for strangers to manage. The only method is to treat them as children; so, without taking any notice of his rage, I shouted out casually that we had left some coffee for him from our breakfast, but this had no effect, so I had to humour the little man. "But if you don't look sharp your toast will get cold." Coffee and sugar and toast was more than he could resist; he came back, ate it up, and nothing more was said about the matter till we were on the other side of the Comatie River, when we considered ourselves at liberty to tease Peet about his desire to leave us, but he was then so frightened at the lions that he would have stuck to us manfully through all difficulties.

THE EDUCATION OF THE HORSE

By LEONARD W. LILLINGSTON

A DISPLAY of horse taming is always a sure draw. Exhibitions of the kind came into fashion twenty-five years ago, and have never since failed to attract. The horsemen form only an inconsiderable portion of the audience; beyond them there are thousands of people who enjoy the fight with "a man-eating stallion" or an inveterate kicker. The profits of the horse tamer as showman should be large: a public hall, a brass band, and two or three attendants are all he needs. The horse owners of the neighbourhood are delighted to supply him with material to perform on. That is very well; a good many would join so promising a profession to-morrow, could they but do the taming!

It needs a nerve and temper that few possess and a knowledge that few can acquire. There is, too, probably an element of personal magnetism in the matter. However, the "secret" of horse taming has been common property a number of years. Mr. Rarey made a very good thing out of it, in the fifties, with his five hundred subscribers at ten guineas apiece, each subscriber solemnly pledging himself never to reveal this secret. Unfortunately an English publisher discounted it heavily by offering at a shilling a little work of Rarey's which had had a large sale in the States. The unhappy subscribers had given ten guineas for a secret which could be bought for a shilling!

Rarey admits that he learned his methods from a pupil of Telfer of Nottingham, whom he had met in America. Willis J. Powell, the author of a book with no mean title, "Tachyhippodamia," had given him further hints. Telfer was still alive when Rarey opened in London. Whereupon Telfer offered to impart *his* secret for a guinea, binding over those who bought of him for six months only. Exhibitions of horse taming were comparatively unknown, and the rival showmen made them quite the sensation of the hour. The comic journals jested indifferently well at the expense of Mr. Rarey's subscribers. A skit called "The Grand Secret of Wife Taming by Professor Raree" had a large sale; similar ephemera on the subject may be read by the curious. The pun is still popular, and the wits spoke of Rare-faction and Rare-fying.

After all, Rarey was the first to write of horse taming in a scientific way. "The three fundamental principles of my theory, founded on the leading characteristics of the horse," he says, "are first, that he is so constituted by nature that he will not offer any resistance to any demands made upon him which he fully comprehends, if made in a way consistent with the laws of his nature. Second, that he has no consciousness of his strength beyond his experience, and can be handled according to our will without force. Third, that we can, in compliance with the laws of his nature, by which he examines all things new to him, take any object however frightful, around, over, or on him, that does not inflict pain, without causing him to fear." Mr. Rarey is somewhat involved and a trifle metaphysical, but his principles are sound enough.

Before his time horse taming was a great mystery. In remote country districts may still be heard references to "horse whispering" and the "horseman's word." Sullivan, the last of the Whisperers, died in 1810, whilst the "horseman's word" is now only a tradition. It appears to have been known to a select freemasonry, chiefly of grooms and ploughmen. If you did but whisper it in a horse's ear, the wildest and most ungovernable brute became at once tractable as a lamb. What the "word" was has never transpired in cold print, and it is to be feared the secret is lost for ever. The modern horse tamer repudiates occult influences of any kind; he always speaks of "educating" the horse. Mr. Norton Smith, for example, styles himself the "Emperor of Horse Educators."

The view that education is the thing is not a new one; it is as old as Alexander the Great, when he tried his hand at horse taming. Philip of Macedon found that he had made a bad bargain in Bucephalus; the grooms declared him unmanageable, no one could ride him. Alexander, present at one of the trials, cried out, "What a fine horse is that! why, they are spoiling him, the clumsy cowards that cannot handle him!" Philip thought it youthful bluster—Alexander was twelve at the time—which it would be wise to correct. If the lad thought he could succeed where so many skilled horsemen had failed he might try. But he must pay for his vaunt if it proved an idle one. "I will forfeit the price of the horse, by Zeus," said Alexander. Forthwith he went up to Bucephalus and turned him towards the sun. He had noticed that the horse's shadow, moving to and fro on the ground, had frightened him. This done, he mounted and rode him without the least difficulty. Many a campaign he and Bucephalus made together; once the animal was stolen by the Hyrcanians, but promptly returned upon an intimation from Alexander that the whole tribe would be sacrificed if the horse was detained. Bucephalus died at the ripe age of thirty; in his honour was founded the city of Bucephalia. Alexander seems to have acquired a huge credit on a small expenditure of capital. The modern tamer does not make a reputation so easily.

Horses are incomparably more difficult to train than dogs, for the horse is far below the dog in reasoning powers; though this does not imply giving full credence to every dog story. The horse goes through his tricks perfunctorily, but the performing dog takes a personal interest in his stage business. There is the tale of the thoroughbred horse which knew, out of a long row of villas built exactly alike, the house of the lady who gave him sugar. But it is a feat which would pass in a dog without comment.

Systems of horse taming do not differ much. Firmness, kindness, and an iron nerve are essentials. Gentling is strongly recommended by some professors. Mr. Powell gentled horses in Texas taken on the plains shortly before, and which had probably never previously set eyes on a man. In an hour they would follow him by the halter, and little boys saddled and rode them about. In some cases wild horses became perfectly docile by the gentling process in a few minutes. On the other hand, it sometimes took many hours, even to staying in the stable all night.

These are the principles of gentling a horse. If it makes the least motion when you advance towards it you stand perfectly still until it is quiet. Then you advance again. When you are near enough, raise your hand and touch the animal on the shoulder. You must gentle, that is, handle it in this way all over the head, ears, neck and body, till the horse is thoroughly used to your touch and presence. The tail and legs follow, the gentler talking to the horse meanwhile in a caressing way.

The author of the method, perhaps a little unnecessarily, disavows galvanism, mesmerism, or any occult force. He describes gentling as merely taking away the fear of man which the horse generally has. In this way he reduced to subjection a wild boar, which in a few hours followed him into the house and ate corn out of his hand! It was finally turned loose among the pigs—a fit end for an animal of so little spirit. It is credibly averred that even a man-eating stallion may be gentled. Those who prefer to insure themselves against being devoured alive are recommended to place a barrier between themselves and the horse, but so that he is within reach and may at the same time have a full view of the operator.

Most tamers, however, admit that there are "stupid" horses, subject to fits of terror, attacks so sudden that the rider is in imminent danger before he can even attempt to get control. The horse with the small protuberant eye, known as the "buck's eye," is always to be mistrusted. The roach backed animal is a plunger; the dish-faced horse is nervous; the one with a Roman nose headstrong. The eye appears to be the great index to character. The horse with large brown eyes, thin eyelids, pointed ears, broad forehead, and large nostrils will be naturally docile and intelligent.

Master Fitzherbert, in his "Book of Husbandrie," grows very eloquent on the general properties of the horse. He numbers them at exactly fifty-four: "two of a man, two of a bauson or badger, four of a lyon, nine of an ox, nine of an hare, nine of a fox, nine of an asse, and ten of a woman." He is pleased to be merry at the expense of the sex. A property which women and horses have in common is, it appears, that they are both "always besye with the mouth."

II

The Arab is regarded as the first of horsemen and the Arab mare as the perfect steed.

Not for me the dullard camel,
  Deck her saddle as they may,
Bounding with her crest uplifted
  Dearer far my blood-red bay!
My blood-red bay a touch will turn her
  In the hottest of the fray.

The Arab's idea of horse taming is of the simplest. The colt is treated from the first as a member of the family, like the Irish peasant's pig. It goes in and out of the tents and is so familiarised with the doings of that extraordinary creature man that there is never any need of breaking it in. The Bedouin is very careful of his mare. He does not mount her when he sets out to play his usual tricks upon travellers. He rides a camel to which the mare is tethered. Not until the caravan is in sight does he mount the mare and give chase. There is, by the way, an impression that the Bedouin is a bloody-minded person who would as lief take your life as not. This is unfair to him: he is a thief of very peaceable inclinations, and much prefers to effect any necessary transfer of property with as little bother as possible.

The chief paces to which the horse is trained—the walk, the jog-trot, the canter, and the gallop—are well known. American educationists have, however, added further terrors to the school life of the colt. They are the running walk, the fox-trot, and the rack or single foot. The walk, which we owe to the monk of the Middle Ages, who rode his jennet, as befitted a grave ecclesiastic, leisurely and with dignity, is very different from the "running walk" of the States, which is "a walk in front and a canter behind!" The fox-trot is midway between a walk and a real trot. The rack is a combination of the jog and the trot, and gives the most comfortable seat known.

Lord Palmerston said "the best thing for the inside of a man is the outside of a horse," but this does not apply to broncho busting. A season of this pleasant occupation is warranted to produce blood spitting in the hardiest; its professors are notoriously short lived. The broncho buster goes out on to the plains, lassoes, throws, saddles, mounts and rides the first wild horse he meets with. This has the merit of courage, but is brutal, unscientific, and useless. The horse's mouth is spoiled and his temper generally ruined; more often than not he becomes a confirmed buck-jumper. It is as vicious as the method practised in this country fifty years ago by grooms and other ignorant persons who would commonly light a fire of straw under the belly of a horse that would not go. Buck-jumping is a very natural proceeding on the part of the wild horse. He wishes to rid himself of his rider, so "He lowers his head between his legs, arches his back till the muscles are as taut as wire, leaps up into the air, and comes down on all four legs, stiffened out as though they were table legs."

The intentions of a kicker or a biter may generally be known. He sets his ears back and partly closes his eyes. When about to bite his lips are drawn back and his mouth often partly opened. A short way, which many tamers have with biters, consists in holding the hand temptingly near the animal's mouth. The brute immediately attempts to seize it, whereupon the tamer discharges the revolver loaded with blank cartridge which he holds in the hand. The biter grows to associate his favourite sin with revolver firing, which he dislikes, or reasons, perhaps, that ball cartridge might some day be inadvertently substituted! Whatever the cause, it generally leads to his reformation.

All "horse educators" use in their exhibitions a variety of bits, "safety ropes," and halters. They differ in construction and perhaps in serviceableness, but the purpose is the same—to adjust the balance of forces; for there is no question which would get the better of the struggle without the artificial aids the tamer employs. A common way with a stubborn horse is to throw him three or four times, to show who is master. To be thrown on a bed of tan does him no harm and removes false impressions. This is done by buckling a belt, or surcingle, round his body. Through rings in this surcingle two ropes pass, one end of each is held by the tamer, the other is attached to two straps round the horse's fore feet. A strong pull at the ropes brings the horse to his knees, and throwing him then is a comparatively easy matter.

A jibber is not necessarily wholly bad; he may have been led into evil ways by an ignorant driver. When breaking a colt, many horse owners harness it side by side with an old horse, who has honestly earned the right to be tried, who is deaf and perhaps blind of an eye. "Gee-up!" says the driver, whereupon the colt, who is excitable, quick of hearing, and anxious to do its best, starts right away. The old horse is still thinking about it; the consequence is the colt pulls in vain, for unaided the load is too much for it. Soon the young one sees the advantage of playing a waiting game, and hangs back in the shafts. And that is the pathetic history of many a misguided and unhappy jibber.

But the possibilities of horse education do not stop at breaking him of wrong habits. You can with patience teach your horse politeness—to bow to an audience, to say "Fo" with more or less decision, to kiss you, or even laugh. The animal may be taught to bow by tapping him on the back with a whip. He bends his head in trying to avoid the annoyance. The trainer ceases the tapping, caresses him, then resumes it till he repeats the bow. He is again caressed and presented with a carrot, or something of which he is particularly fond. At last it comes about that he "bows" upon any movement of the whip towards his back. To teach a horse to say "No," a pin is fastened to the butt of the whip. A slight scratch is given to the horse's withers, about where the collar would be. At this he shakes his head; and soon learns to shake it whenever he sees the butt of the whip coming near his withers. The trainer teaches the animal "to kiss" by feeding him with apples from his mouth, gradually lessening the size of the apples till the horse does the trick without any. Or he puts salt, of which horses are very fond, on his cheek, and the animal naturally licks it off. He is taught to laugh by gently forcing the butt of the whip in at the side of his mouth, then prising his mouth open with it. Caresses and carrots follow, till at last the slightest motion of the butt towards his mouth makes him open it. He does not really laugh; he grins.

These devices of the showman, practised upon the goodwill of man's best friend, seem a little unworthy of us. In the East the "daughters of the air" are treated with more respect. According to Mussulman mythology, "When the Most High created man out of wet earth, He willed that the horse should be. He commanded the south wind to condense itself, and the spirit Jabra-il having presented Him with a handful of plastic material, thus obtained, He made from it a chestnut horse." A good wife, a good horse, and a good sword are the three things needful according to the Eastern proverb.

That excellent manual, "Xenophon on the Horse," is said, after more than twenty-three centuries, to be still in the main a sound and reliable guide. He seems to have had some idea of gentling, for he recommends stroking the horse in the place where the hair is thickest and where he most likes to be handled. But there is no end to the works on the horse and his education. Mr. F. H. Huth, our authority on equine bibliography, but ten years ago put the number at three thousand eight hundred, published in every language of the civilised world.

However, training horses for the saddle is, at least, an achievement of the moderns. Homer has been quoted to prove that the Greek warrior rode to the fray; so he did, but it was in a chariot, not on horseback. There is a passably good story of a retired sea-captain with ideas on horse education. The animal he drove had shown an inclination to bolt. To provide against it the captain carried in his phaeton an anchor attached to one of the axles by a stout rope. The steed did bolt at last, and the captain with great presence of mind let go the anchor. It dragged for a time and then held fast. The horse went on till he got to the end of the rope. He was pulled up so suddenly that the skipper was shot out of the vehicle like a cannon-ball! His own education as to the law of conflicting forces appears to have been sadly incomplete.

But the apotheosis of equine education is the taming machine. This is a capstan in a round house. Each bar of the capstan has a carriage wheel attached to it, and between each pair of bars two poles are fixed for shafts, to which the horses are harnessed. One of the bars has a seat for the driver; by an ingenious arrangement of reins he is able to control all the horses. One trained horse has always a place in the team. There is no way out of the difficulty for the most spirited of colts. It must start with the others, go round with them, and stop when they do. The weight of numbers is against it.

THE MIRACLES OF JESUS

SUNDAY READINGS FOR MARCH

By the Rev. COSMO GORDON LANG, M.A.

FIRST SUNDAY

THE STORY OF BLIND BARTIMÆUS

St. Mark x. 46

THERE was unwonted excitement at Jericho. The time of the great feast was drawing near, and the city was full of people on their way to Jerusalem, in all the mingled fervour and bustle of a religious holiday. But the centre of excitement was the great Prophet of Galilee. He too was on His way to Jerusalem, and He had been sojourning at Jericho. The tale of His words and works had gone before Him. Memories of the prophets of old had been stirred up by it, and began to surround Him, so that many looked upon Him as the long promised Son of David, advancing to claim His kingdom. There was a stir of romantic expectation: and when He set forth on his road to Jerusalem, an eager crowd surrounded Him. The sound of their advancing footsteps reached the ear of a blind beggar, waiting by the wayside. He too had heard the gossip of the town, and the tale of the Prophet's wonders. To the blind beggar, the Son of David was the opener of the eyes of the blind: and he had set himself by the wayside to wait His coming and to claim His mercy. The blind man heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth who was passing. His chance had come: and in a few moments the echo of vanishing footsteps might sound the death-knell of his hope. How easily we can imagine the tumult of hope and fear behind the dull, blank eyes, and the clamorous urgency of his voice! "He kept on crying out, 'Jesus thou Son of David, have mercy on me!'" But such a spectacle of wayside misery was an intrusion on the new excitement of the crowd. With that strange instinct of possession which fills a multitude, they claimed the Hero for themselves. The only answers that reached the blind man from the swiftly passing movement were the voices of churlish rebuke, that he should hold his peace. But they only quickened his hope with the urgency of despair. "He cried out the more a great deal." Then—a sudden pause in the hurrying footsteps—a change in the voices—a word, "Be of good cheer, arise, He calleth thee." The long tension was over. The moment had come—to be seized or for ever lost. He sprang forward, casting his cloak behind him, and, with an instinct of faith as sure as sight, he came to Jesus. Who of us would not be blind if we could hear, with the blind man's intensified sense of hearing, the voice of Jesus? How that voice, which had laid its invisible spell on the tumults of madness and of the stormy sea must have stilled the fever of his soul! "What wilt thou that I should do unto thee? "Go thy way, thy faith hath made thee whole!" How wonderful that a man's first sight should have been the face of Jesus!

The story is past in time, but it is eternal in truth. Bartimæus is the soul of Humanity struggling for the light. Jesus of Nazareth is the Light of the World—the shining forth of God who is Light, and in whom is no darkness at all.

Before we touch on these deep truths, let us on this first Sunday of the month, mark the conduct of the crowd. It is typical of the spirit of the world. The world resents religious earnestness, the importunity of the man who will not be satisfied with words or make-believes, but presses for the real, for the light. The world resents such straining after truth as an intrusion upon its comfort, a reminder of awkward questions which it is ever nervously anxious to stifle, or at least postpone. Conscience cannot be destroyed: if it is slain, it haunts. It baffles all writs of eviction. And the man in earnest is just this haunting spirit of conscience in bodily shape. He is Herod's John the Baptist risen from the dead. There is no surer proof of the failure of the worldly life to give peace than its resentment and discomfort at the appearance of religious earnestness. And for ourselves there is no surer test of the presence of the worldly spirit than the desire to rebuke men whose earnestness is greater than our own. Do we feel ourselves constrained, uncomfortable, perhaps irritated when some man, in the urgency of his spirit, presses us with searching questions, lays bare the hollowness of our conventional words, ruthlessly ignores our palliatives? Do we find ourselves fencing his thoroughness and directness, evading his appeals, checking his importunity, with arguments and objections which our better self discerns through our very irritation to be unworthy? Then we may be sure that we have not yet been honest with ourselves, have not yet settled once for all whether we are for God or for the world.

There is a subtler form of this inner unreality which needs a special word. It is spiritual jealousy. Let me illustrate from our experience too frequent in many homes. The placid routine of a respectable and in its way religious family is broken by the sudden uprise in one of its members of an intense religious conviction. It may be what is called a "conversion," or the coming home in vivid reality of some truth hitherto rather accepted than realised, or a new anxiety of the conscience to be wholly right with God. What is the attitude of the other members? Is it a recognition that the Spirit of God has made His presence plain, that a new call from Him has reached the whole family? Is it not rather too often the mere sense of discomfort, the nervous desire to keep things placid as before, to get rid of the new spirit of earnestness by argument, expostulation, even sneers? The sins of religious people are always the worst: and believe me, there are few deadlier than this spiritual jealousy, for is it not a patent instance of the "sin against the Holy Ghost"?

"Jesus stood still and said, Call *ye* him." So He rebuked the people of Jericho. Let us lay to heart the lesson of that rebuke. When we meet with any one who is crying for the light, whose zeal to realise the truth is importunate, let us thank God that He thus breaks through the lethargy of routine religion, and shows Himself personally at work with the souls of men. Let us deepen our own earnestness, test our own thoroughness, renew our own simple surrender to His guidance: and then, hearing His word, "Call ye him," rejoice with our brother that God has honoured him by the call of which his eager quest of the light is the sure witness, and bring him with our own selves to Him who creates the sense of need in order that He may satisfy it. There is no greater honour given to men than to be able to stand beside some brother man in whose soul God has aroused the craving for the light that He alone can give, and to say to him "Be of good cheer: rise, He calleth thee."

SECOND SUNDAY

THE BLIND BEGGAR

BLIND and begging Bartimæus is a type of humanity in need of light. The blind man lives and moves in a world of his own. He has been blind from his birth; so he comes to be accustomed to it. He can succeed with a good spirit in making it a world still worth living in. He has the sense of life; he may enjoy, often with an added zest, the gifts of the other senses; there are, doubtless, delights of sound and smell and touch which are denied to the man who sees; and he often has a special quality—to those who watch pathetic, but to himself natural—of quiet cheerfulness. Yet, for all that, his life is clouded by a sense of loss, and a haunting uncertainty. The want of sight deprives him of the fulness of life and the freedom of independence.

So is man—so is my manhood—apart from that sight through which the Light of Life illuminates the soul. The familiar outer world and the life lived within it, are indeed real and pleasant enough. The sun sets in a glory of colour. The sea breaks upon the shore, and the burn sings among the stones. The air is fresh with the breath of spring or fragrant with the breath of summer. The lark fills the atmosphere with joy. There is the kindly light of a friend's eye, and the grip of his hand. There is the zest of honest work; and rest when it is done is sweet. But the spirit of man is apart from these experiences of life. They cannot take possession of it, and they cannot satisfy its own fears and hopes and longings. It presses ever for something which they cannot give—for "the light that never was on land or sea." It feels after the Great Spirit, of whom and through whom and in whom are all things. And here it comes to know its blindness. It has no sure sight of the Great Being Himself; and so all its world is full of a haunting uncertainty. Apart from the world it is: apart from Him it cannot be.

Yet He is a God that hideth Himself. What is His innermost mind and character? Sometimes, indeed, the thought of Him provokes not trouble but mere thankfulness; as when that child of Nature, R. L. Stevenson, cheered his lonely way "by a colonnade of beeches along the brawling Annan," with the "triumphal chaunt. . . 'Thank God for the grass and the fir-trees and the cows and the sheep, and the sunshine and the shadows of the fir-trees!'" But there is the awful "other side." When we walk not "by colonnades of beeches by the brawling Annan," but by lines of squalid houses in a city street, with far other brawling in the ears: or watch the hope of life crushed in lingering suffering: or hear of thousands slain by earthquake or famine, then the "triumphal chaunt" seems a mockery: and it becomes a mere "crying in the night." What is He? Does He care?

Or, when the spirit thinks about *itself*, there comes the same sense of blindness—the same longing for the light. There is indeed the simple instinct of life; the joy in it; the capacity of feeling, thinking, being kind, and knowing kindness. But there is, apart from all, the inner story—of my shame, my doubts, my aspirations. I cannot understand its drift: I tell it to no one: does no one know it? What is its real meaning: what is to be its ending? I feel two great darknesses—of my origin and of my destiny—closing in upon me. I feel that I am blind. And the sense of this want of a clear sight of the why and whence and what and whither of myself haunts and disturbs my life.

And the blind man is a beggar. In so far as he is blind he is not master of himself: he is dependent. His steps are uncertain: there comes a point when he is helpless, and depends upon the guidance or the pity of others. And my spiritual blindness beggars me. The uncertainty it brings robs my life of sureness and confidence. No man can be truly master of himself and master of his destiny, until he has some clear sight of the final truth of things. He cannot know himself, know the way he has to go, know how he is to keep to it, until he has reached some satisfying conviction of the meaning of the universe and of his place within it; and without such knowledge there is no mastery of self or of life—no real independence. In the beaten wayside of everyday living the need is perhaps not felt; but when we stumble and fall, or when some blow comes from an unseen Power—a blow of which we can tell neither whence nor why—then we are baffled and helpless from our want of sight. At such times we feel our blindness most when it makes us depend upon the pity or the words of others. They are well meant, and we are willing enough for the time to feel the help of their kindness or their consolation, but we long to get beyond them—beyond the need of sympathy or the soothing sound of the old words of familiar religion—to some personal *sight*, which shall reveal to us the way in which we are to recover from our fall, or the way in which we are to take the blow that has struck us down. To see with our own eyes, and by that sight to rise and to trust—this is our importunate desire. O that I might receive my sight!

It is then—when man is smitten with the sense of his blindness—when his cry is that of the blind beggar—that he may still hear a voice, speaking with the calm authority of perfect possession of the Light of Life, "What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?"

THIRD SUNDAY

THE SIGHT GIVER

WHAT is the kind of sight for which our spirit cries? Plainly it must be a sight possible to human eyes. It is our human spirit that needs illumination. There is the light by which it may be angels see the purposes of God; there is the awful light in which God Himself beholds all things in time and in eternity. Not by such lights as these could sight come to human eyes. They would dazzle, bewilder, blind with the fulness of light. Yet the sight we ask must be one that sees truth itself, not any mere semblance of truth; reality, not mere appearance. Nothing less can satisfy. The light must come straight from the truth, else we shall still be blind; we shall still see only illusions. It must therefore at once enable human eyes to see, and yet be itself lit by the full truth of God. The first need forbids us to ask for a sight which can see the whole mystery of the universe unravelled and plain as God sees it. Yet the second need forbids us to ask for a sight which shall see something short of absolute truth. Is it not plain therefore that we seek a light which though it does not illumine every mystery yet is God's own light so far as human eyes can endure it—a light "sufficient for us in the dark to rise by"?

Such is this light which Jesus gives. He is the light *of the world*; His gift is the light *of life*. He was Man, speaking, living as Man, conditioned like us by space and time, condescending to the limitations of our finite life. He knew what man needed, what man could endure. So there are many mysteries which He did not explain. We could not bear Him now—so He said; for the light which is to make *them* clear we must wait; it will come hereafter. But He was God, "Light of Light, very God of very God." He was the Word, the "express image" of the Father, the divine light revealed so far as human eye could see it. Nothing intervened between Him and God; the light He revealed came straight from God. Much He left unsaid; but what He did say was God's own truth. Much He left in darkness; but what He did reveal was God's own light. Neither more nor less than this He knew could help us. His light is sufficient. It enables us to see the truth of God where human eyes *can* see it; and to trust where they cannot.

In His light then, we *see* the truth about the great spirit of the universe. He is revealed by Jesus as the God of Love—"Our Father." There are heights and depths in the divine nature which our human eyes cannot discern and could not understand; but there is nothing higher or deeper than His Love. No discovery of other elements in His Infinite Being can ever disclose Him as other than "Our Father." Nothing—not His Power, not His Holiness, not His Justice—can be apart from His Love. Nothing can happen, except sin, in which His Love is not, and for sin repented of His Love has a forgiveness as infinite as itself. Through all the mysteries of suffering, and sin, and death, we can follow the Beam of Light which lit upon the world in the Life and the Cross of Jesus, to the truth of the divine love beyond them. In the joy of human love, of the sunshine, and the sea, and the streams, and the birds, we can rejoice in it; but in the sadness and sorrow of things we can trust it. We can endure as still seeing the love which in them may be invisible. But blindness—the sense of an utter darkness and the haunting fear that comes with it—blindness is gone. We have received our sight. And with sight we receive the mastery of life. Once convinced that God is Love, a man can go straight ahead upon his way. He is master of his falls, for he knows that he can rise. He is master even of the blows that seem to strike him, for they cannot overthrow him. He bows his head in submission; but his spirit rises as he says "I believe in the Love of God."

In the light of Jesus also we *see* the truth about ourselves. He gives me eyes to see the meaning of the story of my inward life. I know its purpose, that I should become like Him. His example is God's will for me. If I live for self, for the indulgence of my flesh, if I am gloomy, irritable, uncharitable, conceited, resentful, discontented, I *know* that I am wrong, that I am wandering from the sure way of life. If I try to become more unselfish, to live for the things of the spirit, not for the things of the flesh; to trust more absolutely in everything to the fact of God's Love; to let that trust issue in buoyancy, cheerfulness, readiness to forgive; to be humble about myself and full of charity to others; to be willing to sacrifice myself for the service of my brother man; to do everything with the motive of pleasing God as the best and happiest thing in the world, then I *know* that I am right, that I am keeping to the sure way of life. "He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness but shall have the light of life."

FOURTH SUNDAY

THE GIFT OF SIGHT

BARTIMÆUS felt his need of sight. He believed that Jesus of Nazareth could give it to him. But he must claim the gift in the urgency of his need by the venture of his faith. Without this faith the gift cannot be given. He made the venture. He believed the testimony that Jesus *could* open the eyes of the blind; that He was passing by, nay, that He was Himself calling for him. He sprang up and came to Jesus. And with the words, "Thy faith hath made thee whole," he received his sight.

We, realising our blindness to the eternal truths of God and of human life, feel our need of sight. No man who thinks earnestly can doubt that in the revelation of Jesus there is indeed the light, could it only reach him, which would lighten his eyes.

But how is the light of Jesus to reach the eyes of the blind? It is the old answer—by faith. The faith that brings the light has in it three parts—three movements of the soul. They are: the eager desire for sight; the belief that Jesus can give it, and that He is present to give; and the actual coming to Him to claim.

(1) We must long to see—to see with our own eyes—the light that shows God and life to us. We must have a deep dissatisfaction with any sort of blindness. We must refuse to go on living a life which, even if in many ways it is worth living, may be an illusion, because just this sight of ultimate truth is wanting. And in none is this longing to see more needed, nay more absent, than in many of us professing Christians. Many of us only believe that we see. We have become accustomed to the words of the Christian revelation. We do not think of questioning them. They fall familiarly and consolingly upon our ears; and we mistake the hearing of the ear for the seeing of the eye. When the course of life is straight and simple and familiar, this belief that we see may suffice. But very often when some unexpected obstacle trips our feet and we fall, or when some sudden blow strikes us—the stroke of disgrace, the loss of wife or child, or friend, or fortune, we are bewildered and dismayed, we cannot see the Love of God, the discipline of the Cross. We find that we cannot realise the truths in which we always supposed that we believed. We cannot say: "This is dark, terribly dark; but I see the Love of God beyond it. This is hard, terribly hard; but I see the print of the Cross of Christ upon it. I believe utterly that God is love: His will be done." We are merely and simply in the dark. We find out that after all we are blind. Well is it for us then, in quiet days, to test our faith; to suspect the false security of familiar words; to aim at a real personal sight of the truths which we accept. For thus only in the hour of trial can I be sure that "When I fall, I shall arise. When I am in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me." Whether then we are, or as yet can only wish to be, "Christians," we must have this longing to see.

(2) There must be the belief that Jesus can, and is present to give the light we need. That He *can* give it—surely there can be no doubt of that. Let any man who really longs to see put before him the Life, the Death, the Words of Jesus—think quietly of the light of serene trust, willing sacrifice, secure possession of all-sufficient truth, in which His Personality is bathed; and he *must* say "Here is the light I need." For the belief that He is present to give it, there is the testimony of the Christian Church. Thousands in every age, and not least in our own, can say as of a fact—no more doubtful to them than their own existence—"He is here. I know Him. In my heart of hearts He speaks to me—a voice personal and distinct, apart from the voice of my own spirit or the mere influence of friend or teacher; known and recognised among all others as His." This experience—explain it as we please—is among the facts of the world. I accept that testimony and I say: "He *can* give me the light I seek: and they tell me that He is now and still passing by with the power to give it to me."

(3) Then I must arise and come to Him. There must be this final venture of faith to bring me to Him. So long as I doubt and question and speculate—"After all, can it be true? after all I can still see many difficulties; after all these people may be mistaken; after all, am I sure that my faith is enough for Him, when I know how timorous and feeble it is?"—so long I can not come to Him. And yet—surer far than the reasonableness of my doubts—is the need of life, straight, strong, convinced and such life is impossible without light on the true meaning of God and of my self: and my whole soul cries out: "Here, in this Man Christ Jesus is just the Light of Life for me. Then I will make the venture—go to Him out of all my doubts and difficulties in the prayer of a great need, casting them behind me, as a man casts away his garment, and say, "Lord, I am blind and I long to see. Thou hast the light I need: let it shine into my darkness. Lord, that I might receive my sight!"

This is the voice of the faith that gives sight to the blind. If it is ours, sooner or later we find that it is answered. The response of Jesus is either realised in a moment's illumination, or in the gradual passing over the whole life of an ever-clearer light, as the dawn slowly and surely overcomes the night. In either case, the promise is fulfilled: "If thine eye be single"—single in the utter sincerity of its desire to see—"thy whole body shall be full of light."

(From a photograph by F. Hollyer, 9 Pembroke Square, W.)

MR. RUSKIN

FROM ONE POINT OF VIEW

By WILLIAM CANTON

I DO not know how it may strike others, but for myself I am glad to think that Mr. Ruskin's last resting-place is not in the stony grandeur of Westminster, but in the blessed quietude of the hills he loved. It is, indeed, well that we should be eager to honour our great men, and that we should endeavour to emblazon their memory; and this we might do in our national church by tablet or bust or statue; but surely it is more beautiful and perhaps even wiser to allow their ashes to lie in the undistinguished churchyard nearest to the spot in which they closed their eyes to the light of earth.

In any case I am glad to feel that I shall never think of Coniston without reflecting that it is summer or winter, daylight or starlight, about one grave in its churchyard; and I shall never read a passage of Ruskin without a remembrance of Coniston; and when I think of either I shall be haunted by the strange music of that passage in the "Turner Notes," which is the most tenderly human that ever fell from his pen:

"Morning breaks, as I write, along those Coniston Fells, and the level mists, motionless and grey beneath the rose of the moorlands, veil the lower woods, and the sleeping village, and the long lawns by the lake shore. Oh, that some one had but told me in my youth, when all my heart seemed to be set on these colours and clouds that appear for a little and then vanish away, how little my love of them would serve me when the silence of lawn and wood in the dews of morning should be completed, and all my thoughts should be of those whom, by neither, I was to meet more."

Though I do not purpose to attempt here

even a brief outline of Mr. Ruskin's life, it may be mentioned that he was born on February 8, 1819, in London, at 54 Hunter Street, Brunswick Square—the son of "an entirely honest merchant," and of a good and exemplary woman (his father's cousin) who, in imitation of Hannah of old, "devoted him to God" before he was born. To his mother, who with steady discipline compelled him to learn long chapters of the Bible by heart and to read it through about once a year from Genesis to the Apocalypse, he owed, as he acknowledges in the interesting and characteristic chapters of "Præterita," "the most precious, and, on the whole, the one *essential* part of all his education."*

To his father he owed the opportunities of visiting striking and beautiful scenery, and, as year by year the wine trade flourished and the family grew to affluence, of being able to shape his course and pursuits in life pretty much in accordance with his own wishes. And yet his early years were not free from grave dangers of their own. If he understood the "perfect meaning of peace" in thought, act and word; if obedience and faith had become a second nature, and if he had acquired the habit of "fixed attention with both eyes and mind"; on the other side of the account he discovered that he had nothing to love and nothing to endure; through lack of the boyish training common to the supple years of boyhood he "found it impossible to acquire, in advanced life, dexterity in any bodily exercise, skill in any pleasing accomplishment, or ease and tact in ordinary behaviour"; and finally his judgment of right and wrong, and his powers of independent action were left undeveloped, "because the bridle and blinkers were never taken off." After all, there seem to have been many serious chances against the quick and curiously precocious child attaining the manhood which he did eventually reach. In 1836 he went up to Oxford to matriculate; three years later he carried off the Newdigate prize for English verse; in 1840 he broke down while working for his degree—there seemed to be a danger of consumption—and after a month or two of rest at Herne Hill he was ordered abroad. The first volume of "Modern Painters" appeared in 1843; there is no need to follow the biographical record further. The aim and purpose of that work was to declare "the perfectness and eternal beauty of the work of God." In the long list of works that followed the object was never less pure and lofty; and through the four-and-forty years which elapsed between the publication of the first volume of "Modern Painters" and the third volume of "Præterita" the enthusiasm of a noble spirit never flagged, and the light of a splendid intelligence never failed.

More curious to me than anything else in the few sketches and estimates which I have read, out of the vast number that have been published since his death, is the strange absence of unanimity as to the value of Mr. Ruskin's work, whether artistic, ethical, economic or social. No one denies his sincerity, his earnestness, his eloquence, his eminence as a great English writer; but while many contend that the moment he turned from art to social and economic questions, he was attempting to deal with matters for which he was little qualified either by temperament or knowledge, as many more appear to be of opinion that his day as an art teacher has already long gone by—that indeed he never was at one with the great masters as to the real principles and ideals of art. I am not concerned, even if I had the ability, to contest these matters, or even to raise a protest against the surmise of one critic, that possibly Ruskin has not left much of definite teaching to be preserved. I would only ask such commentators to throw themselves as well as they are able and as far back as they can, into the forties, fifties or sixties, as the years will let them, and, contrasting the condition of things then with the artistic and social ideals which subsequently sprang into flower, assign to Mr. Ruskin his true share of the credit in producing the enormous change which took place. The fact is that much of Ruskin's teaching which seemed startling, extravagant, violent, fantastic to our predecessors, has been inherited by the later generations as a matter of course.

For those, however, who would like to have a comprehensive and really illuminative survey of Mr. Ruskin's life-work, nothing better can be recommended, so far as I am aware, than the opportune translation of

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* "Præterita: Outlines of Scenes and Thoughts perhaps worthy of memory in my past life," by John Ruskin. 3 vols. with engravings. George Allen. 5s. net per vol.

M. De la Sizeranne's masterly and delightful monograph which originally appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes.*[*]

The little book, well balanced, judicial and yet sympathetic, lucid in thought and charming in language (even in translation), is a model of what a study of this sort should be. And it covers the ground admirably; in three hundred pages room that seems ample has been found for an attractive and discriminating account of Mr. Ruskin's personality, his intellectual equipment and literary methods, his æsthetic and social principles and doctrines. With a thoroughness and an enthusiasm which in matters of this kind must be well-nigh unique, M. De la Sizeranne prepared himself for his task by a remarkable novitiate. He had his Ruskin at his fingers' ends of course; but not satisfied with that, he must read and digest all the studies and expositions of the Master's disciples; and finally he must "retrace through Europe and through the history of Æsthetic the path the Master had trod." "In Switzerland, at Florence, at Venice, at Amiens, on the banks of the Rhine or of the Arno, everywhere where he had worked," writes the devoted Frenchman, "I too worked after him, sometimes sketching over again the sketches whence he had drawn his theories and his examples, waiting for the same light he had waited for, always seeking, as it were, on the eternal monuments the fugitive shadows of his thought." Nor did even long discipline suffice; there were years of delay to follow, until at last "his system dawned upon me, no longer as a delicious medley, but as a harmony of great lines, like those Alpine mountains which he loved so well." Obviously M. De la Sizeranne's monograph is one from which the reader is warranted in expecting great things. And he will not be disappointed. I should have been better pleased with a plainer title. Radically, I suppose the phrase "the religion of beauty" does convey approximately some conception of the totality of Mr. Ruskin's teaching; but it strikes me as trivial and insincere and somewhat hackneyed into the bargain, to say nothing of the fact that that would be but a poor religion for humanity as we know it and feel it, of which the chief essential was merely beauty. And though beauty, the beauty of the world, the beauty of light and colour, the beauty of tree and stone, beauty in all its forms and manifestations, counted for so much with Mr. Ruskin in his theory of existence, beauty was not the angel, but only the six great wings of the angel of the covenant. The teaching which he left as a heritage was, it seems to me, a teaching regarding goodness rather than a teaching regarding beauty, though indeed the goodness was a supremely beautiful goodness.

Of Mr. Ruskin as a great art critic, I dare not venture an opinion, as I have no knowledge or experience as an artist. But I do venture to say that till Mr Ruskin took the matter in hand, no artist and no art critic ever taught the outsider, ignorant of technique and the mysteries of the craft, to take account of the loveliness of nature, to observe cloud and wind and form of leaf and character of rock and water, to frame a standard from observation by which the work of the painter might be judged, to understand the ideals aimed at in architecture, and to detect and reprobate the falsehood and vice of bad design and corrupt execution.

Nor do I feel qualified to speak of Mr. Ruskin as a social reformer. I am unable to regard honestly earned dividends or reasonable interest on loans as usury; I think the world is a thousand times better off now than it ever was, not in spite of railways and machinery, but in consequence of railways and machinery—a reference to Mr. Graham's picture of Scottish life a century ago seems sufficient evidence for that belief; in any case, even if craftsmen and artisans were happier, nobler, better in any respect than they are now, it appears to me a weaving of ropes of sand to attempt to oppose the actual movements of the social economics of the time, which, whether good or bad in themselves, are the inevitable results of natural law; but in spite of all this I recognise the ideal beauty of Mr. Ruskin's counsels of perfection, I feel that men are the better for his theories, which, however impracticable in the beaten ways of business, may be in some measure attempted in individual relationships; which, to say the least, are pleasant visions of a bygone golden age, or of a golden age to come when mankind has evolved a loftier and fairer and more altruistic conception of the purpose of existence, and of the means of most surely realising it.

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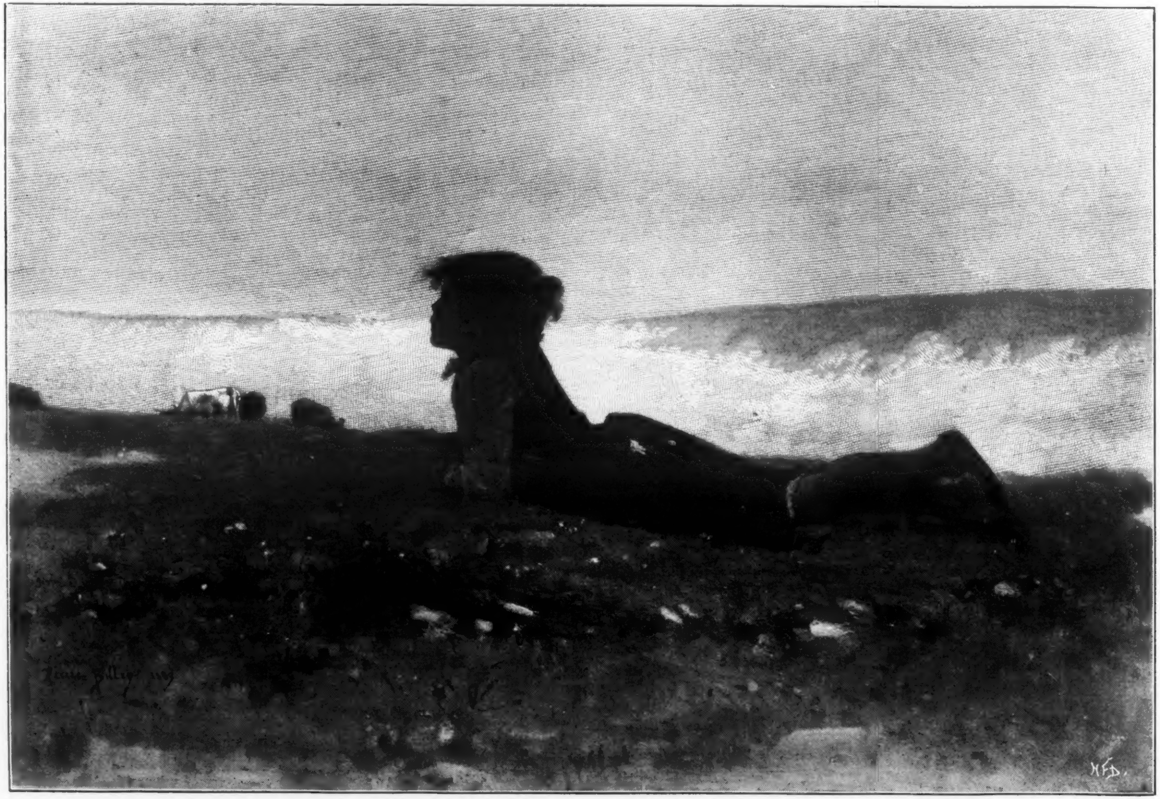
[*] "Ruskin and the Religion of Beauty." Translated from the French of R. De la Sizeranne by the Countess of Galloway. George Allen. 5*s.* net.

It is as an ethical teacher that the humblest and least instructed of us can surely judge Mr. Ruskin; in that respect at least we can all gauge our indebtedness, and it seems to me that we owe more to him than to any writer of the century for the light he has thrown on our way. I would not undervalue the message of Carlyle, with its iron fortitude and stout self-reliance and its detestation of shams and its worship of the strong man—and this was a stirring message though it is now the fashion to belittle it; but Mr. Ruskin comes home to us in matters of conduct and in questions of moral convictions in a way that Carlyle never did. Take by way of illustration his service to us—and it will be a service to our children and our children's children—in connection with the Bible. As we have seen, the Bible was familiar to him from his earliest years. As a rule it is that very familiarity which blinds us to its real significance, so that it is only when we see a new translation or when we read the exposition of a man of fresher vision than our own, that we really understood the true sense of phrases conventionalised by years of repetition. At all sorts of unexpected places in his writings we come across some text or verse, as though it were a cadence of some deep undercurrent of music which suddenly made itself audible. Let us glance at one or two instances taken almost at haphazard.

Let us open a volume of "Modern Painters," and see how wonderfully the mystic utterances of the ancient seers and psalmists are woven into the modern poetry of the clouds by this most clear-eyed and deep-hearted of observers. Or—to turn to another aspect of this subject—let us look up "Fors Clavigera" (Letter XII) for the discourse on Christmas, with its pregnant discrimination between the Shepherds, who only thought of seeing and not of worshipping, and the Wise Men who came not to see nor to talk, but to do reverence, and its stern rebuke: "You will constantly hear foolish and ignoble persons conceitedly proclaiming the text that 'not many wise and not many noble are called.' Nevertheless, of those who are truly wise, and truly noble, all are called that exist. And to sight of this Nativity, you find that, together with the simple persons near at hand, there were called precisely the wisest men that could be found on earth at that moment."

In this discourse, too, occur some striking reflections on that most attractive, and at the same time most perplexing portion of the Gospels—the forty days of the "risen life"—regarding which it has always seemed a strange thing to me that Christians, clergy and laity alike, have manifested comparatively so little concern. One would have imagined that there could be little written of the Lord's Prayer that was not already familiar to us; yet is there not a real novelty as well as a strange truth, in the remark on the petition, "Thy Kingdom come"—"I believe very few, even of the most earnest, using that petition, realise that it is the Father's—not the Son's—Kingdom that they pray may come, although the whole prayer is foundational on that fact: '*For* thine is the Kingdom, the power, and the glory.' And I fancy that the mind of the most faithful Christian is quite led away from its proper hope, by dwelling on the reign—or the coming again—of Christ; which, indeed, they are to look for, and *watch* for, but not to pray for."

It would be easy to dwell on this side of Mr. Ruskin's work for an indefinite time, for has it not been calculated that the direct biblical references in his writings exceed the sum of eleven hundred? Yet this is no more than a portion of his ethical teaching, which indeed pervades and suffuses all that he has written. On many of the subjects which he discusses there may be room for difference of opinion; but so far as I can remember there is no ethical pronouncement of his which, rightly understood, one would feel disposed to challenge. And the breadth and liberality of his mind were in harmony with the clearness of his perception and the purity of his ideals. One is disposed to say that the world has lost a great and stimulating teacher in the death of Mr. Ruskin; but in truth we have lost nothing. His spirit and his influence survive; it is merely the bodily presence which has been withdrawn—at an age when those that look out of the windows are darkened, and the grasshopper is a burden, and after a life of noble and memorable achievement.



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WATCHING THE CATTLE

By Pierre Billet

THE HALF-HEARTED*

By JOHN BUCHAN, Author of "John Burnet of Barns," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON BROWNE

CHAPTER X

HOME TRUTHS

I

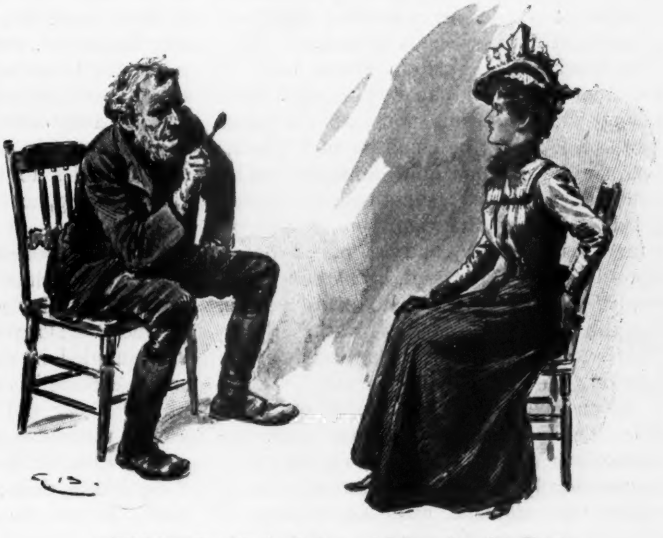
IT is told by a great writer in his generous English that when the followers of Diabolus were arraigned before the Recorder and Mayor of regenerate Mansoul, a certain Mr. Haughty carried himself well to the last. "He declared," says Bunyan, "that he had carried himself bravely, not considering who was his foe or what was the cause in which he was engaged. It was enough for him if he fought like a man and came off victorious." Nevertheless, we are told, he suffered the common doom, being crucified next day at the place of execution. It is the old fate of the free-lance, the Hal o' the Wynd who fights for his own hand; for in life's contest the taking of sides is assumed to be a necessity.

Such were Lewis's reflections when he found Wratislaw waiting for him in the Etterick dogcart when he emerged from a meeting in Gledsmuir. He had now enjoyed ten days of it, and he was heartily tired. His throat was sore with much speaking, his mind was barren with thinking on the unthinkable, and his spirits were dashed with a bitter sense of futility. He had honestly done his best. So far his conscience was clear; but as he reviewed the past in detail, his best seemed a very shoddy compromise. It was comfort to see the rugged face of Wratislaw again, though his greeting was tempered by mistrust. The great man had refused to speak for him and left him to fight his own battles; moreover, he feared the judgment of the old warrior on his conduct of the fight. He was acutely conscious of the joints in his armour, but he had hoped to have decently cloaked them from others. When he heard the first words, "Well, Lewie, my son, you have been making a mess of it," his heart sank.

"I am sorry," he said. "But how?"

"How? Why, my dear chap, you have no grip. You have let the thing get out of hand. I heard your speech to-night. It was excellent, very clever, a beautiful piece of work, but worse than useless for your purpose. You forget the sort of man you are fighting. Oh, I have been following the business carefully, and I felt bound to come down to keep you in order. To begin with, you have left your own supporters in the place in a nice state of doubt."

"How?"



"'If Maister Lewie's fond o' ye, wad it no be wiser-like to wark for him

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* Copyright 1899, in the United States of America, by Houghton, Mifflin and Co.

"Why, because you have given them nothing to catch hold of. They expected the ordinary Conservative confession of faith—a rosy sketch of foreign affairs, and a little gentle Socialism, and the old rhetoric about Church and State. Instead, they are put off with epigrams and excellent stories, and a few speculations as to the metaphysical basis of politics. Believe me, Lewie, it is only the very general liking for your unworthy self which keeps them from going over in a body to Stocks." And Wratislaw lit a cigar and puffed furiously.

"Then you would have me deliver the ordinary insincere platitudes?" said Lewis dismally.

"I would have you do nothing of the kind. I thought you understood my point of view. A man like Stocks speaks his platitudes with vehemence because he believes in them whole-heartedly. You have also your platitudes to get through with, not because you would stake your soul on your belief in them, but because they are as near as possible the inaccurate popular statement of your views, which is all that your constituents could understand, and you pander to the popular craving because it is honest enough in itself and is for you the stepping-stone to worthier work."

Lewis shook his head dismally.

"I haven't the knack of it. I seem to stand beside myself and jeer all the while. Besides, it would be opposing complete sincerity with a very shady substitute. That man Stocks is at least an honest fool. I met him the other day after he had been talking some atrocious nonsense. I asked him as a joke how he could be such a humbug, and he told me quite honestly that he believed every word; so, of course, I apologised. He was attacking you people on your foreign policy, and he pulled out a New Testament and said, 'What do I read here?' It went down with many people, but the thing took away my breath."

His companion looked perplexedly at the speaker.

"You have had the wrong kind of education, Lewie. You have always been the industrious apprentice, and easily and half-unconsciously you have mastered things which the self-made man has to struggle towards with a painful conscious effort. The result is that you are a highly cultured man without any crudeness or hysteria, while the other people see things in the wrong perspective and run their heads against walls and make themselves and others miserable. You gain a lot, but you miss one thing. You know nothing of the heart of the crowd. Oh, I don't mean the people about Etterick. They are your own folk, and the whole air of the place is semi-feudal. But the weavers and artisans of the towns and the ordinary farm-workers—what do you know of them? Your precious theories are so much wind in their ears. They want the practical, the blatantly obvious, spiced with a little emotion. Stocks knows their demands. He began among them, and at present he is but one remove from them. A garbled quotation from the Scriptures or an appeal to their domestic affections is the very thing required. Moreover, the man understands an audience. He can bully it, you know; put on airs of sham independence to cover his real obeisance; while you are polite and deferent to hide your very obvious scorn."

"Do you know, Tommy, I'm a coward," Lewis broke in. "I can't face the people. When I see a crowd of upturned faces, crass, ignorant, unwholesome many of them, I begin to despair of them. I cannot begin to explain things from the beginning; besides, they would not understand me if I did. I feel I have nothing in common with them. They lead, most of them, unhealthy indoor lives, their minds are half-baked, and their bodies half developed. I feel a terrible pity, but all the same I cannot touch them. And then I become a coward and dare not face them and talk straight as man to man. I repeat my platitudes to the ceiling, and they go away thinking, and thinking rightly, that I am a fool."

Wratislaw looked worried. "That is one of my complaints. The other is that on certain occasions you cannot hold yourself in check. Do you know you have been blackguarded in the London papers lately, and that there is a violent article against you in the *Tatler*, and all on account of some unwise utterances?"

Lewis flushed deeply. "That is the worst thing I have done, and I feel horribly penitent. It was the act of a cad and a silly schoolboy. But I had some provocation, Tommy. I had spoken at length amid many interruptions, and I was getting cross. It was at Gledfoot, and the meeting was entirely against me. Then a man got up to tackle me, not a native, but some wretched London agitator. As I looked at him—a little chap with fiery eyes and receding brow—and heard his cockney patter, my temper went utterly. I made a fool of him, and I abused the whole assembly, and, funnily enough, I carried them with me. People say I helped my cause immensely."

"It is possible," said Wratislaw dryly. "The Scot has a sense of humour and has no objection to seeing his prophets put to shame. But you are getting a nice reputation elsewhere. When I read some of your *mots* in the *Tatler*—that 'the great democratic joke was almost played out; that we no longer believed in the self-made man or the honest artisan; that we wanted something a little better made, a little more honest'—I laughed of course, but I thought ruefully of your chances."

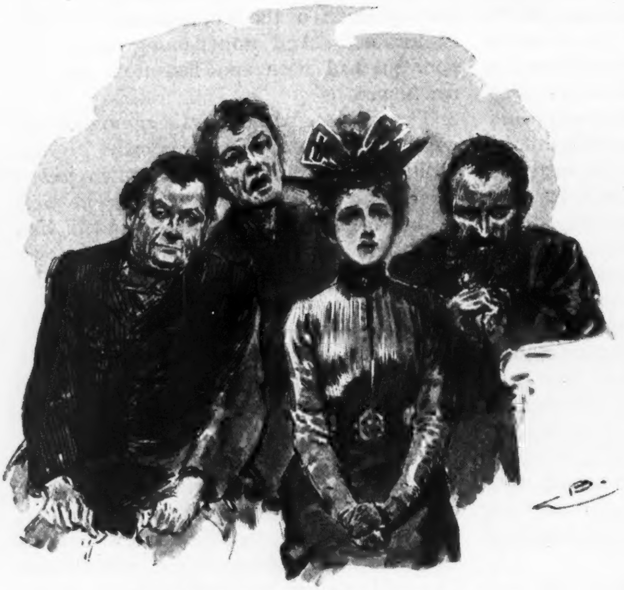
It was a penitent and desponding man who followed Wratislaw into the snuggery at Etterick. But light and food, the gleam of silver and vellum and the sweet fragrance of tobacco consoled him; for in most matters he was half-hearted, and politics sat lightly on his affections.

II

To Alice the weeks of the contest were filled with dire unpleasantness. Lewis, naturally, kept far from Glen Avelin, while of Mr. Stocks she was never free. She followed Lady Manorwater's lead and canvassed vigorously, hoping to find distraction in the excitement of the fight. But her efforts did not prosper. On one occasion she found herself in a cottage on the Gledsmuir road, her hands filled with election literature. A hale old man was sitting at his meal, who greeted her cordially, and made her sit down while she stumbled through the usual questions and exhortations. "Are ye no' bidin' at Glen Avelin?" he asked, "and have I no seen ye walking on the hill wi' Maister Lewie?" When the girl assented, he asked with the indignation of the privileged, "Then what for are ye sae keen this body Stocks should win in? If Maister Lewie's fond o' ye, wad it no be wiser-like to wark for him? Poalitics! What should a woman's poalitics be but just the same as her lad's? I hae nae opeenion o' this clash about weemen's eddication." And with flaming cheeks the poor girl had risen and fled from the old reactionary.

The incident burned in her mind and she was wretched with the anomaly of her position. A dawning respect for her rejected lover began to rise in her heart. The first of his meetings which she attended had impressed her with his skill in his own vocation. He had held these people interested; he had spoken bluntly, strongly, honestly. To few women is it given to distinguish the subtle shades of sincerity in speech, and to the rule Alice was no exception. The rhetoric and the cheers which followed had roused the speaker to a new life. His face became keen, almost attractive, without question full of power. He was an orator beyond doubt, and when he concluded in a riot of applause, Alice sat with small hands clenched and eyes shining with delight. He had spoken the main articles of her creed, but with what force and freshness! She was convinced, satisfied, delighted; though somewhere in her thought lurked her old dislike of the man and the memory of another.

As ill-luck would have it, the next night she went to hear Lewis in Gledsmuir, when that young gentleman was at his worst. She went unattended, being a fearless young woman, and consequently found herself in the very back of the hall crowded among some vehement politicians. The audience, to begin with, was not unkind. Lewis was greeted with applause, and at the first heard with patience. But his speech was vague, incoherent, and tactless. To her unquiet eyes he seemed to be afraid of the men before him. Every phrase was guarded with a proviso, and "possiblies" bristled in every sentence. The politicians at the back grew restless, and Alice was compelled to listen to their short, scathing criticisms. Soon the meeting was hopelessly out of hand. Men rose and rudely marched to the door. Cat-calls were frequent from the corners, and the back of the hall became aggressive. The girl had sat with white, pained face, understanding little save that Lewis was talking nonsense and losing all grip on his hearers. In spite of herself she was contrasting this fiasco with the pithy



"The girl had sat with white, pained face"

words of Mr. Stocks. When the meeting became unruly she looked for some display of character, some proof of power. Mr. Stocks would have fiercely cowed the opposition, or at least have spoken the last word in any quarrel. Lewis's conduct was different. He shrugged his shoulders, made some laughing remark to a friend on the platform, and with all the nonchalance in the world asked the meeting if they wished to hear any more. A *claque* of his supporters replied with feigned enthusiasm, but a malcontent at Alice's side rose and stamped to the door. "I came to hear sense," he cried, "and no this bairn's—blethers!"

The poor girl was in despair. She had fancied him a man of power and ambition, a doer, a man of action. Now he was no more than a creature of words and sentiment, graceful manners, and an engaging appearance. The despised Mr. Stocks was the real worker. She had laughed at his incessant solemnity as the badge of a fool, and adored Lewis's light-heartedness as the true air of the great. But she had been mistaken. Things were what they seemed. The light-hearted was the half-hearted, "the wandering dilettante," Mr. Stocks had called him, "the worst type of the pseudo-culture of our universities." She told herself she hated the whole affectation of breeding and chivalry. Those men—Lewis and his friends—were always kind and soft-spoken to her and her sex. Her soul hated it; she cried aloud for equal treatment, for a share of the iron and rigour of life. Their manners were a mere cloak for contempt. If they could only be rude to a woman, it would be a welcome relief from this facile condescension. What had she or any woman with brains to do in that gallery? They despised her kind, with the scorn of sultans who choose their women-folk for looks and graces. The thought was degrading, and a bitterness filled her heart against the whole *clique* of easy aristocrats. Mr. Stocks was her true ally. To him she was a woman, an equal; to them she was an engaging child, a delicate toy.

So far she went in her heresy, but no farther. It is a true saying that you will find twenty heroic women before you may meet one generous one; but Alice was not wholly without this rarest of qualities. The memory of a frank voice, very honest grey eyes, and a robust cheerfulness brought back some affection for the erring Lewis. The problem was beyond her reconciling efforts, so the poor girl, torn between common sense and feeling, and recognising with painful clearness the complexity of life, found refuge in secret tears.

III

The honours of the contest, so far as Lewis's party was concerned, fell to George Winterham, and this was the fashion of the event. He had been dragged reluctantly into the thing, foreseeing dire disaster for himself, for he knew little and cared less about matters political, though he was ready enough at a pinch to place his ignorance at his friend's disposal. So he had been set to the dreary work of committee-rooms; and then, since his manners were not unpleasing, despatched as aide-de-camp to any chance orator who enlivened the county. But at last a crisis arrived in which other use was made of him. A speaker of some pretensions had been announced for a certain night at the considerable village of Allerfoot. The great man failed, and as it was the very eve of the election none could be found for his place. Lewis was in despair, till he thought of George. It was a desperate chance, but the necessity was urgent, so, shutting himself up for an hour, he wrote the better part of a speech which he entrusted to his friend to prepare. George, having a good memory, laboriously learned it by heart, and clutching the friendly paper and wholeheartedly abusing his chief, he set out grimly to his fate.

Promptly at the hour of eight he was deposited at the door of the Masonic Hall in Allerfoot. The place seemed full and a nervous chairman was hovering around the gate. News of the great man's defection had already been received, and he was in the extremes of nervousness. He greeted George as a saviour, and led him inside, where some three hundred people crowded a small whitewashed building. The village of Allerfoot itself is a little place, but it is the centre of a wide pastoral district, and the folk assembled were brown-faced herds and keepers from the hills, ploughmen from the flats of Glen Aller, a few fishermen from the near sea-coast, as well as the normal inhabitants of the village.

George was wretchedly nervous and sat in a cold sweat while the chairman explained that the great Mr. S— deeply regretted that at the last moment he was unfortunately compelled to break so important an engagement, but that he had sent in his stead Mr. George Winterham, whose name was well known as a distinguished Oxford scholar and a rising barrister. George, who had been ploughed twice for Smalls and had eventually taken a pass degree, and to whom the law courts were nearly as unknown as the Pyramids, groaned inwardly at the astounding news. The audience might have been a turnip-field for all the personality it possessed for him. He heard their applause as the chairman sat down mopping his brow, and he rose to his feet conscious that he was smiling like an idiot. He made some introductory remarks of his own—that "he was sorry the other chap hadn't turned up, that he was happy to have the privilege of expounding to them his views on this great subject"— and then with an ominous sinking of heart plucked forth his papers and launched into the unknown.

The better part of the speech was wiped clean from his memory at the start, so he had to lean heavily on the written word. He read rapidly but without intelligence. Now and again a faint cheer would break the even flow, and he would look up for a moment with startled eyes, only to go off again with quickened speed. He found himself talking neat paradoxes which he did not understand, and speaking glibly of names which to him were no more than echoes. Eventually he came to an end at least twenty minutes before a normal political speech should close, and sat down, hot and perplexed, with a horrible sense of having made a fool of himself.

The chairman, no less perplexed, made the usual remarks and then called for questions. The words left George aghast. He had forgotten the slight formality of "heckling" which closes such a meeting. The wretched man looked forward to raw public shame. His ignorance would be exposed, his presumption laid bare, his pride thrown in the dust. He nerved himself for a despairing effort. He would brazen things out as far as possible; afterwards let the heavens fall.

An old minister rose and asked in a thin ancient voice what the Government had done for the protection of missionaries in Khass-Kotannun. Was he, Mr. Winterham, aware that our missionaries in that distant land had been compelled to wear native dress by the arrogant chiefs, and so fallen victims to numerous chills and epidemics?

George replied that he considered the treatment abominable, believed that the matter occupied the mind of the Foreign Office night and day, and would be glad personally to subscribe to any relief fund. The good man declared himself satisfied, and St. Simeon breathed freely again.

A sturdy man in homespun rose to discover the Government's intention on Church matters. Did the speaker ken that on his small holding he paid ten pounds sterling in tithes, though he himself did not hold with the Establishment, being a Reformed Presbyterian? The Laodicean George said he did not understand the differences, but that it seemed to him a confounded shame, and he would undertake that Mr. Haystoun, if returned, would take immediate steps in the matter.

So far he had done well, but with the next question he betrayed his ignorance. A good man arose, also hot on Church affairs, to discourse on some disabilities, and casually described himself as a U.P. George's wits busied themselves in guessing at the mystic sign. At last to his delight he seemed to achieve it, and, in replying, electrified his audience by assuming that the two letters stood for Unreformed Presbyterian.

But the meeting was in good humour in spite of his incomprehensible address and unsatisfying answers, till a small section of the young bloods of the opposite party who had come to disturb felt that this peace must be put an end to. Mr. Samuel McTurk, lawyer's clerk, who hailed from the west country and betrayed his origin in his speech, rose amid some applause from his admirers to discomfit George. He was a young man with a long sallow face, carefully oiled and parted hair, and a resonant taste in dress. A bundle of papers graced his hand, and his air was parliamentary.

"Was Mister Winterham aware that Mister Haystoun had contradicted himself on two occasions lately, as he would proceed to show?"

George heard him patiently, said that now he was aware of the fact, but couldn't for the life of him see what the deuce it mattered.

"After Mister Winterham's ignoring of my pint," went on the young man, "I proceed to show" . . . and with all the calmness in the world he displayed to his own satisfaction how Mr. Lewis Haystoun was no fit person to represent the constituency. He profaned the Sabbath, which this gentleman professed to hold dear, he was notorious for drunkenness, and his conduct abroad had not been above suspicion.

George was on his feet in a moment, his confusion gone, his face very red, and his shoulders squared for a fight. The man saw the effect of his words, and promptly sat down.

"Get up," said George abruptly.

The man's face whitened and he shrank back among his friends.

"Get up; up higher—on the top of the seat, that everybody may see and hear you! Now repeat very carefully all that over again."

The man's confidence had deserted him. He stammered something about meaning no harm.

"You called my friend a drunken blackguard. I am going to hear the accusation in detail." George stood up to his full height, a terrible figure to the shrinking clerk, who repeated his former words with a faltering tongue.

He heard him out quietly, and then stared coolly down on the people. He felt himself master of the situation. The enemy had played into his hands, and in the shape of a sweating clerk sat waiting on his action.

"You have heard what this man has to tell you. I ask you as men, as folk of this countryside, if it is true?"

It was the real speech of the evening, which was all along waiting to be delivered instead of the frigid pedantries on the paper. A man was speaking simply, valiantly, on behalf of his friend. It was cunningly done with the natural tact which rarely deserts the truly honest man in his hour of extremity. He spoke of Lewis as he had known him at school and college and in many wild sporting expeditions in desert places, and slowly the people kindled and listened with eager breath. Then, so to speak, he kicked away the scaffolding of his erection. He ceased to be the apologist, and became the frank eulogist. He stood squarely on the edge of the platform, gathering the eyes of his hearers, smiling pleasantly, arms akimbo, a man at his ease and possibly at his pleasure.

"Some of you are herds," he cried, "and some are fishers, and some are farmers, and some are labourers. Also some of you call yourselves Radicals or Tories or Socialists. But you are all of you far more than these things. You are men—men of this great countryside, with blood in your veins and vigour in that blood. If you were a set of pale-faced mechanics, I should not be speaking to you, for I should not understand you. But I know you all, and I like you, and I am going to prevent you from making godless fools of yourselves. There are two men before you. One is a very clever man, whom I don't know anything about, nor you either. The other is my best friend and known to all of you. Many of you have shot or sailed with him, many of you were born on his and his father's lands. I have told you of his abilities and quoted better judges than myself. I don't need to tell you that he is the best of men, a sportsman, a kind master, a very good fellow indeed. You can make up your mind between the two. Opinions matter very little, but good men are too scarce to be neglected. Why, you fools," he cried with boisterous good-humour, "I should back Lewis if he were a Mohammedan or an Anarchist. The man is sound metal, I tell you, and that's all I ask."

It was a very young man's confession of faith, but it was enough. The meeting went with him to a man. A roar of applause greeted the smiling orator, and when he sat down with flushed face, bright eyes, and a consciousness of having done his duty, John Sanderson, herd in Nether Callowa, rose to move a vote of confidence:

"That this assembly is of opinion that Maister Lewis Haystoun is a guid man, and sae is our friend Maister Winterham, and we'll send Lewie back to Parliament or be——"

It was duly seconded and carried with acclamation.

CHAPTER XI

THE PRIDE BEFORE A FALL

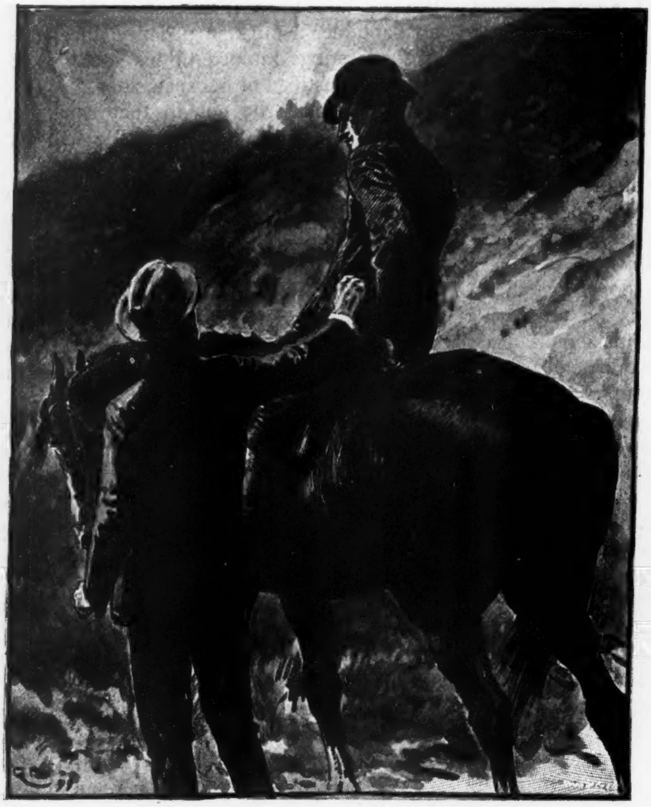
THE result of the election was announced in Gledsmuir on the next Wednesday evening, and carried surprise to all save Lewis's nearer friends. For Mr. Albert Stocks was duly returned member for the constituency by a majority of seventy votes. The defeated candidate received the news with great composure, addressed some good-humoured words to the people, had a generous greeting for his opponent, and met his committee with a smiling face. But his heart was sick within him, and as soon as he decently might he escaped from the turmoil, found his horse, and set off up Glen Avelin for his own dwelling.

He had been defeated, and the fact, however confidently looked for, comes with a bitter freshness to every man. He had lost a seat for his party—that in itself was bad. But he had proved himself incompetent, unadaptable, a stick, a pedantic incapable. A dozen stings rankled in his soul. Alice would be justified of her suspicions. Where would his place be now in that small imperious heart? His own people had forsaken him for a gross and unlikely substitute, and he had been wrong in his estimate alike of ally and enemy. Above all came that cruellest stab—what would Wratislaw think of it? He had disgraced himself in the eyes of his friend. He who had made a fetich of competence had manifestly proved himself wanting; he who had loved to think of himself as the bold, opportune man, had shown himself formal and hidebound.

As he passed Glen Avelin among the trees the thought of Alice was a sharp pang of regret. He could never more lift his eyes in that young and radiant presence. He pictured the successful Stocks welcomed by her, and words of praise for which he would have given his immortal soul, meted out lavishly to that owl-like being. It was a dismal business, and ruefully, but half-humorously, he caught at the paradox of his fate.

Through the swiftly falling darkness, the inn of Etterick rose before him, a place a little apart from the village street. A noise of talk floated from the kitchen and made him halt at the door and dismount. The place would be full of folk discussing the election, and he would go in among them and learn the worst opinion which men might have of him. After all, they were his own people, who had known him in his power as they now saw him in his weakness. If he had failed he was not wholly foolish; they knew him to be a man, and they would be generous.

The talk stopped short as he entered, and he saw through the tobacco-reek half a dozen lengthy faces wearing the air of solemnity which the hill-man adopts in his pleasures. They were all his own herds and keepers, save two whom he knew for foresters from Glen Avelin. He was recognised at once, and with a general nervous shuffling they began to make room for the laird at the table. He cried a hasty greeting to all, and sat down between a black-bearded giant whose clothes smelt of sheep, and a fair-haired man from one of the remoter glens. The whole notion of the thing pleased him,



"'Lewie,' cried Wratislaw, 'gracious me! have you been drinking?'"

and he ordered drinks for each with a lavish carelessness. He asked a match for his pipe, and the man who gave it wore a decent melancholy on his face and shook his head with unction.

"This is a bad job, Lewie," he said, using the privileged name of the ancient servant. "Whae would have ettled sic a calaamity to happen in your ain countryside? We a' thocht it would be a grand ploy for ye, for ye would settle down here and hae nae mair foreign stravagins. And then this tailor-body steps in and spoils a'. It's maist vexaatious."

"It was a good fight, and he beat me fairly; but we'll drop the matter. I'm sick-tired of politics, Adam. If I had been a better man they might have made a herd of me, and I should have been happy."

"Wheesht, Lewie," said the man, grinning. "A herd's job is no for the likes o' you. But there's better wark waiting for ye than poalitics. It's a beggar's trade after a', and far better left to bagman-bodies like yon Stocks. It's a puir thing for sae proper a man as you."

"But what can I do?" cried Lewis in despair. "I have no profession. I am useless."

"Useless! Ye are a grand judge o' sheep and nowt, and ye ken a horse better than ony couper. Ye can ride like a jockey and drive like a Jehu, and there's no your equal in these parts with a gun or a fishing-rod. Forbye I would rather walk ae mile on the hills wi' ye than twae, for ye gang up a brae-face like a mawkin! God! There's no a single man's trade that ye're no brawly fitted for. And then ye've a heap o' book-lear that folk learned ye away about England, though I cannot speak muckle on that, no being a jidge."

Lewis grinned at the portraiture. "You do me proud, but let's talk about serious things. You were on sheep when I came in. Get back to them and give me your mind on Cheviots. The lamb sales promise well."

For twenty minutes the room hummed with technicalities. One man might support the conversation on alien matters, but on sheep the humblest found a voice. Lewis watched the ring of faces with a sharp delight. The election had made him sick of his fellows—fellows who chattered and wrangled and rioted in the sentimental But now every line of these brown faces, the keen blue eyes, the tawny tangled beards, and the inimitable soft-sounding Southern speech, seemed an earnest of a real and strenuous life. He began to find a new savour in existence. The sense of his flat incompetence left him, and he found himself speaking heartily and laughing with zest.

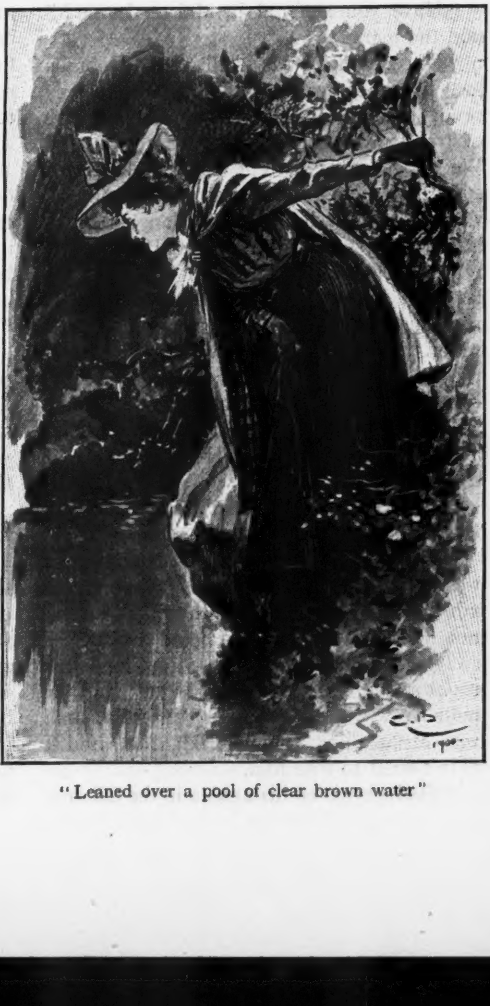
"It's as I say," said the herd of the Redswirehead. "I'm getting an auld man and a verra wise ane, and the graund owercome for the world is just 'Paye no attention.' Ye'll hae heard how the word cam to be. It was Jock Linklater o' the Caulds wha was gien notice to quit by the laird, and a' the countryside was vexed to pairt wi' Jock, for he was a popular character. But about a year after a freend meets him at Gledsmuir merkit as crouse as ever. 'Lodsake, Jock man, I thocht ye were awa',' says he. 'No,' says Jock, 'no. I'm here as ye see.' 'But how did ye manage it?' he asked. 'Fine,' says Jock. 'They sent me a letter tellin' me I must gang; but I just payed no attention. Syne they sent me a blue letter frae the lawyer's, but I payed no attention. Syne the factor cam to see me.' 'Ay, and what did ye do then, Jock?' says he. 'Oh, I payed no attention. Syne the laird cam himsel.' 'Ay, that would fricht ye,' he says. 'No, no a grain,' said Jock, verra calm. 'I just payed no attention, and here I am.'"

Lewis laughed, but the rest of the audience suffered no change of feature. The gloaming had darkened, and the little small-paned window was a fretted sheet of dark and lucent blue. Grateful odours of food and drink and tobacco hung in the air, though tar and homespun and the far-carried fragrance of peat fought stoutly for the mastery.

One man fell to telling of a fox-hunt when he lay on the hill for the night and shot five of the destroyers of his flock before the morning. It was the sign—and the hour—for stories of many kinds—tales of weather and adventure, humorous Lowland escapades and dismal mountain realities. Or stranger still, there would come the odd, half-believed legends of the glen told shamefacedly yet with the realism of men for whom each word had a power and meaning far above fiction. Lewis listened entranced, marking his interest now by an exclamation, and again by a question.

The herd of Farawa told of the salmon, the King of the Aller salmon, who swam the head of Aller and then crossed the spit of land to the head of Callowa to meet the King of the Callowa fish. It was a humorous story, and was capped there and then by his cousin of the Dreichill, who told a ghastly tale of a murder in the wilds. Then a lonely man, Simon o' the Heid o' the Hope, glorified his powers on a January night when he swung himself on a flood-gate over the Aller while the thing quivered beneath him, and the water roared redly above his thighs.

"And that yett broke when I was three pairts ower, and I went down the river with my feet tangled in the bars and nae room for sweemmin'. But I gripped an oak-ritt and stelled mysel' for an hour till the water knockit the yett to sawdust. It broke baith my ankles,



"Leaned over a pool of clear brown water" and though I'm a mortal strong man in my arms, thae twisted kitts keepit me helpless. When a man's feet are broke he has nae strength in his wrist."

"I know," said Lewis with excitement. "I have found the same myself."

"Where?" asked the man without rudeness.

"Once on the Skifso when I was after salmon, and once in the Doorab hills above Abjela."

"Were ye sick when they rescued ye? I was. I had twae muscles sprung on my arm, but that was naething to the retching and dizziness when they laid me on the heather. Jock Jeffrey was bending ower me, and though he wasna touching me I began to suffocate, and yet I was ower-weak to cry out and had to thole it."

"I know. If you hang up in the void for a little and get the feeling of great space burned on your mind, you nearly die of choking when you are pulled up. Fancy you knowing about that."

"Have you suffered it, Maister Lewie?" said the man.

"Once. There was a gully in the Doorabs just like the Scarts o' the Muneraw, only twenty times deeper, and there was a bridge of tree-trunks bound with ropes across it. We all got over except one mule and a couple of men. They were just getting off when a trunk slipped and dangled down into the abyss with one end held up by the ropes. The poor animal went plumb to the bottom; we heard it first thud on a jag of rock and then, an age after, splash in the water. One of the men went with it, but the other got his legs caught between the ropes and the tree and managed to hang on. The poor beggar was helpless with fright; and he squealed—Great Heavens! how he did squeal!"

"And what did ye dae?" asked a breathless audience.

"I went down after him. I had to, for I was his master, and besides, I was a bit of an athlete then. I cried to him to hang on and not look down. I clambered down the swaying trunk while my people held the ropes at the top, and when I got near the man I saw what had happened. His name was Mohammed Dan, a Sikh, too, and I didn't want to lose him.

"He had twisted his ankles in the fall, and though he had got them out of the ropes, yet they hung loose and quite obviously broken. I got as near him as I could, and leaned over, and I remember seeing through below his armpits the blue of the stream six hundred feet down. It made me rather sick with my job, and when I called him to pull himself up a bit till I could grip him I thought he was helpless with the same fright. But it turned out that I had misjudged him. He had no power in his arms, simply the dead strength to hang on. I was in a nice fix, for I could lower myself no farther without slipping into space. Then I thought of a dodge. I got a good grip of the rope and let my legs dangle down till they were level with his hands. I told him to try and change his grip and catch my ankles. He did it, somehow or other, and by George! the first shock of his weight nearly ended me, for he was a heavy man. However, I managed to pull myself up a yard or two, and then I could reach down and catch his arms. We both got up somehow or other, but it took a devilish time, and when they laid us both on the ground and came round like fools with brandy I thought I should choke and had scarcely strength to swear at them to get out."

The assembly had listened intently, catching its breath with a sharp *risp* as all simple outdoor folks will do when they hear of an escapade which strikes their fancy. One man—a stranger—hammered his empty pipe-bowl on the table in applause.

"Whae was the man, d'ye say?" he asked. "A neeger?"

Lewis laughed. "Not a nigger most certainly, though he had a brown face."

"And ye risked your life for a black o' some kind? Man, ye must be awfu' fond o' your fellow-men. Wad ye dae the same for the likes o' us?"

"Surely. For one of my own folk! But it was really a very small thing."

"Then I have just ae thing to say," said the brown-bearded man. "I am what ye call a Raadical, and yestreen I recorded my vote for that man Stocks. He crackit a lot about the rights o' man—as man, and I was wi' him. But I tell ye that you yoursel' have a better notion o' human kindness than ony Stocks, and though ye're no o' my party, yet I herewith propose a vote o' confidence in Maister Lewis Haystoun"

The health was drunk solemnly yet with gusto, and under cover of it Lewis fled out of doors. His despondency had passed, and a fit of extraordinary exhilaration had seized him. Men still swore by his name; he was still adored by his country folk; small matter to him if a townsman had defeated him. He was no vain talker, but a man of action, a sportsman, an adventurer. This was his true career. Let others have the applause of excited indoor folk or dull visionaries; for him a man's path, a man's work, and a man's commendation.

The moon was up, riding high in a shoreless sea of blue, and in the still weather the streams called to each other from the mountain-sides, as in some fantastic cosmic harmony. High on the ridge-shoulder the lights of Etterick twinkled starlike amid the fretted veil of trees. A sense of extraordinary and crazy exhilaration, the recoil from the constraint of weeks, dragged his spirit captive. He hummed a dozen fragments of song, and at times would laugh with the pure pleasure of life. The quixotic, the generous, the hopeless, the successful; laughter and tears; death and birth; the warm hearth and the open road—all seemed blent for the moment into one great zest for living. "I'll to Lochiel and Appin and kneel to them," he was humming aloud, when suddenly his bridle was caught and a man's hand was at his knee.

"Lewie," cried Wratislaw, "gracious, man! have you been drinking?" And then seeing the truth, he let go the bridle, put an arm through the stirrup leathers, and walked by the horse's side. "So that's the way you take it, old chap? Do you know that you are a discredited and defeated man? and yet I find you whistling like a boy. I have hopes for you, Lewie. You have the Buoyant Heart, and with that nothing can much matter. But, confound it! you are hours late for dinner."

CHAPTER XII

PASTORAL AND TRAGEDY

THE news of the election, brought to Glen Avelin by a couple of ragged runners, had a different result from that dismally forecast by Lewis. Alice heard it with a heart unquickened; and when, an hour after, the flushed, triumphant Mr. Stocks arrived in person to claim the meed of success, he was greeted with a painful carelessness. Lady Manorwater had been loud in her laments for her nephew, but to Mr. Stocks she gave the honest praise which a warm-hearted woman cannot withhold from the fighter.

"Our principles have won," she cried. "Now who will call the place a Tory stronghold? Oh, Mr. Stocks, you have done wonderfully, and I am very glad. I'm not a bit sorry for Lewis, for he well deserved his beating."

But with Alice there could be neither pleasure nor its simulation. Her terrible honesty forbad her the easy path of false congratulations. She bit her lip till tears filled her eyes. What was this wretched position into which she had strayed? Lewis was all she had feared, but he was Lewis, and far more than any bundle of perfections. A hot passionate craving for his presence was blinding her to reason. And this man who had won—this, the fortunate politician—she cared for him not a straw. A strong dislike began to grow in her heart to the blameless Mr. Stocks.

Dinner that night was a weary meal to the girl. Lady Manorwater prattled about the day's events, and Lord Manorwater, hopelessly bored, ate his food in silence. The lively Bertha had gone to bed with a headache, and the younger Miss Afflint was the receptacle for the moment of her hostess's confidences. Alice sat between Mr. Stocks and Arthur, facing a tall man with a small head and immaculate hair who had ridden over to dine and sleep. One of the two had the wisdom to see her humour and keep silent, though the thought plunged him into a sea of ugly reflections. It would be hard if, now that things were going well with him, the lady alone should prove obdurate. For in all this politician's daydreams a dainty figure walked by his side, sat at his table's head, received his friends, fascinated austere ministers, and filled his pipe of an evening at home.

Arthur was silent, and to him the lady turned in vain. He treated her with an elaborate politeness which sat ill on his brusque manners, and for the most part showed no desire to enliven the prevailing dulness. But after dinner he carried her off to the gardens on the plea of fresh air and a fine sunset, and the girl, who liked the frank boy, went gladly. Then the reason of his silence was made plain. He dismayed her by becoming lovesick.

"Tell me your age, Alice," he implored.

"I am twenty at Christmas-time," said the girl, amazed at the question.

"And I am seventeen or very nearly that. Men sometimes marry women older than themselves, and I don't see why I shouldn't. Oh, Alice, promise that you will marry me. I never met a girl I liked so much, and I am sure we should be happy."

"I am sure we should," said the girl, laughing. "You silly boy! what put such nonsense in your head? I am far too old for you, and though I like you very much, I don't in the least want to marry you." She seemed to herself to have got out of a sober world into a sort of mad tea-party, where people behaved like pantaloons and spoke in conundrums.

The boy flushed and his eyes grew cross. "Is it somebody else?" he asked; at which the girl, with a memory of Mr. Stocks, reflected on the dreadful monotony of men's ways.

A solution flashed upon his brain. "Are you going to marry Lewie Haystoun?" he cried in a more cheerful voice. After all, Lewis was his cousin and a worthy rival.

Alice grew hotly uncomfortable. "I am not going to marry Mr. Lewis Haystoun, and I am not going to talk to you any more." And she turned round with a flaming face to the cool depths of the wood.

"Then it is that chap Stocks. Oh, Lord!" groaned Arthur, irritated into bad manners. "You can't mean it, Alice. He's not fit to black your boots."

Some foolish impulse roused the girl to reply. She defended the very man against whom all the evening she had been unreasonably bitter. "You have no right to abuse him. He is your people's guest and a very distinguished man, and you are only a foolish boy."

He paled below his sunburn. Now he believed the truth of the horrid suspicion which had been fastening on his mind. "But—but," he stammered, "the chap isn't a gentleman, you know."

The words quickened her vexation. A gentleman! The cant word, the fetich of this ring of idle aristocrats—she knew the hollowness of the whole farce. The democrat in her made her walk off with erect head and bright eyes, leaving a penitent boy behind; while all the time a sick, longing heart drove her to the edge of tears.

The days dragged slowly for the girl. The brightness had gone out of the wide, airy landscape, and the warm August days seemed chill. She hated herself for the wrong impression she had left on the boy Arthur's mind, but she was too proud to seek to erase it; she could but trust to his honour for silence. If Lewis heard—the thought was too terrible to face! He would resign himself to the inevitable; she knew the temper of the man. Good form was his divinity, and never by word or look would he attempt to win another man's betrothed. She must see him and learn the truth: but he came no more to Glen Avelin, and Etterick was a far cry for a girl's fancy. Besides, the Twelfth had come and the noise of guns on every hill spoke of other interests for the party at Etterick. Lewis had forgotten his misfortunes, she told herself, and in the easy way of the half-hearted found in bodily fatigue a drug for a mind but little in need of it.

One afternoon Lady Manorwater came over the lawn waving a letter. "Do you want to go and picnic to-morrow, Alice?" she cried. "Lewis is to be shooting on the moors at the head of the Avelin, and he wants us to come and lunch at the Pool of Ness. He wants the whole party to come, particularly Mr. Stocks, and he wants to know if you have forgiven him. What can the boy mean?"

As the cheerful little lady paused, Alice's heart beat till she feared betrayal. A sudden fierce pleasure burned in her veins. Did he still seek her good opinion? Was he, as well as herself, miserable alone? And then came like a stab the thought that he had joined her with Stocks. Did he class her with that alien world of prigs and dullards? She ceased to think, and avoiding her hostess and tea, ran over the wooden bridge to the slope of hill and climbed up among the red heather.

A month ago she had been heart-whole and young, a simple child. The same prejudices and generous beliefs had been hers, but held loosely with a child's comprehension.

But now this old world had been wakened to arms against a dazzling new world of love and pleasure. She was led captive by emotion, but this cold rock of scruple remained. She had read of women surrendering all for love, but she felt dismally that this happy gift had been denied her. Criticism, a fierce, vulgar antagonism, impervious to sentiment, not to be exorcised by generous impulse—such was her unlovely inheritance.

As she leaned over a pool of clear brown water in a little burn, where scented ferns dipped and great rocks of brake and heather shadowed, she saw her face and figure mirrored in every colour and line. Her extraordinary prettiness delighted her, and then she laughed at her own vanity. A lady of the pools, with the dark eyes and red-gold hair of the North, surely a creature of dawn and the blue sky, and born for no dreary self-communings. She returned, with her eyes clear and something like laughter in her heart. To-morrow she should see him, to-morrow!

It was the utter burning silence of mid-day, when the man who toils loses the skin of his face, and the man who rests tastes the joys of deep leisure. The blue airless sky, the level hilltops, the straight lines of glen, the treeless horizon of the moors—no sharp ridge or cliff caught the tired eye, only an even, sleep-lulled harmony. Five very hungry, thirsty, and wearied men lay in the shadow above the Pool of Ness, and prayed Heaven for luncheon.

Lewis and George, Wratislaw and Arthur Mordaunt were there, and Doctor Gracey, who loved a day on the hills. The keepers sat farther up the slope smoking their master's tobacco—sure sign of a well-spent morning. For the party had been on the moors by eight, and for five burning hours had tramped the heather. All wore light and airy shooting-clothes save the doctor, who had merely buckled gaiters over his professional black trousers. All were burned to a tawny brown, and all lay in different attitudes of gasping ease. Few things so clearly proclaim a man's past as his posture when lounging. Arthur and Wratislaw lay, like townsmen, prone on their faces with limbs rigidly straight. Lewis and George—old campaigners both—lay a little on the side, arms lying loosely, and knees a little bent. But one and all gasped, and swore softly at the weather.

"Turn round, Tommy," said George, glancing up, "or you'll get sunstroke at the back of the neck. I've had it twice, so I ought to know. You want to wet your handkerchief and put it below your cap. Why don't you wear a deer-stalker instead of that hideous jockey thing? Feugh, I am warm and cross and thirsty. Lewis, I'll give your aunt five minutes, and then I shall go down and drink that pool dry."

Lewis sat up and watched the narrow ribbon of road which coiled up the glen to the pool's edge. He only saw some hundreds of yards down it, but the prospect served to convince him that his erratic aunt was late.

"If my wishes had any effect," said George, "at this moment I should be having iced champagne." And he cast a longing eye to the hampers.

"You won't get any," said Lewis. "We are not sybarites in this glen, and our drinks are the drinks of simple folk. Do you remember Cranstoun? I once went stalking with him, and we had *paté-de-foie-gras* for luncheon away up on the side of a rugged mountain. That sort of thing sets my teeth on edge."

"Honest man!" cried George. "But here are your friends, and you had better stir yourself and make them welcome."

Five very cool and leisurely beings were coming up the hill-path, for, having driven to above the village, they had had an easy walk of scarcely half a mile. Lewis's eye sought out a slight small figure behind the others, a mere gleam of pink and white. As she stepped out from the path to the heather his eye was quick to seize her exquisite grace. Other women arrayed themselves in loose and floating raiment, ribbons and what not; but here was one who knew her daintiness, and made no effort to cloak it. Trim, cool, and sweet, the coils of bright hair above the white frock catching the noon sun—surely a lady to pray for and toil for, one made for no facile wooing or easy conquest.

Lewis advanced to Mr. Stocks as soon as he had welcomed his aunt, and shook hands cordially. "We seem to have lost sight of each other during the last few days. I never congratulated you enough, but you probably understood that my head was full of other things. You fought splendidly, and I can't say I regret the issue. You will do much better than I ever could."

Mr. Stocks smiled happily. The wheel of his fortunes was bringing him very near the top. All the way up he had had Alice for a companion; and that young woman, happy from a wholly different cause, had been wonderfully gracious. He felt himself on Mr. Lewis Haystoun's level at last, and the baffling sense of being on a different plane, which he had always experienced in his company, was gone, he hoped, for ever. So he became frank and confidential, forgot the pomp of his talk and his inevitable principles, and assisted in laying lunch.

Lady Manorwater drove her nephew into a corner.

"Where have you been, Lewis, all these days? If you had been anybody else, I should have said you were sulking. I must speak to you seriously. Do you know that Alice has been breaking her heart for you? I won't have the poor child made miserable, and though I don't in the least want you to marry her, yet I cannot have you playing with her."

Lewis had grown suddenly very red.

"I think you are mistaken, aunt," he said stiffly. "Miss Wishart does not care a straw for me. If she is in love with anybody, it is with Stocks."

"I am much older than you, my dear, and I should know better. I may as well confess that I hoped it would be Mr. Stocks, but I can't disbelieve my own eyes. The child becomes wretched whenever she hears your name."

"Oh, aunt, you are making me miserably unhappy, because I can't believe a word of it. I have made a howling fool of myself lately, and I can't be blind to what she thinks of me."

Lady Manorwater looked pathetic. "Is the great Lewis ashamed of himself?"

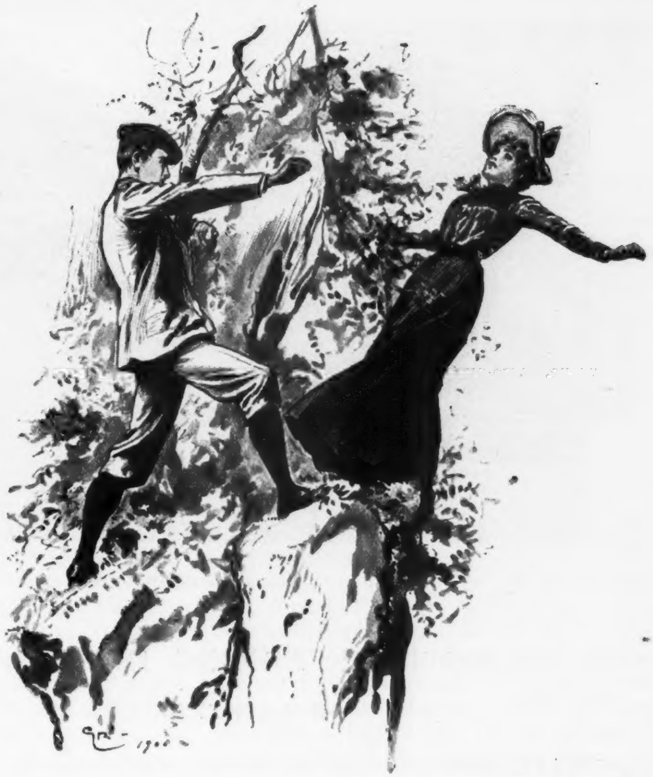
"Not a bit. I would do it again, for it is my nature to, as the hymn says. I am cut all the wrong way, and my mind is my mind, you know. But I can't expect Miss Wishart to take that point of view."

His aunt shook a hopeless head. "Your moral nature is warped, my dear. It has always been the same since you were a very small boy at Glen Avelin, and read the 'Holy War' on the hearthrug. You could never be made to admire Emmanuel and his captains, but you set your heart on the reprobates Jolly and Griggish. But get away and look after your guests, sir."

Lunch came just in time to save five hungry men from an undignified end. The Glenavelin party looked on with amusement as the ravenous appetites were satisfied. Mr. Stocks, in a huge good humour, talked discursively of sport. He inquired concerning the morning's bag, and called up reminiscences of friends who had equalled or exceeded it. Lewis was uncomfortable, for he felt that in common civility Mr. Stocks should have been asked to shoot. He could not excuse himself with the plea of an unintentional omission, for he had heard reports of the gentleman's wonderful awkwardness with a gun, and he had not found it in his heart to spoil the sport of five keen and competent hands.

He dared not look at Alice, for his aunt's words had set his pulses beating hotly. For the last week he had wrestled with himself, telling his heart that this lady was beyond his ken for ever and a day, for he belonged by nature to the clan of despondent lovers. Before, she had had all the icy reserve, he all the fervours. The hint of some spark of fire behind the snows of her demeanour filled him with a delirious joy. Every movement of her body pleased him, every word which she spoke, the blitheness of her air and the ready kindness. The pale pretty Miss Afflints, with their wit and their confidence, seemed old and womanly compared with the girlish Alice. Let simplicity be his goddess henceforth—simplicity and youth.

The Pool of Ness is a great black cauldron of clear water, with berries above and berries below, and high crags red with heather. There you may find shade in summer, and great blaeberries and ripening rowans in the wane of August. These last were the snare for Alice, who was ever an adventurer. For the moment she was the schoolgirl again and all sordid elderly cares were tossed to the wind. She teased Doctor Gracey to that worthy's intense delight, and she bade George and Arthur fetch and carry in a way that made them her slaves for life. Then she unbent to Mr. Stocks and made him follow her out on a peninsula of rock, above which hung a great cluster of fruit. The unfortunate politician was not built for this kind of exercise, and slipped and clung



"A slip of soil, a helpless clutch . . . and he was alone on the headland"

despairingly to every root and cleft. Lewis followed aimlessly: her gaiety did not fit with his mood; and he longed to have her to himself and know his fortune.

He passed the panting Stocks and came up with the errant lady.

"For Heaven's sake be careful, Miss Wishart," he cried in alarm. "That's an ugly black swirl down there."

The girl laughed in his face.

"Isn't the place glorious!" she cried. "It's as cool as winter, and oh! the colours of that hillside. I'm going up to that birk-tree to sit. Do you think I can do it?"

"I am coming up after you," said Lewis.

She stopped and regarded it with serious eyes. "It's hard, but I am going to try. It's harder than the Mid-burn that I climbed up on the day I saw you fishing."

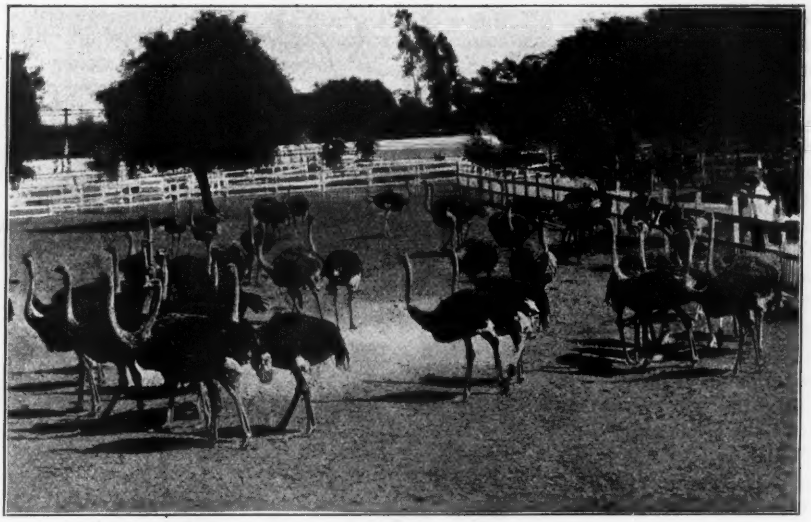
She remembered! Joy caught at his heart, and he laughed so gladly that Alice turned round to look at him. Something in his eyes made her turn her head away and scan the birk-tree again.

Then suddenly there was a slip of soil, a helpless clutch at fern and heather, a cry of terror, and he was alone on the headland. The black swirl was closing over the girl's head.

He had been standing rapt in a happy fancy, his thoughts far in a world of their own, and his eyes vacant of any purpose. Startled to alertness, he still saw vaguely, and for a second stood irresolute and wondering. Then came another splash, and a heavy body flung itself into the pool from lower down the rock. He knew the black head and the round shoulders of Mr. Stocks.

The man caught the girl as she struggled to get out of the swirl and with strong ugly strokes began to make for shore. Lewis stood with a sick heart, struggling to realise the horror which had overtaken him. She was out of danger, though the man was swimming badly; dismally he noted the fact of his atrocious swimming. But this was the hero; he had stood irresolute. The thought burned him like a hot iron.

Half a dozen pairs of hands relieved the swimmer of his burden. Alice was little the worse, a trifle pale, very draggled and unhappy, and utterly tired. Lady Manorwater wept over her and kissed her, and hailed the dripping Stocks as her preserver. Lewis alone stood back. He satisfied himself that she was unhurt, and then, on the plea of getting the carriage, set off down the glen with a very grey quivering face.



TROOP OF OSTRICHES IN CORRAL

OSTRICH-FARMING IN CALIFORNIA

By ARTHUR INKERSLEY

CALIFORNIA is a land of surprises and extremes. In a few hours one may pass from a wintry climate to a summer temperature, from glacier-strewn mountain-sides and snow-clad peaks to yellow wheat-fields and smiling orchards. So wide is the range of climate that almost every product of temperate or tropical regions, from the hardy fruits of Northern Europe to the oranges, lemons, and bananas of Italy and Spain, may be found in some part or other of the State.

A country of resources so varied affords opportunities for industries of almost every sort; but of the many occupations pursued by the inhabitants of the Golden State, none is more interesting or picturesque than that of rearing ostriches, which is carried on at several places, the principal being Norwalk, South Pasadena, Fullerton, and Coronado Beach, all of which are in Southern California.

The largest ostrich-raising farm in California, or indeed in the United States, is at Norwalk, eighteen miles from Los Angeles, the chief town of Southern California. It was founded by Edwin Cawston, an enterprising Englishman, who about fifteen years ago purchased fifty-two birds in South Africa, before the present duty of one hundred pounds sterling was imposed by the Government of Cape Colony to check the exportation of the valuable creatures. Chartering a ship, Mr. Cawston sailed over to California, losing ten of his treasures on the three months' voyage. The remaining forty-two were landed safely, but died from the effects of the long journey and the change of climate, but, fortunately for their owner, not before they had perpetuated their race. Up to June 1896 more than three hundred birds had been raised at Norwalk, and there are now more than two hundred native-born ostriches on the farm, while chicks increase at the rate of about a hundred a year.

An ostrich-farm is divided into corrals, or enclosures, of which there are five to an acre, and, though the quarters seem rather narrow for creatures of so great a size, the ostriches are healthy, and even in better condition than the birds that run in "troops" over wide fields. In each small corral is a pair of fully grown fine-feathered birds, which are intended for breeding purposes. The corrals are enclosed by a high and substantial fence, but a foot-high barrier would serve just as well to keep the birds within bounds, for they seem to be quite unable to estimate height.

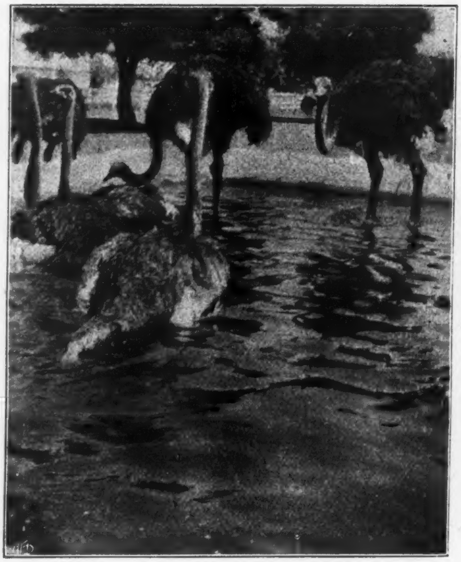
Ordinarily ostriches are well-behaved enough, but they are very jealous, and during the breeding season are spiteful and easily angered. To prevent the birds in one enclosure from fighting with those in an adjoining one, there are passage-ways six feet wide between the corrals. Among the visitors to an ostrich-farm are certain to be found some foolish persons who think it amusing to tease the birds when they are in an irritable frame of mind, for the sake of seeing them rush madly towards the high fence, which gives the spectator a sense of security he would not otherwise have when an angry ostrich runs at full speed and with outspread wings towards his tormentor. Ostriches can strike a terrible blow with their legs, especially at a height of two or three feet from the ground; but if a man is attacked, he may keep the bird at a distance by placing a forked stick or rake against its neck. If, however, he finds himself without any means of defence, his best plan is to lie down at full length on the ground, as the bird cannot kick with any force at so low an object. Thus it comes about that a creature which can break a man's arm at a single blow, and will without hesitation attack a rider on horseback, runs away in terror from a small yelping dog.

ONE MISSING

When the rainy season (which in California lasts from October to April) is over, the male ostrich scoops out in the sand a hole about a foot deep and a yard wide, in which the hen deposits her eggs. These have hard strong shells, and weigh from three to three and a half pounds each. An egg will make an omelet for two dozen persons, but, as it is worth about a guinea, it is not often used for culinary purposes. Infertile or addled eggs are blown and sold as souvenirs for a dollar (about four shillings) each. The hen lays an egg every other day for about a month, a little sand being placed by her on the top of each to protect it from the heat of the sun, whence originated the erroneous notion that ostriches' eggs are hatched by exposure to the solar rays, and not by the more toilsome and tedious method of incubation. After twelve or fifteen eggs have been laid, the male and female birds perform by turns the task of sitting on them. The period of incubation lasts six weeks, and the male bird (so far from

(Graham, photographer, South Pasadena)

THE LATEST OUT



TAKING A BATH

shirking his domestic duties, as the males of so many other animals do) actually performs the larger share of the work, sitting patiently on the eggs from four or five o'clock in the afternoon till nine next morning. At this time the hen comes on duty, but is relieved by the male for about an hour in the middle of the day, so that she may get her dinner comfortably and without hurry. This is the usual division of the labour of incubation, but the male will sometimes sit throughout the whole day, allowing the partner of his joys and sorrows to wander about in search of refreshment and recreation. Thus it will be seen that the ostrich, though he may be a foolish bird, has a high sense of domestic duty. The bird that intends to sit upon the eggs settles down upon them in a very gingerly manner, carefully tucking its long legs under its body. When it is time for the chicks to come into the world, the mother assists their arrival by breaking the eggs with her breast-bone, sometimes even seizing a chick in her beak and pulling it out of the shell. As soon as they are hatched, the chicks are taken away from the old birds, and brought up near the house, being kept warm at night in covered boxes. In this way a second sitting can be obtained during the season. An artificial incubator is sometimes used, but it is not found so satisfactory as the natural method. If the eggs are taken away from the nest, a good many more will be laid, but, as a set-off, a far smaller proportion of chicks is obtained from eggs placed in the incubator than from eggs hatched out by the parent birds. A pair of full-grown birds will raise ten chicks a year on an average for five years, and in some cases this number is largely increased, for as many as thirty-two chicks have been obtained in a twelvemonth from one pair of Californian ostriches. The chicks are about as large as barn-door fowls, and grow at the prodigious rate of a foot a month until they are five or six months old. Though it is said in the book of Job that the ostrich mother "is hardened against her young ones, as though they were not hers," the birds born and bred in the sunny State of California are very careful and proud of their offspring, both parents running about with the chicks all day, and the mother affectionately gathering them under her wings at night.

When they are four or five months old, all the birds except those intended for breeding run in "troops" in large pastures during the day; and at night are gathered into a fenced enclosure to protect them from dogs and coyotes. Both males and females are of a brownish colour until they are eighteen months old, when the males turn black, and the hens a dull grey. At the age of four or five years the birds are full grown, and are paired off.

The feeding of ostriches is a simple matter. Chicks only a few days old will eat fresh alfalfa and pick up bits of gravel. The skins of grapes taken from the wine-press lie about the corrals in heaps, and are pecked at by the birds. A full-grown ostrich eats between two and three pounds of alfalfa hay and seven pounds of sugar-beets per day; also some corn. In addition, and as an aid to digestion, he consumes pebbles and pieces of stone. A full-grown ostrich can take a piece of beetroot from a man's hand stretched out above his head; that is to say, he is between seven and eight feet high. In spite of his indiscretions in diet, he lives to the age set down by the Psalmist as the limit of man's life — threescore years and ten. He weighs from 250 to 300 lbs.

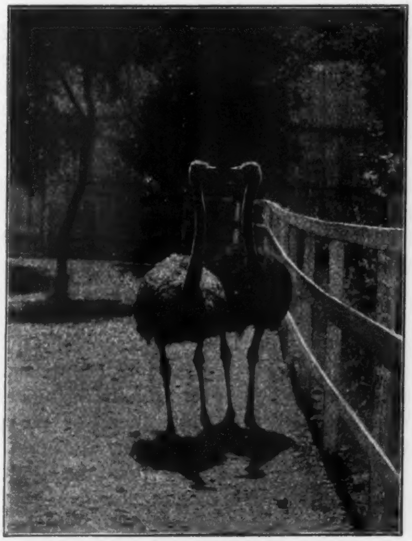
At Norwalk there are not only running

and feeding grounds for the birds, but most of their food, except the hay, is raised on the farm. Every hundred birds ought to have about twenty acres of land for their accommodation. The digestive powers of the ostrich have long ago passed into a proverb: the birds will swallow almost anything that they can get into their beaks. They are amusingly greedy, and will gulp down whole oranges more rapidly than they can take them into their stomachs, so that half a dozen may be seen passing down their long necks at the same time, each orange producing a queer-looking protuberance. When visitors stand near the fence of one of the enclosures, the birds will peck in a most persistent manner at any bright object, such as the head of an umbrella or a walking cane, a watch-chain, locket, brooch or button. It does not surprise us to be told by the attendant that indigestion is the prevalent malady among ostriches, and usually is responsible for their death: it is said that an attempt is sometimes made to relieve their systems of an accumulation of indigestible matter by administering half a gallon of castor-oil in one dose.

The purpose of ostrich-farming is, of course, the production of the handsome feathers so dear to the feminine heart all the world over. Each bird has about a thousand feathers, all of which can be utilised, even those shed by the birds in the corral being gathered and turned to account. The tail and wing feathers are the largest and best, and are the only ones which are plucked by hand. The most valuable feathers are the long white plumes (twenty-five in number) that grow on each wing of the male, who, as is the case with all creatures except man, is more brilliantly and handsomely attired than the female. The rest of the feathers of the male are black, while those of the female are drab or grey and of inferior quality. Ostriches are first plucked when they are about eight or nine months old, and at intervals of eight or nine months thereafter. When the operation is to be performed, the birds are driven into a small corral, and taken thence, one at a time, into a V-shaped enclosure, made of strong boards, and having a door at the end, by which the ostrich, after passing through the ordeal, hurriedly makes his exit. During the plucking a long narrow bag (with a hole at the end of it through which the bird can breathe) is placed over the head, to blindfold him, and induce him to remain quiet while he is despoiled of his beautiful plumage.

A good deal of care must be taken in the process of plucking, for, if the feather-sockets are injured, through carelessness, no more feathers will grow in them. The tails and the short feathers are pulled out first; then the fine large wing-feathers are cut off with heavy scissors, leaving about three inches of the quills; the stumps, after the lapse of two or three months, are pulled out. The process of plucking is not painful to the ostrich, though he often "kicks" (in the literal and the American slang meaning of the term) while it is going on: as he kicks forward, and with a downward scratching movement, the men engaged in robbing him of his feathers take care to keep in the rear of their captive.

After being plucked, the feathers are taken to a building, where they are graded into about twenty various qualities, according to length and colour; they are then packed in bundles, weighed, and sent to the dresser of feathers or to the manufacturer, who expends a good deal of labour and skilful preparation on them before they are ready to be used for



(Hill, photographer, South Pasadena, California)

MR. AND MRS. GROVER CLEVELAND

(Graham, photographer, South Pasadena)

CHICKS!

the purposes of personal adornment. The dresser ties the feathers on strings, cleans them thoroughly in soapsuds, and rinses them in clear water. The feathers which are black by nature are dyed black, and the best of the naturally white ones are bleached, the others being dyed various colours. The dying is a tedious operation: after it is over, the feathers are again rinsed thoroughly; then they are dipped into clean water containing starch, and beaten on a smooth board. They next pass to the workroom, where they are sorted, and sewed two, three, or four together: after being steamed and curled, they are handed over to the "buncher," who combs and adapts them to the prevailing fashion. The wing-feathers are larger and more flexible than those of the tail, and the ivory-white feathers are the handsomest and most valuable. The market price of feathers is from one guinea to twenty guineas per pound, according to length, colour, and quality; and by the time the producer, the wholesale and retail dealer, and the fashionable milliner have made their profit out of them, they are pretty expensive luxuries, as many a husband knows to his cost.

Though the plumage of all domesticated ostriches is somewhat inferior to that of the wild birds found on the plains and deserts of Syria or South Africa, the feathers produced in California are quite equal to those obtained from the birds reared on the farms of Cape Colony. Yet a disposition to think more highly of the imported than of the domestic article is often observed among American women, whose fondness for commodities bearing the brand of foreign manufacture is gratified by the simple expedient of sending Californian feathers to London, and bringing them back to the country of their origin. As London is the world's market for wheat, sealskins, and many other articles of necessity and luxury, so it is the world's market for ostrich feathers, from twenty to thirty tons of which are sold there by auction every two months. Nearly a million and a half pounds' worth of ostrich feathers is shipped from South Africa yearly, but only a few thousand dollars' worth from the United States. Yet there are large tracts of Californian land well adapted to ostrich farming, and there is no reason why the industry should not grow to great proportions. The feathers from each bird are worth about six guineas a year to the producer—a sum which leaves a large margin of profit. At one time birds in South Africa fetched as high as £1000 sterling a pair, but now chicks from three to six weeks old can be bought in California for forty dollars (about eight guineas) a pair, and yearlings for one hundred and fifty dollars (about thirty guineas) a couple.

In addition to the large farm at Norwalk, Messrs. Cawston and Cockburn have an exhibition farm at South Pasadena, about six miles from Los Angeles, where there are about a hundred birds. This, being much more accessible than Norwalk, and on the high road of tourist travel, is visited annually by many thousands of persons.

In the early part of last year Mr. Cawston sold most of his stock to a New York syndicate, and, when he wished to obtain a few more birds for his Pasadena farm, had some difficulty in doing so. Knowing, however, that at one time a troop of ostriches existed on the island of Kaui, one of the Hawaiian group, in July 1899 he sent a man there to find out if any of the birds could be bought. The ostriches had been taken from California ten years ago, but the enterprise had not prospered, and the troop dwindled to eleven full-grown birds and twenty-two chicks. The owner undertook to deliver these alive on the wharf at Honolulu, the chief city and port of the Hawaiian Islands. Before the contract could be carried out, a storm killed the chicks, leaving only eleven adult birds. These, being as wild as hawks, were caught with considerable difficulty, blindfolded, and put into crates. Then they were taken in small boats to the little steamer plying between the island of Kaui and that of Oahu, on which Honolulu is situated. Despite a rough trip, the eleven birds reached Honolulu alive, and were put on board a sailing-vessel to bring them to California. The ship met with bad weather and encountered two storms. Though the birds were cooped up in crates, they survived seasickness and all the dangers of the journey, and reached California safely. They are now on exhibition at South Pasadena, and seem to have suffered no injury from their two trips across the Pacific Ocean.

AN UITLANDER'S RIDE

BY EDWARD S. BOND

ILLUSTRATED BY A. D. McCORMICK

IN the heart of the Banken Veldt, between the wild fastnesses of the Drakensberg and the slopes of the Lubombo Mountains, lay the farm of Erasmus Uys. This particular district was the famous corn and grazing belt of the Transvaal, as Maputa, the "apprentice" of Erasmus, knew to his cost.

It was high noon, and the rays of a vertical sun shone hot upon Maputa's bare head with its mat of woolly hair. His features were not prepossessing, for the lips were thick, the cheeks puffy, and his eyes obliquely shaped. Yet, to the close observer, there were not wanting redeeming traits, for his Zulu face betrayed humour, shrewdness, good nature. Not that he felt especially good-natured at this particular moment, for since eight o'clock he had been toiling with the hoe among the rows of newly planted Indian corn.

"Gott bedank!" exclaimed Maputa, relapsing into Dutch *patois*, as he counted the remaining rows and found them but four; and, Zulu like, he squatted for a while behind a mimosa thorn, which entirely screened him from view.

Maputa was one of those Zulus who in

the reign of Panda, Cetewayo's father, had sided against Cetewayo in the struggle for the royal succession, and his faction having been well beaten in a battle on the banks of the Tugela, he had fled into Natal. Here he had caught the eye of the wily Erasmus, who, before trekking into the Transvaal, had apprenticed him body and soul, without pay, to weed, sow, reap, and tend his ever-increasing herds.

Maputa did not love Erasmus, and perhaps this was not strange. The Boer is an acquired taste—he does not command spontaneous affection; and Erasmus was no exception to the general rule. To begin with, his physique was repellent. The lithe and supple Zulu found nothing to admire in the large, loose-limbed, and corpulent body of his Boer lord. In the kingdom of mind Maputa was at least his equal. He knew by sight many a healing herb, could describe in native nomenclature the varied animal life around him, and follow the spoor with unerring skill.

Erasmus knew his Bible, but nothing else. A descendant of the Calvinists of the Netherlands and the Huguenots of France, he was Puritan to the core. The rustic seclusion in which he had passed his life, and long meditation on the Old Testament, had convinced him that the Boers were the chosen people, and that the blacks had been ordained from the beginning to draw water and hew wood. His Grondwet or constitutional law had so declared it, denying equality between black and white in Church or State.

But his contempt was not confined to the blacks. With him, all uitlanders were swindlers. He looked on their push and bustle with suspicious eye, reading in their increasing numbers a menace to his Promised Land of pastoral seclusion and a check to his "proper management" of the natives. The Book of Leviticus had said nothing about these interlopers on his privacy, therefore they must be Philistines. Virgin as was the soil of Erasmus's mind, it did not promise much fruit. In fact, his condition was one of being and resting rather than of growing and becoming. Such were the characteristics of Maputa's lord.

Rising from the lounge he had occupied since breakfast, Erasmus looked out of the window, and not perceiving Maputa at work, put on his veldtschoens,* and taking down an ox-whip from the wall, leisurely strolled into the mealie patch.

"Maputa, Maputa!" No answer. Then more loudly: "Maputa, you verdomnde black schepsel!"

This aroused the Zulu from his siesta: he got up and zealously recommenced hoeing, for the Boer's hand and whip were not light, and well Maputa knew it.

"You spawn of the Amalekite!" bellowed Erasmus as he came close up to the Zulu, "how many rows have you weeded in the last hour?"

"The Koos† sees big field, and does he ask how many rows?" replied Maputa with native evasion.

"I'll teach you to go to sleep," exclaimed Erasmus, as he noticed where the grass under the thorn was beaten down; and raising his whip he struck Maputa savagely across the back and shoulders till he cried out with the pain of the blows and begged for mercy. And he might have gone on appealing, had not the heat and exertion proved too much at last even for the phlegmatic Erasmus. Administering a parting kick, he bade him hoe the remaining rows and drive in the cattle for the night.

When he had gone, Maputa rose painfully from the ground where he had fallen. Tears stood in his eyes, but he brushed them impatiently away, and turned doggedly to his unpaid toil.

"How I hate him!" muttered he to himself, as he struck savagely with the hoe among the rank weeds, while green flies buzzed round him and settled on the red weals in his back. "If only the rooibaatjes of the Great Incos‡ would come, and not go away as they did before, that would mean freedom for Maputa."

There had been rumours of late that this might happen, and less than a week ago, when the smouse had called with his pack from the neighbouring town, Maputa had overheard him telling Erasmus how troops were massing on the border. The thought brightened his face, a grin overspread it, and his white teeth gleamed. The remaining rows were soon cleared, and Maputa breathed a sigh of relief as he straightened his sore back and started to tramp after the herds.

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* Veldtschoens: A rough shoe made of skins tanned in a decoction of mimosa bark and worn by the Boers.

† Koos: Chief.

‡ Great Incos: Lieutenant-Governor, representing the Crown.

Meanwhile Erasmus, full of righteous indignation, had gone back to his coffee and his vrouw Tanta. Clad in a dress of coarse cotton and close-fitting cap, her general appearance, unlike that of the Holland women, betrayed an antipathy to soap, a dislike which Erasmus fully shared. Perhaps the hot climate, fertile soil, and useful Maputa explained the anomaly. Whilst in Natal, Tanta had been obliged to do all the work of the farm, Erasmus's gifts lying more in the way of a general superintendence; but since Maputa's arrival she had led a comparatively idle life. A shrewd woman, having once tasted the sweets of leisure, she determined not to go back to the hoe. Always uneasy lest Maputa should vanish, she had more than once remonstrated with Erasmus on his treatment of the Zulu. Seeing her spouse come in now with the ox-whip, she guessed what had happened, and said:

"Erasmus, the Zwaart will trek some fine morning, if you're too free with the sjambok."

"Woman," snarled the Boer, "you're as bad as a tsetse-fly—one everlasting buzz. Keep your tongue tied, and leave me to manage the werft." *

There was a pause, and presently Tanta remarked: "The smouse was here today and said that the commandoes and veldt cornets are already called out, and Wakkerstroom is full of armed burghers."

"Are the cursed rooineks gathering?" asked Erasmus.

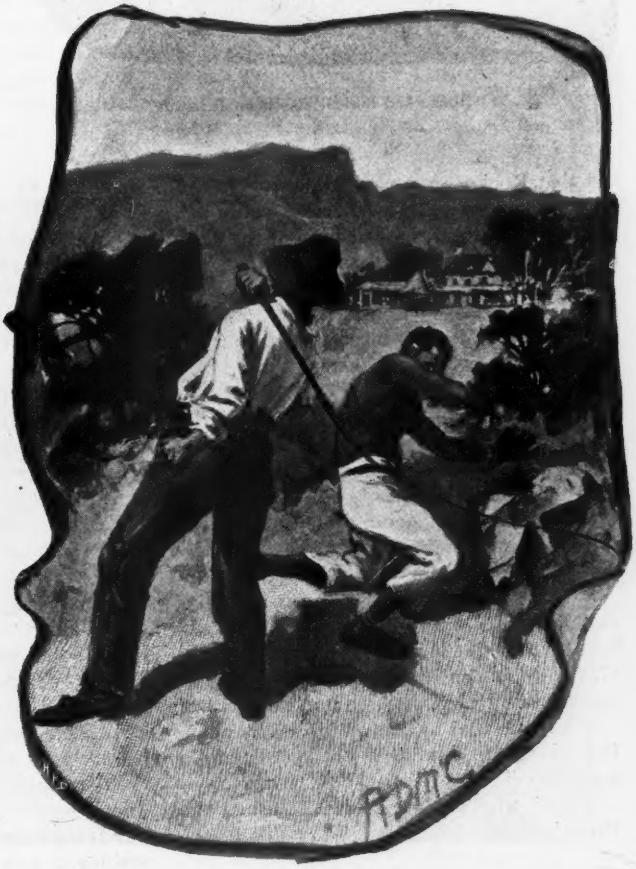
"He said there were a few hundreds at Newcastle, and that many are expected at Durban from some uitlander place."

"Yah, yah," sneered Erasmus, "the Old Woman is always sending, sending, but they don't come."

"But the smouse says they mean business this time."

"Let them," replied the Boer defiantly: "by the aid of the Lord we'll Majuba them yet."

"Don't you make too sartin sure of that," said a voice, and the Voortrekker, turning his head, saw framed in the open doorway the huge form of Jack Rooke, a recent arrival in the country, who since the previous autumn had kept the neighbouring store. Erasmus looked with suspicion at the man, who, with a laugh, descended the stoep and tethered his horse to the acacia-tree outside. The mere



"'I'll teach you to go to sleep,' exclaimed Erasmus'

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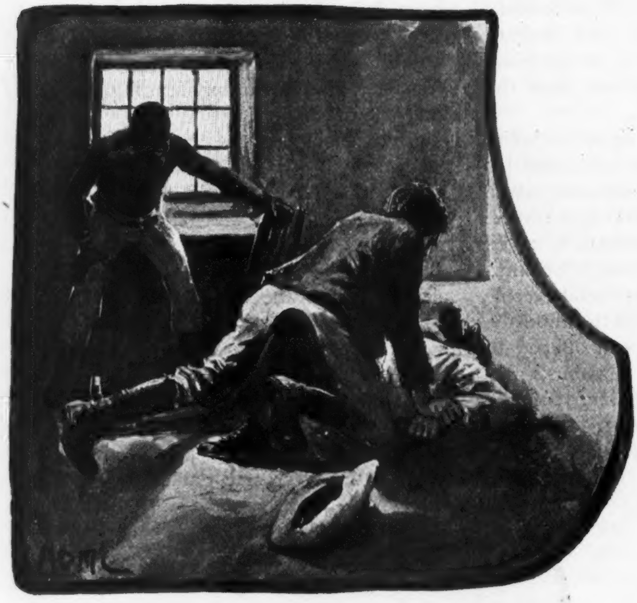
* Werft: Homestead.



"Rooke had hurled himself on Erasmus"

fact that Rooke was an uitlander was in the Boer's opinion quite a sufficient cause for mistrust; moreover, he had been at the werft more frequently of late than he liked.

"For why are yer not a-sarvin' on the local commando?" asked Rooke, having returned after making a tour of inspection round the house.

"Over sixty," replied the Boer surlily.

"Well now, I'd ha' thought as how the country 'ud need iv'ry man it can get."

"Perhaps it will be too hot for you presently," sneered Erasmus.

"Yer baint sich good shots as yer was since the big game's gone," remarked the uitlander, ignoring the other's suggestion.

"That's the fault of the Johannesburg swindlers with their gold-mines and music-halls; yet at the Wappenschouwing* held in Wakkerstroom only a week ago I saw a burgher break a bottle-neck at three hundred yards."

"A bottle-neck! That ain't good for nowt. It's a long call atween a bottle-neck and a springbok."

"Well, what's your business?" asked the Boer, irritated.

"Just this," answered the uitlander coolly, "you've gotten a Zulu here who ain't as happy as 'e shu'd be, an' so I've a-come for 'm."

"Maputa's my property," exclaimed the Boer, and scenting trouble, he signed to his vrouw, who went out.

"Why, did yer buy or beget 'm?" asked Rooke.

"Neither," said Erasmus sulkily: "he's apprenticed."

"'Prenticed, is 'e? I've 'eerd of these same 'prentices afore. I reckon you'll soon hav' to drop that game."

"That's what you rooineks tried before. You took our apprentices and gave us nothing in return, so to get rid of your meddling we trekked up here from the Cape."

"An' I reckon yer'll just hav' to keep on a-trekkin' as yer call it."

"You threatened that before," replied Erasmus with a sneer, "but with the help of the Lord we sniped you off the land."

This home-thrust was unpalatable to Rooke. He took a step forward, towering above the bloated figure of the Boer, and there was a menace in his voice as he said: "I didn't come to argyfy; I'm here to bring away the nigger, and by thun'ner I'll hav'm."

Erasmus moved towards the door, but Rooke was too quick for him and cut him off.

"You verdomnde verneuker!" cried the baffled Boer.

"I be astonned at you, as sets up for a Dutch gen'lman and keeps a 'prentice, a-goin' on so undiggified like: yer allus passed for a Bible man, you did. Now, look y' here. I don't want no trouble over this job; give up the nigger, and mum's the word as to what I seen."

"What have you seen?" asked Erasmus, wishing to gain time.

"I seen yer a-beatin' the very life out of the critter not an hour agone down in the mealie patch."

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* Wappenschouwing: A rifle contest.

"He was lazy and wouldn't work."

"Mebbe he were and mebbe he weren't; but where in your Ole Tes'ament as yer so mighty fond o' quotin' did yer find yer might treat niggers as cattle?"

The Boer was about to reply when Tanta returned and handed her spouse a loaded revolver.

"Accursed Engelschmann!" exclaimed Erasmus, advancing hand on trigger upon the unarmed uitlander, "the Lord hath delivered thee into mine hand."

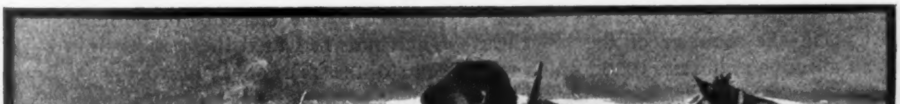
There came a low chuckle from behind. Maputa had crept in unobserved by the vrouw, and just as Erasmus was about to fire, he struck up his elbow. The revolver exploded, the bullet lodging harmlessly in one of the beams supporting the roof. In an instant Rooke had hurled himself on Erasmus, and by his superior weight borne him to the ground. Meanwhile, Tanta, frightened out of her wits, had gone out on to the stoep, where she was now uttering cries for help.

With Maputa's aid, the uitlander strapped Erasmus tightly to the heavy Dutch bedstead, and having bound and gagged Tanta, quickly mounted his horse, and placing Maputa behind, galloped off in the rain and gathering darkness across the veldt.

"Sit tight, Maputa. I reckon it's a matter of nigh on thirty mile, and no time to lose."

But to Maputa all sense of danger was lost in wild excitement; he could only think of one thing: he was going where Erasmus could not reach him. Could he but have executed a war-dance round the bedstead and tickled the Boer with the sjambok, his happiness would have been complete, but time would not admit of these frivolities.

Knowing the country was no longer safe for Englishmen, Rooke had planned his flight days before, but having heard frequent tales of Erasmus's brutality, he had delayed his departure, watching an opportunity to rescue Maputa, foreseeing that when the British advanced the Boer would probably shoot him. Still the risk was great, for the commandoes were out on all sides, and if he were sighted he might look for a



"Taking cool aim at the foremost Boer, fired" short shrift. His horse was fresh and he kept him to his best pace, intending to skirt Wakkerstroom and seek the shelter of the Pagwana Hills, where he hoped to fall in with the small British garrison at Ingogo. But the veldt, soft and green at first with the spring rains, became shingle-strewn, necessitating caution as he advanced southward, so that the dawn found him still north of Wakkerstroom.

The rounded sandstone hills of Pagwana were already visible when he was seen by a party of Boers, and a chase began. They had the advantage, for their horses were fresh, but if he could hold out for four miles, he felt he might cheat them yet. His pursuers gained steadily, and he looked to the priming of his pistols, which, thanks to the saddle-flaps, were dry. Calling to Maputa to duck his head, Rooke turned in the saddle and, taking cool aim at the foremost Boer, fired. The latter threw up his arms, swayed slightly, lost his balance, and fell. For a minute or two the pursuit slackened and the fugitives drew rapidly away, but as they rounded the first welcome spur, the shouts of the Boers urging on their horses came borne on the wind, and Rooke redoubled his efforts.

Right in the shoulder of the hill ahead was an abandoned quarry, round which were grouped several caves. Selecting one at random, Rooke and Maputa dismounted, dragging the exhausted but unwilling horse within. Bidding Maputa lead the animal farther up the cavern, Rooke sheltered himself behind a boulder, and whenever a Boer showed himself, picked him off with his rifle. The Boers, never fond of fighting at close quarters, having lost several of their number, drew off to consult, and the uitlander took advantage of the respite to strengthen his position. With Maputa's help he gathered a quantity of the débris with which the floor of the cave was strewn, and piled it across the entrance so as to prevent it being rushed. This done, the Boers could be kept at bay so long as his scanty ammunition lasted. But, even so, their position was grave, for the odds against them were a hundred to one. True, if driven to it the horse would afford them food, but to destroy it would greatly increase the difficulty of escape, and they had no water. The quarry which had given them shelter was in reality a death-trap, for the Boers held its only exit, and the hope which Rooke had cherished, that they would withdraw from sheer disgust at being unable to dislodge him, was quickly dispelled. From his look-out he could see them collecting dead brushwood, and their intentions soon became evident. A long rope lay on the ground; over this some brushwood was thrown, tied in a bunch, and, the other end attached to the saddle-pommel, a horse started to draw the load towards the cave. This was repeated several times till the opening was almost choked, and all the while Rooke, resolute to reserve his powder, dared not fire a shot. Then came a pause in the operations outside, while many of the Boers refreshed themselves from their wallets. In his hunger Maputa had betaken himself to the saddle-bags, and having fished out some biltong * and hard biscuit, was now squatting beside Rooke contentedly munching his share.

As darkness came on, Rooke could see groups of men furtively creeping up to the cave. One of them carrying a lighted torch stooped as though to examine the ground. There was a hissing sound as of a snake, followed by the crackling of burning sticks. The fiends had fired the powder-train which led to the pile of brushwood. A broad tongue of flame shot upward, illumining the sandstone quarry and revealing a hundred uncouth figures leaning on rifles. The wind drove the smoke in thick, resinous volumes into the cave, and Rooke fell back, calling to Maputa with half-choked voice. The horse snorted and plunged in the tainted air, but there was no chance of saving him, and the gallant brute that had borne them so well was left to his fate.

Farther into the dense gloom of the cave pressed Rooke and Maputa; narrower and narrower grew the walls and lower the roof as the ground sloped upwards. The smoke-wreaths scudded past them, a blinding and suffocating blast from the furnace behind. Rooke expected every moment to come to the end of the passage, but as they advanced and the smoke thinned, a faint hope stirred in him that there might be some outlet on the other side of the hill. Groping with his fingers along the wall of rock, and holding Maputa by the other hand, Rooke suddenly

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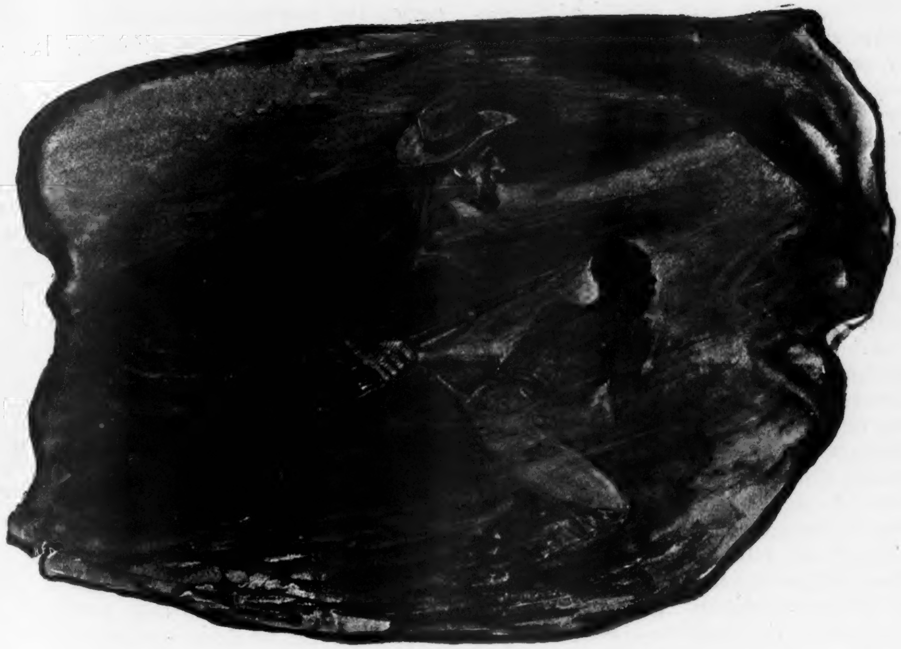
* **Biltong: Strips of dried game flesh.**



"In front might be life and liberty for them both"

turned a sharp corner to the left. Striking a light, he saw the columns of smoke sweeping past him, drawn on apparently by some powerful suction. His spirits rose. Behind them lurked the death that had already overtaken his horse; in front might be life and liberty for them both. He would at least make a bold bid for them.

The air had grown less stifling now, but the roof gradually lowered and the passage became more narrow, compelling them to stoop and proceed in Indian file. After a while Rooke struck another match, and saw Maputa in front, now crawling on hands and feet, and in the flickering light the walls of the tunnel glistening with ooze and slime. The hiss of the burning match, as it fell at his feet, warned him that water was near. Dropping on all fours, and reluctantly abandoning his rifle, he called to the Zulu to go slowly. Thus they kept on painfully through the impenetrable gloom, with many a blow from the roof above, their hands and feet cut by the sharp wet gravel of the cave bottom. Presently Maputa cried out to Rooke to stop and listen. The sound of running water could be distinctly heard. Both now crept forward with the utmost caution, keeping close together. A glimmer of ghostly light stole upon them and ice-cold water began to play about their hands and feet. The light grew apace as they proceeded, the water deepening, while the roof rose and the bed of the cavern sloped downward. Ahead of him Rooke could dimly see Maputa, now wading waist deep in the swirling water, now clinging for rest to the huge boulders which abutted from the walls of sandstone rock. Suddenly the Zulu disappeared round a projecting boulder and Rooke heard a shrill cry. Almost at the same moment the force of the current carried him off his feet and swept him round the corner like a wisp of straw into a wide basin of calm water. Right in front the tunnel ended in an irregular arch through which the welcome stars shone. They had, in fact, struck one of the sources of the Slang River, the water percolating through the sandstone strata and accumulating in the impervious bed of the cave. In a few minutes both had swum through the arch and scrambled ashore.

Exhausted from want of food and the prolonged exertion, chilled to the bone by the icy water, with horse, rifle, and pistols gone, they nevertheless did not venture to stay where they were. Dawn on that bare terraced plateau might bring discovery and death.

After a slight rest, Rooke struck off at right angles to the trend of the Slang Valley, which he knew ran north-westerly to Charleston, hoping to reach Ingogo, about eight miles off, while darkness lasted. From time to time he turned to encourage Maputa, who, half dead, lagged farther and farther behind. The Zulu lacked the dogged tenacity of the Anglo-Saxon, moreover his apprenticeship to Erasmus had crushed out his spirit. Rooke was frequently obliged to wait for him to come up, and at last, when rather more than half the distance was covered, not seeing him follow, he turned back and found him squatting on the ground. "Maputa can trek no farther," he sobbed as Rooke vainly endeavoured to urge him. There was nothing for it but to carry him. How could he leave him there to perish but for whose cunning he might even now have been lying like a dog with a bullet in his brain? But he spoke sharply enough as he stooped to raise him on his shoulders, bidding him cling to his neck and keep quiet. For well he knew the Boer's tactics, and how he loves to pot his quarry from behind cover. In this manner, then, Rooke crept with his burden over the final range which separated him from Ingogo, though with frequent stoppages to rest and listen. But luck was with him, and as the first streaks of dawn showed behind, Rooke struggled into Ingogo.

Truly, they made a sorry picture enough: the uitlander, surrounded by a crowd, with haggard face and torn clothing, briefly telling his tale, while the naked Zulu stood by, with teeth chattering from the cold, his eyes well-nigh starting out of his head. But food puts life even into a black, and the Zulu's tongue was quickly wagging, so that the whole camp soon heard the full details of the rescue which else they might never have known, Rooke being a modest sort, not given to self-advertisement.

And the end of it all was that, in spite of protests he had to submit to be carried through the town in triumph, for had he not outwitted the "slim" Dutchmen? That in itself was a feat, let alone anything else. So at any rate thought the crowd as they cheered themselves hoarse. And for many a night the sole talk around camp fires was of the plucky uitlander's ride and how he and Maputa cheated the Boers.

THE GRACE OF FORGETFULNESS

By Mrs. JAMES MARTIN

ONE of the eminent saints in Puritan days is credited with the prayer, "Lord! keep my memory green." Probably, in the judgment of his friends, that was a petition for which there was little necessity, and which, if left unanswered, would materially increase their comfort.

Much has been written upon the advantages of long memories. The unfortunate fact remains, that those who are endowed with that doubtful boon are apt to be inconvenient intimates.

Such people are common enough. The gift, if such it be, is by no means confined to the human creature. Your horse will shy at the very same turn of the road where some fancied demon once startled him. Your cow, not generally credited with any special intelligence, will remember the clumsy fingers of an awkward dairymaid and obstinately withhold the daily supply of milk. As for your dog, he will remember you after many days, and will lament your absence, short or protracted, with possibly as much fidelity as your nearest and dearest. Wonderful stories are authenticated as to the minute and accurate memory displayed by animals. The nobler creature, man, it is to be feared, is scarcely always as faithful to kindly traditions. But he shares the power of recollection with many lower animals.

What a nuisance Smith was to us in school and college days! How his brilliant successes disturbed us like perpetual nightmare, haunting us, sleeping or waking, with visions of our own certain failures! Yet we knew we really were better students, disdaining cribs in our preparations, honestly working out a firm grip of our subject, and conscious with no false estimate of our powers that we had made good solid progress. But, set us down to an examination paper, "When we asunder part it gives us inward pain!" All our knowledge, our mastery of the subject, what had it done for us? Yet we had sported our oak, shut our eyes upon golf, turned a deaf ear to the clamour of the football field, and wrapped wet towels round our brow to cool our heated brains. While that fellow Smith had simply denied himself nothing: wine parties, boating picnics, golf tournaments, kept himself well to the front in everything, and headed the lists of course. What a memory he had! Turn over the pages of a book for half an hour and then have it all at his fingers' ends.

Yes, such competitors are perfectly exasperating to the average intellect!

There are women, too, we have all met such, who boast that they never forget anything. We have noted in necessary silence the sharp retort to the wearied bread-winner, who has returned home with half the commissions entrusted to him cosily resting in the depths of his memorandum book: "It's no use asking you to remember anything. And I made you out a list." Poor man! His wife's better memory ensures his having bitter herbs at least for his dinner.

With the dear little children too! How severely the often overtaxed and worried mother is apt to revenge their frequent "forgets"! "Your head is like a sieve," a provoked nurse said angrily to a smart but careless boy, "you can't remember anything." With more point than politeness the quick answer came, "I'm sure I wish *you* didn't either! You would be so much nicer if you'd sometimes forget."

Ay! to forget nicely would make a much happier world.

Some one by indomitable industry and a happy concurrence of circumstance, has come to be a widely-known outstanding man. Has it ever struck you that for one person who will praise the persistence that lifted him above his fellows, nine will recount with eager jest, petty little details of his foibles? He had such, of course. Possibly many of them. So have you! So have we all! Why burden memory with trifles of that sort, neither clever nor witty for the most part? They only suggest by the frequent repetition the smothered jealousy which it would not be wise openly to put into words. It is to be hoped that such recitals do not often aim at a deliberate lowering of the victim's reputation. Many resurrections take place every day, which are not by any means the resurrection of the just.

A dear old lady rises up to memory such as might well have suggested St. John's sketch of the "elect lady." Touching fourscore, with brow smooth, fair, unwrinkled; hair, almost white now, still shading the face with the natural curls of a long-ago fashion; spotless in attire, sweet in manner, gentle of speech,—an embodiment of peace which breathes calm all around. "Yes," she said when some troubled soul bemoaned their lot and exaggerated experiences; "long ago I left off asking God to help me to remember. I've found it of more use to entreat that He will make me able *wisely to forget!*"

How many of us do love to air our grievances! Like the best linens in the thrifty housekeeper's napery stores, they are taken out periodically, well looked over, carefully folded up, and put by till another convenient season. Which is quite sure to come, to the shame and confusion of everybody in the house.

"Well, there's one comfort," a sturdy mason said to us once after returning from his wife's funeral, "she will never say to me again, 'I told you so.' It was real provoking, yet she was a good sort of creature in the main."

Wisely to remember the best points of acquaintances, the bright loving actions of friends, the good intentions of little children, in fact to take the world at its kindliest, would be a new birth indeed to many. Gracefully to forget unguarded words, irritating behaviour, evil surmisings, the imputation of motives utterly beneath us (we dare to hope), all the malice, falsehoods, slander, which so often cloud our sky and sadden our hearts—that end would be worth achieving.

Keep memory green for all that is brightest and best as to both worlds—the home here, and the happier Home above. But cultivate that rare plant, "the grace of forgetfulness," especially in every attitude of your fellow man which ultimately and chiefly concerns and touches yourself. Forget wisely, and permanently.

FROM THE DIAMOND FIELDS TO DELAGOA BAY

FROM THE DIARY AND LETTERS OF CAPTAIN CHARLES WARREN (LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR CHARLES WARREN, G.C.M.G.), MAY AND JUNE 1877

CONCLUDING PAPER

JUNE 7.—We started off again, traversing the high grass reaching far above our heads, and got very wet in the process; the grass was so thick that Ravenscroft and I, walking side by side in the cart-ruts of the old road, could not see each other through the three feet intervening.

On our right, on emerging from the grass, we saw some most singular rocky spikes sticking up out of the plain. They seemed to be of trap, which had made its way straight up through the sandstone and then been left above when denudation had taken place.

We arrived near Pretorius Kop station at 9 A.M.; there is here a house in ruins in which we saw signs of life. On approaching cautiously we found here some Europeans, assistants of Mr. Hud, the botanist, engaged in collecting specimens. They had donkeys with them, and had come over from Pilgrims' Rest. This station is about sixty-five miles from Leydenburg. Here we struck the road made by Mr. Nelmapius from Pilgrims' Rest to Delagoa Bay.

The water here is in a pond, very dirty and brown. As we were breakfasting under a tree some Kafirs came up on their way from Natal to their kraals; we gave them some mealie-meal and tobacco, and they were very civil; one of them remained with us all day and pointed out the road. We were now in the bush veldt, the habitat of the tsetse-fly, and passed over rounded hills amid much wood. The Kafirs were just beginning to bring goods up to the Gold Region from their kraals, and we met strings of them. They usually saluted us with "Yes" or "Good bye." We were told we should find much water farther on. I went on with our Kafir to look for it, but found only a dry gully. This was rather a blow to us, as we did not know where we might find water again, and the Kafirs could give no information. Just then we met a string of Kafirs, and Peet's rugged old-young face beamed with joy. One of them had some bang!

Peet said that spirits made him drunk and stupid, but bang made him happy. I asked him how much would make him drunk, and he said one pipeful, so I earnestly asked him only to smoke half a pipe at a time. We were in doubt what the effect might be on him, but we thought, under the circumstances, we must let him smoke it. His system of smoking was very peculiar, and I never saw it practised elsewhere; it approached to a religious ceremony.

The bang was made into a paste and put into a bowl on a straight pipe inserted into a horn full of water, the hand was placed over the horn, and the smoke sucked out of the pipe through the water. When his mouth was full of smoke he took in a saucerful of water, and then placed a stick upright in the ground; against the top of this he put his mouth and let the water from it trickle down the stick, while he expelled the smoke horizontally from his mouth. Then he opened his mouth wide, gave three loud coughs without closing his mouth, and the ceremony was over.

After this we started on, and shortly before sunset arrived at an old station house called "The Lions' Spruit," where the station keeper, Hart, was murdered by the Kafirs during the war. It was surrounded by trees and thickets. In a spruit hard by we anxiously searched for water, as our oxen were perishing for thirst. At last we found a little in the sandy bottom; Ravenscroft had fortunately observed an old demijohn in the house unbroken, and this we took down with us and filled, and gave the oxen to drink out of a mackintosh.

This occupied us till sunset, when we put our oxen into a strong wooden kraal, which we secured, leaving the Kafirs with a fire, while we ourselves went into the room where poor Hart was murdered and barricaded the open windows and made a fire, after sweeping out the interior, which did not seem to have been touched since the murder took place. We were very much fatigued and unwell this evening, from the complete change of climate, and quite unable to take regular watch. I was sleeping with my rifle at my side when I was suddenly roused by seeing the barricade of the window tumbling in on me and a large animal in the middle of it. I sprang up and brought my rifle to bear on him, and was just going to let off when the animal laid hold of the muzzle of my rifle and begged me not to shoot him just yet. It was Ravenscroft! He had got up, and in passing to the fire had knocked down our barricade and tumbled in amongst it.

June 8.—We were up at daybreak, and got more water for our oxen, and then started off through the bush veldt; there was very little game to be seen, one large animal, probably a giraffe, which disappeared among the trees. About midday we met two white men coming up from Delagoa Bay, the first to open up the road from the sea since the war.* They were both in miserable health from the fever and could barely totter along; they had Kafirs with them to carry their baggage. We gave them some tea and food, and saw them off on their journey, which looked to us rather hopeless. One of them could eat nothing at first, he seemed simply to wish to lie down and die; but we had some Worcestershire sauce, and made him a stiff glass with some water, and when he had drunk it off he sat up and would eat quite hungrily. I know of nothing better than Worcestershire sauce to give an appetite when recovering from fever.

Towards evening the country became greener, the woods resounded with the songs of birds, pleasant and agreeable, quite different from anything we had heard at the Cape; buck were seen sporting about in all directions, and we shot what we wanted to eat; we were evidently approaching water. About sunset we arrived at the Crocodile River, about eighty yards wide and three feet deep, with a hard sandy bottom, the banks fringed with reeds. We crossed without difficulty, we ourselves sat in the cart with our feet in the water, as we were advised to keep as near as we could to the splashing of the oxen and shouting of the driver and Kafirs. On the east bank we found some old houses belonging to the road company, and close by was a Kafir kraal. We put our cattle into one Kafir hut and crept ourselves into another, and passed a quiet night, though we heard lions near at hand at intervals. We were here only 450 feet above the sea, and on the road made by Mr. Nelmapius from Pilgrims' Rest to Delagoa Bay, which we had struck at Pretorius Kop. The ruling gradient of this road is very gentle, the whole fall to the Comatie River being only 1850 feet in forty-seven miles.

The ground passed over consisted of a succession of rounded hills with a fall to the north-east, with gullies about ten feet deep, at intervals of about one mile.

June 9.—There are plenty of large game about these parts, but none came across us, probably owing to the sudden influx of Kafirs, arising from the change in the government of the Transvaal, which causes a sudden development of the trade. On speaking to the Kafirs here it was difficult to ascertain whether they had any clear idea as to the change in the government, but they knew very well how much was a shilling, and how much it would buy.

We started early, and at midday came upon Englishmen bound for Pilgrims' Rest; they seemed in pretty good health, but gave a bad account of the fever at Delagoa Bay. They were accompanied by a string of Kafirs carrying their luggage. At sunset we arrived at the Comatie River, of about the same size, but with more water, than the Crocodile River. Passing to the east bank with safety, we came to a store of Mr. Nelmapius, which had been closed during the Kafir war and had not been plundered. We here stopped the night in some small huts; there were plenty of lions about, and we had to keep

(From a photograph by C. H. Temple, London)

VIEW NEAR THE CROCODILE RIVER. KAFIRS CARRYING BAGGAGE

up good fires, but we felt much better and slept well in our turns.

June 10.—We were now in the thick of the tsetse-fly country—a thick bush veldt—but we did not see anything of them, probably because there was a fresh wind. We constantly came upon the fresh spores and droppings of lions, but they themselves did not come in our way. We now began to ascend the Libomba range, about 300 feet in height, well wooded, and at 1 P.M. passed the boundary stone separating Transvaal and Portuguese territory [III], and we commenced descending until we arrived at a Kafir hunters' kraal in the bush. They asked us to remain near them, and we outspanned under a thorn-tree and lighted our fires near it; the Kafirs also kept up their fires during the night. They amused us by mocking the cries of wild beasts during the early part of the evening. The lions made much noise about us, but we were now getting accustomed to them and would scarcely take the trouble to keep up our fires well lighted, but when they did get low and we were blowing them into a blaze it was disagreeable to think that there was one near ready to make a spring. The Kafirs were very friendly and exchanged presents of meat; they were delighted to look at our guns. They are now well armed from Delagoa Bay, and are rapidly thinning the game and driving it away.

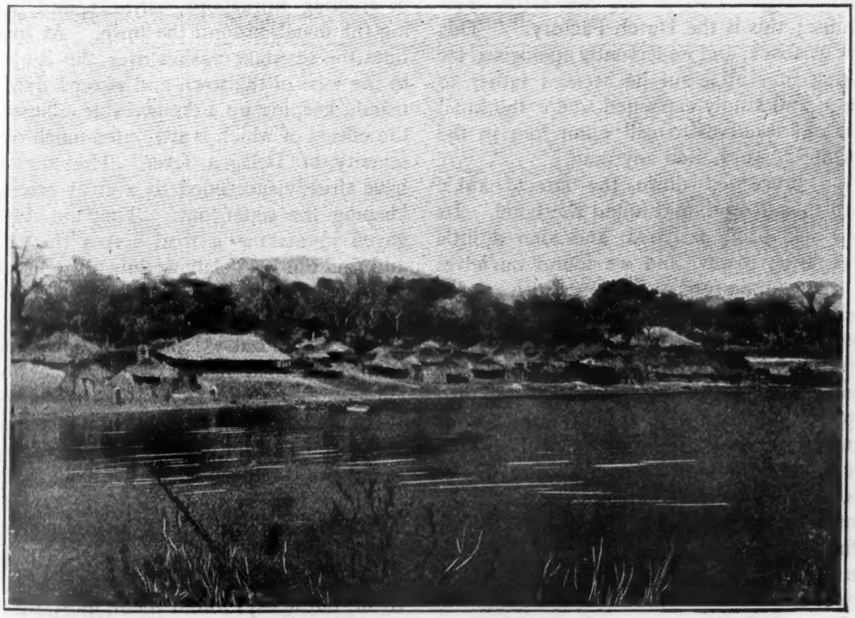
June 11.—We were now in the great plain surrounding Delagoa Bay, and had to push on, so as to reach the Bay by night, as our steamer was expected in the morning.

We passed on rapidly through the veldt with only two oxen, two being worn out and driven behind us, and at breakfast-time came on some hunters (Kafirs), who gave us some palm-wine. This was quite fresh, but it rapidly fermented and soon it became so intoxicating that we thought we had better throw it away, for fear our boys might get hold of it. At midday we came upon what appeared to be interminable Kafir kraals and mealie-grounds. We wanted water for our oxen, but were told we must get leave from the chief. This delayed us some time, but eventually we watered our oxen and pressed on, but now we lost our way among the several Kafir paths, and at last were obliged to hire a man as guide. Many of the Kafirs could talk a little English, but none Portuguese.

When night came on we found ourselves in a wood with some water and grass; our guide tried to persuade us to stay here for the night, and our boys did not like going on with only a lantern, but we had to meet the steamer.

Starting again at 8 P.M. we went through the thick bush, and about 9 P.M. found ourselves in an awkward position, with our oxen and cart stuck in a spruit of bitter water. There had apparently been a road here once, but it had all sunk in the morass, and nothing now remained but soft mud, about three feet deep. The oxen were very much alarmed in walking on it, taking it for a quicksand. It took us about an hour to get our cart out of its difficulties, and then only by laying down some timber in the mud. We now proceeded, and we all whistled together, as all natives seem to have an idea that a lion will not come near the sound, but it was amusing to notice that every now and then, when there was a roar near, the whistling became a quaver for a moment. At midnight we came to a Kafir kraal, and there found a Portuguese trader. He with his Kafir wife most kindly gave us some tea and cake. She was dressed in five calico pocket-handkerchiefs stitched together, two in front and three behind; it made rather an elegant dress. Although the trader lived among the Kafirs, he did not know anything of their language, and made no attempt to learn it. At first he refused to speak to me, but eventually we got on easily, I talking Spanish and he Portuguese. None of the Kafirs here, except the trader's wife, could speak Portuguese, but many knew a little English.

The trader told us there was a very dangerous bridge in front of us, and advised us to cross it in daylight. However, we hired a Kafir to point out the bad places, and passed it in safety, but with a very small margin. We were now travelling by night in a heavy dew, wet and cold and hungry, with our boots covered with malarious stinking mud of the bitter spruit, so we



(From a photograph by C. H. Temple, London)

VIEW OF COMATIE RIVER

took a little quinine to ward off the fever. About 3 A.M. we came to the entrance of Lorenzo Marquez, guarded by a sentry, who was so astonished at our appearance that he lost his bayonet, and was some time before he found it stuck somewhere in his clothing.

He stopped us and inquired whether we had cargo, which led us first to suppose that he in his sleepy condition had mistaken us for a ship drifting in at the land-gate; an ox-cart was evidently so unusual a spectacle.

The sentry called the officer of the guard, who was equally astonished at our arrival; but he, with great presence of mind, said he would go and inform the governor of our arrival (3 A.M.).

He accordingly disappeared behind a house for a little while, and then returned, announcing that we might enter.

We asked him for the Hotel Fernandez, upon which he took us up to the first large house and began to beat the door violently, and then took us to the back of it and wanted one of us to jump over the wall. We thought there might be a dog on the other side and declined. After knocking for half an hour the proprietor appeared, announcing, "This is not the Hotel Fernandez; this is the Dutch Factory." This took us aback, and we fervently apologised for waking him up; but he seemed rather to like it, and kindly explained where the hotel was, and asked us to call upon him in the morning if we wanted anything.

We proceeded down the street, ankle deep in sea-sand, and found the hotel. Its door was badly fastened, and after a little struggle gave way, and we found ourselves in the dining-room, redolent with garlic. We were very tired and made our beds on the table, leaving our boys to shift for themselves. At daybreak the servants were greatly surprised to find us, as no ship had come in, and strangers from the gold-fields almost unknown; they go up but they don't come down this way. Our first care was to know whether our cart and oxen could remain in the street, and the Kafirs keep up a fire and cook their meals in the middle of the thoroughfare. To this there was no objection.

Our arrival created some excitement in the place; it was only the third vehicle which had come down from the Gold Regions, and we were the first people down since the war. That we should have brought our oxen through the tsetse-fly country seemed a marvel to them, and we were even congratulated on not losing our Kafirs.

There are about six stores in Delagoa Bay and about fifty Europeans, for the most part married to Kafir wives; in this matter so strikingly different to the Dutch people in the high veldt, who have a horror of a Kafir wife. There was very little chance of selling our cart, for there were several carts there that had not been used for years. Our oxen, after much bargaining, we sold for £20, thus losing £20 on them. They were to be cut up for butcher's meat.

There is very little going on in the Bay, and the imports must be very small, except in firearms. Many thousands of rifles, we were told, are sent up annually to the Kafirs.

The railway plant lies fretting on the beach. I calculated about twenty-four miles of single rail, but the storekeeper informed me there were forty miles of it.

A party of engineers sent out by the Portuguese Government on a three years' commission are now at Delagoa Bay, engaged in erecting workshops, barracks, and draining the marsh around the town. At spring-tides the seawater washes over the lowlands to the west of the town and sweeps over the marsh, keeping up a disagreeable effluvia, to the effects of which is attributed much of the severity of Delagoa fever. The engineers have already succeeded to a great extent in keeping the water out. They are also engaged in making a road across the marsh, and find the Kafir labour difficult to manage. The Portuguese seem to keep themselves aloof from the other Europeans.

The Kafirs outside the town do not seem to be governed in any way by the Portuguese, and are said to be very treacherous. We found them uniformly civil and obliging. We were particularly told at Leydenburg and elsewhere by the Boers to show that we considered them to be dogs, otherwise we should lose their respect; but this course we did not consider desirable. We sat down among them, fed with them, and joked with them, but always found them most deferential.

There is now a considerable influx of Kafirs from Delagoa Bay to Cape Town, the steamer

Natal, by which we left for Cape Town, carrying sixty of them.

Regarding the road from the Gold Regions, it is evident that Mr. Nelmapius and his company have done much work, cutting a path through the bush veldt and erecting houses. The whole distance from Leydenburg is about 165 miles, but the portion from Pretorius Kop to Leydenburg is unfit for any kind of vehicles. The road, however, from Pretorius Kop to Pilgrims' Rest is said to be passable.

In the deep kloof of the mountain sides there is much timber between Leydenburg and Spitz Kop, but it is difficult of access. From Pretorius Kop to Delagoa Bay the bush veldt extends, with more or less dense forests of hard and soft wooded trees; these trees do not grow to any size, being seldom more than five feet in girth. Several varieties of the mimosa-tree abound, some with the most lovely seeds, which rapidly fade in a few days. The wood might be made useful as log timber for the road through the marshes, though not so well adapted to this purpose as pine-trees. It would also be sufficient for the supply of fuel for a line of railway for many years, provided the trees are properly thinned instead of being cut down *en masse*.

The Delagoa fever appears to be of a bilious remittent type, and is ascribed generally to the malaria from the swamps near Lorenzo Marquez. The intensity of the fever may be due to these causes, but as the same fever prevails in some of the hill districts of the Transvaal, it is possible that the true cause of this fever may be found elsewhere.

The tsetse-fly is said to follow the game, and if the Kafirs continue their present use of firearms, not only the fly but also the game will be exterminated in a few years. Should this take place, one bar to easy transit between Delagoa Bay and the Transvaal will be removed; but even at the present day it seems that the tsetse-fly country, which is said to be eighteen miles broad, can be passed through at times without great danger. Two of our oxen were said to have already been down to the Bay and back again from Pilgrims' Rest, and the four oxen arrived at Lorenzo Marquez without apparently having suffered in any way, although we had to drive them nearly forty miles on the last day. They accomplished the 165 miles in eight

DURBAN FROM THE BEREA

days, giving an average of twenty-one miles a day.

During this journey we passed for about 500 miles through the Transvaal, and thought that the account of its wealth had been much exaggerated. A land where horses, cattle, sheep and fowls die suddenly of an incurable disease cannot progress very fast. The seasons are also most uncertain and the people indolent. A great influx of British might stir up the country, but otherwise I cannot understand how it is to develop suddenly in the manner so often forecast.

The *Natal*, Union Company steamer, arrived on June 12, and left with us the same day, and we arrived at Durban on the morning of the 15th. We had the usual disagreeables of landing, on account of the bar to the harbour. We got deluged with water, and my pocket-book with various notes got wet through; and here I learnt an important lesson, as all the notes, written on prepared paper with metallic pencil, vanished as the sea-water penetrated to them. The scenery in the harbour of Natal reminded me of the Menai Straits without the mountains behind, and without the beautiful green.

We went out to see the sugar and coffee plantations, but we were not impressed with any sign of progress. The service was carried on by coolies from India, and as they came back from their work there were columns of men coughing in a terrible manner, as I had never heard a body of men cough before. Evidently the climate does not yet quite suit them.

Durban is not paved; there are good shops, but it is disagreeable to have to proceed down the street knee-deep in sand. (Shortly after this Durban was properly paved.) Embarking on board the *Natal* on the 16th, we arrived at Cape Town on June 25, on our way to England as I supposed, but another visit to Griqualand West was in store for me.

A CRUISE IN A TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER

By C. STEIN

I FOLLOWED my hospitable host through a hole not quite two feet wide in the scanty deck and, descending a ladder, found myself in the tiny cabin. "There is your bed," he said, pointing to a narrow bunk, "and I will sleep on this locker. When you wish to wash, you will pull this handle and a basin will fall out of the side, and if you want anything you must shout for my servant." I was being received as a guest by the commander of H.M.S. ——, a gallant craft which ranks as a torpedo-boat destroyer, shortly and officially known as a t.b.d. It is wonderful what an air of comfort a naval officer can give to the most exiguous accommodation, and the two or three pictures, the array of family photographs, the few books and the little nicknacks on the desk showed that even this place, which a country squire would consider indifferent lodgings for a retriever, was the home of an English officer and gentleman. And, small as it is, he cannot claim the whole of it for himself and his traps. The rifles of his ship's company are stowed in racks against the sides, and a trap door in the floor is labelled "Stores." However, after all, it is perhaps more roomy than were the cabins in the old gunboats of the Crimean War time, where a man of reasonable inches could only stand upright by putting his head through the scuttle in the deck above. "Now I will show you the wardroom, and then it will be nearly time to get under way." Up to the deck, and then down another ladder into a very slightly bigger apartment, where there is a table at which all the officers take their meals. There are bunks round the sides where sleep the three subordinates—the sub-lieutenant, the engineer and the gunner. Every inch of space is utilised, and here at least the old problem of putting a quart into a pint pot seems to have been practically solved.

Having been made free of the officers' quarters, I am led to the bridge, where the twelve-pounder quick-firing gun is mounted and the officer of the watch has his station. There is not much room for walking, and there are many pitfalls for an unwary stranger. Even when the ship is at rest it is a matter of no little difficulty to avoid tumbling down a scuttle, rapping one's shins against some article of equipment, or coming to grief over a coil of rope. How any one can pick his steps from one end of the deck to another when the ship is knocking about in a sea-way must to me ever remain a marvel. "You see we have four funnels, and we call them Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. I must give them a lick of paint when we next have some time to spare in harbour." Mark, indeed, evidently blisters more than the others, and will be none the worse for a little freshening up.

Our torpedo-boat destroyer belongs to the Mediterranean squadron, which, in a Sardinian bay, weighed early this morning, and she has been left behind to bring on the mails. It is half-past 8 A.M. (I ought to say one bell has just struck); we get up our anchor and plunge forward at sixteen knots. How the whole framework throbs and quivers with the waking up of the engines, and what a white wave is churned as we thrust our bows into the sea! Nobody who has not been on a torpedo-boat destroyer knows what the liveliness of a ship may be. Even in a flat calm, the kick of the propellers, the vibration of the machinery are quite enough to make one feel that there is no stability left in the world, but when there is anything of what sailors call a "lop," the added motion is only to be borne by the most case-hardened mariner, and very few men escape from much inward unhappiness, at any rate in the beginning of every cruise. I was most profoundly thankful that my cruising in a torpedo-boat destroyer was done in the flattest of flat calms. It is a very curious thing, however, that the vibration of any ship is much greater at certain speeds than at others. For instance, when the —— was moving at anything under ten knots the vibration was comparatively little; at eleven knots it became so great that one felt as if the whole framework must shake to pieces; at twelve knots and over it was again reduced until nineteen knots was reached, when it once more became excessive. Then at twenty knots and over there was little more motion than at the slowest speed. I need hardly say that, unless it was imperatively necessary, the —— was never called upon to steam at eleven or nineteen knots.

By half-past ten we had overtaken the fleet moving leisurely along at nine knots, and the —— took her place at the head of the column of torpedo-boat destroyers which hovered on the flank of the stately battleships and cruisers. Then for two hours the Admiral played with the entire fleet. He formed the ships into one line, into two lines, into columns, into half-columns. He collected them, he dispersed them, he made them take up every possible tactical formation, and the marvel was how simply and easily it all appeared to be done. A few flags fluttered out on the flagship, and immediately the leviathans responded to the order without the smallest fuss or hesitation. No other ships in the world increase and diminish their speed so often as do those of the British Navy. What nerve and judgment their commanders must have, what must be the rigid discipline and thorough efficiency among their engineers, when they so minutely preserve their stations under every varying requirement, never treading upon the heels of the next ahead or getting in the way of the next astern! When I said "no other ships in the world," I did not except those belonging to the navies of other Powers, for it is a matter of common knowledge that our fleet constantly performs tactical manœuvres which are never attempted by any other fleets that sail the seas.

The full power and the possible weaknesses of torpedo craft in battle are still matters of uncertainty, and tactical experiments are constantly being made, on the result of which some definite ideas may be founded as to the best means of attack on their part, and defence against that attack by battleships and cruisers. Orders had been given for one of these experiments by the Admiral, and it was to be carried out during the night. The flotilla of four torpedo-boat destroyers was to part company about six in the evening and steam about forty miles. They were told that at 10 P.M. the squadron, steering a course between E.N.E. and S.S.E., would be within twenty miles of a certain latitude and longitude. Between 11 P.M.

and 2 A.M. on the following day the torpedo-boat destroyers were to endeavour to find the squadron, and their commanders were to arrange among themselves a plan of action for attaining this object. Now these orders presented a sufficiently difficult problem to the officers commanding the torpedo-boat destroyers: they represented in their details the probable task that would fall to torpedo craft stealing out from a blockaded port and trying, with a view to subsequent action, to get into touch with the main fleet of the blockaders of whose whereabouts only a very vague indication was available. The application of such a problem to our Mediterranean fleet is very evident. I was fortunate in being present when a serious attempt was made to find a solution for it on paper, and in seeing the paper solution put into practical form. I shall not weary any one who may read this by going over the influence of each point that had to be considered, the rates of speed, the calculation of distances, the radius within which the possible starting-point of the squadron was to be found, &c. &c., nor shall I enlarge upon the close study of these points which occupied the senior officer, armed with charts, compasses, parallel rulers, and other weapons for three long hours in our little wardroom. Let me tell of the actual conditions of the night's work. All lights were to be extinguished in the squadron; even navigating lights were not to be used. On each ship only one shielded lantern was permitted, showing right astern, so that all might keep their stations in column. The squadron would then be a collection of shadowy objects moving over the sea, on which nothing could attract the eye except the occasional reflection thrown by the engine-room furnaces on mast or funnel through the hatchways. On the torpedo-boat destroyers also no lights were to be visible. Clear as the weather was, there was no moon, and lying low in the water it was doubtful whether the sharpest look-out could have detected one of the little craft at half a mile distance. To a landsman it seemed almost equally impossible that the torpedo-boat destroyers could find the position of the battleships or that the battleships could detect the stealthy approach of the torpedo-boat destroyers. But by constant training the eyes of sailors have become like those of cats. They have acquired a marvellous faculty for seeing in the dark, and on H.M.S. —— at any rate, there was no hesitation in plunging forward at tremendous speed, trusting only to nerve and vigilance for carrying out its duties and avoiding the common dangers of the sea.

The plan of action adopted by the torpedo-boat destroyers was to divide the great forty-mile half-circle, within which calculation had shown that the fleet would be found, into several sectors, each of which was taken for examination by one torpedo-boat destroyer, and there was perfect confidence that one or other of the flotilla would be successful in its search.

I daresay very few people indeed, who are not sailors, have stood at night on the bridge on a vessel while it is rushing through the water at twenty-four or twenty-five knots; when there is no spark of light anywhere to be seen except the dim and shaded lantern in the little recess that shelters the chart and signal-book; when, looking aft, there is the long black deck with its funnels spouting the trail of smoke that marks how all the engines are working at highest pressure, and, looking ahead, there seems nothing but impenetrable darkness. I can only say that such a situation is not without excitement, and that a man may go far before he finds himself thrilled by such novel and acute sensations. Our search has begun at last, and we are speeding to the distant portion of the sea which we are to patrol. Still, even now we may fall in with the squadron, and eager eyes are peering into the surrounding gloom. The sky is clear and starlit, but there is a haze on the surface of the sea that irksomely limits our horizon. There is little hope that we could distinguish anything more than half a mile from us, and indeed even that would be doubtful. Our own greatest danger is that of flame and sparks rising from the funnels. Such a glow would be visible for a very long distance and would effectually betray us. But this danger is minimised by very careful stoking and the watchful control of our engineer. Of our four funnels, Matthew was the only one that misconducted itself once or twice and lighted up the night with a burst of lurid flame, but the misconduct was only momentary and was quickly corrected.

Of course we did not persevere long in

our lightning rush through the water. The Mediterranean itself would have been all too small for our course, and a very high rate of speed means such a depletion of the bunkers that we should have had to fill up with indifferent coal at some Italian port before we could return to the stores of best Welsh at Malta. As soon as we arrived at our special cruising-ground speed was reduced to twelve knots, and the little ship began to quarter her allotted space of sea as a well-trained pointer quarters a field of turnips. Once we had a moment of excitement. A light was seen dimly through the haze, and our course was altered so as to observe it closer. But, from the direction in which it was moving and the speed that it maintained, it was soon evident that it was only the navigating light of some peaceful ship; and we resumed our fruitless quest.

Our quest was fruitless. As far as we were concerned the fleet was not found at 2 A.M. and, if we had been engaged in the "real thing," we should now at once have fallen back to a prearranged rendezvous. As it was, we turned our course towards the next port at which the fleet was to touch. If we were unlucky, however, the scheme of search as a whole had been perfectly successful. Two of the other torpedo-boat destroyers sighted the fleet and the required object was gained.

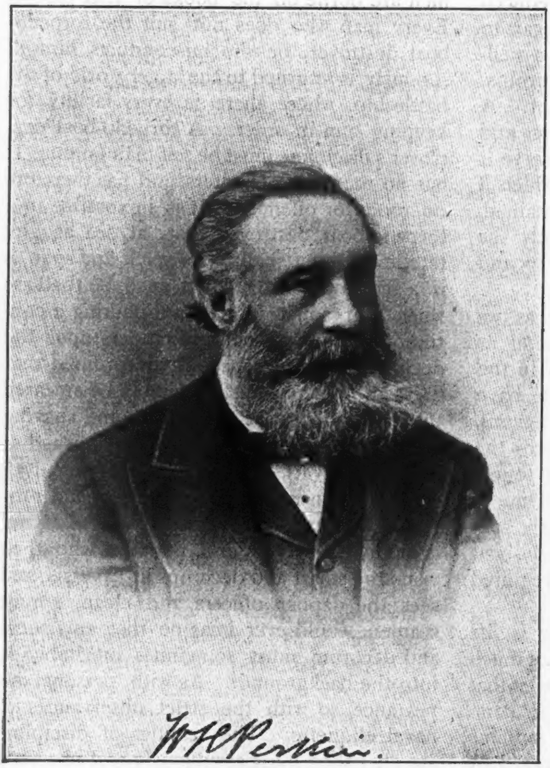
Service in torpedo-boat destroyers is life indeed. I have hinted that there is not much luxury on board, but officers and crew let that pass with a shrug. The lieutenants in command are men who still preserve the sublime audacity of youth, though it is tempered by the cool judgment and mature reflection that come from a sense of authority and responsibility. They are the salt of our young naval officers. Hardy, untiring, masters of all the minutiæ of their profession, they are ready to undertake any enterprise however daring and to extricate themselves from any difficulties however apparently overwhelming. As one of them said to me, "The command is just the position for a young man who has not yet forgotten his schoolboy tricks or lost his schoolboy spirit." They are Captain Marryat's heroes in the flesh—no longer the fools of their families, but highly educated, scientific gentlemen, who have still the lightest of hearts for any emergency and are hungry for honour at any hazard.

The ships' companies are all picked men; that is to say, they are picked for their special position. Each torpedo-boat destroyer is affiliated to a battleship, and all officers and men are borne on the books of that parent. Every man who does not suit the torpedo-boat destroyer, or who misconducts himself seriously, is returned to the larger world of the battleship, where there is every facility for keeping him in order. A torpedo-boat destroyer's discipline must be self-maintaining. It has no room for defaulters, and has therefore no room for offences. It is impossible in a torpedo-boat destroyer that, at sea at any rate, everything shall be as spick and span as in a big ship. How could such be the case when four squat funnels are pouring a continuous shower of soot and cinders upon the deck, when every space is so confined that dress and person must inevitably be smeared with oil and dust at every turn, and shaving and washing are only to be accomplished at distant intervals with the greatest difficulty? Of course, in harbour the trimness and propriety of her Majesty's ships of war are carefully preserved, and nobody, who then visits the smart and decorous little vessel, and sees the dapper officers and clean, spruce seamen, would ever imagine that smartness and decorum must sometimes inevitably go into the background. As with personal appearance, so with the strict observances of naval etiquette. The realities of discipline are cherished most assiduously and observed most strictly, but, by force of circumstances, there is a laxity in some details of conduct which would never pass in a battleship or cruiser. The very polished people whose lot is cast in the big ships may look upon the *personnel* of torpedo craft as rough, uncouth dogs who lead an uncouth life, but torpedo-boat destroyers have their own *esprit de corps*. Their men know their own value. They pride themselves on their rough work, and they make it a point of honour to maintain the character of British bluejackets afloat and ashore.

PRESENT-DAY LEADERS OF SCIENCE

III.—WILLIAM HENRY PERKIN, Ph.D., LL.D., F.R.S.

By Professor SYDNEY YOUNG, D.Sc., F.R.S.



(Barrauds, Limited, photographers)

DR. PERKIN

Of late years much attention has been given to the subject of technical or applied chemistry, and it is to be hoped that this movement will be so judiciously carried on that much will be done for perfecting and developing the chemical manufactures in this country; but it appears that there is an idea in the public mind that there are two kinds of chemistry in existence, one suitable for the manufacturer, and the other suitable for the scientific man; and unless this idea can be successfully eradicated, it is to be feared that much of the value of this movement will be lost, and we shall be left in the position of followers instead of leaders; copyists of what others are doing, instead of being originators of new processes and industries."

These words were spoken by Dr. Perkin sixteen years ago in his presidential address to the London Chemical Society: they are as much needed now as they were then; and if we were to search for an illustration of the truth of the statement that the chemistry of the manufacturer is the same as that of the scientific man, no better one could be found than that afforded by the life-work of Dr. Perkin himself.

Dr. Perkin's name is as well known in the world of commerce as in that of pure science. His earliest work was of a purely scientific nature, and it was in the prosecution of this work that he was led to the discovery of the first "aniline" or "coal-tar" colour. Recognising the commercial value of this discovery, Dr. Perkin then devoted a great part of his time to the perfecting of the methods of preparation of this and of another important colouring matter on the large scale, and to their application to the dyeing of silk, wool, and cotton. He did not, however, give up pure science, but carried on his scientific and manufacturing work together, the one helping and not hindering the other. Finally, he retired from business, and has since devoted, and is still devoting, his time to research.

William Henry Perkin was born in London on March 12, 1838. At a very early age he was interested in mechanical pursuits, and had already given much thought to the question of his future career. When twelve years old, after seeing some chemical experiments, notably on crystallisation, he made up his mind to be, if possible, a chemist.

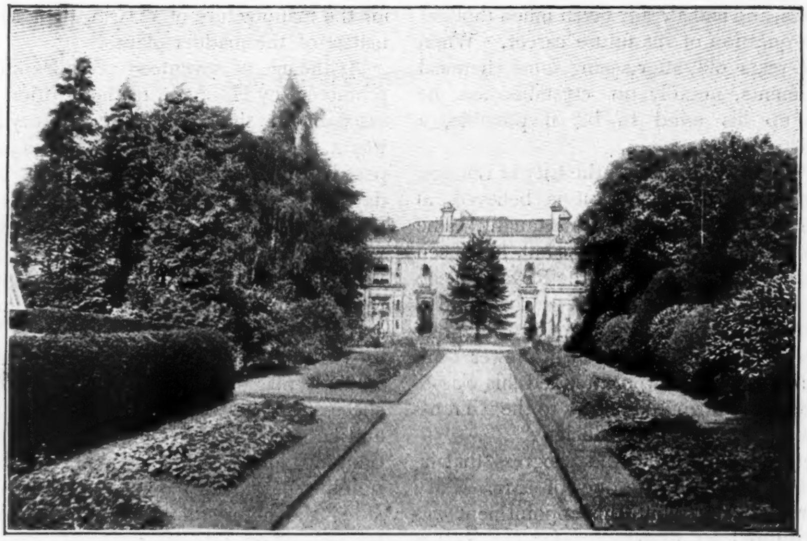
At this time he entered the City of London School, the first school, it is believed, at which experimental science was taught. The science master, Mr. Thomas Hall, had been a student of Hofmann's at the Royal College of Chemistry, and was evidently imbued with some of the enthusiasm of that great teacher and investigator, for no fewer than eleven of the boys who attended his classes afterwards contributed papers to the "Transactions of the Chemical Society."

Perkin made such rapid progress that he was soon installed as one of Mr. Hall's lecture assistants, but this appointment was not without its drawbacks, for the lecture experiments had to be prepared during the dinner hour, and Perkin's absorption in his work was so great that he not infrequently forgot about his meal until the time for it was past.

Perkin's father, who was a builder, wished his son to be an architect; but fortunately, after much discussion with Mr. Hall, he allowed him to follow his bent, and in 1853, while in his fifteenth year, he entered the Royal College of Chemistry. Here he went through a systematic course of chemistry, and, to his great delight, was soon allowed to begin a research on a hydrocarbon—anthracene, obtained from coal-tar. This investigation led to results which could not be reconciled with the then accepted but really incorrect formula for anthracene, and it was given up. The experience gained, however, proved of the utmost value, and some of the compounds prepared in the course of the research were afterwards employed for the manufacture of alizarin, the colouring matter of the madder plant.

At the age of seventeen years Perkin was promoted by Hofmann to the position of an assistant in the research laboratory; this was a great honour, but the duties of the post left little time for private work in the daytime; he therefore fitted up part of a room at home as a laboratory, and here he worked in the evenings and during the vacations. Hofmann in 1849 had suggested the possibility of preparing quinine artificially, and in 1856 Perkin made an attempt in his own laboratory to effect the synthesis of this valuable alkaloid. The result, though unsuccessful, appeared to him to be interesting, and he determined to continue the investigation, no longer with a view to obtaining quinine, but, by using simpler materials, to study the nature of the products actually formed. For this purpose he selected a substance, aniline, which could be prepared from benzene, a constituent of coal-tar. The aniline was treated with an oxidising agent, potassium bichromate, when a black precipitate was obtained, and this precipitate was found to contain a brilliant colouring matter, since known as aniline purple or mauve. Further investigation showed that the colouring matter had the properties of a dye and that it resisted the bleaching action of light very well. Receiving some encou-

PART OF INTERIOR OF LABORATORY, SUDBURY



DR. PERKIN'S HOUSE AT SUDBURY

ragement from Messrs. Pullar, of Perth, to whom Perkin sent some specimens of dyed silk, he took out a patent in August 1856.

Unfortunately, though silk and other animal fibres were readily dyed by aniline purple, cotton was not to any considerable extent, and it seemed doubtful whether the colouring matter could be used successfully by cotton dyers and calico printers. The question of cost was also a very serious one, aniline being at that time a very expensive substance. Hofmann, indeed, tried to dissuade Perkin from attempting the preparation of the dye on a large scale, fearing on the one hand that the project might end in failure, and on the other hand that Perkin's great abilities would be lost to pure science.

Perkin, however, was undaunted; he determined that his technical work should not interfere with the prosecution of research, and he continued his experiments, finding that other compounds, nearly related to aniline, also gave purple colouring matters when oxidised.

Finally, having been encouraged by Mr. Thos. Keith, a silk dyer of London, to go on with the production of aniline purple, Perkin's father and brother decided to join him in the undertaking, and in June 1857 the building of the works was commenced at Greenford Green near Harrow.

Some idea of the difficulties encountered may be gained when it is considered that none of the partners had ever been inside a chemical works, and that new kinds of apparatus had to be devised for most of the operations. Then, again, benzene could only be obtained in a very impure state, and some of the materials required for its conversion into aniline had to be manufactured in the works. However, within six months of the time the building of the works was commenced Messrs. Perkin & Sons were supplying "Tyrian" purple, as it was then called, to the silk dyers.

Soon afterwards Mr. Perkin and Mr. Pullar independently discovered a method by which the colouring matter could be applied to cotton dyeing, and this was afterwards used for calico printing; thus the last difficulties were overcome, and the demand for the purple increased enormously.

The success achieved by Mr. Perkin led numbers of chemists to attempt the preparation of similar colouring matters, and in 1859 M. Verquin in France discovered the second coal-tar colour, fuchsine or magenta. Since then a very large number of these colouring matters have been prepared, and but little difficulty has been experienced in their application to dyeing and calico printing, the pioneering difficulties having already been overcome by Mr. Perkin.

The value of this work was soon recognised abroad, and in 1859 the Société Industrielle of Mulhouse awarded Perkin a silver and later a gold medal.

It has already been mentioned that Perkin's first research was on anthracene: his attention was again directed to this hydrocarbon by the famous discovery made by Graebe and Liebermann in 1868 that anthracene could be converted into alizarin, the colouring matter of the madder plant. The method they employed was, however, too expensive to be used on a manufacturing scale, and Perkin determined to attempt the conversion of anthraquinone, the oxidation product of anthracene which he had previously prepared, into alizarin in the same way that benzene could be economically converted into phenol or carbolic acid.

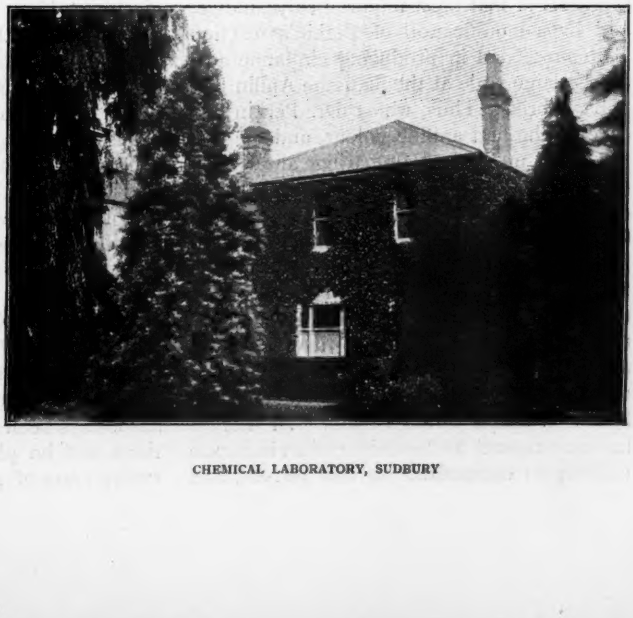
The difficulties proved to be great but were finally overcome, and a second workable process was also discovered which at first was of great value, but was eventually given up in favour of the earlier one. In 1869 one ton of alizarin was produced at the Greenford Green Works; in 1870, forty tons; in 1871, two hundred and twenty tons; and afterwards in increasing quantities year by year, until at last the preparation of alizarin from the madder plant was entirely given up. Perkin, however, was not content merely to carry on the manufacture of aniline purple and alizarin; he continued the scientific investigation of the derivatives of anthraquinone and was able to show that a series of colouring matters, nearly related to alizarin, could be obtained from it.

Perkin was unquestionably the founder of the coal-tar colour industry. The aniline colours and alizarin were for some time made almost exclusively in this country, but the enormous scientific activity of the Germans has enabled them to overtake us and to become by far the largest producers of artificial colouring matters. In one German chemical works one hundred and fifty highly trained and educated chemists are employed exclusively to carry out original investigations, and thus the number of colouring matters and other useful products is constantly being increased, and also better and more economical methods of preparation of the older ones are being devised.

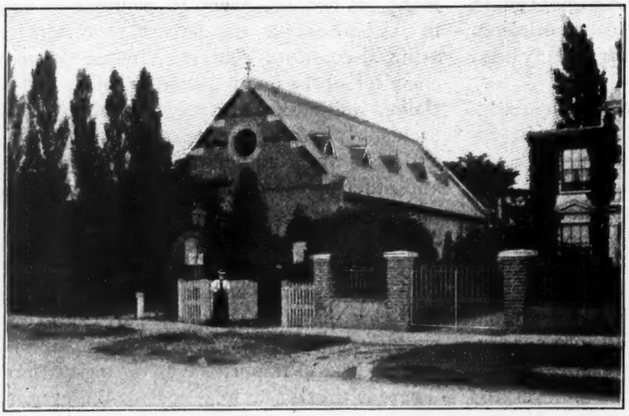
We are still the largest producers of coal-tar, yet we now for the most part export the simpler derivatives such as benzene, aniline, and so on, and import the colouring matters. There is thus an annual loss to the country of many millions of pounds.

In 1874, after being engaged in the coal-tar industry for eighteen years, Perkin retired from business and has devoted himself during the last quarter of the century to purely scientific investigations. Two of these were carried out in conjunction with the late Mr. B. F. Duppa and resulted in the synthetic formation of glycocine, a derivative of gelatine, and of tartaric acid. These syntheses were of special interest because at that time (1859–1861) only a few compounds of animal or vegetable origin had been formed artificially in the laboratory.

In 1867 Perkin demonstrated the chemical nature of a compound, salicylic aldehyde, which, on oxidation, yields that valuable



CHEMICAL LABORATORY, SUDBURY



DR. PERKIN'S MISSION HALL, SUDBURY, KNOWN AS "THE NEW HALL"

antiseptic, salicylic acid. Following up this research, Perkin succeeded in effecting the synthetical formation of coumarin, the odorous principle of the Tonka bean, sweet-scented vernal grass, &c., and he showed that coumarin is a member of a large group of odoriferous substances, many of which he prepared artificially.

In the course of these researches a very useful reaction was discovered, now known as "Perkin's reaction," by means of which unsaturated acids, such as cinnamic acid, (the corresponding aldehyde occurs in oil of cinnamon) could be obtained. Now, cinnamic acid was employed by Baeyer in the synthesis of that most important dye, indigo, and by a modification of Perkin's reaction Caro succeeded in producing cinnamic acid on the large scale at the Badische Anilin und Soda Fabrik. Thus, whilst Dr. Perkin discovered the first aniline colour, and the first workable method of preparing alizarin on the large scale, his researches were also of assistance in the elaboration of a process for the artificial production of indigo.

But Dr. Perkin's work has been by no means limited to the field of organic chemistry. It had been observed by Faraday that substances when placed in a powerful magnetic field acquire the property of rotating the plane of polarisation of a beam of light that passes through them. Dr. Perkin has investigated the behaviour of an immense number of compounds in this respect, and has discovered very important relations between the "molecular magnetic rotation" of organic compounds and their chemical composition and constitution. He has, in fact, made this most interesting branch of physical chemistry almost entirely his own.

Dr. Perkin's immense services to pure and applied chemistry have been widely recognised both in this country and abroad. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1866, at the early age of twenty-eight, and was awarded the Royal medal in 1879, and the Davy medal in 1889. He became a Fellow of the Chemical Society in 1856, and was one of the hononary secretaries from 1869 to 1883, when he was chosen as President. In 1888 he received the Longstaff medal of the society. He was President of the Society of Chemical Industry in 1884–85.

The Albert medal of the Society of Arts was awarded to him in 1890, and the Birmingham medal of the Gas Institute in 1892. As an illustration of the width of Dr. Perkin's researches it may be mentioned that the Davy and Longstaff medals were given to him in recognition of his researches on the Magnetic Rotation of Bodies, the Albert medal for his discoveries in colouring matters, and the Birmingham medal for his discoveries on the coal-gas industry.

Dr. Perkin did not take an ordinary degree at a University, but in 1882 he received the honorary degree of Ph.D. of the University of Würzburg, and in 1891 the honorary degree of LL.D. of the University of St. Andrews.

Notwithstanding the immense amount of work done by Dr. Perkin, his interests and sympathies have not by any means been confined to his scientific pursuits. Music has always been one of his favourite recreations, and he played the violin when under twelve years of age, having learned from his brother. He also plays the piano, violoncello, and double bass.

Part of his leisure time has also from the first been taken up with drawing and painting, and when about fourteen years old he took a great interest in photography, which was then in its infancy. Nowadays, when photography—of a kind—can be practised by any one almost without trouble or previous training, it is not very easy to realise what it meant in those early days. Dr. Perkin started, as a boy, with the Daguerrotype process on silvered plates, and made most of the apparatus himself during his half-holidays. Afterwards he worked at the wax-paper (Talbotype) process, then the collodion process, and so on. The necessary chemicals were difficult to obtain, and he was obliged to make not only the printing paper, but even the gun-cotton required for the preparation of the collodion.

No account of the life-work of Dr. Perkin would be complete without at least a reference to the philanthropic and religious work which he has carried on so long and so unostentatiously at Sudbury and Harrow.

Dr. Perkin has had the great satisfaction of seeing three of his sons take distinguished positions as chemists; one of them, Professor W. H. Perkin, F.R.S., occupying the only chair of organic chemistry which has yet been founded in this country.

SNOWDROPS

Blossoms blown from the breath of Spring,
Messages sweet to me ye bring
From my fair lady far away,
In the land where the mountain spirits play
And the waters seaward sing.

My love has a garden, fair and free:
Its beauty blooms by the sleepless sea—
And the days come and the days go,
They drift through winter and wind and snow,
And I know she dreams of me.

Here I bide in a dingy place,
Where hearts grow hard in their mammon race,
And love is sold in Sin's sad mart,
And the world forgets it has a heart,
And veils in night its face. . .

But here, in the hate, and the sin, and scorn,
As I linger, lonely, and sick, and lorn,
See—I lay one bright blossom by—
It shall sleep on my bosom when I die,
Till the dawn of Judgment Morn.

And out of the dust of my dead heart
Sweet blossoming bells of snow shall start,
As thoughts of my lady, none know how,
Spring from my living heart, even now,
As the fleeting hours depart.

And, in the Morn of God, I know,
They shall say, "Who gave these thoughts of snow
To this poor poet, who lies asleep,
Under the grasses, quiet and deep,
While the ages o'er him blow?"

Wilt thou stand up then, my lady fair,
And say, in the golden silence there—
"He is my poet, although he lies
With the dust of death in his darkened eyes,
And dust in his heart of care. . .

"He is my poet; and all the years,
Through days of joy, and nights of tears,
I loved him still, with a heart of snow,
Pure as the bells on his grave that blow,
With a love that knew no fears.

"When he lay alone, 'neath the quiet greensward,
In the silent night of the dim kirkyard,
I dreamed of him, and I know, in his sleep,
He dreamed of me, though the grave was deep,
For love by the grave keeps ward."

Shall we roam together then, hand in hand,
Through the glades and the glens of the deathless land?
Yea, chaste as a queen in robes of snow,
Pure as these blossoms, your soul shall go. . .
Will the angels understand?

L. Maclean Watt.

THE CREDIT VERSUS THE DEBIT SIDE OF EUROPE

By HAROLD MACFARLANE

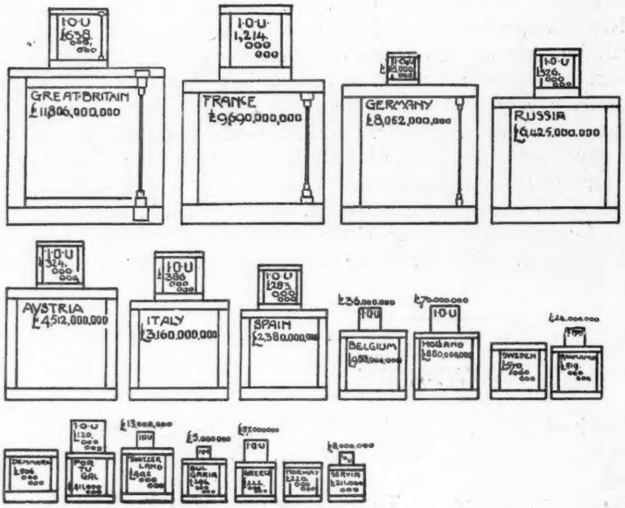

I·O·U £638,000,000
GREAT·BRITAIN £11,806,000,000
I·O·U 1,214,000,000
FRANCE £9,690,000,000
I·O·U
GERMANY £8,052,000,000
I·O·U £326,000,000
RUSSIA £6,425,000,000
I·O·U £324,000,000
AUSTRIA £4,512,000,000
I·O·U £386,000,000
ITALY £3,160,000,000
I·O·U £283,000,000
SPAIN £2,380,000,000
£36,000,000
I·O·U
BELGIUM
£70,000,000
I·O·U
HOLLAND £880,000,000
SWEDEN
£14,000,000
I·O·U
ROUMANIA
DENMARK
I·O·U £120,000,000
PORTUGAL
£13,000,000
I·O·U
SWITZERLAND
£5,000,000
I·O·U
BULGARIA
£37,000,000
I·O·U
GREECE
NORWAY
£8,000,000
I·O·U
SERVIA

Fig. 1

THAT the National Debts of Europe, when added together, amount to a sum so appalling that, if taken in sovereigns, they would form, if placed touching rim to rim, a golden ribbon 49,895 miles in length, or sufficient to twice encircle the globe at the equator, is a statement that is difficult to realise, the distance in question being so great. In Fig. 1, however, the wealth and national debt pure and simple, that is excluding municipal, county and communal rates and deducting the value of State railways, is shown for each European State separately, with the result that they both become more tangible.

A glance at Fig. 1 immediately shows that the safe containing the wealth of the United Kingdom (£11,806,000,000) is considerably greater than that of any other nation, whilst the small safe, drawn to the same scale, that stands upon it, and holds a sum equal to the National Debt of our nation, is almost half the size of that containing the debt of France, which is considerably greater than the total wealth of Belgium. If the total wealth of the United Kingdom were converted into sovereigns, the inside measurement of the safe portrayed in the diagram would be sixty-eight feet ten inches wide, deep and high; that is to say, it would contain 891,216 columns, sufficient, if placed twenty-six inches apart, to extend in a straight line from Land's End to Berwick-on-Tweed, each column being sixty-eight feet ten inches high (the height of the Cleopatra Needle) and each comprising 13,216 sovereigns, one on top of another.

Sweden, Norway and Denmark, it will be noted, are in the happy position of possessing debts that are fully represented by their State railways, which in the case of Sweden pay three per cent. on the cost of construction; Denmark, moreover, has in its treasury £3,500,000 ready for a rainy day. As far as debts are concerned, and excluding the three aforementioned nations, Germany is in

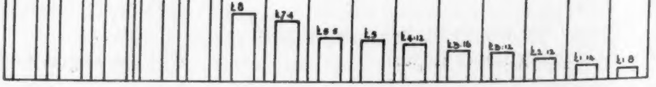


Fig. 2

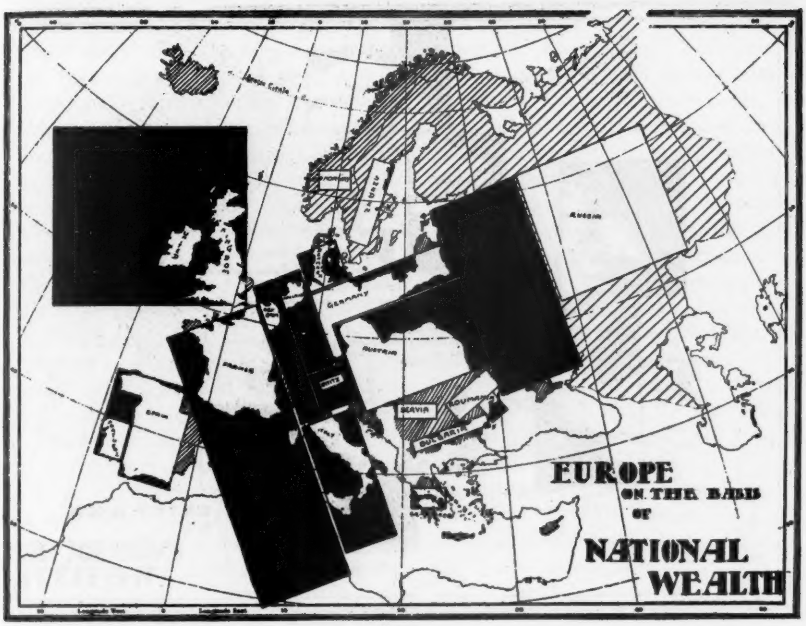
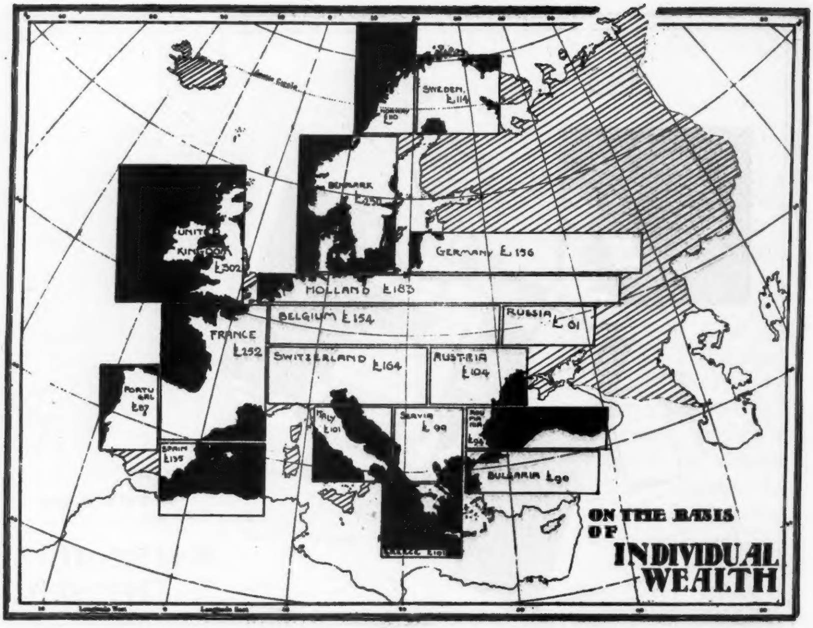


Fig. 3

the possession of a debt which is less than one and a half per cent. of her wealth; whilst the unfortunate Portuguese are crushed beneath a load of debt utterly incommensurate with their wealth.

In our second diagram this latter statement is illustrated in a manner that is most emphatic, for the columns devoted to each nation are in height drawn in proportion to the amount of debt each nation owes for every £100 of its wealth, and there we see the Portuguese column soaring to a most unenviable height above that of any other country, for out of every £100 of her wealth she owes £29, leaving a balance of £71 on the right side against the balance of £98 12s. that Germany can claim. The United Kingdom occupies a very central position in this diagram, having seven nations owing more per every £100 of wealth and seven nations owing less. If the diagram were arranged so that the columns were drawn in proportion to the amount of debt per inhabitant, then we should find that France would occupy the least enviable position with £31 per head, and would be followed by Portugal (£24), Greece (£17), Spain (£16 2s.), United Kingdom (£16), Holland (£14), Italy (£12 4s.), Austria (£7 10s.), Belgium (£5 14s.), Switzerland (£4 6s.), Roumania (£4 4s.), Russia and Servia (£3 each), Germany (£2 4s.), and Bulgaria (£1 10s.).

In our third diagram we have endeavoured to show the size of each nation if its area were in direct proportion to its wealth. As we have no desire to wound the susceptibilities of any of our neighbours by representing the United Kingdom spread over a large portion of the Continent, we have portrayed her great increase in area as having been reclaimed from the Atlantic Ocean; moreover, although a great number of square miles of the said Atlantic, together with the Bay of Biscay, the Mediterranean, the North and Black Seas, and Africa have been pressed into service, we would point out that the shaded area scattered all over Europe, representing No Man's Land, or rather undivided country, exactly equals it. In this diagram the nations are represented by rectangular figures, in which that portion of the nation as it stands to-day that comes within the boundary of the figure is left white, whilst the land "lifted" from neighbouring nations and from the sea



Arctic Circle
NORWAY £110
SWEDEN £114
DENMARK £250
UNITED KINGDOM £302
GERMANY £156
HOLLAND £183
BELGIUM £154
RUSSIA £61
FRANCE £252
SWITZERLAND £164
AUSTRIA £104
PORTUGAL £87
SPAIN £135
ITALY £101
SERVIA £99
ROUMANIA £94
BULGARIA £90
GREECE £101
ON THE BASIS OF INDIVIDUAL WEALTH
Longitude West
Longitude East

FIG. 4

appears black; thus the Spain of theory is chiefly made up of the Spain of reality plus portions of the Bay of Biscay, of Portugal, the Atlantic and the Mediterranean; Gibraltar, however, forms a portion of the large undivided area to which Norway, Sweden, and Russia so largely contribute. If Europe were divided up according to the wealth of nations, we should find that the various countries would possess the following areas:

	Actual area in square miles.	Theoretical area in square miles.	Increase.
United Kingdom	121,000	892,930	771,930
France .	201,000	732,877	531,877
Germany .	212,000	609,000	397,000
Austria .	269,000	341,260	72,260
Italy . .	114,000	239,000	125,000
Belgium .	11,000	74,725	63,725
Holland .	21,000	66,557	45,557
Denmark .	15,000	38,270	23,270
Switzerland.	16,000	37,311	21,211
			2,051,830
			Decrease.
Spain . .	183,000	180,000	3,000
Russia .	2,262,000	485,940	1,776,060
Sweden .	171,000	43,111	127,889

	Actual area in square miles.	Theoretical area in square miles.	Decrease.
Roumania .	48,000	39,253	8,747
Portugal .	37,000	31,085	5,915
Bulgaria .	39,000	22,388	16,612
Greece .	20,000	16,795	3,205
Norway .	122,000	16,640	105,360
Servia . .	21,000	15,958	5,042
	3,883,000	3,883,000	2,051,830

Of the nations who find by this method of partition their territory considerably increased the United Kingdom stands out prominently, her area being increased by an amount equal to six and a half times her present size; France's increase is two and two-thirds her present proportions; Germany's almost twice; Italy's one and a quarter; Belgium's five and three-quarters; Holland's twice; Denmark's one and a half, and Switzerland's one and a third. Spain practically stands where she is, but Russia's area is only slightly over one-fifth her present size, Sweden's a quarter, and Norway's two-fifteenths. Although Germany (see Fig. 3) would doubtless enjoy having ports on the Black Sea as well as on the Baltic, and Belgium would find it conve nient to have a seaport in the Mediterranean, these nations could hardly expect Russia and Italy to oblige them with the tit-bits of their respective territories, and it is more than doubtful whether Switzerland would squeeze up towards Austria to permit of French and Belgian extensions, for to move in that direction would in every sense find the merry Swiss peasant very much at sea, with which element he is at present far from being on familiar terms. Those nations requiring increases of territory would certainly have to peg out claims in Norway, Sweden, the Danubian Provinces, and chiefly in the Steppes of Russia.

As some nations, such as Denmark, Holland and Belgium, might urge that the partition of Europe should be based on a system whereby the industry of the individual should be taken into account, we have in Fig. 4 mapped out that portion of the Eastern Hemisphere according to the average wealth of the inhabitants of each country. Here we have had to borrow a considerable area from the Atlantic Ocean, the North Sea, Asia Minor, &c., but the debt is purely nominal, for Russia, Sweden, Italy, Spain and other countries in a minor degree, cheerfully contribute the territory that appears shaded in the diagram to supply the deficit.

On this basis we should find the various countries possessed of the following territories:

	Wealth in £ sterling per inhabitant.	Theoretical territory in square miles.	Increase.	Decrease.
United Kingdom	£302	463,900	342,900	—
France .	252	387,100	186,100	—
Denmark .	230	353,300	338,300	—
Holland .	183	281,100	260,100	—
Switzerland	164	252,000	236,000	—
Germany .	156	239,600	27,600	—
Belgium .	154	236,500	225,500	—
Spain . .	135	207,400	24,400	—
Sweden .	114	175,100	4,100	—
Norway .	110	169,000	47,000	—
Austria . .	104	159,700	—	109,000
Italy . .	101	155,100	41,100	—
Greece . .	101	155,100	135,100	—
Roumania .	94	144,400	96,400	—
Servia . .	90	138,200	117,200	—
Bulgaria .	90	138,200	99,200	—
Portugal .	87	133,600	96,000	—
Russia . .	61	93,600	—	2,168,000
			2,277,000	2,277,000

Even by this method of partition the United Kingdom and France retain the first and second places in point of size, but Germany, Austria, and Italy are relegated from third, fifth and sixth places to sixth, eleventh and twelfth respectively, Denmark, Holland and Switzerland becoming Powers in whose good graces Russia (now the smallest State in Europe), Austria, Germany and Italy would be only too glad to find themselves.

There is yet another method upon which the division might be arranged—*i.e.*, the assets per individual (wealth per head minus National Debt per head), but although this arrangement would alter the dimensions of the nations, the changes would only in a few cases alter their positions in the order given in the last table. The United Kingdom would still possess the greatest territory, but Denmark would usurp the position of France, Roumania would become more important than Italy and Greece, Bulgaria larger than Greece and Servia, Servia larger than Greece, and Portugal and Russia would be very much more of a size than they appear in Fig. 4.

If we took the wealth of Europe in sovereigns and melted them down we should have a sufficient number of cubic feet of gold (820,437) to make a solid pyramid of that metal having a base practically fifty feet by fifty feet (the actual figures are 49·86 feet by 49·86 feet), as high as the Eiffel Tower (see Fig. 5), which is more than twice the height of the Great Pyramid. With the gold representing the National Debts of Europe we could build another pyramid, also solid, almost seventy feet high, upon a fifty feet square base. A comparison of the credit and debit pyramids shows at a glance that this Continent as a whole is very far from being in a state of bankruptcy.

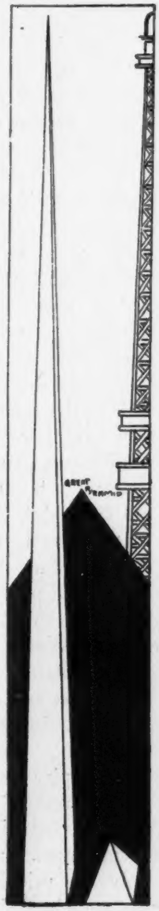


FIG. 5

"AND IN MY LADY'S CHAMBER"

By FLORENCE MacCUNN

DURING the last two decades, besides other tasks, the English people has set itself seriously to learn the Art of Pleasure. We have given up the superstition that we must plead duty for every agreeable act. We frankly enjoy our holidays and say grace for them: nay, more, we are beginning to multiply them. The old cant of "social duties" dies on our lips; we recognise calls and dinner-parties and shopping as varieties of idleness more or less agreeable. Shopping, indeed, must always have been one of the primary pleasures of the feminine world from the days when "goodly Babylonish garments" in "chests of cedar bound with cords" were heaped up on the sun-beaten wharves of Tyre to the most recent "clearance sale" which has inflamed feminine imagination. But never has shopping offered more scope and opportunity to adventurous spirits than now. We combine with mere acquisition all the pleasures of the chase. Book catalogues and stolen visits to back shops, crowded, dusty and famous, agitate even masculine nerves. Thirty years ago all but the most eager bibliophiles were content to order library editions of standard authors from their accredited bookseller.

It is the furnishing—or rather the decoration—of her house which provides the modern woman with the widest field for this new habit of pleasure-seeking. The old false idol, Gentility, has been hustled off to the garrets to be replaced by an honest spirit of Pleasure—Pleasure not very nobly descended possibly, allied to Fashion on one side and to Bargaining on the other, but still affording a daily measure of satisfaction to her votaries. The old, proud, silent consciousness of cost has given place to open-mouthed boasting of bargains and quick wits.

How pleasant and animated is the result of the change! Our rooms have so many agreeable qualities, luxury, wealth of colour, harmony of line, quaintness, refinement—only the priceless element of individuality has somehow slipped out! In the rooms of all our friends we enjoy the same Eastern rugs, the same well-bred Chippendales, the same charming affectation of Bartolozzi's prints, the same lovely confusion of palms blocking up the windows.

The rooms *are* typical, not indeed of their special occupants, but of the life which passes between their walls. The close proximity of the fine, traditional designs of old Italian embroideries with our grandmother's satin-stitch "shepherdess with landscape" is characteristic of an age which, failing to create new beauty, has a passionate appreciation of all things fair or rich or strange of every age. The excellence of eighteenth-century woodwork soothes a moral sense intolerant of slop-work, but hardly original enough to create and maintain a demand for fine work from our modern craftsmen. The prevalence of Eastern fabrics—rugs that have reached the Red Sea on camels' backs, isolated pictures of Japanese life caught by silk and needle, embroideries of intermingled scarlet and crimson from Bokhara—are they not part of the jetsam and flotsam of that tide of Commerce which, resistless as a force of Nature, carries all our life, national, political, economic, artistic, even domestic, on its broad expanse? And the flowers—meagrely cheering our winter, opulently crowning our summer—the palms throwing their network of grey shadow on our blinds, are they not the pathetic signs of that passionate regret for Nature which only the town-bred know? Our plan of life is hurried, crowded, entertaining, sympathetic: our rooms faithfully reflect our habitual mood.

Yet, looking back upon the early "seventies," it seems as if we might have followed a nobler path. Morris was revolutionising our household furniture, Ruskin was preaching his gospel of Beauty. But to these, as to Bunyan, the road to House Beautiful led up Hill Difficulty. The pursuit of Beauty—even in wall decoration or carpets—meant cost and originality and single-mindedness, and, above all, the power of renouncing a hundred conventional prettinesses for the possession of one serious piece of Beauty.

Morris was at once a poet and a crafts-man. Many of his early poems could only have been written by a man who had woven tapestries and worked in coloured glass. In much of his decoration he was directly inspired by the older poets.

Chaucer, who first led the way through trim gardens into the daisied fields and beechen glades where English poetry still loves to linger—Chaucer had still to deal with an English climate, and knew the joy of painted rooms and storied windows. Here is a room as he feigned it:

> And, sooth to say, my chamber was
> Full well de-painted, and with glass
> Were all the windows well y-glazed.
>
> . . . . .
>
> That to behold it was great joy,
> For wholly all the Tale of Troy
> Was in the glazing y-wrought thus
> Of Hector and of King Priamus.
>
> . . . . .
>
> And all the walls with colours fine
> Were painted both text and gloss,
> And all the Romaunt of the Rose.

The morning sun shining through that window of fourteenth-century glass stained a bare floor with rainbow dyes, little or no furniture threw shadows on the delicate colours and pleasant imageries of the wall.

This room of Chaucer's seems to shine with the colours of fine enamel, but if we turn to the lady's room in Keat's "Eve of St. Agnes," we seem to pass into the very heart of an opal.

Outside Chaucer's window green beeches stood against the summer dawn, small birds sang on the red tiles of the roof; outside Madeleine's window "the frost wind blows pattering the sharp sleet," and the faded moon makes "a dim silver twilight." It is like a jealous steel casket which, opening, catches a gleam from the jewel it hides. For this is the room:

> A casement high and triple-arched there was,
> All garlanded with carven imag'ries
> Of fruit and flowers and bunches of knot grass,
> And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
> Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes
> As are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings;
> And in the midst, 'mongst thousand heraldries.
> And twilight saints and dim emblazonings,
> A shielded 'scutcheon blushed with blood of queens and kings.

Imagination almost sinks under the weight of so much beauty. How glorious is the object in itself!—the simple forms, flowers and fruit and grass wrought in the sober stone; the passionate rich colour of the glass wedded to the glory and tragedy of life—"the blood of queens and kings"—the pure clear nimbus round the saint! But more than this: each word bears its weight of rich association. "Deep damasked"—is it dusky roses or brocaded silks from the East that the word suggests? "Twilight saints" and "dim emblazonings"—what melancholy, as of the waning of the age of Faith and of Chivalry, lies in the words!

More beautiful, because of certain intimate human touches, is the room of Bertha Pearl in Keat's "Eve of St. Mark."

The contrast between the cold April sunset lingering late in the Cathedral close and the homely room with its glow of firelight and dancing shadows is less sharp than between the outside chill and the jewelled light of Madeleine's room. Both are exquisitely adapted, the one to the innocent rapture of young love, the other to the breathless adoration of religious vision.

All through the long spring Sunday, while decent companies have passed churchwards in the streets, Bertha has hung entranced over an old and tattered parchment book, where.

> The stars of heaven and angels' wings,
> Martyrs in a fiery blaze,
> Azure saints and silver rays
>
> . . . . .
>
> Had taken captive her young eyes.

With forehead pressed against the pane, she hardly notices the gathering darkness, nor hears the silence fallen on the streets. When the last pale light dies in the sky she knocks the coal into a blaze, and then we see her room:

> All was silent, all was gloom
> Abroad and in the homely room;
> Down she sat, poor cheated soul,
> And struck a lamp from the dismal coal,
> Leant forward with bright drooping hair
> And slant book full against the glare,
> Her shadow in uneasy wise
> Hovered about, a giant size,
> On ceiling beam and old oak chair;
> The parrot's cage and panel square,
> And the warm angled winter screen,
> On which were many monsters seen,
> Called doves of Siam, Lima mice,
> And legless birds of Paradise,

Untired she read, her shadow still
Glowered about as it would fill
The room with wildest forms, and made
As if some ghostly Queen of Spades
Had come to mock behind her back.

Here the deep glow of light and the fantastic masses of shadow have an effect richer than any variety of colour. Three points of light stand out, the bent golden head, the gleam on the parchment, and the firelight lingering on the great screen, where the mysterious forms of Eastern art scrawl on the background of rich, japanned gold.

There is another room, more familiar to our imagination than either of these, where not a ray of colour enters and only the pure flame of the silver lamp lights the silent company of carven saints. Who does not know

The chamber carved so curiously,
  Carved with figures strange and sweet,
All made out of the carver's brain,
  For a lady's chamber meet,
The lamp, with twofold silver chain,
  Is hanging from an angel's feet?

In this age of Arts and Crafts will no Princess command such a chamber to be carved for her? Will no fine brain and firm chisel shape great winged archangels to guard the corners and groups of maiden saints—St. Agnes and her lamb, St. Margaret treading on her dragon, St. Katherine with her wheel — surrounding the Virgin Mother and her Child?

It is a fine and delicate fancy that would people a maiden's room with visions of angels and attendant saints. Nor is it wholly a fancy. In the years before the romance of love is felt, even in tremulous prevision, the romance of renunciation takes possession of many a young soul. St. Francis renewing the face of the whole earth by the spirit of love, St. Louis wearing his king's mantle over his hair-shirt, St. Theresa with her soul on fire, are the secret company of many a girl walking with quick steps and quiet eyes about her daily duties. Type of such girl-saints, alike unallured by the pleasures of the world and unappalled by its sin and heathendom, is little St. Ursula cheerfully leading her eleven thousand companions to the glory of martyrdom.

Her we find in Venice in a chamber, perhaps the most lovely ever imagined by poet or painter. So noble is the luxury, it seems more like severe simplicity. "Light, God's eldest daughter," as old Fuller calls it, steals through the green bottle-glass of the toplights, but where it shines clear through the lower pane a flowering pink and a pot of myrtle stand out sharply against the light. The myrtle will never be woven into a bridal wreath, *that* is put by as simply as the crown lying discarded on the bed-rail. The small classical figure on the bracket tells of a time greedily alive to the fragmentary beauties of antiquity; the Eastern rug was woven at Teheran, and brought on some Venetian galleon; others as rich and grave hang from windows on the Grand Canal when Venice keeps holiday.

The books stand slenderly on their shelves, after Fuller's prescription; the hour-glass numbers the days of one already applying her heart unto wisdom, the smooth unruffled sheets tell of golden slumbers and holy dreams, and the little shoes almost melt the mother's heart within one.

There is a curious spiritual kinship between the room Carpaccio imagined for St. Ursula and Albrecht Dürer's study of St. Jerome. They might both have been rooms in some noble palace of the Early Renaissance. In such lofty, well-lighted rooms might Vittorino da Feltre, gentlest of schoolmasters, have taught his children the wisdom of the ancients and the meekness of Christ. In such a study might Pico della Mirandola have treasured the two cases of manuscripts, the loss of which could alone have moved his angelic temper. For a certain noble and delicate luxury was the appropriate setting of their generous and toilsome lives.

Luxury is a perilous ally. For one who makes it his servant, exacting from it what may strengthen the soul and enrich and refine the life, numbers become its slaves, slaves none the less because of the pleasantness of the bondage.

In all the rooms we have passed through, wealth, commerce, and costly expenditure of skill have all had their part, but all have subserved the end of Beauty, all helped to express and to complete a noble ideal of living.

NO HERO

BY CONSTANCE SMITH

ILLUSTRATED BY MAGDELEINE MONTBARD

THE annual drawing for the conscription was over at Palazzuole, and the forty dark-browed lads on whom the lot had fallen were dispersing by companies to their homes in the neighbouring mountain villages. To each of these young dwellers in the Apennines the result of their recent dip into the urn of Fate signified entrance upon a life more or less distasteful, involving probable expatriation to regions where wasting malarial fevers and dark-skinned foes given to murdering prisoners and wounded in cold blood were believed to count among the commonplaces of the Italian soldier's existence. To some of them it meant even more, suggesting vividly the ruin of poor homes sustained hitherto by the labour of their hands, a vision of paternal fields abandoned to neglect, of mothers and sisters reduced to the extremity of penury which in Italy finds even the peasant's coarse bread too costly, and is fain to keep itself alive upon chestnuts. Yet all alike assumed an air of defiant cheerfulness, and the boy whose departure on the morrow to his garrison town must leave a crippled father without a hand to prune the family vines, or a troop of little half-clad brothers a prey to semi-starvation, sang and shouted as loudly as the rest.

Thus Andrea Baldi, of Castel San Martino, was all jests and smiles so long as his half-dozen comrades in misfortune were by, but no sooner had these parted company from him, leaving him to make his way along the rough mule track which led to his solitary home while they pursued their way to the village a quarter of a mile farther on, than his young face let fall the mask of gaiety. He looked up at the confused mass of white houses huddled against the brow of the hill above him, and down across the valley below—a typical valley of the Apennines, with a swift turbulent river babbling and foaming through its dark green depths, and great forest-clothed spurs, their purple gloom dashed here and there with a white fleck of waterfall, overshadowing it on every side, themselves overshadowed by frowning peaks still capped with snow (for the month was early April and spring comes late to the Tuscan Highlands); and his wandering eyes, coming back to rest on the sunny hillside ledge between the two, where his mother's pink-walled cottage basked among flowering vines, grew dark with sorrowful prevision. Already he seemed to see the neat vineyard overrun with weeds and the roof of the homestead crumbling into decay. Even for a grown man it was no easy matter to wring a living out of this strip of rocky soil. And his next brother, Pietro—the widow's best aid henceforward—was but twelve years old!

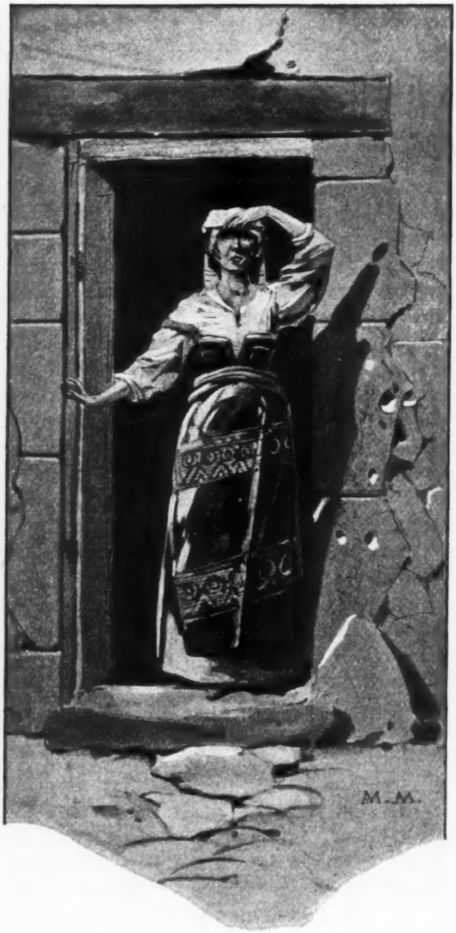
Andrea said some bitter things about the conscription, under his breath, as he clambered slowly downwards towards the little pink house. He was in no haste to reach it and kill his mother's last hope—the hope that he might have drawn a "lucky number."

But watch was being kept for him. Before his hand touched the door it was flung open from within, and a woman stood on the threshold—a woman of forty, who looked sixty, wrinkled and sharp-featured, with an agonised question in her sunken dark eyes.

"It is so, my son?"

"*Già*, my mother, it is so. Courage! It was to be. And the years will soon pass——"

Antonia Baldi interrupted wildly: "Oh, you talk, you talk! It is so easy for the young to talk—the young who go away. But what of us who stay behind—who are old, and must die before they come back? It was to be? Nay, say I—but it shall *not* be! The saints help those who help themselves. The substitute shall be



"Watch was being kept for him"

bought before I sleep. I have the money ready."

Andrea contemplated his mother with a troubled expression. Clearly she was beside herself.

"*Cara mia madre*," he said soothingly, "I think you hardly know what a substitute costs."

Antonia broke into an hysterical laugh. "Do I not? Who should know better than I, seeing—but I will show thee, unbelieving boy!"

She hurried away into the inner room, coming back, after a moment, with a coarse blue knitted stocking in her hand and a glow of triumph on her worn face.

"I do not know, eh? See here!"

With trembling fingers she dragged out the contents of the stocking, heaping them on the battered table between her and her son. Andrea started in astonishment at the heap, in which a few coins, silver and bronze, mingled with notes of every size and degree of greasiness: notes for one *lira*, for five *lire*, for twenty, for fifty.

"But how?" he stammered.

It appeared that Antonia had been engaged for years in amassing this hoard against the present evil day. She had given Signor Piave of Palazzuole a mortgage on the vineyard — oh, Andrea need not make wry faces: he could pay that off in a few years by hiring himself out during harvest and vintage!—she had sold her jewellery—"the necklace and earrings were good weight of gold, thou knowest; besides, they had been in our family nigh on a hundred and fifty years, and it seems that the older nowadays the better." Then she had been very careful with the household expenses.

"Which means that you have starved yourself. I understand now, blind dolt that I have been!" Andrea cried, gazing at the emaciated figure before him through a mist of tears which did no dishonour to his manhood.

"What matter, *carino*, so long as I keep thee? Thou wilt go to Giambattista Crestola to-night."

Andrea hesitated. To ask Giambattista Crestola, of all men in San Martino, to be his substitute. No! that he could not do! And yet—since Giambattista alone was of the right age? His wavering glance travelled from the little heap on the table to his mother's quivering features and imploring eyes; he set his teeth hard. "I'll go," he muttered, and went without another word.

Antonia awaited his return with perfect confidence. When he came back (secretly half relieved) to report his mission a failure—Giambattista, having lost two cousins by fever in Erythrea during the past two years, was not to be tempted even by Andrea's pile of greasy notes—she was at first incredulous of having heard him aright. Then she fell into a passion of despair, hurling reproaches at his head. If he had put the matter properly before Giambattista, Giambattista would certainly have consented. Was he not as poor as a rat? Did not the whole Crestola family go barefoot, and live upon chestnuts and bilberries? No, the thing was clear! Andrea wished to leave her and the children, did not care to buy his exemption, therefore he had deliberately discouraged the one man who might do so from taking his place!

Andrea met these accusations with outward patience, but inwardly his soul rose in revolt. Was it not enough that he had humiliated himself to the dust for his mother's sake, but she must assail him with insulting suspicions? The moment came when he could endure her frenzied reproaches no longer, and flung out of the house and down the path into the valley, muttering that this world was altogether an abode of darkness, and he the most miserable man in it.

However, as he left the hill-track, rough with rolling stones, to cross the stretch of meadow-land on which the goats and shaggy black cattle of San Martino were peacefully grazing, he caught sight of Caterina Serchi not a hundred yards ahead; and suddenly the world became a place of light again, and his own prospects not quite intolerable after all.

He made haste to overtake the slim figure in crimson petticoat and white bodice, panting out "Caterina!" as he ran. Caterina did not pause, nor turn her graceful dark head. She was an extremely dignified young person, who considered that her own position and her father's—was not she the acknowledged beauty of San Martino, and he the landlord of the *Spada d'oro* and the richest man in the village?—demanded from her a certain haughtiness of carriage. When Andrea reached her side, the tone in which she addressed him would have befitted an affable princess.

"Oh, is it you, Andrea Baldi? Good evening. Did you find it hot on the road to-day?"

"Yes—no—I don't remember. Caterina, I'm drawn for the army."

Caterina walked on, looking straight in front of her. "That's unfortunate—since you dislike the idea of serving so much."

The blood sprang to Andrea's face. "What do you mean?" he demanded huskily.

"Well, seeing that you only drew the number this morning, and that you've already invited another man to go in your place——"

"He is not going," Andrea interposed.

Caterina waved her hand. "So I have heard. I wonder that he should refuse; surely to be a soldier is better than spending all one's life grubbing among vine-roots!" ("This comes of that sergeant of Bersaglieri dancing three times with her at the *festa* in Sant' Elena," thought poor Andrea to himself.) "Yes, I wonder at Giambattista; but I wonder still more at *you*, Andrea Baldi! I shouldn't have fancied"—in a significant tone—"that you'd care to ask a favour of Giambattista Crestola."

Andrea's colour deepened. He knew what Caterina's tone meant. She was thinking of that unlucky occasion when, as a boy of fourteen, he had fought Giambattista Crestola on her behalf—and been beaten. Caterina had had no great opinion of his personal valour ever since, he believed. It was nothing to her that Giambattista at that time had been taller than he by half a head, and heavier by nearly a stone; girls take small account of such trifling disadvantages. Clenching his hands, Andrea inquired:

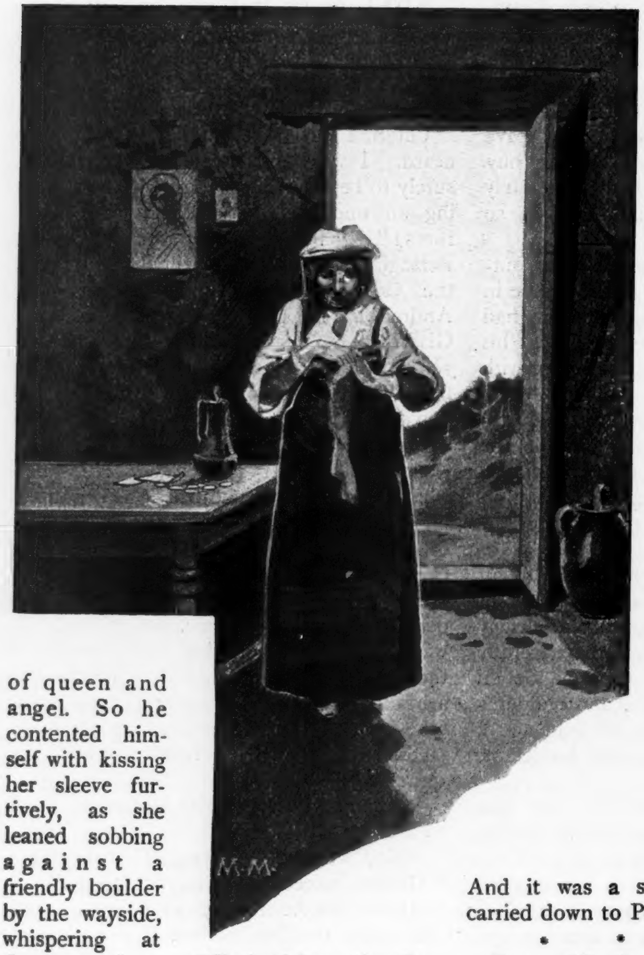
"Cannot you guess why I brought myself to ask it?"

"No," with a pitiless shrug of her shoulders. "Unless, indeed, you are *afraid* to go."

Upon this Andrea's passion burst bonds. She might despise his love if she pleased; she had no right to call him coward. Would she have him break his mother's heart? throw back into his mother's face the hard-earned savings of years? He was as brave as any Giambattista of them all, and so he would show her and show the world, once he was in Africa with a rifle in his hand.

"Do—do—" Caterina made a desperate attempt to laugh, and broke into a flood of tears—"do you suppose I wish to think *that* of you?"

If Andrea had been five-and-twenty he would doubtless have known how to take advantage of this surprising loss of self-control on Caterina's part, but he was only nineteen, a simple boy, to whom the village innkeeper's daughter appeared a compound



"She hurried away into the inner room"

of queen and angel. So he contented himself with kissing her sleeve furtively, as she leaned sobbing against a friendly boulder by the wayside, whispering at the same time: "If I should win the cross out there, Caterina, could you — would you — love me a little?"

This ill-judged humility had the effect of stanching Caterina's tears. In a twinkling she was looking round upon Andrea with her most provoking air.

"How can I tell what I might do in such an extremely improbable case? I do not think you stand in much danger of winning crosses, Andrea; you are far too prudent."

A cruel speech; and next day, when Andrea and his fellow conscripts, their wide hats gay with long streamers of ribbon of many colours, had marched away down the mountain-road, it would seem that Caterina repented it; for, on Carlotta Casale, the baker's daughter, remarking innocently, "Andrea Baldi is one who does not take kindly to soldiering; didst notice how glum he looked?" Caterina turned upon her fiercely: "Well — and if he did? Hasn't he just said farewell to his mother, heart-of-stone? There's no braver lad in all Tuscany than Andrea Baldi! I don't care who the other may be!" With this defiant sentence Caterina walked away, and presently disappeared into the little dark church at the top of the market-place— "to say prayers for Andrea's safe return, I'll be bound!" Carlotta Casale whispered—and was seen no more that day.

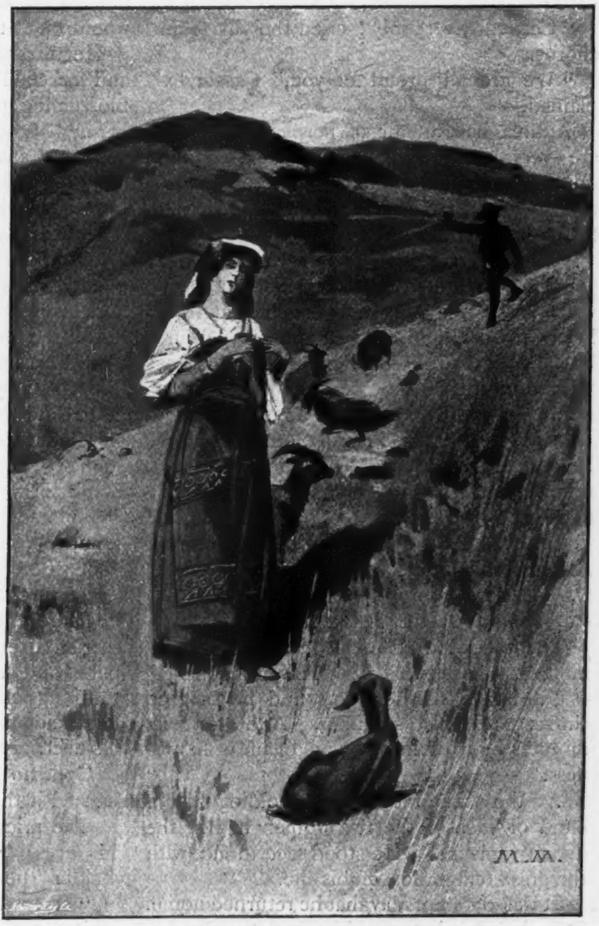
But of this significant outbreak on the part of his love poor Andrea knew nothing. And it was a sorely wounded heart he carried down to Palazzuole.

* * * * * *

For a while the 120th of the Line stayed in barracks at Verona, and Antonia Baldi received brief ill-spelt letters with the Veronese postmark regularly once a fortnight. Then the regiment sailed for Africa, and the ill-spelt letters came more rarely —until, one day, they ceased altogether. Andrea had exchanged into another regiment stationed in the interior, and was gone into the desert "to fight the blacks."

Hard upon the news of this spirited proceeding of Andrea's came other news—news of a disaster before which Italy (even remote rural Italy of the Apennine fastnesses) bowed her face in shame and hid it for sorrow. There had been a great battle in Africa and "the blacks" had won it. And there was mourning in the villages round Palazzuole.

Alone, of all these villages, San Martino held its head erect in comparative cheerfulness, for three of its sons were safe in a regiment that had not been engaged at Adowa, and of the fourth the little community found reason to be proud. Was not the name of Andrea Baldi, of the 165th —who, when the Abyssinians were pressing hard upon the ill-fated Italians, first rescued his wounded Adjutant from under the very spears of the enemy single-handed, and then rallied half a dozen panic-stricken privates to the successful defence of the regimental colours —written in every journal of the Peninsula from the *Corriere della Sera* to the *Gazzetta di Napoli?* Were not his brave deeds the nightly theme of conversation in every mountain inn for twenty miles round? San Martino, with a hero all to herself, found it impossible to feel altogether downcast. Casale the baker —who was village mayor as well—vowed the brave boy should have a right royal welcome home, and dropped hints of a triumphal arch, which were promptly reported by his daughter to Caterina Serchi. Caterina affected to laugh at the notion, but the satisfaction it afforded her was none the less apparent.



"He made haste to overtake the slim figure"

The warm-hearted Casale had plenty of time in which to elaborate his plans, for the story of Adowa was fully a year old before Andrea Baldi saw his native village again. And when he alighted at the Palazzuole Station, a thin, bronzed man not easily to be identified with the smooth-cheeked lad who had left it three years before, it was certainly not with the air of a conscious hero. His bent head and dragging step as he toiled up the steep way to San Martino argued a mood rather dejected than self-complacent.

Gait and carriage expressed the young man's mind truly. He had won no cross, done nothing to prove his courage before the world and Caterina—Caterina still, after a thousand new and strange experiences, queen of his faithful fancy. All the greetings he received by the way failed to lighten the depression of his spirits. Yet these were many and cordial; he found himself wondering stupidly why people should seem so pleased to see him back.

Still wondering, he passed under the old village gateway (having had no tidings of his mother for several months, he felt afraid to go straight to the cottage), and was sorely bewildered by the shout which, on his appearance, broke from the loungers in the market-place. "Great heavens! it is—yes, it is Andrea Baldi! It is himself! Giacomo, Carlo, Giuseppe, he is here! Run, boy, and tell the mayor Andrea Baldi has come."

In five minutes the whole village was gathering about the returned soldier, welcoming, congratulating, men grasping him by the hand, women weeping for sheer excitement, stout Casale himself hurrying up to say, "Ah, you were not expected so soon! We had made our preparations to receive you to-morrow."

"Didn't you see the laurels on the gateway?" a child's shrill voice demanded.

"As it is, I think"—the mayor turned in perplexity to his audience—"we might still present the address—on Sunday, perhaps?"

"Certainly, certainly! cried the village in chorus.

"We are all proud of you," Casale explained.

Andrea had an air of perplexity. "You are very kind," he murmured. "I don't quite understand, but I daresay — presently——" He looked round him, manifestly desirous to escape.

"Like a good son, you are eager to visit your mother, I perceive," Casale said benevolently. "We will not detain you from her. You will find her well and prosperous; last winter was a hard one for a lonely woman, but, trust us! we have not let the mother of our hero want for anything."

"No, trust us!" Jacopo Serchi the innkeeper echoed. Then he added with a roguish smile, "You will find my daughter at the cottage, I think."

Caterina at the cottage—with his mother? And Serchi's smile—what did it all mean? "I must be going mad," thought Andrea, stumbling down the well-known path.

Then he knocked at the door, and all in a moment—he never knew how it happened —Caterina was in his arms and his mother clinging to his shoulder. And for ten minutes he lived in a golden dream of happiness.

At the end of that time, holding still a hand of each of the two women in his, the dream vanished. He stood face to face with the great temptation of his life.

It was on Thursday that he returned home. Two days lay between him and the Sunday which was to witness San Martino's expression of pride in her hero. Andrea spent them chiefly with Caterina, but he did not seem to find much satisfaction in her society. So morose and moody was he that the poor girl feared she had been over-hasty in taking his continued devotion for granted. Surely he must have ceased to love her—else why should he look so unhappy? Had not her father given his consent to their betrothal?

Throughout Saturday gloom increased upon Andrea, but with the dawn of Sunday he broke suddenly into gaiety. During the night he convinced himself of over-scrupulousness. Why not leave his neighbours undisturbed in a perfectly harmless error, which deprived no living human being of honour or profit? It was quite certain that, unless he himself interfered to correct it, no one else would be at the pains to do so.

He made up his mind not to interfere, and marched resolutely off to church, a bit of blossoming grape-vine in the buttonhole of his new jacket. From her place beside her mother Caterina marked his smiling air as he walked up the uneven aisle, and grew tremulously happy again.

The service over, the white-haired *parroco*—a simple old man, of peasant birth like the people to whom he ministered—turned to address his flock. His mind, like theirs, was full of the great event of the week, and after a brief preamble he began to speak of it in direct homely fashion. Out of the terrors of battle and the countless perils of the Dark Continent the good God had delivered their soldier, to bring him home again. "Let us thank Him for that He has restored the widow's son to his mother. Let us thank Him, too, for the deeds this young man has done, for doubtless it was the Christ who lent him courage——"

There the voice of the old man, who carried a tender heart under his shabby surplice and had known Andrea Baldi as a tottering child, failed him suddenly. Before he could again speak Andrea was upon his feet, crying, "No more! For the love of God, no more! I thought I could have carried it through, but I cannot bear this."

The priest's wrinkled hand dropped from his eyes. "What does this mean, Andrea Baldi?" he asked apprehensively.

"It means"—Andrea's face was deadly white, and his bronzed fingers clutched the worm-eaten prayer-desk before him convulsively, but he spoke loud and clearly—"that I have deceived you, Father, you and all here. I am no hero, as you think. It was not I who rallied those men at Adowa, it was not I who saved Captain Bentivoglio's life. I have done nothing—nothing that any man should honour me for doing. I fought with the rest, and when they fled in the great panic, I fled also——"

But here Antonia Baldi rose to her feet also and clutched her son's arm. "Andrea, what folly is this? Thou art ill or mad, my son. Do not listen to him, friends; the sun has touched his brain!"

"No, my mother, not so. It is—even as I have said."

A murmur ran through the church. "Andrea Baldi—Andrea Baldi—we read it in the newspapers——"

"You read the name—yes. But in the 165th there were two called Baldi and Andrea—I and another."

"*Were?*" the old priest repeated.

"He is dead, that other Andrea—who did the deeds you read of. He died of fever on his way to the coast." A pause. "Therefore, he being dead——"

"You were tempted; we understand." The old man's voice sounded wonderfully gentle. "But—you resisted temptation."

Andrea shook his head mournfully. "No. This very morning I resolved to keep silence—always. I do not know why I have spoken now."

"Because"—quickly—"God would not let you be silent, my son. Thus we may still thank Him on your behalf."

A few minutes later the excited inhabitants of San Martino were pouring out from the church into the sunny market-place. Antonia Baldi remained behind on her knees, sobbing; but Andrea set his teeth and prepared to follow. Best face the whole of it at once: the contemptuous looks, the insulting cries, Caterina's averted face——

As he stepped into the porch he came full upon Caterina. She trembled, seeing him, but she did not turn her face away.

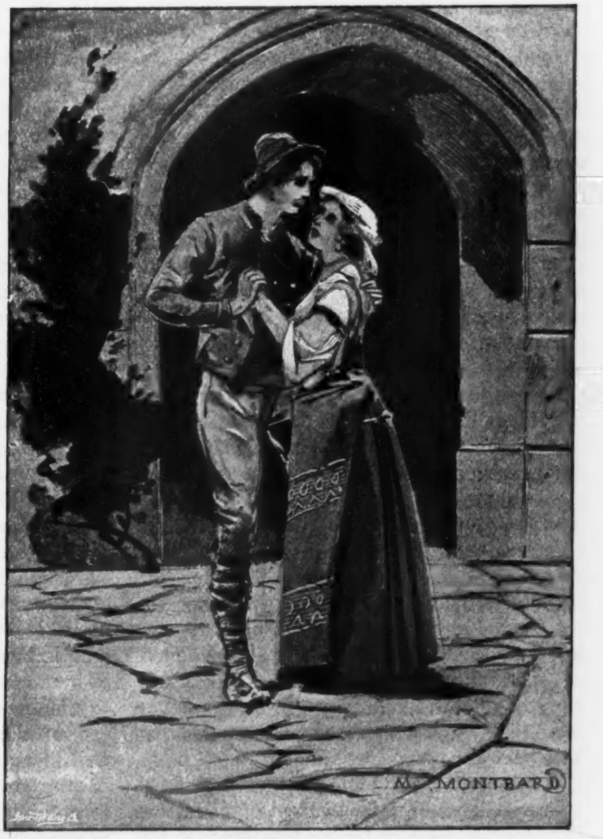
"Can you forgive me, Andrea?"

"Forgive?" The young man drew back, faltering in his amazement.

"For what I said three years ago—the day before you went away? Ah, to remember it fills me with shame! That ever I should have dared to dream *you* could be afraid!"

Andrea passed his hand unsteadily over his eyes. "Then you don't—you don't think me altogether a coward?" he stammered.

"I think you are the bravest man in Italy," Caterina answered, smiling through her tears.



"'I think you the bravest man in Italy'"

CAST UP BY THE SEA

By STEPHEN EDWARDES

IT was between autumn and winter when I took up residence in a Cornish coast village, at a time when half a gale was blowing from the east. For a fortnight or more the wind kept in the same quarter, so that one might fancy the vane on the coastguard's flagstaff had become fixed by rust. During this time, of course, the intensity of the wind pressure varied from a steady breeze that flecked the bright blue water with little scudding white-crested waves, to a roaring, tearing gale and a half that rocked the houses and threw up mountainous waves out in the Channel. These, as they came nearer and nearer, reared into huge malachite arches and flung themselves with thundering roar on the rocks, bringing down masses of the looser cliffs and puffing a cloud of white spray high into the air, to be caught by the breeze and carried far inland. On the latter occasions all those who had boats among the rows that were snugly moored stem and stern in the pool below, watched anxiously from the wall above, lest the mooring lines should part or the great sunken chain to which they were all attached should be torn from its fastenings at the bottom. Others who felt not this anxiety crouched in the lee of the coastguard's hut, and with spyglass scanned the sea, whilst between the gusts they conversed of similar days or nights in past years and the things that happened.

Eager to see the grand play of the waves on this rugged coast I walked away from the village southward along the cliffs, where the land ran out farther into the Channel and received the full force of the gale. It was a grand sight to see the waters shooting up the cliffs, then falling back and carrying huge boulders with them. Places that I knew as beautiful beaches had been denuded of sand and shingle and showed a clean floor of smooth blue rock, whilst other coves were piled high with wrack and tangles that had been torn from the fringing rocks.

I had been told by those who pretended to a wide and deep knowledge of men, that country folk were more or less dead to the grandeur of nature, except so far as an occasion like this might fill them with apprehension for the safety of friends or property. Yet as I sauntered along the cliff I found there were many others who had come out evidently to enjoy the spectacle. They crouched under stunted bushes or behind the hedges that divided the cliff-lands—all keeping a clean pair of eyes upon the sea and shore below.

When I had lived longer among these good people I found that very few of them were actuated by the sentiment that moved me to brave the furious blasts, which I had attributed to them also. After the fury of the gale had abated I would walk along the shore at the base of the cliffs, picking up shells and other treasures from deep water that had been cast up by the racing of the waves down channel so continuously. As I rounded a projecting shoulder of rock I would come suddenly on one or two of my neighbours hauling in something from the margin of the waves—a log of wood, a broken spar, a hatchway, or barrel. After dragging it up the foot of the cliff they would hide it among the reeds or other tall vegetation, whence it could be recovered after dark and taken by roundabout routes to their homes.

The law requires that all things cast up by the sea should be handed over by the finder to the coastguard officer, by whom after a certain period it is sold, and one-third of the proceeds handed to the salvor; but as a matter of practice there are many things washed ashore to which no money value will attach, though they may be worth picking up by poor persons. I have seen many respectable women taking their afternoon stroll along the beaches and filling a hand-basket with bits of wood which could be dried and used for kindling. Yet things of greater importance were found from time to time which never came under the official eye of the coastguard. It is, perhaps, as well that they did not, for I know that some of the things that did involved so much form-filling, reporting and letter-writing to headquarters that the trivial sum received on sale did not pay the expenses of stationery, postage, sealing-wax, and—red-tape. It may therefore enter into the minds of the more intelligent officers—I do not assert as a positive fact that it does—that they had better be looking the other way when such trash washes in.

In most of the gardens roundabout the dahlias and sunflowers were staked with stout bamboos. These also were the products of "wrecking," great numbers having been washed in from time to time. In certain unpretentious cottages I know the inmates used nothing but wax candles to illuminate their rooms for several years—real wax candles, none of your paraffin or composite. Some vessel that had broken up in the vicinity included wax candles in her cargo, and these had got loose. A southerly gale, five or six winters ago, littered the shore with candles of all sizes, the biggest of them obviously intended for altar lights. A friend of mine wandering along shore found so many that he had to go home for a large-sized galvanised bath which he filled with the candles. A rinsing in warm fresh water soon got rid of the salt from wax and wick, and they burnt as well as though they had never been to sea. Each winter since then a number of them rolled in after every southerly breeze, showing that there is still a good stock below.

Barrels of tar and petroleum have landed themselves at different times, and during a gale considerable interest and excitement have been manifested by the appearance of some dark object bobbing up among the waves a mile or two out. It might be a cask, it might be a boat, it might be a corpse. Glasses are levelled upon it, but with a strong sea running, and a high wind blowing, nothing positive can be made out by the loungers along the sea-wall; yet some of the men would be certain it was this or that. Then a couple of hardy crabbers would put off in their boat to interview it, and after much risky trouble would succeed in hitching a noose rope over it, and getting it in tow. This time it is an upturned boat with a hole in its bottom. Next time it may be a baulk of timber, or a derelict log that has been floating for many a day in mid-channel, and has only now got into a landward current. The evidence of this is afforded by the fact that from end to end, and from side to side, it is perforated with the cement-lined tunnels of the teredo or ship-worm, which have rendered it worthless. A few years ago a timber ship went to grief on some rocks, a little to the north-east; and during the following week all the coves and beaches westward were receiving new deals, thousands of them being recovered for the underwriters.

One summer Sabbath when we were all at morning service, a coast-guard, spying along the coast from the look-out, saw something washing ashore about a mile to the south. Hurrying along the cliff he made out its nature as he thought, and then hastened up to the parish church at the top of the hill, to inform his officer, who was attending the service there. I do not know by what system of wireless telegraphy the news spread, but it is certain that before the preachers' discourses were well finished in church and chapels alike, the bulk of the respective congregations knew that a yacht had come ashore; and as soon as the benediction had been said, instead of the customary loitering round the doors, all streamed in one direction—away from the village. The cliffs that morning were a sight. About two-thirds of the entire population were scattered along there in all their Sabbath finery — and we were fine on Sundays I assure you. The coast-guard had reported to his officer that it was a yacht, and that, of course, suggested a crew also. We therefore expected to take a hand in rescuing them, and we should have felt glad that they had arrived in time to join us at dinner. But to our disgust when we reached the spot we found no yacht, but an empty Berthon collapsible dinghy pulled up on shore, and no crew visible. Our solicitude for the wrecked crew was turned to jeering hilarity. The coast-guardsman who had blundered received a severe "wigging" from his officer for his inaccuracy of observation, and as he and his mates carried the "wreck" to head-quarters, he found himself the butt for a good deal of chaff from the populace.

Another time it is a keg-buoy with a stout hawser attached, the whole being covered with ship-barnacles. One winter, oranges were plentiful along the shore, but most of them had been in the water too long to be eatable. A chest of tea on another occasion rewarded a watcher on the cliffs, and this had to be brought to the notice of the coast-guard, who broke it open to ascertain the condition of its contents. Finding the lead had got broken at one corner—I believe it was done by the finder—he pronounced it worthless; but the finder satisfied himself that very little of the tea was damaged, and the bulk of it provided his family with an abundant flow of the cheering beverage for months after. Several of the boats in the porth that were let out to summer visitors were nicely fitted out with stern-sheets of polished fancy woods, and I found on inquiry that the bountiful sea had furnished the materials, which appeared to have done duty as cabin-fittings in some fine vessel hat had gone to pieces.

Occasionally, we came across a remarkable bit of wreckage, as for example one of the huge glass carboys in which acids are sent out from the chemical factories. This was found among the rocks when the tide had gone out, and its position on its side showed that it had not floated ashore, but had evidently been rolled in from deep water. Although among the rocks on a rough bottom, there was not a crack about it. One day, a fisherman brought the skin of a large bird which he had picked up floating on the sea, and as he could not remember to have seen any bird like it, he wished for my opinion respecting it. It was a fresh skin, and a slight examination showed it was that of an albatross. The best explanation I could offer for its appearance on our coast, was that somebody had been making the attempt to bring the living bird home from the south, but it had died on the way, and he had skinned it; in the process of drying it had got blown overboard. It looked like the work of a seaman, for it had been rather clumsily done, and the feet were missing. Of course, the bodies of our native birds were plentiful after storms—mostly birds of the first year that had succumbed to a continuance of bad weather, when they had probably been unable to wrest their food from the troubled waters. Some of these were living, but exhausted, and after a day or two's rest and feeding, were able to resume the battle of life. Among the latter was a Slavonian Grebe, a bird not often found so far south.

But bigger game than any of these came to land at times, in the form of sheep and oxen, probably washed off the decks of ships in bad weather. I have seen as many as seven sheep come drifting into our porth in one day. These had to be taken in hand by the coast-guard and buried in the cliffs. This was often an unpleasant job, if the carcases had been floating about for any length of time. It was worse in the case of the bullocks, because they were so bulky they would sometimes get wedged between rocks, necessitating cutting up and piecemeal extraction, whatever their condition. From time to time, too, the stranded derelicts were human. One spot on the cliffs was known as Sailor's Grave, and quite close to the edge there were two flat stones stuck in the turf, edgewise and parallel, about a fathom apart. The poor unknown fellow that lies beneath came in many years ago in such a condition that removal to the churchyard was out of the question, so they laid him to rest at the top of the cliff.

To this instinctive watching for what the sea may cast up, the people apply the term "wrecking," and there can be little doubt that the use of such a word has caused much misconception of the Cornish character. The Cornishman of the past was an inveterate smuggler who could easily reconcile his disregard of the excise laws with his religion; but it is probable that many, if not most, of the stories told of his luring ships to their destruction owe their origin to the improper application of the word "wrecking" to the process of salving wreckage for his own or others' benefit.

HOME

EAST or West, at home is best!
  Let the norland blizzard blow
From the icy mountain crest,
  While I wade through drifts of snow,
Smoke I'd see—blue smoke alone—
  From my own chimney gladlier than
Cheeriest fire on the hearthstone
  Of another and better man!

G. D. C.

THE MIRACLES OF JESUS

SUNDAY READINGS FOR APRIL

By the Rev. COSMO GORDON LANG, M.A.

FIRST SUNDAY

THE RAISING OF LAZARUS

St. John, xi. 1–44

THOUGH the raising of Lazarus was one of the last of Jesus's miracles, it is natural that we should think of it in this month, the month of spring. Over the face of Nature there has been spread the veil of death. Under it the flowers have withered and the trees have been stripped and the birds have ceased to sing among their branches. But we know that all the while the veil of death has been only covering and protecting the birth of a new and fuller life. And now the Spirit of God, the Giver of Life, is lifting it, and disclosing everywhere—in the soft sheen of colour in the copse, in the shoots of delicate green piercing the black earth, in the flowers of yellow and blue sprinkling the woods—the first beauties of the new world to come; and the lark is singing its herald song. The great Easter Day will tell us that the parable of Nature has been made plain by the Resurrection of its Lord, and death revealed as the gateway to fuller and more glorious life. Our thoughts, then, naturally turn to that scene at Bethany when Jesus stood surrounded by all the sad signs of death, at the entry of the grave, and as the Lord of Eternal Life bade His imprisoned friend come forth.

It is needless here to describe the story, for it has been told with matchless simplicity and fulness by the Evangelist himself. In the reveries of his old age the great truth emerged calm and luminous—"in Him was life"; and in the light of it all the details of the scene as he had first discerned it stood out precise and clear. The tale is told with a directness and simplicity which make it quite impossible to believe that it could be the fancy or the allegory of a later age. If on any record in the world there is the stamp of an eye-witness, it is on this story of the raising of Lazarus. It is the revelation, through a deed in time, of a truth which is eternal—that death is not the end, but only an episode, of life.

Consider to-day that very perplexing record of the delay of Jesus with which the story opens. "Now Jesus loved Martha, and Mary and Lazarus. When *therefore* He heard that he was sick, He abode at that time two days in the place where He was." St. John, knowing that every detail in the life of the Word made flesh must have had a deep meaning of its own, is wont to hint at that meaning by his use of the word "therefore." But surely never did any of his "therefores" connect two clauses in more apparent variance with one another. Jesus loved his friends. They felt they could rely upon that love. They knew that He was near. They sent Him in perfect trust the simple summons, "Behold, he whom Thou lovest is sick." They were sure He would come. But just because He loved them, "*therefore* He abode two days in the place where He was." And in these two days His friend died. No wonder that both the sisters, when He came at last, uttered in perplexity the thought that must have been ever present to their minds during that strange delay. "Lord, if Thou hadst been here my brother had not died." Only afterwards did they discover that there was no neglect, but rather a purpose of love in the bewildering delay. It was that there might be a fuller manifestation of the glory of God.

How prone we are to forget the deep lesson of St. John's "therefore"! We trust the love of God so far as to offer Him the plea of our prayer, "Lord, he whom Thou lovest is sick." But when the message seems to be unheeded, and the "two days" pass and not the Lord of Life but the messenger of death comes, our trust in the love of God falters or breaks. We commend to the love of God at this time of war those whom we love; and yet in spite of all, the news comes that a brave life, full of promise, has been lost, and all the world seems blank and void of love.

But here in this story we have the rebuke of our faithlessness. Jesus did love; He did receive the message; but He allowed physical laws to finish their work, and Lazarus died. Yet when Martha doubted, He answered, "Said I not unto thee, that if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?" It was after six days; but the glory of God was seen. This Jesus is God. In this act of His, He is the mystery of Providence made plain. His love is as real for those whom we commit to Him as it was for Lazarus. He has a purpose of love for them as surely as for Lazarus. Six days, or sixty years, or Time itself may pass before we see it. But it is not lost to the eternal sight of God, to whom a thousand years are as one day. It is ever as present to Him as His purpose for the whole universe. That is the very meaning of our faith in His love and His infinity. For the time natural laws may prevail, and our day of waiting may seem as fruitless and sad as the days before Jesus came to Martha and Mary. But we are simply and resolutely to believe that, behind, and in spite of all the perplexity of outward seeming, a higher law, "for the glory of God," is working, and will, in God's own way and time, achieve its end, and we shall see it. There are two tests of the reality of faith in the love of God: the one the instinct of prayer, the other the power of waiting. The second is the harder of the two; but its reward is sure. It is natural to feel deeply the blow of disappointment, natural to cry "Lord if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died;" but it is the supernatural power of faith to hear and trust the word of Jesus, "Said I not unto thee, if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?" After many days, the sight will come; but the days must be lived in faith.

SECOND SUNDAY

CHRIST'S VIEW OF DEATH

It is natural to shrink from the thought of death. It is involved in the intimate union of spirit with body, in the close ties with which the body binds us to this present actual and vivid world. The severance of the spirit from its constant companion, its vanishing alone into some unknown mode of being is a prospect that must fill every thoughtful mind with awe. Under the stress of some great effort, as in the tense excitement of battle, or under the influence of utter callousness or dearth of imagination, or in the mere mental exhaustion of long illness, a man may face it with indifference; but when he takes time to think of it, there must be the sense of awe. And to watch another die—one, perhaps whom we would sacrifice our own life to save—is always to feel the cold touch of the dread mysteries which surround us. Yet we can see that if the spirit has been conscious of its fellowship with God, if it has always realised that in God is life, and there is no worthy life apart from Him, and in Him is the very fulness of life, the sense of awe will lose all desolateness and misery. Death will be to such a spirit always unspeakably solemn, but it could not be miserable. The anguish, therefore, the weeping and wailing that surround the death-bed, must be the signs of a failure of faith that in God is the fulness of life, or of a haunting fear that the dead may not have really committed themselves to God—in short, the tokens of that disturbance of the sense of life in God which is the inevitable result of sin. In the eyes of the sinless, death could not wear this garb of desolate mourning. It would be solemn, but not sad; it would be the passage of the soul to a fuller life in God.

Nothing is more striking in the story of the raising of Lazarus than the evidence it gives of Christ's view of death. His whole object is to turn the eyes of His friends from their human sense of its misery, to teach them to look at it in His light. At first He will not use the dread word "death" at all. "This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God." "Our friend Lazarus is fallen asleep: I go that I may awake him out of sleep." Only when His disciples showed that they could not understand His meaning, He said plainly, "Lazarus is dead." To Martha, too, He would not speak of death. "Whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die." When He saw Mary and the Jews that were with her weeping, or rather "wailing," we are told in striking words that "He was indignant in spirit and was troubled." There was something in this outburst of desolation and misery that moved Him to a troubled indignation. And again, when He came to the tomb, and beheld the shuddering of His companions, He was "moved with indignation in Himself." He was indignant at these signs and tokens of the power of long centuries of sin. It was only sin—sin conscious or sinfulness inherited—that could thus disturb and overthrow man's sense that the true life is lived in God and is therefore eternal as God Himself. In His eyes, to whom the Father was life itself, who lived in undisturbed fellowship with Him, this wailing in the train of death seemed the measure of that loss of the divine communion which sin and its resultant clouding of faith had wrought in human nature. He had taken that nature upon Himself, so as to be touched with the feeling of all its infirmities, and the sense of its loss of the trust in God oppressed Him, for we are told that He "wept." He wept in the fulness of His sympathy for this poor, strayed, darkened humanity. At the grave, His view of death as it might be and man's view of death as it had become were presented in the clearest contrast. When He ordered that the stone should be taken away, Martha, in spite of quickened faith and renewed hope, faltered at the thought of the exposure of her beloved brother in all the hideousness of corruption. "Lord, by this time he stinketh; for he hath been dead four days. Jesus saith unto her, Said I not unto thee, that if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?" Faithlessness could only see miserable corruption, the bitterness of the end; faith would see the glory of God, the renewal of life.

The Christian must learn to see death with Christ's eyes. In the case of one who has lived in sin, and passes away with no sign of penitence or turning to God, death must indeed seem dreadful. Yet even then the wailing is out of place; the time for that has passed; an earnest plea for the mercy of God must take its place. But at the death-bed of a child, or of one who has died in the faith of Christ, with sin confessed and forgiven, with a simple trust in the Fatherhood of God, there weeping and wailing ought to be banished. There must indeed be the simple human grief at the vanishing of the beloved from sight; there may indeed be the reaction when the long struggle of hope is over, and the old familiar ties of a common life are snapped. There will be the response of the divine compassion, for "Jesus wept." But any utter breakdown of this spirit, any sense of mere desolateness, any grief for the dead, any feeling that we are separated by some great gulf from them—these ought to be conquered. Certainly there is no place at the death of a child or a Christian for the conventional trappings and parade of mourning. These are the relics of paganism, and ought to be banished by the Christian Church. How often must our Lord have been "moved with indignation" at the sight of them! To dispense with them is surely a first duty of a witness to the Christian faith. It was the most striking witness which the early Christians upheld before the heathen world—"burying their dead with tranquil words of peace and hope." The need of that witness is ever with us. By the calmness of our bearing, the chastening of our human sorrow, the shining of the light of faith through the human tears, the quiet brightness and simple praise with which we commend the bodies of the beloved dead to their resting-place, the resoluteness with which we still keep them in our lives in the fellowship of prayer and household talk, we are to let men see that even in death we behold the glory of God.

THIRD SUNDAY

CHRIST'S VIEW OF LIFE

EASTER DAY. It is the springtide of the spirit of man. Christendom is thrilled by a great thankfulness for the hope that has transformed the world. On this day the shadow of death was banished by the rising of the Light of Eternal Life. The best and truest life of men has always risen above the limits of the world—refused to be bound by the ties of sense, gone forth in quest of the eternal. But it has ever been checked by the haunting fear that in escaping from the boundaries of the present world it was only entering the sphere of illusions, that sooner or later the hand of death would seize it, and prove the vanity of its enterprise. Easter Day tells us that death is the great illusion, that the spirit-life which ever sought to escape it is the great reality. It proves that the true life is eternal. That life, manifested perfectly in Jesus, could not be holden by death, but snapped its chains and came forth triumphant. Easter Day saw the revelation in one final act of the word which Jesus spoke at the grave of Lazarus, "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

Every step in the working of the miracle had been moving towards the revelation of Himself—His personal life—as the power which prevails over death. The sickness was ordained that "the Son of God may be glorified thereby." "I go that I may awake him out of sleep." When Martha spoke of the resurrection at the last day, thinking of it as some dim and distant gathering of the shades of the departed, the response of Jesus bade her see in Himself—in His actual living personality—the power of the resurrection. "*I* am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." "I am the life." There are many modes of life in the nature of man, and we cannot tell how one mode is related to, or passes into, the other. There is the lower animal life; there is the life of the senses; there is the life of the imagination, the memory, the reason; and there is the life of the spirit, by which man apprehends, and is capable of intercourse with, the life of God. As life ascends from the lowest to this highest mode, so in this highest mode is found the completion of all the others. Each mode is meant, as it were, to make the most of itself, and to hand over its achievement to the mode above it. The animal nature is to minister to the senses. The senses are to give their sensations to be enriched by the imagination, stored by the memory, ordered by the reason. Reason, memory, imagination are to deliver all their wealth to the spirit, and the spirit is to bring it to God, to be seen in His light, used in His service, offered in His praise. The true life is that of the spirit, realising all the meaning of the other modes of life in communion with God. This is the divine order. But sin has marred and perverted it. The course of life has been diverted downwards, and the spirit dragged into the bondage of the flesh. But this true life, "after the image of God," has once again been manifested in Jesus. In Him as Man we behold the spirit-life, the life in God, revealed in the utmost perfection possible within the limits of human nature. Body, soul and spirit are in His perfect manhood united to God.

He not only reveals the true life, He gives it. It was not *a* man but manhood, human nature itself, that He thus "took into God." He is in man by His Spirit, as the Giver of Life. The perfect life which He lived in the flesh nineteen centuries ago He still lives in the Spirit in the humanity which He redeemed. His spirit is still among us, offering the gift of that perfect life. It is by faith that we men individually receive it. For faith is just that movement of the whole being, impelled by the will, which lifts our life into touch with His. When by faith we thus bring our lives into union with His, then His life fills ours, as the spring fills the stream, purifying, strengthening, enriching. He enters our being as the abiding source of full, true, God-centred life. This is the crowning gift of the love of God. "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish but have eternal life."

"I am the resurrection." Being the life, He is the resurrection. For a life centred and united with God cannot die—it is an eternal thing, as God Himself. Death cannot touch it, for death is but the ceasing of the physical life, when its work is done and it has given all that God wishes it to give, to the perfection of the spirit. It is only when sin has identified life with the flesh, and imprisoned it within this present world, that death seems the dismal and final end. Where sin is not, as it was not in Jesus, death is not the end, but only a change in the sphere of life—a change into a sphere higher and nobler. The life, therefore, which Jesus gives to us, which *is* within us by His Spirit, cannot be holden by death. "Whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die."

Does all this seem distant and abstract? Nay, it can be translated by each one of us into the simplest reality. When by the activity of faith, by constant prayer, by use of Christ's own appointed "means of life," by daily effort to follow His example, I am keeping my life in touch with His, I am here and now living in the eternal. I have that in me which is independent of death. The veil of my many sins may darken my eyes so that all seems strange and terrible, and the bands of this life, so close and tender, may enfold me so that it seems hard to tear myself from them, but if my spirit's ear, accustomed to discern His voice, is expectant of its call, I shall hear it sounding in the very chamber of death and summoning me by name to come forth. And though bound hand and foot by grave-clothes, and the face bound about with a napkin, he that was dead shall come forth into the light.

FOURTH SUNDAY

THE LIFE WHICH IS ETERNAL

THE miracle of the raising of Lazarus contains the kernel of our Lord's teaching as to the future life. Put, paradoxically, it is that the life is not future but eternally present. Our minds naturally dwell upon the future, and are ever prone to speculate about it in our ignorant human way, asking such vain questions as, Where shall it be? What shall it be like? But Christ checks and rebukes this tendency of the human mind by His impressive silence. Just those curious questions that rise instinctively to our lips are those that He refuses to answer. He will not let us think of the future; He bids us concentrate our thought upon the now. He offers no illumination of the secrets of the grave. He offers Himself as the revelation and the gift of a life which is eternal. The true life of man is that which here or hereafter, is centred in God. It draws from God its inspiration; it finds in God its reward; it consecrates all that it experiences to God, it seeks in everything fuller fellowship with God. Because it is thus ever cleaving to God; it is invested with His eternity. This was the life of Christ; this is the life which He gives by His Spirit to those who by faith are joined to Him. In Him it is in perfection; in us it is but in process. Whether in perfection or in process, it is the divine life eternal. He speaks of it not as duration in time but as reality in fact; not of its extent but of its intensity. Wherever in any man there is a spark of this true life, there is something eternal.

It is difficult to exaggerate the loss to all Christian living and thinking which has come through the common reversal of Christ's teaching. He turned the mind away from the thought of "an everlasting future," and sought to fix it on the thought of an eternal now. Men have speculated about the former and neglected the latter. They have thought of "heaven" as a future place rather than as an eternal condition of being.

Hence the life which is to be lived now has been left meagre and thin, because men's minds have been busied with the fancied perfections of a life hereafter. Eyes straining after the visions of the future have failed to recognise the glorious possibilities of Christ's now. Christ Himself has been conceived rather as the Giver of a future happiness than as the Giver of divine and eternal life. We have to bring our natural tendencies of thought back to the word which He spake at the tomb of Lazarus. We have to lose Martha's vague speculations about the resurrection at the last day, and to find instead the abiding truth in Jesus's answer. "I *am* the resurrection and the life."

It is doubtless for this reason that no word has reached us, if it was ever spoken, of the secrets which Lazarus brought with him from the tomb. Robert Browning, in his wonderful poem, has endeavoured, with a skill and an insight which only he could command, to describe the later life of Lazarus—the life of a man who had once lifted the veil of death, and beheld the mysteries which it conceals. It is the picture of a life bewildered, full of perplexing cross-purposes, "witless of the size, the sum, the value in proportion of all things," looking on the world with eyes adjusted for eternity. It is a poet's fancy, but it helps us to understand why Jesus refused to unlock the secrets of the future. We could not have borne them; they would have disturbed, distorted, not helped this stage of being in which God has placed us for our good and His glory. It may be that Lazarus was not suffered to remember the strange experience of these four days. It is certain we are not meant to weave vain guesses round it.

Behold a man raised up by Christ!
 The rest remaineth unrevealed;
 He told it not; or something seal'd
The lips of that Evangelist.

For myself, it is enough to know I have a life in Christ to live, and in Christ the power with which to live it. In proportion as I am seeking my own will, sinking to a lower standard than my best, loving what is trivial and ignoble, then I am living the sort of life which, as it is not from and towards God, is apart from Him, will sever me from Him, will lead to death. If I am really seeking in all things, in all experiences and efforts, to do the will of God, "to be the best that I can be," to love the highest that I can reach, then I am living here and now the eternal life. This is Christ, the perfect life, realising Himself in me, inspiring, guiding, sustaining my spirit by His. He will not let any part of my life perish that thus belongs to Him. If I am to think of the life after death, I am to think of it, not as a wholly new existence in some distant sphere, but as the continuance of my best life here, only purified from the corruption that taints it, purged from the sins that have stained it, freed from the temptations that thwart it. "Christ my life"—if this be the inspiration here it will be the attainment hereafter. If I know this, I need not ask for further knowledge.

And for others it is enough to believe that where there is any part of the life which God can own as His, because it is seeking the highest goodness, beauty, truth which He is, God will keep it, will purify and perfect it. Christ Himself has even taught that it may not be consciously derived from Him, or lived for His sake. In the parable of the judgment of the nations, the life which He owns, the life of service and self-sacrifice is spoken of as a life which was not yet conscious of Him. Here is a hope large enough to trust. If a man deliberately shuts God out of his life, refuses the good and follows the evil, then of his own will, which God will not force, he loses the life eternal and chooses death. Here is a fear dread enough to make us pray and labour without ceasing for the salvation of men. This hope, this fear, must suffice us; it is not God's will that we should speculate beyond them.

FIFTH SUNDAY

THE PROSPECT OF DEATH

YET I must die. Even if I lay the hold of trust upon the words of Jesus, "Whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die"; even if I know that my life so far as it is lived for God and in union with Christ, is eternal; the strange experience of physical death must come to me. How am I, in the light of Christ's teaching, to face the prospect of it?

It must surely be with solemnity—with a solemnity amounting almost to dread. Not a terrified shrinking, but a deep, reverent sense of the awfulness of finding my spirit alone with the Holy God. To pass out of the flesh to which my spirit has been bound by a thousand ties so that I can scarcely imagine myself without it, to leave finally this present scene of earth and sky and work and friends which has wound itself round me by associations so close and tender,

> As though my very being had given way
> As though I was no more a substance now
> And could fall back on nought to be my stay
> (Help loving Lord, Thou my sole refuge, Thou!),

to go forth alone into another and an unknown stage of my immortal destiny—this is a prospect which only callousness of soul could view without the deepest awe. The thought of death must ever bring solemnity into the thought of life.

But yet the thought is still to be of life—that is our Lord's teaching. We are not morbidly to dwell upon the details of death or attempt to describe to ourselves in morbid fancy the course of its experience. The prospect of death is to solemnise, but not to chill or appal. If I shrink from imagining my life severed from the flesh and the solid earth and the warm reality of love and friendship, then let me the more earnestly turn from self to Christ. He has gone through the dread experience—He has come forth "the same yesterday, to-day and for ever." He is with me now, closer to me than flesh or world or friend. When these are going or have gone, He will be with me still, a light in the darkness, a stay in the strangeness, a presence known and loved in the loneliness, a life seen in the midst of death. "Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me." If I dare not think of myself in this overwhelming experience, I can think of Him; and in my thought of Him, the fear of death has no place. He *is* the resurrection and the life; death has no dominion over Him. If only day by day and, please God, at the last hour, my will is still set on His and the hand of my faith still touching Him, then through Him, the perfect life, I can overcome not only the power but also the fear of death. Thus the prospect of death is to help me to grasp and make my own the gift of eternal life in Jesus Christ our Lord.

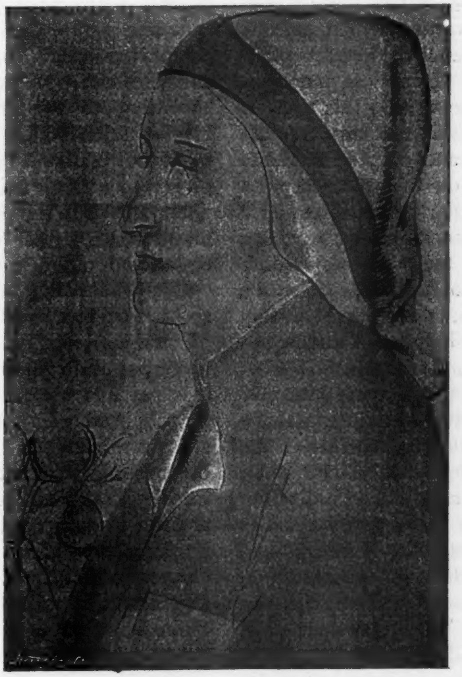
FROM ONE POINT OF VIEW

By WILLIAM CANTON

IT is exactly six hundred years since Dante found himself a bewildered traveller among the rocks and tangled brakes of that dark and terrible forest with the description of which the "Divina Commedia" opens. With a care and minuteness which must have been deliberate, the poet chronicles the year, date and day on which the narration of his mighty epic begins. The year was that midway point in the threescore and ten assigned to mortal life—

> Nel mezzo del cammin
> di nostra vita,—

namely, A.D. 1300, as he was born in 1265. The date was March 25—a fateful and marvellous date in the history of the world, for, according to an ancient tradition, it was that of the Creation and of the Incarnation; and, if I mistake not, timorous souls associated it with the trumpets and the devouring fire of the Second Coming. The day was Good Friday, the day on which, at the same age, according to a mediæval computation, the Christ had died. It is difficult to account for such circumstantial precision if Dante did not intend to mark the Holy Week and Easter of the year 1300 as a great spiritual crisis in his life, as the time of a blessed deliverance from a state of dereliction which Dean Plumptre impressively describes in a few brief sentences. "He had substituted, as he tells us in the *Convito*, philosophy for faith, classical literature for the Vulgate and the Fathers, the dream of a 'celestial Athens' where Stoics and Epicureans, Platonists and Aristotelians might dwell together in unity, for the heavenly Jerusalem, the city of the saints of God. . . . The unbelief of some at least of his heroes and friends, Frederick II., Manfred, the Cavalcanti, had eaten into the freshness and fulness of his faith, and he found himself asking what need was there of the Incarnation and the Passion? Were not the ways of God in the work of redemption and election unequal and unrighteous? The questions might go further: were miracles possible or credible? was there a life after death? . . . He had lost himself in the dark forest."* "He had fallen from his 'first love,' and was wandering in ways that were not good. Inwardly and outwardly, morally and politically, he was without guidance, and a horror of great darkness fell upon him. The melancholy of the Bargello portrait, perhaps painted in this very year, was the outward token of the inward misery and weariness which preyed upon his soul. . . . The 'Commedia' is for him, as the 'Pilgrim's Progress' was afterwards for Bunyan, the history of his conversion. He has also to fulfil the promise made ten years before, with which the 'Vita



DANTE—THE BARGELLO PORTRAIT

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* "The Life of Dante," by the late Dean Plumptre. Edited by A. J. Butler. Isbister and Co. Ltd. 2s. 6*d*. net.

Nuova' ended, that he would make the name of Beatrice immortal."*

Six hundred years ago, on the 25th of March! It was the year of the Jubilee proclaimed by Boniface VIII., and during the greater part of that period over two millions of pilgrims from all parts of Europe were lingering in the Holy City. Of that vast fleeting multitude Dante, so far as we are concerned, survives alone, a strong and passionate man, with his burden of trouble, and his indignant scorn, and his dream of undying love; a man in some inscrutable way redeemed in this Holy Week, and inspired with the conception of his true life-work. Doubtless much interesting matter will be written this year in connection with the sexcentenary of the "Divina Commedia," and devoted students will fix their attention on the graver aspects of the subject; but I question whether, after all, there is for the general reader anything more interesting in the story of Dante than his relationship to Beatrice. Scientific criticism, one fancies, must have already exhausted its solvents in the vain attempt to reduce to an allegory one of the world's most impassioned love-stories, and we need scarcely anticipate that any future theory will shake our faith in the historical personality of the Beatrice whom Dante loved. History has, indeed, preserved but a meagre record of her existence, but perhaps we know as much as is good for our enchantment. Beatrice—or, according to the endearing diminutive of the Florentines, Bice—de' Portinari was born in April 1266. When she married is uncertain, but the will of her father, Folco de' Portinari, which is dated January 15, 1287, speaks of her as "Bice, his daughter and the wife of Simon de' Bardi." She died on June 9, 1290, having barely completed her four-and-twentieth year. In the "Vita Nuova" Dante, who was only eleven months her senior, relates that he first saw her, when she was a child of eight, with fair hair, bright blue eyes and pearl-white complexion. It was at the feast of the new spring on May morning, and she was clothed in crimson, "girdled and adorned in a manner which became her most girlish age." From that time forth love was the lord of his soul. Nine years later he met her passing through the street, "robed in purest white," and accompanied by two gentlewomen. She greeted him so graciously — and her very graciousness indicates that she was now enjoying the freedom of marriage—that it seemed to him that he beheld "the furthest limits of beatitude." Whereupon he proposed to himself to let the matter be felt by many the most famous Trouvères of that time, and he straightway composed the sonnet, "A ciascun' alma presa e gentil core" ("To each enamoured soul and gentle heart"), the earliest of his extant writings. Dante was then eighteen and Beatrice seventeen; and thus began, according to the poet's own story, that ideal passion which sought no acknowledgment but a friendly glance, a smile, a word of greeting, frank and honest, and which expended itself in the praise of a mistress who, for all we know, was scarcely conscious of the ecstatic adoration of her worshipper.

The whole story of the "Vita Nuova" is so little coloured with the ordinary raptures of man and maid, is so full of visionary loveliness and splendidly vague idealism that it is perhaps not strange that there should be people who deny that the book is in any sense a record of actual experience. On the other hand, it contains so much that is unintelligible unless read literally, that the attempt to construe it as an allegory cannot be pursued with any hope of success. Few, assuredly, will be disposed to accept the ingenious theory of M. Aroux, who comes to the conclusion that the "Vita Nuova" is the history of a Ghibelline secret society, and who regards Beatrice as "a metaphysical entity," a combination of the Manichean and Albigensian heresies anathematised by the Church, and the Ladies of the second Canzone, "who have intelligence of love," as "chiefs of the Ghibelline sect, initiated in the highest degrees of the secret doctrine." In like fashion, it is impossible to accept the "Vita" as a sort of spiritual allegory, in which Beatrice is not the wife of Simon de' Bardi, but the Divine Wisdom of the Old Testament, and her companions the Cardinal Virtues of the Book of Wisdom, and the Christian Virtues of the 1st Corinthians. One needs no profound knowledge of the poetic temperament to understand that a lad of nine might fall ecstatically and silently in love with a little maid of eight, but who ever heard of a rapturous theologian at that age? At eighteen has not every poet his Egeria, his Witch of the Alps rising from the torrent with her "hair of light and dazzling eyes of glory"? If Dante confesses that many a night when Florence was asleep he sat watching "the abode of his love," must we be browbeaten with the alternative, that either the poet was insane or that he simply meant he sat up all night to study philosophy? When in the exquisite sonnet, so exquisitively rendered by Shelley,

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* "Dante: The Divina Commedia, Minor Poems, and Studies and Extracts," by the late Dean Plumptre (Isbister and Co. Ltd.) (5 vols. 2s. 6*d*. net each), vol. i. p. 17, note.

> Guido, vorrei che tu e Lapo ed io,

he wished that Cavalcanti and his "Springtide," himself and Bice, Lapo and a third lady unnamed were sailing away and away into enchanted seas for ever, are we to be told that he was thinking of Old Testament Wisdom, Illuminating Grace, Theology, the Grace of God—a bevy of rosy-cheeked abstract virtues?

How much of the "Vita Nuova" is actual experience, how much is the

> sweet creation of a heart
> Which found no resting place so fair
> As an ideal breast,

we shall never know. After Beatrice's death, and when the grandiose conception of the "Commedia" was shaping itself in Dante's mind, no doubt the beautiful figure which he had seen in the street in Florence became etherealised into a spiritual and symbolic vision, but even to the close it never lost its definite personality. Nor is there in this anything out of keeping with the poetic temperament. It is merely another phase of that faculty for suffusing elemental beauty with the colour and yearning of human passion so beautifully described by Tennyson—

> When a boy, you stooped to me
> From all high places, lived in all fair lights,
> Came in long breezes, rapt from inmost south
> And blown to inmost north.

Only in Dante's time "Nature" had not taken the place of faith, the legends of the saints and the comeliness of the Church. In Beatrice he embodied all that was purest and noblest in the world's conception of woman, and all that grace and moral loveliness and angelic ministration which seem best symbolised under the aspect of womanhood. Whatever the daughter of Folco de' Portinari may in reality have been to Dante, Dante's Beatrice is at least memorable as the highest feminine type of the Middle Ages; and the fact that the humanist has recognised in her the beatified Intellect, the theologian, the divine Illumination, the patriot, a New Italy "hiding in the green folds of her robe the green valleys of the Apennines and Calabria," in no way impairs our interest in her as the simple blue-eyed child who came in scarlet dress to welcome May-day, and the fair and gracious woman who died at twenty-four.

The chief exception taken to Dean Plumptre's "Life of Dante" is, I believe, that the author indulged in too large conjecture on too slender a warrant; but, as Dr. Ashford remarks in that noticeable book "Sunningwell," "Conjecture, true conjecture, is the only way of restoring lost history."* Much amusement, in particular, was caused by the Dean's suggestion that Dante might have visited Wells and Glastonbury; but to any one who recollects how important and busy a seaport (for the Levant among other foreign waters) Bristol was in the thirteenth century, and with what a glamour of immemorial sanctity Glastonbury attracted the traveller, it will not seem at all beyond the limits of credibility that Dante should have taken ship homeward at Bristol, or that he should have turned aside on a pilgrimage to the famous Abbey of the Holy Thorn before he embarked. "After all," as Mr. Butler observes in his prefatory note to the present dainty edition of the "Life," "a little credulity as to the possibilities of a great man's career is not a whit more unscholarly than the indiscriminate scepticism which accepts no statement that does not fit with its own, often limited, insight into human nature."

Another volume which appears with a certain opportuneness at this moment is Mr. Ruskin's description of the Giotto Frescoes in the Arena Chapel at Padua.† The shepherd lad who became "the master of the perfect O" was a friend of Dante's; accompanied him apparently during his stay in Rome at the Jubilee six centuries ago; possibly in that same year 1300, when he was himself but four-and-twenty and Dante was thirty-five, painted the famous Bargello portrait of the poet; and six years later was summoned to Padua, as "at that time the acknowledged master of painting in Italy," to decorate the walls of the Arena Chapel, built among the ruins or on the site of the old Roman amphitheatre or Arena, by the son of the Scrovegno whom Dante for his avarice placed in the seventh circle of the "Inferno." That chapel is a hallowed and haunted spot for the lovers of Dante. Standing within its walls one can conjure up a vision of the dim past—see again, to use Lord Lindsay's words, "Giotto intent upon his work, his wife Ciuta admiring his progress; and Dante with abstracted eye alternately conversing with his friend and watching the gambols of the children playing on the grass before the door."

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* "Sunningwell." By F. Warre Cornish. Archibald Constable & Co. 6s.

† "Giotto and his Works in Padua: Being an explanatory Notice of the Frescoes of the Arena Chapel." By John Ruskin. With illustrations. George Allen. 5s. net.

The story of the Bargello portrait, to which I have referred, is not familiar, I fancy, to the generality of readers. A reproduction of the portrait, which was painted on the walls of the chapel of the Palace of the Podesta, now known as that of the Bargello or Chief of Police, appears in the fourth volume of Dean Plumptre's translation, and the reader will see at a glance that the left eye has been injured. In the fifth volume the Dean briefly tells the curious story of the portrait. At some unknown date, probably in the seventeenth century, the palace chapel fell out of use, the walls were covered with plaster, and the picture of Dante was forgotten. With the revival of interest in the great three-fold epic, however, attention was fixed on the passages in old biographies referring to this likeness, and at last, in 1848, permission was obtained from the authorities in Florence to clear the chapel and remove the plaster. The task was slowly and carefully carried out, and on the 21st July "men saw the face of Dante as his contemporaries had seen it"; but by an evil chance a nail driven into the wall to support a part of the scaffolding was found to have been struck right through the eye. Happily "a faithful and reverent reproduction" of the portrait was made in colours before the Florentine painter Marini restored the injured eye, altered the form and colour of the cap, and, "in order to avoid shocking the feelings of the then Government by the revolutionary tri-colour of the white and green and red which Giotto had used for Dante's dress" (the colours of Beatrice in the Purgatorio xxx. 31–36) "turned the green into a dark chocolate."

In 1313, the year in which the best and brightest hopes of Dante were buried in the grave of Henry of Luxemburg, and the exile fled for peace to the monastery of Santa Croce in the lonely hills of Gubbio, Boccaccio was born at Certaldo. He was not only the first of the Italians to comment on Dante, but to him we owe the delectation of that green-pleached garden on the wooded hill, a league out of Florence, in the year of the Great Plague (1348). "It is unfortunate," as Mr. Joseph Jacobs observes,* "that Boccaccio's reputation generally relegates him to the top shelves," yet after all, of the hundred tales of "The Decameron," it is only to twenty-eight that exception need be taken, while the rest constitute what has been happily described as a "'Commedia Umana,' filled with as many figures, and as well drawn in their way, as that of Balzac." In a handsome volume Mr. Jacobs has issued translations of four of these—"Griselda," "Saladin and Torello," "Sir Federigo's Hawk," and "Isabella." With the exception of "Saladin and Torello," the story of each of these is familiar to most readers in some form or other. Chaucer has worked out the "Griselda" theme with incomparable beauty and pathos; one of the tales in "Longfellow's "Wayside Inn" and Tennyson's drama of "The Falcon" are based on "Sir Federigo's Hawk"; and it suffices to mention the name of Isabella to be reminded of Keats's poem. This volume by Mr. Jacobs is a delightful selection from the old story-teller (and I trust he will repeat the experiment), while the illustrations by Mr. Byam Shaw are wonderfully original and impressive.

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* "Tales from Boccaccio." Done into English by Joseph Jacobs, illustrated by Byam Shaw. George Allen. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

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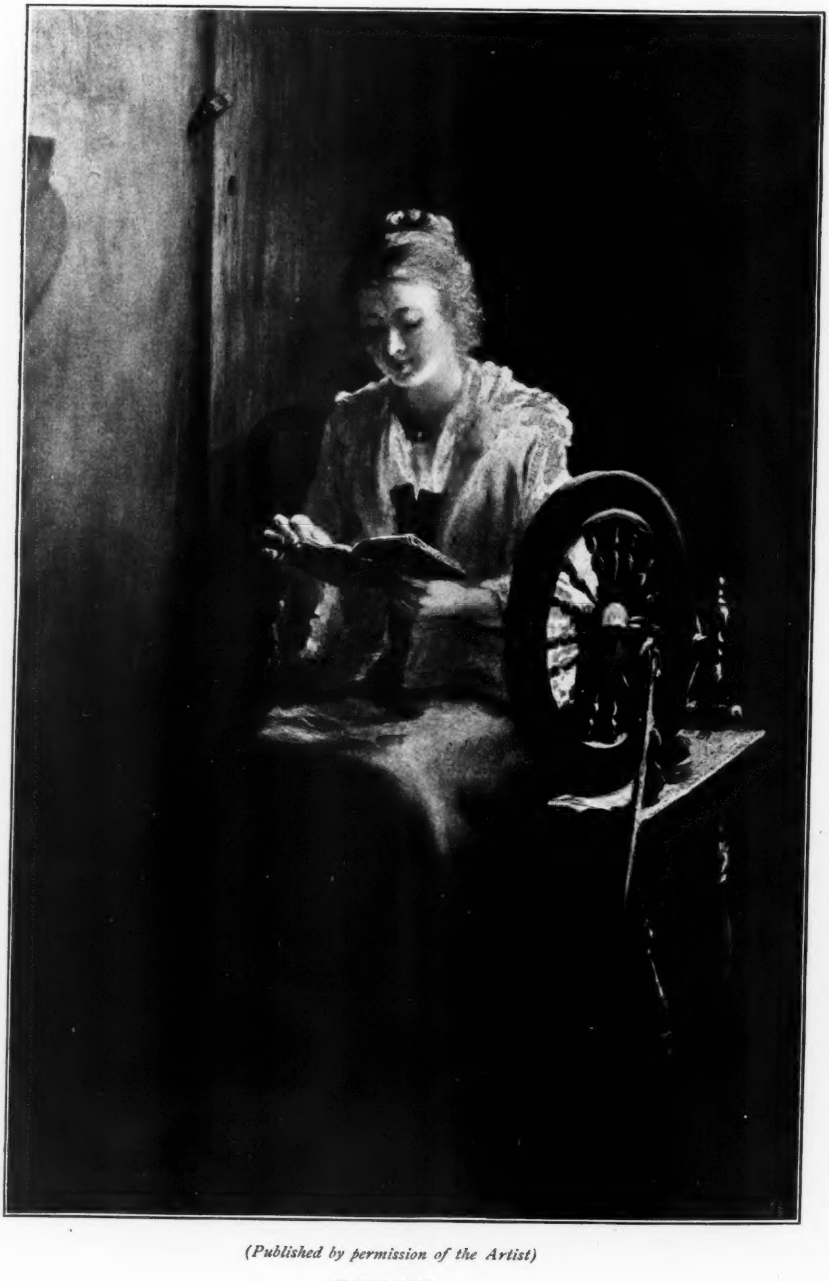

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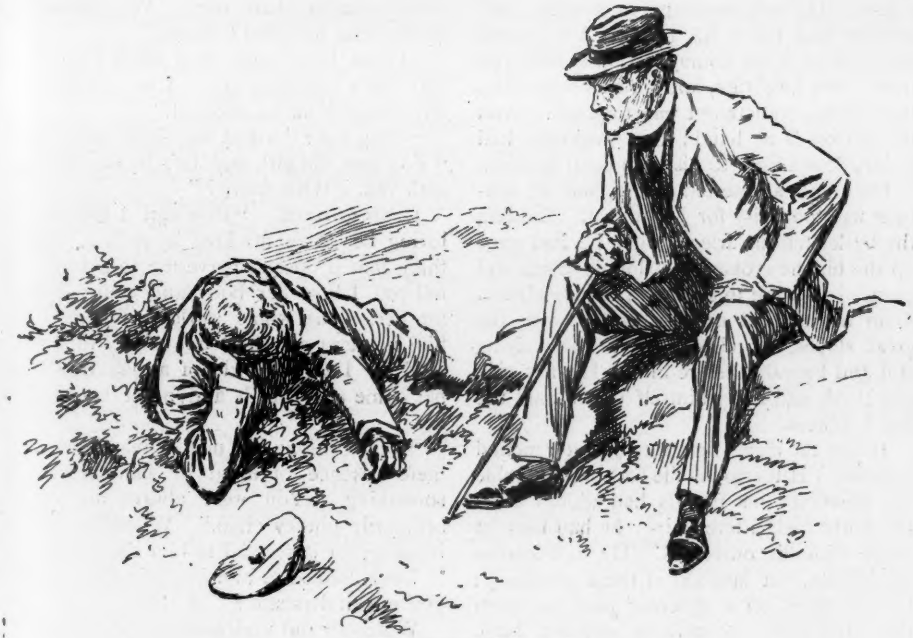
BALLADS

By Tom McEwan



“ ‘What's wrong with you?’ ”

THE HALF-HEARTED*

By JOHN BUCHAN, Author of “John Burnet of Barns,” etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON BROWNE

CHAPTER XIII

THE PLEASURES OF CONSCIENCE

IT was half way down the glen that the full ignominy of his position came on Lewis with the shock of a thunder-clap. A hateful bitterness against her preserver and the tricks of fate had been his solitary feeling, till suddenly he realised the part he had played, and saw himself for a naked coward. Coward he called himself—without reflection; for in such a moment the mind thinks in crude colours and bold lines of division. He set his teeth in his lip, and with a heart sinking at the shameful thought stalked into the farm-stables where the Glenavelin servants were.

He could not return to the Pool. Alice was little hurt, so anxiety was needless; better let him leave Mr. Stocks to enjoy his cheap heroics in peace. He would find an excuse; meanwhile give him quiet and solitude to digest his bitterness. He cursed himself for the unworthiness of his thoughts. What a pass had he come to when he grudged a little *kudos* to a rival, grudged it churlishly, childishly. He flung from him the self-reproach. Other people would wonder at his ungenerousness, and his sulky ill-nature. They would explain by the first easy discreditable reason. What cared he for their opinion when he knew the far greater shame in his heart?

For as he strode up the woodland path to Etterick the wrappings of surface passion fell off from his view of the past hour and he saw the bald and naked ribs of his own incapacity. It was a trivial incident to the world, but to himself a momentous self-revelation. He was a dreamer, a weakling, a fool. He had hesitated in a crisis, and another had taken his place. A thousand incidents of ready courage in past sport and travel were forgotten, and on this single slip the terrible indictment was founded. And the reason is at hand; this weakness had at last drawn near to his life's great passion.

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* Copyright 1899, in the United States of America, by Houghton, Mifflin and Co.

He found a deserted house, but its solitude was too noisy for his unrest. Bidding the butler tell his friends that he had gone up the hill, he crossed the sloping lawns and plunged into the thicket of rhododendrons. Soon he was out on the heather, with the great slopes, scorched with the heat, lying still and fragrant before him. He felt sick and tired, and flung himself down amid the soft brackens.

It was the man's first taste of bitter mental anguish. Hitherto his life had been equable and pleasant; his friends had adored him; the world had flattered him; he had been at peace with his own soul. He had known his failings, but laughed at them cavalierly; he had stood on a different platform from the struggling, conscience-stricken herd. Now he had in very truth been flung neck and crop from the pedestal of his self-esteem; and he lay groaning in the dust of abasement.

Wratislaw guessed with a friend's instinct his friend's disquietude, and turned his steps to the hill when he had heard the butler's message. He had known something of Lewis's imaginary self-upbraidings, and he was prepared for them, but he was not prepared for the grey and wretched face in the lee of the pinewood. A sudden suspicion that Lewis had been guilty of some real dishonour flashed across his mind for the moment, only to be driven out with scorn.

"Lewie, my son, what the deuce is wrong with you?" he cried.

The other looked at him with miserable eyes. "I am beginning to find out my rottenness."

Wratislaw laughed in spite of himself. "What a fool to go making psychological discoveries on such a day! Is it all over the little misfortune at the pool?"

Tragedy grew in Lewis's eyes. "Don't laugh, old chap. You don't know what I did. I let her fall into the water, and then I stood staring and let another man—*the* other man—save her."

"Well, and what about that? He had a better chance than you. You shouldn't grudge him his good fortune."

"Good Lord, man, you don't think it's that that's troubling me! I felt murderous, but it wasn't on his account."

"Why not?" asked the older man drily. "You love the girl, and he's in the running with you. What more?"

Lewis groaned. "How can I talk about loving her when my love is such a trifling thing that it doesn't nerve me to action? I tell you I love her body and soul. I live for her. The whole world is full of her. She is never a second out of my thoughts. And yet I am so little of a man that I let her come near death and never try to save her."

"But, confound it, man, it may have been mere absence of mind or bad nerves or something. You were always an extraordinarily plucky chap." Wratislaw spoke irritably, for it seemed to him sheer folly.

Lewis looked at him imploringly. "Can you not understand?" he cried.

Wratislaw did understand, and suddenly. The problem was subtler than he had thought. Weakness was at the core of it, weakness revealed in self-deception and self-accusation alike, the weakness of the finical dreamer, the man with the un-robust conscience. But the weakness which Lewis arraigned himself on was the very obvious failing of the diffident and the irresolute. Wratislaw tried the path of boisterous encouragement.

"Get up, you old fool, and come down to the house. *You* a coward! You are simply a romancer with an unfortunate knack of tragedy." The man must be laughed out of this folly. If he were not he would show the self-accusing front to the world, and the Manorwaters, Alice, Stocks—all save his chosen intimates, would credit him with a cowardice of which he had no taint.

Arthur and George, resigned now to the inevitable lady, had seen in the incident only the anxiety of a man for his beloved, and just a hint of the ungenerous in his treatment of Mr. Stocks. They were not prepared for the silent tragic figure which Wratislaw brought with him.

Arthur had a glint of the truth, but the obtuse George saw nothing. "Do you know that you are going to have the Wisharts for neighbours for a couple of months yet?

Old Wishart has taken Glenavelin from the end of August."

This would have been pleasant hearing at another time, but now it simply drove home the nail of his bitter reflections. Alice would be near him, a terrible reproach—she, the devotee of strength and competence. He could not win her, and it is characteristic of the man that he had ceased to think of Mr. Stocks as his rival. He would lose her to no rival; to his ragged incapacity alone would his ill-fortune be due.

He struggled to act the part of the cheerful host, and Wratislaw watched his efforts grimly. He ate little at dinner, showed no desire to smoke, and played billiards so badly that Wratislaw, an execrable player, won the first and last game of his life. The victor took him out of doors thereafter to walk on the moonlit fragrant lawn.

"You are taking things to heart," said he. "And I'm blessed if I can understand you. To me it's sheer mania."

"And to me it's the last link in a chain. I have suspected myself for long, now I know myself and—ugh! the knowledge is a hideous thing."

Wratislaw stood regarding his companion seriously. "I wonder what will happen to you, Lewie. Life is serious enough without inventing a crotchety virtue to make it miserable."

"Can't you understand me, Tommy? It isn't that I'm a cad, it's that I am a coward. I couldn't be a cad supposing I tried. These things are a matter chiefly of blood and bone, and I am not made that way. But God help me! I *am* a coward. I can't fight worth twopence. Look at my performance a fortnight ago. The ordinary gardener's boy can beat me at making love. I am full of generous impulses and sentiments, but what's the use of them? Everything grows cold and I am a dumb icicle when it comes to action. I knew all this before, but I thought I had kept my bodily courage. I've had a good enough training, and I used to have pluck."

"But you don't mean to tell me that it was funk that kept you out of the pool today?" cried the impatient Wratislaw.

"How do I know that it wasn't?" came the wretched answer.

Wratislaw turned on his heel and made to go back.

"You're an infernal idiot, Lewie, and an infernal child. Thank Heaven! your friends know you better than you know yourself."

The next morning it was a different man who came down to breakfast. He had lost his haggard air, and seemed to have forgotten the night's episode.

"Was I very rude to everybody last night?" he asked. "I have a vague recollection of playing the fool."

"You were particularly rude about yourself," said Wratislaw.

The young man laughed. "It's a way I have sometimes. It's an awkward thing when a man's foes are of his own household."

The others seemed to see a catch in his mirth, a ring as of something hollow. He opened some letters, and looked up from one with a twitching face and a curious droop of the eyelids. "Miss Wishart is all right," he said. "My aunt says that she is none the worse, but that Stocks has caught a tremendous cold. An unromantic ending!"

The meal ended, they wandered out to the lawn to smoke, and Wratislaw found himself standing with a hand on his host's shoulder. He noticed something distraught in his glance and air.

"Are you fit again to-day?" he asked.

"Quite fit, thanks," said Lewis, but his face belied him. He had forgiven himself the incident of yesterday, but no proof of a *non sequitur* could make him relinquish his dismal verdict. The wide morning landscape lay green and soothing at his feet. Down in the glen men were winning the bog-hay; up on the hill slopes they were driving lambs—the Avelin hurried to the Gled and beyond was the great ocean and the infinite works of man. The whole brave bustling world was astir, little and great ships hasting out of port, the soldier scaling the breach, the adventurer travelling the deserts. And he, the fool, had no share in this braggart heritage. He could not dare to look a man straight in the face, for like the king in the old fable he had lost his soul.

CHAPTER XIV

A GENTLEMAN IN STRAITS

THE fall of the leaf found Etterick very full of people and new dwellers in Glenavelin.

The invitations were of old standing, but Lewis found their fulfilment a pleasant trick of Fortune's. To keep a bustling household in good spirit leaves small room for brooding and he was famous for his hospitality. The partridges were plentiful that year, and a rainless autumn had come on the heels of a fine summer. So life went pleasantly with all, and the master of the place cloaked a very sick heart under a ready good humour.

His thoughts were always on Glenavelin, and when he happened to be near it he used to look with anxious eyes for a slim figure who was rarely out of his fancy. He had not seen Alice since the accident, save for one short minute, when riding from Gledsmuir he had passed her one afternoon at the Glenavelin gates. He had earnestly desired to stop, but his curious cowardice had made him pass with a lifted hat and a hasty smile. Could he have looked back, he might have seen the girl watching him out of sight with tearful eyes. To himself he was the hopeless lover, and she the scornful lady, while she in her own eye was the unhappy girl for whom the soldier in the song shakes his bridle reins and cries an eternal adieu.

Matters did not improve when the Manorwaters left and Mr. Wishart himself came down, bringing with him Stocks, a certain Mr. Andrews and his wife, and an excellent young man called Thompson. All were pleasant people, with the manners which the world calls hearty, well-groomed, presentable folk, who enjoyed this life and looked forward to a better.

Mr. Wishart explored the place thoroughly the first evening, and explained that he was thankful indeed that he had been led to take it. He was a handsome man with a worn elderly face, a very square jaw and somewhat weary eyes. It is given to few men to make a great fortune and not bear the signs of it on their persons.

"I expect you enjoyed staying with Lady Manorwater, Alice?" Mrs. Andrews declared at dinner. "They are very plain people, aren't they, to be such great aristocrats?"

"I suppose so," said the girl listlessly.

"I once met Lady Manorwater at Mrs. Cookson's at afternoon tea. I thought she was badly dressed. You know Manorwater, don't you, George?" said the lady to her husband, with the boldness which comes from the use of a peer's name without the handle.

"Oh yes, I know him well. I have met him at the Liberal Club dinners, and I was his chairman once when he spoke on Irish affairs. A most delightful man!"

"I suppose they would have a pleasant house-party when you were here, my dear?" asked the lady. "And of course you had the election. What fun! And what a victory for you, Mr. Stocks! I hear you beat the greatest landowner in the district."

Mr. Stock smiled and glanced at Alice. The girl flushed; she could not help it; and she hated Mr. Stocks for his look.

Her father spoke for the first time. "What is the young man like, Stocks? I hear he is very proud and foolish, the sort of over-educated type which the world has no use for."

"I like him," said Mr. Stocks dishonestly. "He fought like a gentleman."

"These people are so rarely gentlemen," said Mrs. Andrews, proud of her high attitude. "I suppose his father made his money in coal and bought the land from some poor dear old aristocrat. It is so sad to think of it. And that sort of person is always over-educated, for you see they have not the spirit of the old families and they bury themselves in books." Mrs. Andrews's father had kept a crockery shop but his daughter had buried the memory.

Mr. Wishart frowned. The lady had been asked down for her husband's sake, and he did not approve of this chatter about family. Mr. Stocks, who was about to explain the Haystoun pedigree, caught his host's eye and left the dangerous subject untouched.

"You said in your letters that they had been kind to you at this young man's place. We must ask him down here to dinner, Alice. Oh, and that reminds me I found a letter from him to-day asking me to shoot. I don't go in for that sort of thing, but you young fellows had better try it."

Mr. Stocks declined, said he had given it up. Mr. Thompson said, "Upon my word, I should like to," and privately vowed to forget the invitation. He distrusted his prowess with a gun.

"By the bye, was he not at the picnic when you saved my daughter's life? I can never thank you enough, Stocks. What should I have done without my small girl?"

"Yes, he was there. In fact he was with Miss Alice at the moment she slipped."

He may not have meant it, but the imputation was clear, and it stirred one fiery expostulation. "Oh, but he hadn't time before Mr. Stocks came after me," she began, and then feeling it ungracious towards that gentleman to make him share a possibility of heroism with another, she was silent. More, a lurking fear which had never grown large enough for a suspicion, began to catch at her heart. Was it possible that Lewis had held back?

For a moment the candle-lit room vanished from her eyes. She saw the warm ledge of rock with the rowan-berries above. She saw his flushed, eager face—it was her last memory before she had fallen. Surely never—never was there cowardice in those eyes!

Mrs. Andrews's vulgarities and her husband's vain repetitions began to pall upon the anxious girl. The young Mr. Thompson talked shrewdly enough on things of business, and Mr. Stocks abated something of his pomposity and was honestly amiable. These were her own people, the workers for whom she had craved. And yet—were they so desirable? Her father's grave, keen face pleased her always, but what of the others? The radiant gentle women whom she had met with the Manorwaters seemed to belong to another world than this of petty social struggling and awkward ostentation.—And the men!—Doubtless they were foolish, dilettante, barbarians of sport, half-hearted and unpractical! And she shut her heart to any voice which would defend them.

Lewis drove over to dine some four days later with dismal presentiments. The same hopeless self-contempt which had hung over him for weeks was still weighing on his soul. He dreaded the verdict of Alice's eyes, and in a heart which held only kindness he looked for a cold criticism. It was this despair which made his position hopeless. He would never take his chance; there could be no opportunity for the truth to become clear to both; for in his plate-armour of despair he was shielded against the world. Such was his condition to the eyes of a friend; to himself he was the common hopeless lover who sighed for a stony mistress.

He noticed changes in Glenavelin. Business-like leather bags stood in the hall, and an unwontedly large pile of letters lay on a table. The drawing-room was the same as ever, but in the dining-room an escritoire had been established which groaned under a burden of papers. Mr. Wishart puzzled and repelled him. It was a strong face, but a cold and a stupid one, and his eyes had the glassy hardness of the man without vision. He was bidden heartily welcome, and thanked in a tactless way for his kindness to Mr. Wishart's daughter. Then he was presented to Mrs. Andrews and his courage sank as he bowed to her.

At table the lady twitted him with graceful badinage. "Alice and you must have had a gay time, Mr. Haystoun. Why, you've been seeing each other constantly for months. Have you become great friends?" She exerted her wit, for, though he might be a parvenu, he was undeniably handsome.

Mr. Stocks explained that Mr. Haystoun had organised wonderful picnic parties. The lady clapped her many-ringed hands and declared that he must repeat the experiment. "For I love picnics," she said, "I love the simplicity and the fresh air and the rippling streams. And washing up is fun, and it is such a great chance for you young men." And she cast a coy glance over her shoulder.

"Do you live far off, Mr. Haystoun?" she asked repeatedly. "Four miles? Oh, that's next door. We shall come and see you some day. We have just been staying with the Marshams—Mr. Marsham, you know, the great cotton people. Very vulgar, but the house is charming. It was so exciting, for the elections were on, and the Hestons, who are the great people in that part of the country, were always calling. Dear Lady Julia is so clever. Did you ever meet Mr. Marsham, by any chance?"

"Not that I remember. I know the Hestons of course. Julia is my cousin."

The lady was silenced. "But I thought, she murmured. "I thought . . . they were very exclusive people and never . . ." Then seeing dimly the atrocity of her remark she cut it short with a cough.

"Are they called exclusive? But you see, one never knows what that word means. I spent a good many of my school holidays at Heston."

Alice broke in to prevent utter boredom with a question about the Manorwaters. The youthful Mr. Thompson, who apart from his solicitor's profession, was a devotee of cricket, asked in a lofty way if Mr. Haystoun cared for the game.

"I do rather. I'm not very good, but we raised an eleven this year in the glen which beat Gledsmuir."

The notion pleased the gentleman. If a second match could be arranged he might play and show his prowess. In all likelihood this solemn and bookish laird, presumably brought up at home, would be a poor enough player.

"I played a lot at school," he said. "In fact I was in the Eleven for two years and I played in the Authentics match, and once against the Eton Ramblers. A strong lot they were."

"Let me see. Was that about seven years ago? I seem to remember."

"Seven years ago," said Mr. Thompson. "But why? Did you see the match?"

"No, I wasn't in the match; I had twisted my ankle, jumping. But I captained the Ramblers that season, so I remember it."

Respect grew large in Mr. Thompson's eyes. Here was modesty and distinction equally mated. The picture of the shy student had gone from his memory.

"If you like to come up to Etterick we might get up a match from the village," said Lewis courteously. "Ourselves with the foresters and keepers against the villagers wouldn't be a bad arrangement."

The young man was more than pleased. Cricket in such company! Henceforth he was a member of the great band of Lewis's admirers.

But to Alice the whole conversation struck a jarring note. His eye kindled and he talked freely on sport. Was it not but a new token of his incurable levity? Mr. Wishart, who had understood little of the talk, found in this young man strange stuff to shape to a politician's ends. Contrasted with the gravity of Mr. Stocks, it was a schoolboy beside a master.

"I have been reading," he said slowly, "reading a speech of the new Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. I cannot understand the temper of mind which it illustrates. He talks of the Roumanian war, and a brave people struggling for freedom as if it were merely a move in some hideous diplomatists' game. A man of that sort cannot understand a moral purpose."

"Tommy—I mean to say Mr. Wratislaw—doesn't believe in Roumanian freedom, but you know he is a most ardent moralist."

"I do not understand," said Mr. Wishart drily.

"I mean that personally he is a Puritan, a man who tries every action of his life by a moral standard. But he believes that moral standards vary with circumstances."

"Pernicious stuff, sir. There is one moral law. There is one Table of Commandments."

"But surely you must translate the Commandments into the language of the occasion. You do not believe that 'Thou shalt not kill' is absolute in every case?"

"I mean that except in the God-appointed necessity of war, and in the serving of criminal justice, killing is murder."

"Suppose a man goes travelling," said Lewis with abstracted eyes, "and has a lot of native servants. They mutiny, and he shoots down a few. He saves his life, he serves, probably, the ends of civilisation. Do you call that murder?"

"Assuredly. Better, far better that he should perish in the wilderness than that he should take the law into his own hands and kill one of God's creatures."

"But law, you know, is not an absolute word."

Mr. Wishart scented danger. "I can't argue against your subtleties, but my mind is clear; and I can respect no man who could think otherwise."

Lewis reddened and looked appealingly at Alice. She, too, was uncomfortable. Her opinions sounded less convincing when stated dogmatically by her father.

Mr. Stocks saw his chance and took it.

"Did you ever happen to be in such a crisis as you speak of, Mr. Haystoun? You have travelled a great deal."

"I have never had occasion to put a man to death," said Lewis, seeing the snare and scorning to avoid it.

"But you have had difficulties?"

"Once I had to flog a couple of men. It was not pleasant, and worst of all it did no good."

"Irrational violence seldom does," grunted Mr. Wishart.

"No, for as I was going to say it was a clear case where the men should have been put to death. They had deserved it, for they had disobeyed me and by their disobedience caused the death of several innocent people. They decamped shortly afterwards, and all but managed to block our path. I blame myself still for not hanging them."

A deep silence hung over the table. Mr. Wishart and the Andrews stared with uncomprehending faces. Mr. Stocks studied his plate, and Alice looked on the speaker with eyes in which unwilling respect strove with consternation.

Only the culprit was at his ease. The discomfort of these good people for a moment amused him. Then the sight of Alice's face, which he wholly mis-read, brought him back to decent manners.

"I am afraid I have shocked you," he said simply. "If one knocks about the world one gets a different point of view."

Mr. Wishart restrained a flood of indignation with an effort. "We won't speak on the subject," he said. "I confess I have my prejudices."

Mr. Stocks assented with a smile and a sigh.

In the drawing-room afterwards Lewis was presented with the olive-branch of peace. He had to attend Mrs. Andrews to the piano and listen to her singing of a sentimental ballad with the face of a man in the process of enjoyment. Soon he pleaded the four miles of distance and the dark night, and took his leave. His spirits had in a measure returned. Alice had not been gracious, but she had shown no scorn. And her spell at the first sight of her was woven a thousand-fold over his heart.

He found her alone for one moment in the hall.

"Alice—Miss Wishart, may I come and see you? It is a pity such near neighbours should see so little of each other."

His hesitation made him cloak a despairing request in the garb of a conventional farewell.

The girl had the sense to pierce the disguise. "You may come and see us, if you like, Mr. Haystoun. We shall be at home all next week."

"I shall come very soon," he cried, and he was whirled away from the light; with the girl's face framed in the arch of the doorway making a picture for his memory.

When the others had gone to bed, Stocks and Mr. Wishart sat up over a last pipe by the smoking-room fire.

The younger man moved uneasily in his chair. He had something to say which had long lain on his mind, and he was uncertain of its reception.

"You have been for a long time my friend, Mr. Wishart," he began. "You have done me a thousand kindnesses, and I only hope I have not proved myself unworthy of them."

Mr. Wishart raised his eyebrows at the peculiar words. "Certainly you have not," he said. "I regard you as the most promising by far of the younger men of my acquaintance, and any little services I may have rendered have been amply repaid me."

The younger man bowed and looked into the fire.

"It is very kind of you to speak so," he said. "I have been wondering whether I might not ask for a further kindness, the greatest favour which you could confer upon me. Have you made any plans for your daughter's future?"

Mr. Wishart sat up stiffly on the instant. "You mean?" he said.

"I mean that I love Alice . . . your daughter . . . and I wish to make her my wife. If you would give me your consent, I shall ask her."

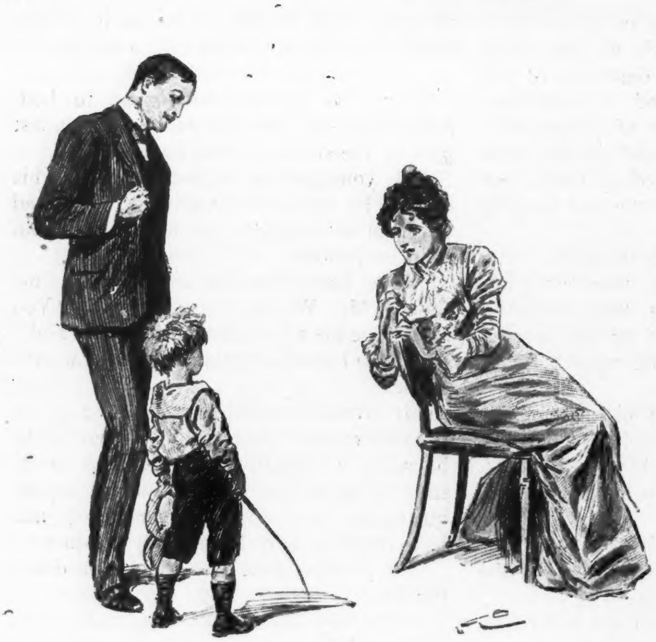
"But—but," said the old man stammering. "Does the girl know anything of this?"

"She knows that I love her, and I think she will not be unkind."

"I don't know that I object," said Mr. Wishart after a long pause. "In fact I am very willing, and I am glad that you had the good manners to speak to me first. Yes, upon my word, sir, I am pleased. You have had a creditable career, and your future promises well. My girl will help you, for though I say it, she will not be ill provided for. I respect your character and I admire your principles, and I give you my heartiest good wishes."

Mr. Stocks rose and held out his hand. He felt that the interview could not be prolonged in the present fervour of gratitude.

"Had it been that young Haystoun now,"



"The small boy was very dirty, ruddy and cheerful"

said Mr. Wishart, "I should never have given my consent. I resolved long ago that my daughter should never marry an idle man. I am a plain man and I care nothing for social distinctions."

But as Mr. Stocks left the room the plain man glanced after him, and sitting back suffered a moment's reflection. The form of this worker contrasted in his mind with the figure of the idler who had that evening graced his table. A fool, doubtless, but a fool with an air and a manner! And for one second he allowed himself to regret that he was to acquire so unromantic a son-in-law.

CHAPTER XV

THE NEMESIS OF A COWARD

Two days later the Andrews drove up the glen to Etterick, taking with them the unwilling Mr. Wishart. Alice had escaped the ordeal with some feigned excuse, and the unfortunate Mr. Thompson, deeply grieving, had been summoned by telegram from cricket to law. The lady had chattered all the way up the winding moorland road, crying out banalities about the pretty landscape, or questioning her very ignorant companions about the dwellers in Etterick. She was full of praises for the house when it came in view; it was "quaint," it was "charming," it was everything inappropriate. But the amiable woman's prattle deserted her when she found herself in the cold stone hall with the great portraits and the lack of all modern frippery. It was so plainly a man's house, so clearly a place of tradition, that her pert modern speech seemed for one moment a fatuity.

It was an off-day for the shooters, and so for a miracle there were men in the drawing-room at tea-time. The hostess for the time was an aunt of Lewis's, a certain Mrs. Alderson, whose husband (the famous big game hunter) had but recently returned from the jaws of a Zambesi lion. George's sister, Lady Clanroyden, a tall, handsome girl in a white frock, was arranging flowers in a bowl, and on the sill of the open window two men were basking in the sun. From the inner drawing-room there came an echo of voices and laughter. The whole scene was sunny and cheerful, youth and age, gay frocks and pleasant faces amid the old tapestry and mahogany of a moorland house.

Mr. Andrews sat down solemnly to talk of the weather with the two men, who found him a little dismal. One—he of the Zambesi lion episode—was grizzled, phlegmatic, and patient, and in no way critical of his company. So soon he was embarked on extracts from his own experience to which Mr. Andrews, who had shares in some company in the neighbourhood, listened with flattering attention. Mrs. Alderson set herself to entertain Mr. Wishart, and being a kindly, simple person, found the task easy. They were soon engaged in an earnest discussion of unsectarian charities.

Lady Clanroyden, with an unwilling sense of duty, devoted herself to Mrs. Andrews. That simpering matron fell into a vein of confidences and in five brief minutes had laid bare her heart. Then came the narrative of her recent visit to the Marshams, and the inevitable mention of the Hestons.

"Oh, you know the Hestons?" said Lady Clanroyden, brightening.

"Very well indeed." The lady smiled, looking round to make sure that Lewis was not in the room.

"Julia is here, you know. Julia, come and speak to your friends."

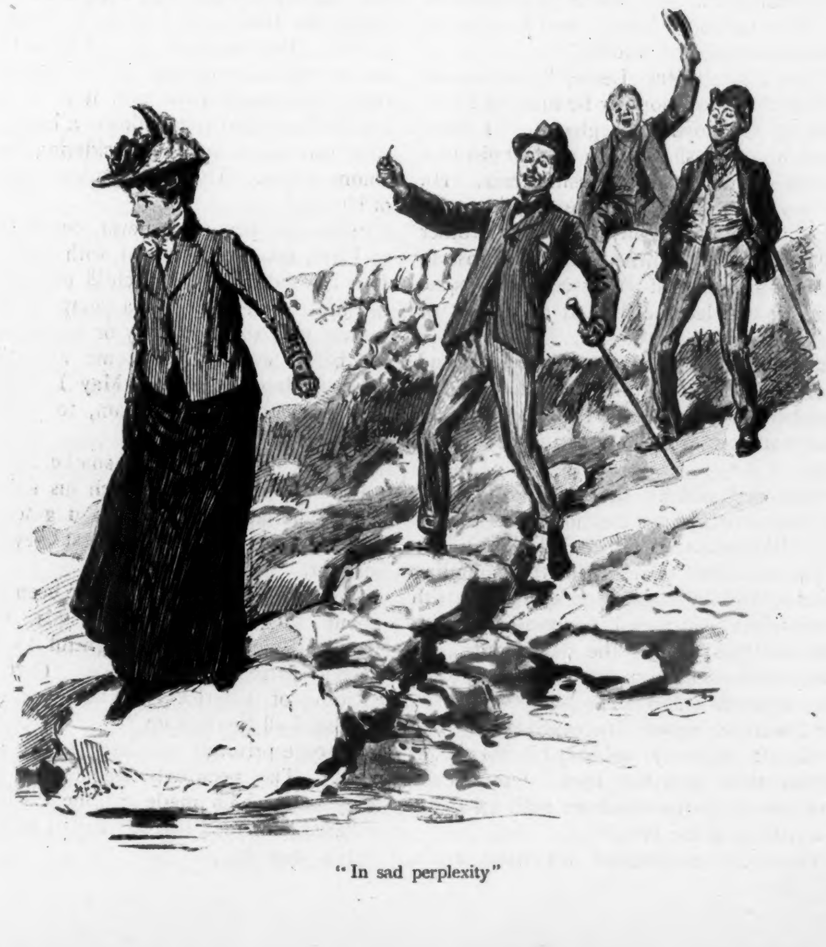
A dark girl in mourning came forward to meet the expansive smile of Mrs. Andrews. Earnestly the lady hoped that she remembered the single brief meeting on which she had built a fictitious acquaintance, and was reassured when the newcomer shook hands with her pleasantly. Truth to tell, Lady Julia had no remembrance of her face, but was too good-natured to be honest.

"And how is your dear mother? I was so sorry to hear from a mutual friend that she had been unwell." How thankful she was that she read each week various papers which reported people's doings!

A sense of bewilderment lurked in her heart. Who was this Lewis Haystoun who owned such a house and such a kindred? The hypothesis of money made in coal seemed insufficient, and with much curiosity she set herself to solve the problem.

"Is Mr. Haystoun coming back to tea?" she asked by way of a preface.

"No, he has had to go to Gledsmuir. We are all idle this afternoon, but he has a landowner's responsibilities."



"In sad perplexity"

"Have his family been here long? I seem never to have heard his name."

Lady Clanroyden looked a little surprised. "Yes, they have been rather a while. I forget how many centuries, but a good many. It was about this place, you know, that the old ballad of 'The Riding of Etterick' was made, and a Haystoun was the hero."

Mrs. Andrews knew nothing about old ballads, but she feigned a happy reminiscence.

"It is so sad his being beaten by Mr. Stocks," she declared. "Of course an old county family should provide the members for a district. They have the hearts of the people with them."

"Then the hearts of the people have a funny way of revealing themselves," Lady Clanroyden laughed. "I'm not at all sorry that Lewis was beaten. He is the best man in the world, but one wants to shake him up. His motto is 'Thole,' and he gets too few opportunities of 'tholing.'"

"You all call him 'Lewie,'" commented the lady. "How popular he must be!"

Mabel Clanroyden laughed. "I have known him ever since I was a small girl in a short frock and straight-brushed hair. He was never anything else than Lewie to his friends. Oh, here is my wandering brother and my only son returned," and she rose to catch up a small, self-possessed boy of some five years who led the flushed and reluctant George in tow.

The small boy was very dirty, ruddy and cheerful. He had torn his blouse, and scratched his brow, and the crown of his straw hat had parted company from the brim.

"George," said his sister severely, "have you been corrupting the manners of my son? Where *have* you been?"

The boy—he rejoiced in the sounding name of Archibald—slapped a small leg with a miniature whip, and counterfeited with great skill the pose of the stable-yard. He slowly unclenched a smutty fist and revealed three separate shillings.

"I won um myself," he explained.

"Is it highway robbery?" asked his mother with horrified eyes. "Archibald, have you stopped a coach or held up a 'bus or anything of the kind?"

The child unclenched his hand again, beamed on his prize, smiled knowingly at the world, and shut it.

"What has the dreadful boy been after? Oh, tell me George, please. I will try to bear it."

"We fell in with a Sunday-school picnic along in the glen, and Archie made me take him there. And he had tea—I hope the little chap won't be ill, by-the-by. And he made a speech or a recitation or something of the sort. Nobody understood it, but it went down like anything."

"And do you mean to say that the people gave him money, and you allowed him to take it?" asked an outraged mother.

"He won it," said George. "Won it in fair fight. He was second in the race under twelve, and first in the race under ten. They gave him a decent handicap, and he simply romped home. That chap can run, Mabel. He tried the sack race, too, but the first time he slipped altogether inside the thing and had to be taken out, yelling. But he stuck to it like a Trojan, and at the second shot he got started all right, and would have won it if he hadn't lost his head and rolled down a bank. He isn't scratched much, considering he fell among whins. That also explains the state of his hat."

"George, you shall never, never, as long as I live, take my son out with you again. It is a wonder the poor child escaped with his life. You have not a scrap of feeling. I must take the boy away or he will shame me before everybody. Come and talk to Mrs. Andrews, George. May I introduce my brother, Mr. Winterham, to you, Mrs. Andrews?"

George who wanted to smoke, sat down unwillingly in the chair which his sister had left. The lady, whose airs and graces were all for men, put on her most bewitching manner.

"Your sister and I have just been talking about this exquisite place, Mr. Winterham. It must be so delightful to live in such a centre of old romance. That lovely 'Riding of Etterick' has been running in my head all the way up."

George privately wondered at the confession. The peculiarly tragic and ghastly fragments which made up the "Riding of Etterick," seemed scarcely suited to haunt a lady's memory.

"Had you a long drive?" he asked in despair for a topic.

"Only from Glenavelin."

He awoke to interest. "Are you staying at Glenavelin just now? The Wisharts are in it are they not? We were a great deal about the place when the Manorwaters were there."

"Oh, yes. I have heard about Lady Manorwater from Alice Wishart. She must be a charming woman; Alice cannot speak enough about her."

George's face brightened. "Miss Wishart is a great friend of mine, and a most awfully good sort."

"And as you are a great friend of hers I think I may tell you a great secret," and the lady patted him playfully. "Our pretty Alice is going to be married."

George was thoroughly roused to attention. "Who is the chap?" he asked sharply.

"I think I may tell you," said Mrs. Andrews, enjoying her sense of importance. "It is Mr. Stocks, the new member."

George restrained with difficulty a very natural oath. Then he looked at his informant and saw in her face only silliness and truth. For the good woman had indeed persuaded herself of the verity of her fancy. Mr. Stocks had told her that he had her father's consent and good wishes, and misinterpreting the girl's manner she had considered the affair settled.

It was unfortunate that Mr. Wishart at this moment showed such obvious signs of restlessness that the lady rose to take her leave, otherwise George might have learned the truth. After the Glenavelin party had gone he wandered out to the lawn, pulling his moustache in vast perplexity and cursing the twisted world. He had no guess at Lewis's manner of wooing; to him it had seemed the simple straightforward love which he thought beyond resistance. And now when he learned of this melancholy issue, he was sore at heart for his friend.

He was awakened from his reverie by Lewis himself, who, having ridden straight to the stables, was now sauntering towards the house. A trim man looks at his best in riding clothes, and Lewis was no exception. He was flushed with sun and motion, his spirits were high, for all the journey he had been dreaming of a coming meeting with Alice, and the hope which had suddenly increased a thousand-fold. George marked his mood, and with a regret at his new *rôle* caught him by the arm and checked him.

"I say, old man, don't go in just yet. I want to tell you something, and I think you had better hear it now."

Lewis turned obediently, amazed by the gravity of his friend's face.

"Some people came up from Glenavelin this afternoon and among them a Mrs. Andrews, whom I had to talk to. She told me that Al—Miss Wishart is engaged to that fellow Stocks."

Lewis's face whitened and he turned away his eyes. He could not credit it. Two days ago she had been free; he could swear it; he remembered her eyes at parting. Then came the thought of his blindness, and in a great horror of self-mistrust he seemed to see throughout it all his criminal folly. He, poor fool, had been pleasing himself with dreams of a meeting, when all the while the other man had been the real lover. She had despised him, spared not a thought for him save as a pleasing idler; and he—that he should ever have ventured for one second to hope! Curiously enough, for the first time he thought of Stocks with respect; to have won the girl seemed in itself the proof of dignity and worth.

"Thanks very much for telling me. I am glad I know. No, I don't think I'll go into the house yet."

* * * * *

The days passed and Alice waited with anxious heart for the coming of the very laggard Lewis. To-day he will come, she said each morning; and evening found her—poor heart!—still expectant. She told herself a thousand times that it was sheer folly. He meant nothing, it was a mere fashion of speech; and then her heart would revolt and bid common sense be silent. He came indeed with some of the Etterick party on a formal call, but this was clearly not the fulfilment of his promise. So the girl waited, and despaired, while the truant at Etterick was breaking his heart for the unattainable.

Mr. Stocks, having won the official consent, conducted his suit with commendable discretion. Suit is the word for the performance, so full was it of elaborate punctilios. He never intruded upon her unhappiness. A studied courtesy, a distant thoughtfulness were his only compliments.

But when he found her gayer, then would he strive with subtle delicacies of manner to make clear the part he desired to play.

The girl saw his kindness and was grateful. In the revulsion against the Andrews he seemed a link with the more pleasant sides of life, and soon in her despair and anger his modest merits took heroic proportions in her eyes. She forgot her past dislike; she thought only of this, the simple good man, contrasted with the showy and fickle-hearted—true metal against glittering tinsel. His very weaknesses seemed homely and venial. He was of her own world, akin to the things which deep down in her soul she knew she must love to the last. It is to the credit of the man's insight that he saw the mood and took pains to foster it.

Twice he asked her to marry him. The first time her heart was still sore with disappointment and she refused—yet half-heartedly.

He waited his time and when the natural cheerfulness of her temper was beginning to rise, he again tried his fortune.

"I cannot," she cried. "I cannot. I like you very much, but oh, it is too much to ask me to marry you."

"But I love you with all my heart, Alice." And the honesty of his tone and the distant thought of a very different hope brought the tears to her eyes.

He had forgotten all pompous dreams and the stilted prospects with which he had aforetime hoped to beguile his wife. The man was plain and simple now, a being very much on fire with an honest passion. He may have left her love cold, but he touched the sympathy which in a true woman is love's nearest neighbour. Before she knew herself she had promised, and had been kissed respectfully and tenderly by her delighted lover. For a moment she felt something like joy, and then, with a dreadful thought of the baselessness of her pleasure, walked slowly homewards by his side.

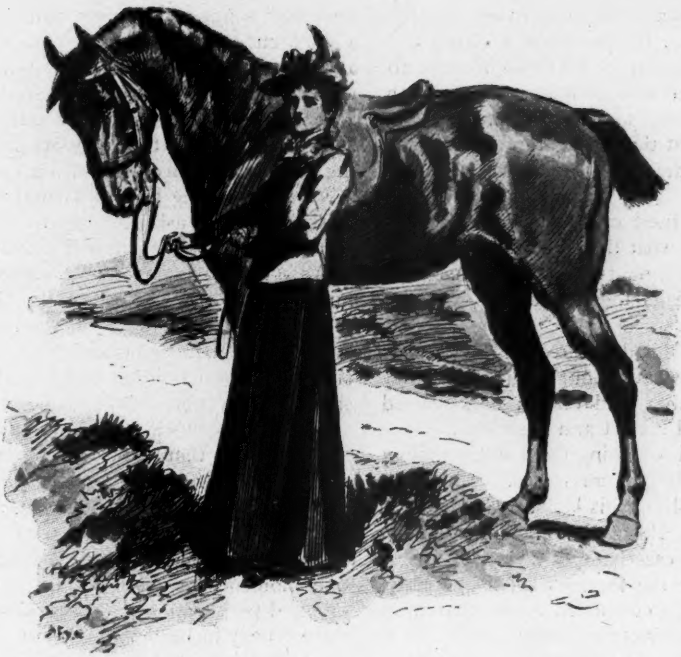
The next morning Alice rose with a dreary sense of the irrevocable. A door seemed to have closed behind her, and the future stretched before her in a straight dusty path with few nooks and shadows. This was not the blithe morning of betrothal she had looked for. The rapturous outlook on life which she had dreamed of was replaced by a cold and business-like calculation of profits. The rose garden of the god unconquered in battle was exchanged for a very shoddy and huckstering paradise.

Mrs. Andrews claimed her company all the morning, and with the pertinacity of her kind soon guessed the very obvious secret. Her gushing congratulations drove the girl distracted. She praised the good Stocks, and Alice drank in the comfort of such words with greedy ears. From one young man she passed to another, and hung lovingly over the perfections of Mr. Haystoun. "He has the real distinction, dear," she cried, "which you can never mistake. It only belongs to old blood and it is quite inimitable. His friends are so charming, too, and you can always tell a man by his people. It is so pleasant to fall in with old acquaintances again. That dear Lady Clanroyden promised to come over soon. I quite long to see her, for I feel as if I had known her for ages."

After lunch Alice fled the house and sought her old refuge—the hills. There she would find the deep solitude for thought. She was not broken-hearted though she grieved now and again with a blind longing of regret. But she was confused and shaken; the landmarks of her vision seemed to have been removed, and she had to face the grim narrowing-down of hopes which is the sternest trial for poor mortality.

Autumn's hand was lying heavy on the hillsides. Bracken was yellowing, heather passing from bloom and the clumps of wild-wood taking the soft russet and purple of decline. Faint odours of woodsmoke seemed to flit over the moor, and the sharp lines of the hill-fastnesses were drawn as with a graving-tool against the sky. She resolved to go to the Mid-Burn and climb up the cleft, for the place was still a centre of memory. So she kept for a mile to the Etterick road, till she came in view of the little stone bridge where the highway spans the moorland waters.

There had been intruders in Paradise before her. Broken bottles and scraps of paper were defacing the hill-turf, and when she turned to get to the water's edge she found the rushy coverts trampled on every side. From somewhere among the trees came the sound of singing—a silly music-hall catch. It was a sharp surprise, and the girl,



"He found the girl, statue-like, holding the bridle-rein"

in horror at the profanation, was turning in all haste to leave.

But the Fates had prepared an adventure. Three half-tipsy men came swinging down the slope, their arms linked together, and bowlers set rakishly at the backs of their heads. They kept up the chorus of the song which was being sung elsewhere, and they suited their rolling gait to the measure.

"For it ain't Maria," came the tender melody; and the reassuring phrase was repeated a dozen times. Then by ill-luck they caught sight of the astonished Alice, and dropping their musical efforts they hailed her familiarly. Clearly they were the stragglers of some picnic from the town, the engaging type of gentleman who on such occasions is drunk by mid-day. They were dressed in ill-fitting Sunday clothes, great flowers beamed from their button-hole, and after the fashion of their kind their waistcoats were unbuttoned for comfort. The girl tried to go back by the way she had come, but to her horror she found that she was intercepted. The three gentlemen commanded her retreat.

They seemed comparatively sober, so she tried entreaty. "Please, let me pass," she said pleasantly. "I find I have taken the wrong road."

"No, you haven't, dearie," said one of the men, who from a superior neatness of apparel might have been a clerk, "You've come the right road, for you've met us. And now you're not going away." And he came forward with a protecting arm.

Alice, genuinely frightened, tried to cross the stream and escape by the other side. But the crossing was difficult, and she slipped at the outset and wet her ankles. One of the three lurched into the water after her, and withdrew with sundry oaths.

The poor girl was in sad perplexity. Before was an ugly rush of water and a leap beyond her strength; behind three drunken men, their mouths full of endearment and scurrility. She looked despairingly to the level white road for the Perseus who should deliver her.

And to her joy the deliverer was not wanting. In the thick of the idiot shouting of the trio there came the clink clank of a horse's feet and a young man came over the bridge. He saw the picture at a glance and its meaning; and it took him short time to be on his feet and then over the broken stone wall to the waterside. Suddenly to the girl's delight there appeared at the back of the roughs the inquiring sunburnt face of Lewis.

The men turned and stared with hanging jaws. "Now, what the dickens is this?" he cried, and catching two of their necks he pulled their heads together and then flung them far apart.

The three seemed sobered by the apparition. "And what's your business?" they cried conjointly; and one, a dark-browed fellow, doubled his fist and advanced.

Lewis stood regarding them with a smiling face but very bright cross eyes. "Are you by way of insulting this lady? Gad, if you weren't drunk, I'd teach you manners. Get out of here in case I forget myself."

For answer the foremost of the men hit out. A glance convinced Lewis that there was enough sobriety to make a fight of it. "Miss Wishart . . . Alice," he cried, "come back and go down to the road and see to my horse, please. I'll be down in a second."

The girl obeyed, and so it fell out that there was no witness to that burn-side encounter. It was a complex fight and it lasted for more than a second. Two of the men had the grace to feel ashamed of themselves half-way through, and retired from the contest with shaky limbs and aching faces. The third had to be assisted to his feet in the end by his antagonist. It was not a good fight, for the three were pasty-faced, overgrown young men, in no training and stupid with liquor. But they pressed hard on Lewis for a little, till he was compelled in self-defence to treat them as fair opponents.

He came down the road in a quarter of an hour with a huge rent in his coat-sleeve and a small cut on his forehead. He was warm and breathless, still righteously indignant at the event, and half-ashamed of so degrading an encounter. He found the girl standing statue-like, holding the bridle-rein, and looking into the distance with vacant eyes.

"Are you going back to Glenavelin, Miss Wishart?" he asked. "I think I had better go with you if you will allow me."

Alice mutely assented and walked beside him, while he led his horse. He could think of nothing to say. The whole world lay between them now and there was no single word which either could speak without showing some trace of the tragic separation.

It was the girl who first broke the silence.

"I want to thank you with all my heart," she stammered. And then by an awkward intuition she looked in his face and saw written there all the hopelessness and longing which he was striving to conceal. For one moment she saw clearly, and then the crooked perplexities of the world seemed to stare cruelly in her eyes. A sob caught her voice, and before she was conscious of her action she laid a hand on Lewis's arm and burst into tears.

The sight was so unexpected that it deprived him of all power of action. Then came the fatally easy solution that it was but the reaction of overstrained nerves. Always ill at ease in a woman's presence, a woman's tears reduced him to despair. He stroked her hair gently as he would have quieted a favourite horse.

"I am so sorry that these brutes have frightened you. But here we are at Glenavelin gates."

And all the while his heart was crying out to him to clasp her in his arms, and the words which trembled on his tongue were the passionate consolations of a lover.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY

By GIOVANNI DALLA VECCHIA

On January 9, 1878, united Italy lost her first King—King Victor Emmanuel, called in his lifetime Re Galantuomo, and on his tomb, in the glorious Pantheon of Rome, *Padre della Patria*. He fully deserved both these titles. He was succeeded by his eldest son Humbert, who was then nearing his thirty-fourth birthday, having been born on March 14, 1844.

King Humbert had all the advantages and disadvantages of being the heir of a very great king. No king was ever greater in the sight of a people than Victor Emmanuel appeared to be to the Italians of united Italy. His sudden disappearance was felt in every heart. Rich and poor, nobles and plebeians joined hands in that sad hour of national bereavement to mourn the liberator of their country.

I saw in those days Republicans and Clericals—ordinarily the enemies of the Monarchy—shedding tears as abundantly as the Monarchists. It was a terrible blow for Italy, though it was recognised that King Victor Emmanuel's work was completed the day on which he established in Rome, the erstwhile city of the Cæsars and of the Popes, the capital of the new kingdom. It was likewise felt by all that, great as had been the achievement of the political unity of Italy, of not less importance was the consolidation of the new State, threatened both from within and from without, and—what was still of greater importance—the moral and economical regeneration of the country was yet to be accomplished. This was the work fate had reserved to the new ruler.

To this noble work King Humbert gave himself body and soul, but I am sorry to say his patriotic hopes and wishes have not yet been all fulfilled.

In succeeding to the throne King Humbert addressed the people of Italy with a *Proclama*, most nobly worded, in which he said: "Your first king is dead, his successor shall prove to you that Italy's free institutions do not die."

Noble words uttered in a solemn moment and with a sincere heart and patriotic anxiety.

The last time Humbert addressed the Italian Parliament was on November 16, 1899, and then he uttered this not at all untimely warning:

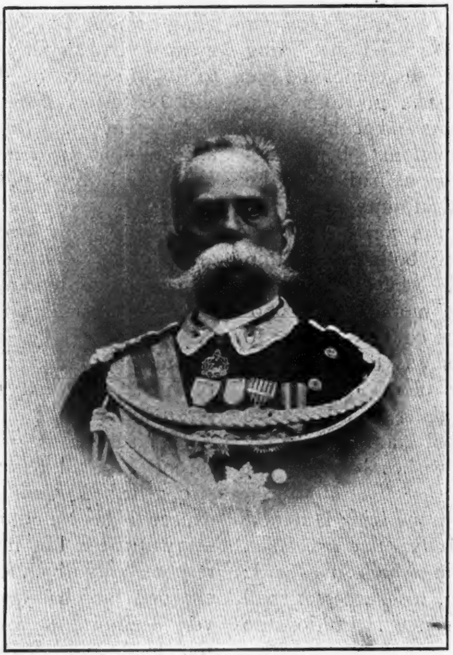
"From our institutions the people expect with confidence what they have a right to demand, an improvement in their conditions, therefore great are the responsibilities of Parliament and of the Government before the country. The great satisfaction of a properly fulfilled duty shall be to you as the most coveted reward if by your doings you restore the confidence of the people in our Parliamentary institutions."

Twenty-one years intervened between the first and the last speech of Humbert. He has faithfully kept his word; he has done his duty nobly; he need not repeat his promise, the nation has long ago called him *Re Leale;* but he felt compelled to remind the Parliament and the Government of their responsibilities. His were words full of meaning, through them spake the disappointed heart of a patriotic king, who grieves to see the people losing confidence in their institutions.

It seems to me as if both Government and Parliament understood very well the King's words, but before we pass any judgment we had better see what they are going to do to satisfy the demands of the people and the desires of the King.

Different times, different men. There is an enormous difference between King Victor Emmanuel's time and King Humbert's, and even a greater difference is to be found between the King's advisers of the first reign and the King's advisers of the second reign. King Victor Emmanuel was surrounded by great statesmen, politicians, and patriots. King Humbert has to rule with statesmen less able and more ambitious, and some of them have proved to be withal very unscrupulous.

When King Humbert succeeded to the throne he had the reputation of being a strong willed man, and it was generally expected he would make his voice felt in every quarter, but it seems that the greater responsibility which fell on him has somewhat changed his character. Anyhow, since the very beginning of his reign he showed himself kind and yielding, perhaps more so than it was good for a young nation who badly needed a strong ruling hand, and most of all his advisers needed it. The general opinion in my country is that the king has too literally obeyed the axiom: a king reigns but does not rule. He has been too constitutional for a country where the constitutional life is still in its infancy and the political education of the people poor and imperfect. It is not my intention to dwell on the political aspect of King Humbert's reign, yet I feel as if I must say a word or two concerning the foreign and colonial policy of Italy, the two principal features of the present reign. The foreign policy of Italy can be resumed in the words Triple Alliance. Though it was formed in the reign of King Humbert, the foundation stone was laid when King Victor Emmanuel visited in 1873 the Emperor of Austria and the German Emperor in their respective capitals. The occupation of Tunis by France and the increased hostility of the Vatican towards the monarchy made necessary a closer union of Italy with the two central Powers, supplemented by a cordial understanding with England. Italy gave to the Triple Alliance the character of a League of Peace, and undoubtedly it has served to maintain the peace of Europe for the last twenty years. King Humbert is a true lover of peace and a most able peacemaker withal. As to the colonial policy I have reason to believe King Humbert was not very enthusiastic at the beginning. It was a great Liberal English statesman that first advised Italy to take possession of Massowah. It was at Milan, for many reasons the soundest part of Italy, that the colonial policy received its first encouragement. But misfortune—greatly due to over-confidence and mismanagement—befell the Italians in Africa, and the undertaking was condemned as a folly. The disaster of Adowa was a tremendous blow for Italy. King Humbert felt it deeply both as a King and as the chief of the Italian Army.



(Alessandri, photographers, Rome)

THE KING OF ITALY

King Humbert lost his mother when he was not yet eleven years old. Maria Adelaide was especially fitted to train up the future ruler of a kingdom which was still to be formed, although present to the mind of the people and of the Princes of the House of Savoy. She had very lofty notions of the responsibilities of the Princes towards God. I regret to say that many Italians, misled by the anti-patriotic teachings of a worldly Church, blamed Maria Adelaide, as they have blamed the mother of the present Crown Prince of Italy, for being too religious. Maria Adelaide died young, but she sowed early in the heart of her children the seed of piety, loving-kindness, and unselfishness; and all her children, the late Prince Amadeus, the Dowager Queen of Portugal, the Princess Clotilde, and King Humbert have distinguished themselves by their constant acts of charity and magnanimity.

There is a striking resemblance between the childhood of the King of Italy and that of the Queen.

Almost at the same time that Prince Humbert lost his mother Princess Margherita lost her father, who was, as is well known, King Victor Emmanuel's only brother.

There is also a great similarity between the instructions given for the bringing up of the motherless Prince and the fatherless Princess.

King Victor Emmanuel entrusted his children to the care of General Rossi with this one recommendation: "I wish my children should be brought up to be honest and the friends of the people." Never was a command more earnestly given or more faithfully obeyed than this.

The Duke of Genoa, the father of Queen Margherita and of the present Duke of Genoa, wrote in his will:

"I know how telling are the remembrances of childhood, and therefore I wish my children should be brought up virtuous and sincere lovers of their country. May they love her as their father did."

The Dowager Duchess of Genoa, who was the daughter of King John of Saxony, undertook the education of her children. No Princess born to wear a Royal Crown ever had a better preceptor than Queen Margherita had in her mother. Much of the Queen's kindheartedness and artistic propensities can be traced to her mother.

(Alessandri, photographers, Rome)

THE QUEEN OF ITALY

Though of the same family, Prince Humbert and Princess Margherita saw very little of one another during their childhood. Victor Emmanuel was anxious to see his eldest son married, and towards the end of 1867 he spoke of this desire with one of his advisers, and the latter said: "If your Majesty wishes for a daughter-in-law, he can find her in your Royal Family." King Victor Emmanuel had never thought of his niece as a fit bride for his son, and he was extremely pleased when he heard that this union was most agreeable to both parties, and extremely popular also. Of this marriage I shall have to say a few words later on.

Some thirteen years ago I spent six months at Turin, specially to study the youth of King Humbert. I had free access to the Royal Family library, and had interviews with some Generals and Professors who had the education of the Prince entrusted to them. For obvious reasons I am prevented from entering into details, and I will therefore sum up in a few words the result of my researches.

Prince Humbert was of a very kind disposition; he would always postpone pleasure for duty,[*] he had a strong inclination for concrete matters, and an abhorrence of abstract matters. Theology, metaphysics, philosophy, arts went with the abstract. History, geography, mathematics, and especially mechanics, were amongst the concrete matters which he loved most. His favourite sport was riding and hunting, but King Victor Emmanuel had given orders that the hours of sport should entirely depend on the efficiency of the hours spent in study. King Victor Emmanuel was very exacting on this point.

I may add, by the way, that King Humbert in his turn was not less severe with his son and his tutors. The Prince of Naples till he was twenty-one had to study many more hours than his father did, and not only his sport but his breakfast also depended on the time he spent in study. As usual he had to study two hours before his breakfast, and the breakfast was to be served at 9 o'clock, summer and winter alike. Perhaps I had better add that King Humbert himself is an early riser. He is to be found every morning before six in his studio, and he rides an hour or two before breakfast whatever may be the weather, and I was once told he rather likes a stormy morning; however, nobody remembers having ever seen his Majesty with an umbrella.

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[*] Early in September 1884 King Humbert was with the Queen at Venice. He had arranged to go to Pordenone, where a military *fête* was going to take place, when he received news that the cholera was making havoc at Naples, that the people were panic-stricken, and the authorities had lost all power. King Humbert at once wired to the commanding officer: "At Pordenone you are having a *fête;* at Naples people are dying by hundreds. I go to Naples" He bade the Queen to look after the Crown Prince, and he wired to his brother: "Meet me at Rome." King Humbert and Prince Amadeus reached Naples on the morrow.

Only by learning how to obey one learns how to command others. This is one of the guiding principles of the House of Savoy. King Humbert [illegible]ducated under this school, knows also ho[illegible]ommand himself. He had been a strong smoker since his youth, yet when some twelve years ago his physician told him that smoking was endangering his health he stopped smoking at once, though he was used to smoke some twenty strong cigars daily.

King Humbert is very frugal, he is almost a vegetarian and an abstainer, but he is the least bigoted man in the world. For instance, when there is some official banquet at Court the finest wines are served, but King Humbert has a special bottle of champagne prepared for himself, and when the head-waiter pours out in his Majesty's glass, none could guess that it is but an effervescing lemonade. Not long ago he visited a wine exhibition, and he then jestingly said: "It seems strange that I, the ruler of a wine-producing nation, should not drink wine, yet I can wish you and your industry prosperity." King Humbert very early showed a strong dislike to toadyism. He was hardly sixteen when he was sent, with his lamented brother, for a tour round the principal cities of the newly formed kingdom. He listened for a while to the pompous addresses of the mayors of all the towns he was passing through, but he soon tired of these speeches, and inquired whether it were not possible to shake hands with the authorities without the preface of an address. On this occasion he showed another good characteristic in his willingness to be approached by the humblest. He begged his A.D.C. to receive all the petitions that were tendered to him, and in the evening, as a kind of *résumé* of the doings of the day, he would go over those pitiable descriptions of sufferings which are to be found in most appeals for help. Many weeping eyes he dried even in his younger days, a virtue which he further developed as he grew into manhood. When in 1888 he visited Romagna—the first time as a king—he conquered the affection of that province at once with his eagerness for the welfare of the people. Many spoke to him of the bad economic state of that province, and he wired to Crispi, the then Premier, that something should be done. Crispi promised to do something. In the next speech from the throne this promise was reiterated, but nothing was done. Of course the people were not slow to perceive the willingness of the King and the neglectfulness of the Government, in these and in other circumstances. In many political elections votes have been found with the name of King Humbert written on it instead of the name of one of the candidates.

An Italian Republican once wrote: "We must democratise the monarchy"; but King Humbert carried out most successfully the work initiated by his father, which was to ennoble the democracy. He is a ruler who understands both the levelling up and the levelling down. He levelled up some well-meaning democrat and levelled down some haughty aristocrat, and in both ways he endeared himself to the affections of the people. A Republican artist had one day a short conversation with his Majesty, and, carried away by King Humbert's affectionate manners, he said: "Your Majesty, you represent my ideal of a constitutional ruler, and were you not a King——" "Well," added his Majesty, "can you not take me with this only one shortcoming?" A few years after the artist entered the monarchical party.

Humbert has been sometimes called the soldier-king. Undoubtedly he loves the army, of which he is the chief, but since he came to the throne he has displayed his power rather as soldier of peace and of charity. But before his accession he won his military laurels on the battle-field. He was hardly twenty-two years old when he commanded a military division on the battle-field of Custoza and he fought like a hero. Nino Bixio, Garibaldi's best general, a Republican by no means given to flattery, wrote in his *Memorie*:

"On the evening of that sad day I saw Prince Humbert. I shook hands with him, and my heart seemed relieved of a part of its burden, for I had then shaken hands with a true and valiant soldier."

King Humbert seldom wears any other decorations but the gold medal which was conferred upon him by King Victor Emmanuel for his bravery on the battle-field of Custoza. Once he jestingly said, "All other decorations were given to me, this one I have earned."[*]

Humbert is very generous: he gives often and abundantly. Whenever he visits a city he never forgets the hospitals and the poor. I do not think a year passes without his giving a sum of 100,000 lire to this or that national subscription. A few years ago the city of Turin decided to erect by public subscription a monument to Prince Amadeus, King Humbert's ever-lamented brother. The cost of it was 156,000 lire. A few days after his Majesty sent a cheque for the same amount to the Mayor of Turin, for the enlargement of the Mauritian Hospital of that city.

The wedding of King Humbert took place on April 22, 1868, amidst true national rejoicings, as Princess Margherita was already popular in Italy. It was on the occasion of this wedding that a very uncommon friendship sprung up between the then Crown Prince of Germany and the then Crown Prince of Italy. If ever two foreign Princes loved one another these two did. It was a friendship which increased as the years rolled by. The last time they met was at the railway station of Sampierdarena, near Genoa. The day before the Emperor William had died, and the Prince was compelled to leave San Remo where he was staying for his home-journey. King Humbert had come from Rome to greet his friend. The scene was most touching. Emperor Frederick had through an operation lost his voice, and therefore the conversation had to be carried out by means of exchanged notes.

Humbert started the conversation thus:

"When my father died thou wer'st the first to console me: may my words be as comforting to thee as thine were to me."

The leave-taking was heartrending, as both knew they would not meet again. I may add here that between the Empress Frederick and Queen Margherita there has existed for the last thirty-two years a friendship deep and sincere.

When Humbert succeeded to the throne, Queen Margherita was very popular, and her popularity was undoubtedly of great help to the new King.

In the Autumn 1878, the King and the Queen made a tour throughout Italy, visiting the principal cities The Queen made a great impression. With the power of her majestic *sorriso* she conquered everybody. At Bologna she met the greatest poet of modern Italy, Giosuè Carducci, who was then a red-hot Republican. He was conquered by the physical, artistic, and moral beauty of the Queen, and a few days after he startled the Italian world with his *Confessioni*, in which he avowed in most classical verses the deep impression he had experienced. Carducci's conversion was the starting-point of the greater popularity and ascendency the Queen has enjoyed ever since.

The happiness of this journey was, however, marred by the attempt on the life of the King at Naples. The Queen was in the carriage with the King, and she suffered very much through the shock.

For three years the Queen's health was declining. The physicians seemed powerless to restore her. As a last resource they advised her Majesty mountain air, and consequently she passed the month of August 1881 and 1882 at Perarolo in the glorious Dolomites. She returned to Court after the second *sejour* in the mountains with health fully restored, and with the prospect of a much happier life to come, as that illness brought her much closer to her husband's heart. The Queen continues to pass a month in the mountains every summer, but the favourite place is no more Perarolo but Gressoney, on the Aosta Alps, where she is simply adored. The peasants call her Madonna, and she has been such to thousands. Her acts of charity are numberless. I give one instance:

One afternoon, while she was driving in the neighbourhood of Perarolo, she saw a woman lying on a field evidently in pain; she had the carriage stopped; she alighted, and, accompanied by her lady-in-waiting and with sisterly feeling, approached the poor woman. Few words were enough to explain matters. The Queen and her lady-in-waiting personally carried the woman to the carriage and had her driven to the villa where the Queen was staying. Before evening the son of a workman, who was then away from home, was born under a Royal roof, and Queen Margherita stood sponsor to the little one after whose welfare the Queen has ever looked. This was on her first journey to Perarolo.

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[*] In 1884 the Italian nation, greatly impressed by the bravery of the King during the cholera at Naples and elsewhere, as a token of their indelible gratitude decided to confer upon the King, by a public subscription of a halfpenny each, a gold medal, and verily his Majesty could say this second gold medal, too, he has earned.

On the occasion of her second journey the peasants, with their hearts full of gratitude, built an archway of trees some ten miles long, under which her Majesty passed, and thousands stood in line reverently saluting the Queen. The greater part of the women knelt down as if to ask her blessing. She was then their Madonna.

The Queen is now the central point around which not only the life of the Court but also that of the nation seems to turn. The King and Queen now live for over ten months of the year under the same roof. The Queen likes both the opera and the drama, but as the King does not like to go to the theatre, the Queen does not go so often as she would like. However, as she is a good pianist and harpist, there is always music at Court *en pétite famille*.

(Alessandri, photographers, Rome)

THE PRINCE OF NAPLES

The Queen has a reputation for being a most learned lady, and is a good linguist also. There is no professor, writer, or artist of any renown who has not been invited to Court by Queen Margherita.

Queen Margherita is well read on Indian affairs. She took a special interest in them some twenty years ago, when an English lady, the widow of an English captain, killed in India, entered the Royal household as the teacher of English to the Crown Prince of Italy. About ten years ago, Queen Margherita greatly surprised Lady Dufferin, who had come from India, with her deep knowledge of Indian affairs. Of this we had a recent proof. As soon as the Queen heard that Lord Roberts had been appointed Commander-in-chief of the forces in South Africa, she took from her bookcase Lord Roberts' "Forty-one Years in India," and handed it to an Italian writer saying, "It would be well the Italians should know Lord Roberts: this book will tell you all about him; and you should write an article to bring the English Marshal's career before the Italian public." Hence, a capital article, most sympathetic towards Lord Roberts and to Great Britain, appeared in the principal review of Italy, *La Nuova Antologia* for January 15 ult.

As a mother Queen Margherita is admired by all the nation. For a period of about twenty years she made it the mission of her life to educate her only son. In this son seemed to be concentrated for the moment the hopes of the nation. There is only one thing the Italian seems to miss in their present ruler, to wit, a strong will, and they think the Prince of Naples has a will of his own.

The character of this Prince seems a combination of some of the characteristics of his ancestors. We may detect in him the mystic taciturnity of his great-grandfather, Charles Albert, the strong determination of his grandfather, Victor Emmanuel, the searching glance of his father, and all this seems blended with the gracefulness of his mother.

King Humbert has had so far a rather eventful reign, in which unfortunately sorrow had more than an ordinary share. Italy has had many calamities to bear—earthquakes, floods, cholera—and during these adversities King Humbert rose high in the admiration of his people by acts of charity and bravery.

Verona, Casamicciola, Naples have seen King Humbert striving with death for the sake of the life of his subjects. In the midst of those calamities he appeared greater than any ruler ever appeared on the throne or on the battle-field. In 1886 and 1896 the Italian army met defeats in Africa, and King Humbert suffered very much. But there were also days of joy. In 1892 he was greeted at Genoa by the fleets of all the other nations, an honour of which the King and the people of Italy were most sensible. In 1893 he had another proof of amity on the part of the other nations, when the foreign Courts sent special envoys to Rome to congratulate the King and Queen of Italy on the occasion of their silver wedding. King Humbert once rightly said, "The sorrows and the joy of my family are the sorrows and the joy of my people." Undoubtedly the happiest day for the Court of Italy was that in which Queen Margherita welcomed at the Quirinal, as a daughter-in-law the daughter of the Prince of Montenegro. This marriage was most pleasing to the Italian nation for more reasons than one, as the Italians saw some similarity between the House of Savoy and the House of Niegoch. There is another joy which the King and Queen of Italy, with the whole nation, expect, and this is a son to be the heir of the throne. Should the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Naples prove childless the crown of Italy will pass in due time to the eldest son of the Duke of Aosta, who married in 1895 Princess Helène of Orleans.

FROM CAPE TOWN TO KIMBERLEY, 1877

By Lieutenant-General Sir CHARLES WARREN, G.C.M.G.

(Extracted from the journal sent home to my wife)

ILLUSTRATED BY DRAWINGS PREPARED FROM THE AUTHOR'S SKETCHES

FIRST PAPER

I ARRIVED at Cape Town on Saturday, June 24, and had bespoken my passage home for the following Tuesday the 27th, but went to see Sir Bartle Frere before paying for my ticket. I found that he wished to see me at once, and in our interview he said that I had been so successful in my work in Griqualand and O.F.S., and had pleased both sides so well, that he thought it advisable that I should return to Kimberley as Special Commissioner on the Land Question, to arbitrate between the farmers. He said that Major Lanyon had stated that I was the only person competent to do the work in a satisfactory manner, and that it would be work highly appreciated by the Home Government. I replied I knew the kind of work it would be, that I could see that the chances were in favour of failure, and that I did not desire to undertake work in which I could have no authority of any kind, but depended entirely upon my getting antagonists to mutually agree to give up some of their claims. He said I must look upon it as a duty, as all progress in the country—Griqualand West—was at present arrested owing to the greater number of farms being in some manner or another in appeal against the recent Land Court judgments, and that I might be quite sure that if I arranged matters so that titles for the land would be given out, the Home Government would mark their appreciation of the work.

I did not feel in the least convinced, and asked that I might have a few hours to think it over, fully intending to go to England; but when I called on Lady Frere I found that all my plans must be given up and I must sacrifice myself for the good of the State. She pointed out so clearly what I ought to do and settled it all so firmly that I felt I must give in. I was Sir Bartle's first selection, and there was no one so suitable for the work. Next day I called again on Sir Bartle Frere, and he said he had already by that mail written to Lord Carnarvon asking for my services, complimented me highly on my past services here, and said that they wanted for this work on the land question "a man with a backbone." I could not now resist Sir Bartle Frere, having been reduced to submission by Lady Frere, and agreed to go up on the understanding that the work did not take more than six months, and so far the matter was settled.

During the next few days I started the two N.C.O.s and our baggage to Southampton, Ravenscroft saying he would see after them on landing, and I did various services for Sir Bartle Frere, writing up an account of my journey to Delagoa Bay through the Transvaal, and trying to get rid of a malarious sore throat contracted there. I lived at Government House, sleeping at the Hotel; and Lady Frere, feeling that she had the responsibility of keeping me in South Africa, said she must do her best to make up for it. And certainly they have all succeeded in making me feel quite at home; nothing can exceed their hospitality and kindness. Lady Frere must have been a wonderful help to Sir Bartle all through his career. Even now she finds time to copy her husband's despatches for him, and I found her sitting down to copy out for him the forty-one pages of my journey to Delagoa Bay. She would have done it had I not proposed to do it myself. One of the pleasures of being at Government House is that the Freres make you one of the family and you have to take up your duties of doing something for the commonweal. Lady Frere finds me plenty to do, and I do it with right will; it is a pleasure to do anything for her.

July 12.—I went to see the South African Exhibition, which Sir Bartle Frere remarks is an exhibition of foreign products. The only Colonial products I can see are a case of wine, nicely got up on the outside from High Constantie (Van Reenan), and two cases of native woods; one from British Kaffraria and the other from Potchefstrom (Forsmann), but neither showing off the wood in any measure equal to its capabilities. They evidently do not yet know how to show off their native goods to advantage.

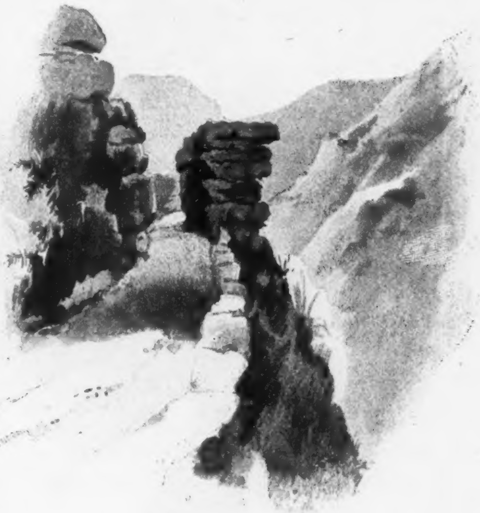
Sir Bartle Frere wished me to go to Worcester and see the Hex River Railway which has gradients of 1 in 40, and rises 3500 feet. I was also to see Bain's Kloof beyond Wellington and report to him on the prospects of the country. Captain Nixon and I left in the afternoon, taking tickets for Wellington, forty-five miles off. We kept Table Mountain in sight for about twenty miles, travelling over a flat plain covered by the karroo bush, and getting nearer and nearer to the bold mountain range that fringes the passes to the Middle Veldt. We stopped the night at the Fenandez Hotel, Wellington, where we met two farmers (from England). One said he had farms in the Colony and Transvaal and was going to buy more, his brother has 30,000 morgen. Farms pay much better here than at home. He said he had lost in England during the last ten years; that he was paying thirteen shillings a week for labour when the farm-hands struck for sixteen shillings. He and his farmer friends then locked them out and farmed themselves until they starved the labourers into submission.

July 15, *Sunday.*—We sent our bags by rail to Worcester and ourselves proceeded to walk by Bain's Kloof so as to see the view. We were near the foot of the range and took our course north-east up a steep incline. We met many vehicles with Boers coming in for the monthly service. There was some fine scenery, the highest point being 2000 feet above Wellington; farm-houses were dotted about in all directions. We lost our way but met a coloured woman dressed in her Sunday best in European clothes, with her two sons (Kafirs) dressed in broadcloth, and holding umbrellas, looking very important. They spoke Dutch and told us our way, up a steep valley through Bain's Kloof. Many wild flowers about, principally of the karroo-bush kind, with succulent leaves, and here and there pelargonia; one a relation to "Mrs. Pollock." We were now on the high road, plenty of water in the valley below and the sides of the hills dripping wet in many places. The view back over the plain towards Capetown was very fine; no clouds, but a blue mist on the hills. The road winding round the side of the mountain brought us at last to the top of the kloof, 1500 feet above Wellington, where there is a half-way house. The road is well kept up, and many transport waggons about. In descending we came on a valley dripping with water, and covered with beautiful ferns. The hills are mostly of cold grey like those in Andalusia, but here and there pure white. There is also much pure white sand about, which must be very trying to the eyes in summer. There are no cattle or sheep about, not even goats, and no birds to be seen, no trees, and the scenery though bold is dreary.

After fourteen miles we came to Wolf's Kloof and four miles further to Darling Bridge. The deep kloof here opens out into a wide plain up which the Worcester Railway runs. On this side of the bridge we stayed at the hotel of Mr. Tubbs, a delightful old innkeeper, who got us dinner ready. He and others were full of the railway, enough to make one feel sad. The farmers don't use it, and it goes nowhere and is of no use —this is the view of those who lose by its success. There used to be a bridge over the Darling River, but it had just been tarred when a Kafir dropped a light from his pipe on it, and it rapidly ignited and was burned down.

The Government won't build another, as they wish the railway used instead, and the farmers who persist in using Bain's Kloof road are told they may build a bridge themselves Sometimes the river is much swollen and then Mr. Tubbs sends a horse over swimming, and a passenger lays hold on to his tail. Quite recently there were nineteen waggons waiting at Tubbs' house three days to cross the river.

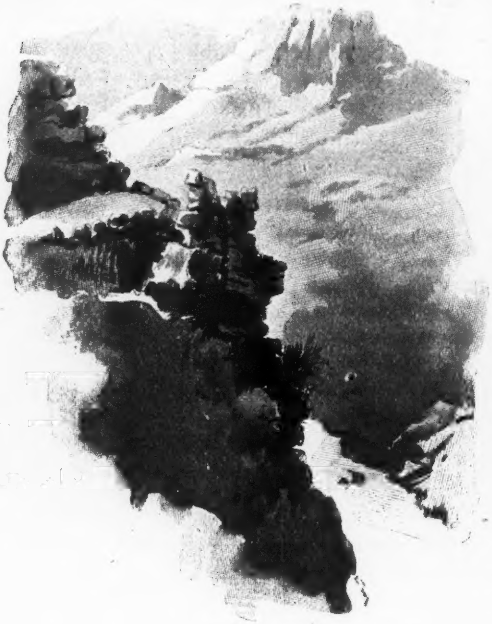
July 16.—A beautiful morning, clear and bright, with blue haze on the mountains. Walked across the river ankle deep, and then across the plain or Vega, amid beautiful flowers of the "everlasting" kind, different to any I have seen before, also beautiful yellow marigolds. Plenty of water about and one snipe. Lost our way and took some sketches. A plain running east and west, and mountains 2000 feet high on either side.



BAIN'S KLOOF

Passed a farm with many ostriches, and arrived at Bride River station, a forlorn house like Noah's ark except that it will *not* float when the rains come down. The stationmaster in broken shoes, said that the broad-gauge would go forty miles an hour, but that this narrow-gauge line of three feet six inches could only go thirty miles an hour in safety, and usually goes fifteen miles; that the train goes fastest down hill. *He* also could not see the use of the line. Arrived at Worcester at 2 P.M.

Austral Hotel, where we found a pleasure-party come to see the line—Mr. Ebden and his daughter. We all went together to see the Rhenish Mission School. This is a church and school, originally started by the Germans, but working on its own account under the parent school of Ceres, near here. Dr. Estler, the pastor, received us and took us to see what he called the Hottentot children, but they actually seem to be half-castes, day children, of Malay, Kafir and Hottentot descent. We heard 150 children sing two English hymns very nicely. The old pastor has been here since 1835, and has done much. He has 400 in the school, and his church holds 1500, but there are usually not more than 900 present. School very clean. Ventilated by large holes in the wall at top and bottom. The mother language of these



NEAR WORCESTER

children is Cape Dutch, but they are taught as much English as they can bear. The house built by Lord Charles Somerset, now used by the magistrate, and the garden are in decay, but there are many roses.

Water runs through the streets of the town, and irrigates the avenues of blue gum and stunted oak.

Several railway officials were at dinner, and they told us about the line; it is going up the Hex Valley, and thence across the Karroo plains to Beaufort West; the rails are first laid down right through the river beds, so as to push forward the railway plant and building materials as rapidly as possible, and the bridges are built at leisure.

The sleepers are of Baltic fir, creosoted; rails forty-five pounds each. Country wood has been tried on the line, but it comes more expensive than imported wood, it is so hard.

The reduction in cost of carriage will be enormous, two shillings and sixpence per hundredweight, to Beaufort West, 300 miles; farmers will begin to use the line when it pays them. The only advantage of the three feet and six inches gauge is the economy in getting round curves; but this is a great matter in a hilly country.

July 17.—Taking some sandwiches with us, our party started at daylight this morning from the station on trollies with awnings of canvas, which sheltered us from the sun. Our course lay east along the valley of Worcester. The valley is quite flat and six miles wide, and the mountains rise precipitously on each side to 4000 feet. Soon we plunged into a valley from whence issues the Hex River, coming down from the Middle Veldt. Our course lay on the east side of the valley, and the views were fine.

A very sunny day, rather frosty, with a blue haze covering the hills, so that the distances came out splendidly, each hill having a different shade of blue; the blue is the half opaque colour of quinine and water in a soda-water bottle. The rocks are cut most sharply, some of them all ragged, as though there had been some grand convulsion of Nature here. They appear to be Sedimentary, Devonian and Silurian, uptilted at an angle of thirty degrees. Those we went through were principally shale, with here and there basaltic or trap outcrops. Our path became steeper and steeper until we ascended gradients of 1 in 70; and then on the side of a hill we came on gradients of 1 in 40 to 1 in 50. The slope up which we went would have been steep even for a carriage (the steepest gradient for a stage coach is 1 in 30). At 10 A.M. we arrived at a station in the Middle Veldt, forty miles from Worcester, 2800 feet above it. From here to Beaufort West, it is karroo, an undulating country—the line will reach them in two years. At present the cattle from Beaufort West are driven all the way, 300 miles, to Capetown, and no use is made of the railway.

We are told that at the McGirds' farm, he had ceased to grow root crops for his sheep because he had so much corn, and could not find means to bring it into Capetown, where they are importing corn, and yet he is only thirty miles from the coast. Yet the Boers will not use the railway, because they say they have their waggons and oxen. A hundred and fifty miles by rail costs (for goods) one shilling and threepence per hundredweight and by waggon eight shillings.

We came down in our trollies about

twenty miles an hour—in some places at the limit of thirty miles an hour.

In the evening there was a most interesting conversation about the prospects of South Africa. A farmer from Basutoland described it as all under the plough, while about Worcester it is all karroo, gravel and stone and bushes. What I wanted to arrive at was whether the difference was due to the people or the soil and climate. It seems to be due to both.

July 18.—Returned to Capetown.

July 19.—Sir Bartle Frere introduced me to Mr. Arnot, recently Waterborr's agent in Griqualand West. He states that he claims about thirty-six farms, equal to nineteen miles square, or 361 square miles. The farms are about 3000 morgen each. His case is now in appeal. Eskdale was given to him by the Land Court freehold, but the Crown has appealed. Several persons also have got their freehold, and the Crown has not appealed: why is this inequality?

Arnot's case does not look very bad on the surface, as he cannot get any high rent on farms which are only worth about £200 each.

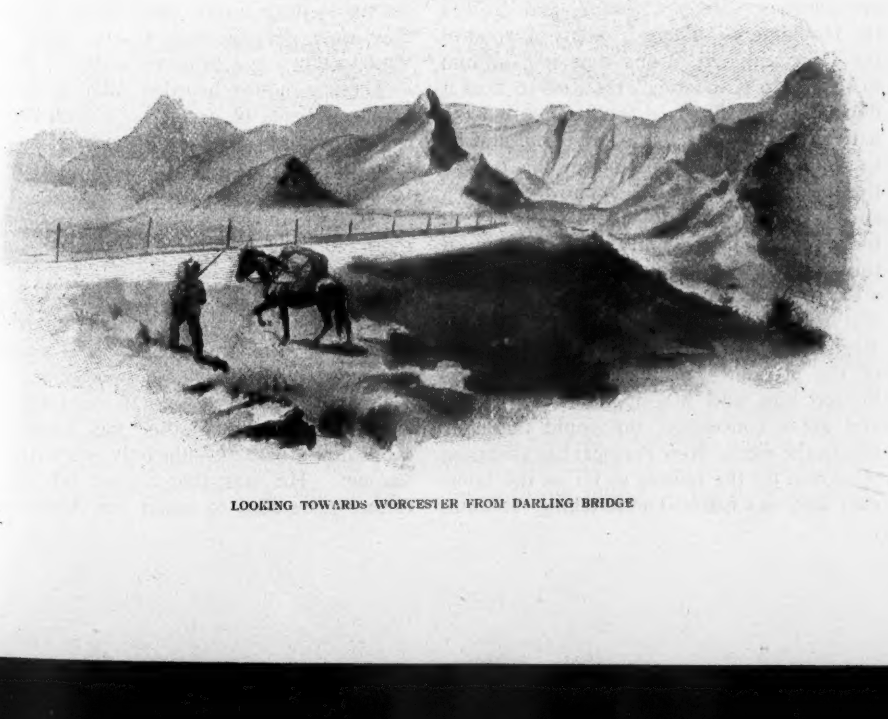
I have arranged to go to Kimberley, *viâ* Port Elizabeth on July 21.

July 21.—On board the steamer *Nubia.* I have parted with the Freres with very great regret. I am delighted to have work under Sir Bartle Frere, he makes us all enthusiastic about the country.

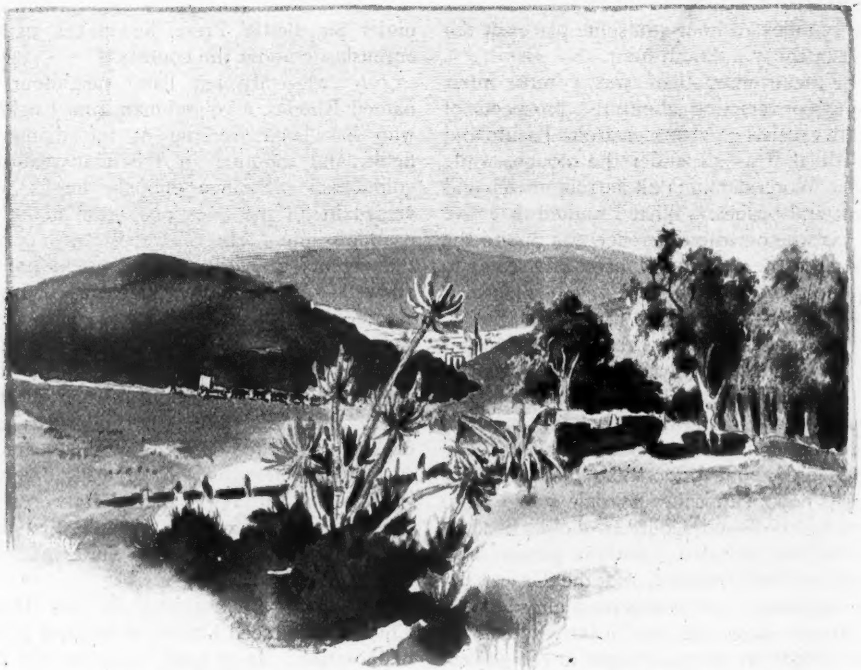
July 21.—My left hand neighbour is named Rhodes, a young man from England who has been working at the diamond-fields, and shooting in the Transvaal and goldfields. Strange enough, he is well versed in all the questions I am about to examine into. He is strongly of opinion that agents to native chiefs should not be allowed—that is to say, people who go and gammon the chiefs, and get them to grant them tracts of land. But he goes very far; it seems difficult to be certain when a man has acted honestly, and when he has cheated in such matters. He also thinks that one cannot get at the real views of the Boers by speaking to them, because they say different in public; but I say that their words in private are their true views, and what they say in public the views they state in deference to public opinion.

Dr. R—— a minister of the Dutch Church introduced himself to me, and talked of Palestine. In a loud voice he said that the power of that painim full of pride, the Pope, had been lowered to the dust, and that the false prophet must follow, and that he was reading Josephus.

July 22, *Sunday.*—We stopped at Mossel Bay, but our forty tons of cargo must wait till to-morrow, no work on Sunday.



LOOKING TOWARDS WORCESTER FROM DARLING BRIDGE



GRAHAMSTOWN

July 23.—Mr. Forsmassy, Consul-General for Portugal, talked of Delagoa Bay. The Portuguese are going to do as much as possible for the possessions along the east coast, in building, draining and opening out the ports, and they will not be willing to sell any portion. He is a Swede, and dislikes the Hollanders. There is plenty of wood in the Transvaal, and at one time it paid him to send it to Kimberley. He tried to float it down the Vaal River at the freshets, but the natives are too lazy to do anything, and he lost money. Coal is found in the bed of the river, fourteen miles above Potchefstrom, and brought down and sold there at five shillings a bag, say fifty shillings a ton; at this rate it might be got to Kimberley at £5 a ton, but the natives are so idle. He said that he and Moodie and Lievert (58th Regiment) were the original concessionaires of the Lebomba Railway; that they humbugged him, and Moody went to Portugal, and got a concession, but could not commence the work. Now Portugal has advanced £20,000 for the railway as far as the boundary line, as a national undertaking. It seems to be as much in a muddle as most things are in South Africa.

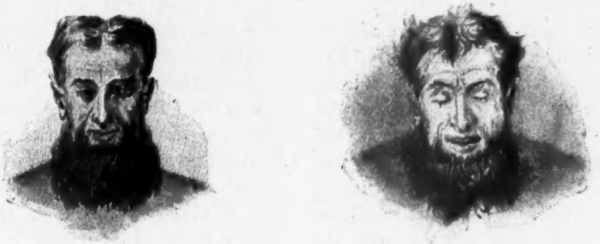
July 24.—Arrived at Port Elizabeth, Phœnix Hotel, and paid £18 for ticket to Fields by next weeks' mail.

Harris says the breach-combers (Kafirs) get six shillings a day here, while in Natal they only get sixpence a day; they only want to buy a gun or an ox and then be off.

There is money hoarded all over by the Kafirs. Plenty of game in the bush here—five guns will bring in one hundred buck in four days.

Rhodes and I went up to the club. It is far better than that at Capetown, and has a room to dine forty persons. I was introduced to Mr. Stockenstrom, late judge of the Land Court at Kimberley. He told me much about the subject, and we talked on the education of the Boer. He is a Swede by ancestry. His father was killed by Kafirs between Port Elizabeth and Grahamstown and his grandfather was Landroost. He is now a baronet—the only South African baronet. He says the English officials in former years used to insult the Afrikanders in every way they could, but now they are more like gentlemen. He is only thirty-three years old and is leading barrister in the Cape Circuit. A big man, of great physical powers, I think, but he has dim eyes and is inclined to be deaf.

He says, that in his time, twenty-five years ago, there were no schools in the Colony except at Capetown, where only the three Rs were taught, that the Boers could not afford to send their children to school, and that it was owing to his father having a private income that he could be sent. As it was he was obliged to travel 450 miles to Capetown, and then only got the three Rs, but he afterwards went to school in England, and travelled on the Continent. He is supposed to be *very* anti-English. He says that Bergers (late President, Transvaal) was son of a Boer and that his father, seeing that he was a smart lad, sent him to school, which much improved him, but his brothers are all regular Colony Boers. Stockenstrom says that the Presidency of the Transvaal was offered to him twice, but that he would not accept, the first time Bergers offered to go as his secretary, but he persuaded him to go himself. He says Bergers's chief fault was being over sanguine and expecting that the Boers would follow him blindly.



A FELLOW PASSENGER ON THE S.S. "NUBIA"

STARTING

AFTER FORTY-EIGHT HOURS ON BOARD

SEAWEED: ITS USES AND POSSIBILITIES

By W. C. MACKENZIE

MUCH attention is now being directed to the prosecution of industries calculated to mitigate the severity of the conditions under which the inhabitants of the Western Isles of Scotland live. The promoters of these philanthropic efforts are meeting with an encouraging degree of success, but much remains to be done in developing the natural resources which these islands have been proved to possess. Situated as they are at a distance from the great manufacturing and commercial centres of the country, they have to pay the penalty of comparative isolation. Railway and other facilities are, however, gradually removing the geographical disabilities under which they suffer, and the Hebrideans are daily coming into closer touch with the Southern markets, and with the modern ideas and commercial progress which characterise life on the mainland at the end of the nineteenth century.

Not the least important of the resources alluded to is the seaweed which lines the shores of the Hebrides, and from which the article of commerce known as kelp is manufactured.

Kelp-making at one time formed a highly important source of revenue in the Highlands and islands of Scotland, but owing to various causes which we shall notice, large profits are now a thing of the past. As far back as the year 1720 the manufacture of soap and glass at Newcastle, and of alum at Whitby, stimulated the introduction of kelp-making to the shores of the Forth in order to supply the English markets with the raw material for the commodities which have been named. In the Orkneys kelp was manufactured for the first time in 1728, and seven years later it was introduced to the Hebrides, which were destined to become its chief centre of production. In Ireland the bleaching of linen appears to have given rise to the use of kelp, and Mr. Macleod, a Highland gentleman, brought from that country a knowledge of its use to Uist, whence it spread to the neighbouring islands. The Orcadians, however, seem to have retained for a period the start which they had acquired; for the Orkneys were, according to statistics tabulated, the chief source of supply during the second half of last century.

The prices obtained for kelp are almost startling in their diversity. Prior to 1730 it is recorded that Orkney kelp was sold at Newcastle at 25*s*. per ton; during the latter half of the eighteenth century the average price was between £4 and £6; at the beginning of the present century it realised £11 per ton. From this point the price rose rapidly to £22 per ton, and the yield of kelp in the Hebrides alone was as much as 20,000 tons per annum, the resultant of about 400,000 tons of seaweed. This was the high-water mark reached. Since that period kelp has undergone many vicissitudes. The introduction of barilla from Spain reduced in twenty years the price of kelp to £10 10*s*., and the subsequent removal of the high import duty on barilla further reduced its value to £8 10*s*.

When, in 1823, the duty on salt was repealed, enabling soda chemically extracted from salt to compete with the soda obtained from kelp, it looked as if the end had nearly come, for the price of kelp fell to £3. These adverse circumstances culminated in the competition of potash salts from Saxony, which almost entirely shut out from the market the potash recovered from kelp. The price of kelp, which had been gradually dwindling with each successive blow at its supremacy, suffered a further relapse, until, in 1831, it reached as low a value as £2 per ton. The discovery of iodine saved the kelp trade from extinction. Previous to the discovery of that substance—in 1812—the uses of kelp were confined to the manufacture of soap, glass, soda and potash. A large sum of money was lost in the island of Barra, where expensive soap works, erected for the manufacture of soap from kelp, shared in the disasters which overtook the kelp industry. The increasing use of iodine in medicine, photography, and other departments, directed attention to the possibilities of seaweed, of which iodine forms one of the most important constituents; and kelp-burning consequently received a fillip which once more placed it on a fairly healthy basis. But once again the cruel hand of Fate was laid on the unfortunate kelpers, when, about twenty-five years ago, iodine from Chili—as a byproduct of the nitrate of soda manufacture—came into the market, and by its comparative cheapness ousted kelp from the monopoly which it had held of the iodine trade, and thus materially reduced its commercial value. At the present day Peru is the chief source of the supply of iodine. It is authoritatively stated that this source alone is capable of supplying five times the requirements of the world, and that there are now more than four years' stock of iodine in the market! The city of Glasgow has been the centre of the iodine trade since it was first introduced to this country, and during the present century many thousands of tons of kelp have been imported into the Clyde for treatment.

In former years there were two distinct kinds of weed used for the production of kelp. These were the *Fuci* (embracing the black, knobbed, and bladder-wrack) and the *Laminaria*, or red drift-weed, of which the best known is the *Laminaria digitata* or tangle. The fuci were cut from the rock by hooks and sickles and formed the most prolific source of carbonate of soda, the production of which, at the beginning of the century, introduced an era of unexampled prosperity to the Hebrides. Cut-weed kelp was also largely used for soap and glass-making until barilla took its place. It has been shown, however, that for the purposes mentioned, this weed is now quite unremunerative, and as it contains only a fifth part of the iodine obtainable from the drift-weed, it is at the present day used only for field dressing. Even its manurial value has been questioned, owing to the very large percentage of water and the relatively small percentage of nitrogen which it contains. There are those, however, who maintain that drift-weed is unequalled as an agent in producing satisfactory crops.

Kelp is now made entirely from two varieties of drift-weed, of which tangle is less susceptible to deterioration by rain than the other kind; as iodine-producers there is little to choose between the two.

Tangle is torn up and driven ashore during the winter gales which are so common in the Hebrides. It is collected and carefully stacked in small heaps, usually on foundations built of sea-rounded stones, which are so arranged as to allow the air to have free access to the heaps. There the weed remains until May, by which time it is sufficiently dry for burning. Occasionally the labour of the kelpers is rendered nugatory by wet weather, which rots the weed: a memorable instance of this occurred in 1861, when thousands of tons were thus ruined. In spring and autumn large quantities of tangle-tops come ashore, forming by far the greater proportion of kelp-weed. These however, require greater care than the stems, being rendered valueless by rain.

The question suggests itself: where does the iodine in the seaweed come from, seeing that ordinary sea-water contains only the most minute fraction, say $\frac{1}{2800000000}$, of that substance? It has been urged with some show of reason that the Gulf-stream carries the iodine to the Hebridean coasts, where it is readily assimilated by the weed; plausible facts are adduced in support of this theory.

Kelp-burning commences in May and continues during the summer months. Kilns made of sods or stone, and varying in size according to the quantity of seaweed to be treated (a common size being twelve to twenty feet in length, two to three feet in breadth, and one foot in depth), are erected, usually on a plot of grass, and are fed with the dried weed, which yields about a fifth of its weight in kelp.

The great drawback to the majority of kilns lies in the admixture of siliceous earth and other foreign matter, which is the result of the crude system of burning in vogue, and which has a deteriorating effect on the quality of the kelp. As far back as 1813, Professor Robert Jameson of Edinburgh recommended the use of furnaces similar to those with which his father had successfully experimented, producing by their means kelp of a quality which had never been previously obtained. In 1863 Mr. Edward C. C. Stanford erected works in the island of Tiree in the Inner Hebrides, and afterwards in North Uist in the Outer Hebrides, for the treatment of seaweed on an entirely new principle. By this system the tangle is distilled in retorts and produces a porous charcoal, from which are obtained considerably larger percentages of iodine and salts than are yielded by carefully burnt kelp. The residuum of charcoal is useful for sanitary and other purposes. Ammonia, acetic acid, and tar are also obtained from the distillate. These works have proved of great service to the islanders; but the output is limited in consequence of the large stocks of iodine in the market. For this and other reasons the process has not spread to the other islands of the Hebrides, nor is it likely to do so under present conditions. The tangle-top which, as already stated, forms considerably the largest variety of kelp-producing seaweed, necessitates treatment on the spot, thus entailing, if treated by the distilling process, the erection of a large number of small works, which is a practical impossibility.

The usual method adopted for burning kelp is to place the fuel in the kiln, and to spread the seaweed lightly over it. When kelp was first manufactured in the Hebrides the ware was reduced to ashes; but a system of fusion is now universally observed. This process calls for constant and careful attention: the heat required for perfect fusion is very great, and the treatment involves as frequent stirring as does the successful cooking of oatmeal porridge. When the operation is concluded, the kelp is in a semi-fluid state, and glows like molten metal. It is then allowed to cool, and when taken out of the kiln, appears as a hard heavy substance of a dark grey colour. The faces and hands of the kelpers are lit up by the monochromatic yellow flame which arises from the volatilised sodium salts raked up by the kelper's clauts. The mass of kelp is finally broken up into pieces of suitable size for conveyance to the markets, where its value depends entirely upon the amount of iodine which it contains.

This system of kelp-burning has been subjected to very severe criticism at the hands of practical chemists. It has been clearly demonstrated that it is a mistake to burn the weed at a high temperature, and that the best results, both as to quantity and quality, are obtained from reduction to a loose ash instead of a molten slag. The iron clauts with which the mass is raked into this slag have, in certain instances, been taken away from the kelpers with the object of preventing useless labour, yielding unsatisfactory results; but, with the innate conservatism of the Hebridean, the kelpers have persisted in pursuing the methods of their fathers. Unable to discriminate between weight and specific gravity, they continue to use the clauts, with the object of producing as hard a kelp as possible, overlooking the fact that the constant raking drives off more than half the iodine and a certain proportion of the salts.

In Norway, where the manufacture of kelp is a recent industry, and where no prejudice exists in favour of a particular method of manufacture, the kelp is properly burnt to ash, and the result is that it realises its full value in this market. This is another instance of trade being driven away from the country by an adherence to old-fashioned methods, giving an opening to the more adaptable foreigner, who is not slow to seize his opportunity. The best friends of the kelpers are those who will point out the injury they are thus inflicting on their own interests, and who will endeavour to effect a change in the method of manufacture which shall restore to them the trade they have allowed to slip from their grasp.

But sufficient facts have been cited to show that, even from the most hopeful point of view, there is no present prospect of kelp-making again becoming the lucrative employment which it once was. Have the resources of seaweed therefore come to an end? By no means; indeed, it may be said that its possibilities are only now being gradually unfolded. A substance named algin has, within recent years, been discovered by Mr. E. C. C. Stanford, which promises in course of time to set in motion once more the busy hook and the sickle in cutting the thousands of tons of seaweed which now lie entirely unutilised on the Highland and Hebridean coasts. For it is satisfactory to know that by this new, or wet process, as it is called, both drift and cut-ware can be utilised, although the former produces the more satisfactory results.

Algin, in its natural state, is a glutinous, colourless substance, which seaweed contains in a large proportion. The weed is steeped in sodium carbonate for twenty-four hours, when it becomes a mass whose viscosity is no less than fourteen times that of starch, and thirty-seven times that of gum-arabic. It is then filtered, and the result is soluble algin or sodium alginate, with a residuum of cellulose. On being pressed, it forms a compact cake resembling new cheese, and it can be stored for any length of time in a cool drying-room.

The uses to which algin can be put are varied. It can be used for sizing fabrics, and as a mordant in dyeing it has been authoritatively stated that it possesses very valuable properties. In these directions, more than in any other, a great commercial future is predicted for it. Perhaps its most interesting use to the general public consists in its value as an article of food. Everybody knows that seaweed in various forms is at the present day largely used for this purpose.

Green and pink laver are sometimes used in soups, and murlins are eaten in Ireland. In Wales seaweed fried in oil is a common article of diet; while in London it finds its way to some tables boiled like greens. Dulse is a species of ware which, even in its raw state, is far from being unpalatable: the opinion is held in some Highland quarters that a dish of dulse, boiled in milk, is fit to set before a king. Every Hebridean youth is a connoisseur of the edible properties of tangle; preference is usually shown for the root of the plant, as being sweeter than the stem. In China and Japan seaweed is largely used for food, and for special varieties very large prices are obtainable. Two of these edible seaweeds, green and pink laver, both British species, are worth in Yokohama no less than 4*s*. per lb.! It may here be noted that, unlike the fungi, there are no poisonous species of seaweed. The gelatinous principle in certain kinds of ware is of special value in making jelly. Irish moss, which is exported from Ireland to this country and Germany, belongs to this species, and from another variety is obtained the substance known as gelose or Japanese isinglass.

It will thus be readily appreciated that the new substance, algin, is capable of being turned to good account as a dietetic. Over 90 per cent. of its constituents consists of carbon and oxygen in about equal proportions, hydrogen and nitrogen supplying its remaining component parts. It is equally applicable for thickening soups and puddings as for conversion into jelly in conjunction with gelose or gelatine, and in these forms will be of special interest to the careful housewife; while it bids fair to supplant gum-arabic in the affections of the smaller fry of the household, as the chief constituent of the succulent jujube.

To the engineer algin presents an article which is especially serviceable for preventing the incrustation of boilers; while, with seaweed charcoal, it has already been largely applied under the name of "carbon cement" for covering boilers, charcoal being the best solid non-conductor of heat at present known.

Algic cellulose, to which reference has been made, is also capable of being employed commercially. This substance, called algulose, is susceptible of easy bleaching, and can be hardened, turned, and polished without difficulty. It makes an excellent paper, tough and transparent, but fibreless. As a cheap non-conductor of electricity, in combination with shellac, it is of proved value.

The most recent application of the properties of seaweed in the alginic form has been in the department of medicine. It has been discovered that the use of alginate of iron has been followed by highly satisfactory results in cases of hitherto incurable anæmia and chlorosis. The preparation has now passed from the experimental stage, and at the present day alginoid iron is being manufactured as a therapeutic agent.

It is thought that even the uses which have been enumerated do not exhaust the economic value of seaweed. Science may, not improbably, yet discover fresh outlets for the remarkable properties of the plant. But it will take time to make markets for the products which have already been discovered. Our commercial instincts are slow, if sure, and "new-fangled notions" are not greatly in favour with the British manufacturer. When, however, sufficient practical interest in the subject shall have been aroused among business men, a rapid development of alginic markets may be expected. The supply of the raw material is inexhaustible, for seaweed grows all the more luxuriantly the more frequently it is cut. The demand for its products is alone required to stimulate renewed activity in collecting the ware, and thus provide remunerative employment to those who need it so much. Expert opinion declares that the weed would have to be sent to a centre like Glasgow for treatment, as it can be worked much more cheaply by coal than by peat fuel. The light railways which are to be constructed throughout the principal Hebridean islands would facilitate transport to convenient shipping centres, and the shipping charges alone should prove a valuable source of local revenue. Carriage to Glasgow would probably double the prime cost of the raw material, but its products would reap the benefit by being relieved of this burden. The weed could be conveyed to the central works either in a wet or an air-dried state, for it has been proved that it is capable of being preserved in silos in a perfectly fresh condition.

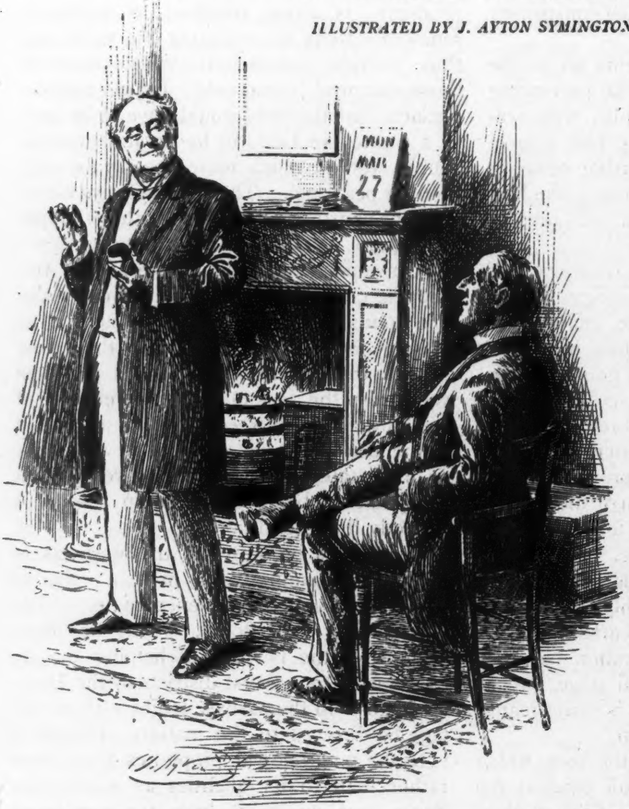
It will thus be seen that the prospects of seaweed becoming once more a valuable article of commerce are encouraging. The attention of the Board, which has been formed for the purpose of helping the inhabitants of congested districts in the Highlands to help themselves, might with advantage be directed to the matter. Though it is to the undeveloped properties of seaweed rather than to its qualities as a kelp-producer that we must look for permanent benefits, the Board might consider the desirability of appointing an instructor to educate the Hebridean kelpers in more scientific methods of manufacture. An appointment of this kind would form a fitting corollary to the intention of the Board to provide the means of educating the Lewis and Harris peasantry in the manufacture of tweeds.

JAMES BARRETT'S WILL:

A STRANGE STORY OF A LOST DOCUMENT

By VICTOR L. WHITECHURCH

ILLUSTRATED BY J. AYTON SYMINGTON



"I knew by the old lawyer's manner that a story was in the wind"

"NO," said my old friend Harrison, "I assure you that it is not always an advantage to be methodical. I daresay this sounds strange to you, but I've had more than one instance of its truth during my professional career."

And the sharp old lawyer rubbed his hands together, an action of his that always betokened considerable depth of thought, and, sometimes in his unprofessional moments, a story.

"It is curious to hear such a methodical man as you say such a thing," I remarked.

"Perhaps. But my theory is this. A man of strictly methodical habits is like a complicated bit of machinery. So long as everything is kept correct the machine works rightly. Disarrange one little crank or nut, and you get stoppage and confusion."

"But the man of methodical habits is not likely to get his works disarranged," I replied.

"Yes, he is. And I'll tell you why. He relies too much on *habit.* That's the mischief of it."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, that when a man becomes a slave to habit, he loses sight of the fact that habit is not infallible, and so he sometimes fails seriously because a simple habit fails. One of my clients lost several thousands of pounds once, for example, by relying too much upon habit. It was always his custom to wake at seven each morning. One day it was of the utmost importance that he should catch a train at half-past eight o'clock. Instead of warning his servant to call him, he trusted to his habit. For once his habit failed, and he did not wake till a quarter to nine, and so lost a fortune by not keeping an appointment."

"It's strange, certainly. How do you account for it?"

"I don't account for it at all; I only state a fact. But I can give you a more curious instance than this of confusion being wrought by methodical habits. Would you like to hear it?"

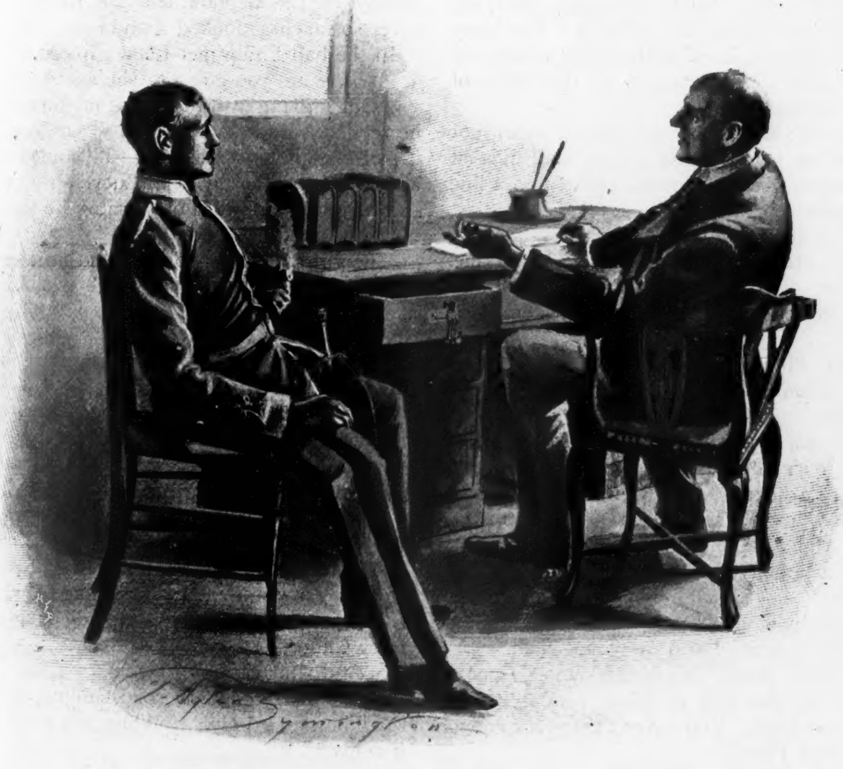
I knew by the old lawyer's manner that a story was in the wind, and readily gave my consent. So Harrison took a pinch of snuff—he was old-fashioned enough for such ancestral practices—and began as follows:

The most methodical man I ever came across in my professional career was a friend and neighbour of mine named James Barrett. He lived here, in Dullminster, and was an architect by profession. He had a very large connection, especially in the ecclesiastical world, for he was a perfect enthusiast on all matters connected with church architecture, and prepared plans for the restoration of more than one of our cathedrals in his time. A score of modern churches were built under his supervision in different parts of England, while at the meetings of the county archæological society his remarks on his pet subject were always listened to with the greatest attention by experts.

His methodical habits, I have said, were remarkable. He did all his chief work in his own house, and only used an office for his clerks. His workroom at home was a model of method. His books were all arranged in exact order, so that he never had to hunt for them. His pigeonholes were kept with precise care, so that his plans and notes were always on hand, and his drawers were a marvel of tidiness.

One of his methods was to put every document of importance into its own particular canvas-lined envelope and label the contents on the outside. Consequently, with the exception of the plans and papers upon which he was engaged at the moment, one never saw anything in his pigeonholes and drawers but blue envelopes of various sizes, not sealed down, of course, but ready for reference at a moment's notice.

This plan saves much trouble. If one comes across a bundle of odd papers one has to look at them to see what they are. On the contrary, a glance at a labelled envelope gives one the contents at once, and one does not need to open it.



"'If you take this cheque I'll never do anything more for you'"

James Barrett was a bachelor. He had few relatives, and his nearest relation was a nephew, Philip Markham, a harum-scarum scoundrel of a fellow who ran through what little money he had himself in the hope of one day inheriting his uncle's property, which, I may tell you, was very considerable.

His expectations received a check when his uncle adopted a little orphan girl of some ten years of age. Between ourselves, she was the daughter of an old sweetheart, and that is what made her so dear in his sight. She came to live with him here, and he treated her as a father would his own child. Naturally Philip Markham began to have some qualms in his mind as to the question of his inheritance. But his uncle was a just man, and if he had behaved wisely he need not have feared.

He came on rare intervals to Dullminster, and paid a visit to the architect. And when Lucy Clifford—that was the name of the adopted child—was about sixteen, he stayed for a week, and it was doubtless during that period that the idea of ultimately marrying the girl took root in his brain. For Lucy was showing signs of that beauty which was to classify her afterwards as the Belle of Dullminster.

Shortly after that the young man got mixed up in a betting scrape, and, in a fit of chagrin over his losses, enlisted in a line regiment.

"It's the very best thing he could have done, Harrison," said his uncle to me. "Three or four years in the army will take the conceit out of him. I'm very glad of it."

But Philip Markham soon repented of his action and wanted to be bought out. Barrett wouldn't hear of it for a long time. At length his nephew came down on leave of absence and besought him for the money.

"The fact is, the regiment is ordered abroad, uncle," he said.

"And a good job too. A little hard work and a touch of fighting won't do you any harm."

"If you don't buy me out I'll shoot myself—there!" said the young man.

"Pooh, pooh!" laughed his uncle, "people who say that sort of thing invariably die a natural death. You haven't got pluck enough for that, Philip."

But the latter grumbled and worried to such an extent that at length the architect lost all patience. Seizing his cheque-book and opening it, he said:

"Look here, Philip, I'll make a bargain, and remember my word will hold good. If you stay in the army till your time's up I'll do something for you when you come out and I'll leave you something you won't be sorry to inherit. But if you *will* be a fool, why, I'll write you out a cheque for two hundred pounds now, but you'll never get another penny from me alive or dead. Now choose!"

"I can't stand the life I'm leading," grumbled his nephew.

"Bah! Now remember. If you take this cheque I'll never do anything more for you, and I'll never see you again."

Philip Markham was a fool.

"I'll take the cheque," he said.

Without a word his uncle wrote it out and handed it to him.

"Now go!" he said.

"Good-bye, uncle."

But the architect bent over his work silently as the nephew left the room and never so much as looked round.

In the hall Philip met Lucy Clifford.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"Out into the world to make my fortune," he replied, with a laugh, "and when I make it—or even if I *don't* make it—I'll come back and ask you to be my wife, Lucy."

And without a word of warning he seized her arms and kissed her.

The girl struggled violently and in anger.

"Good-bye, sweet Lucy!" he exclaimed as he left the house.

* * * * * *

The next morning James Barrett stepped into my office.

"I've got a little job for you, Harrison," he said. "I ought to have made my will long ago, and I won't put it off any longer. Will you draw it up for me?"

"With pleasure," I said. "Shall we go into details?"

"Oh, there won't be many details," he replied. "I wish to leave everything of which I die possessed to my adopted daughter, Lucy Clifford."

"And your nephew?"

"Not even the proverbial shilling, Harrison," he said grimly. "When will you have it ready?"

"Will Thursday morning do?"

"Yes—will you please bring it to my house? I'll have witnesses ready. Don't be later than ten, please."

On Thursday morning I took the will round to his house. He was seated at his study table, on which were lying one or two papers and some of the familiar blue envelopes. His two clerks were also present—as witnesses.

He read the will over carefully, and then called them up to him. He signed himself, and while I saw to the witnesses, took one of his envelopes and wrote outside:

"My last will and testament.

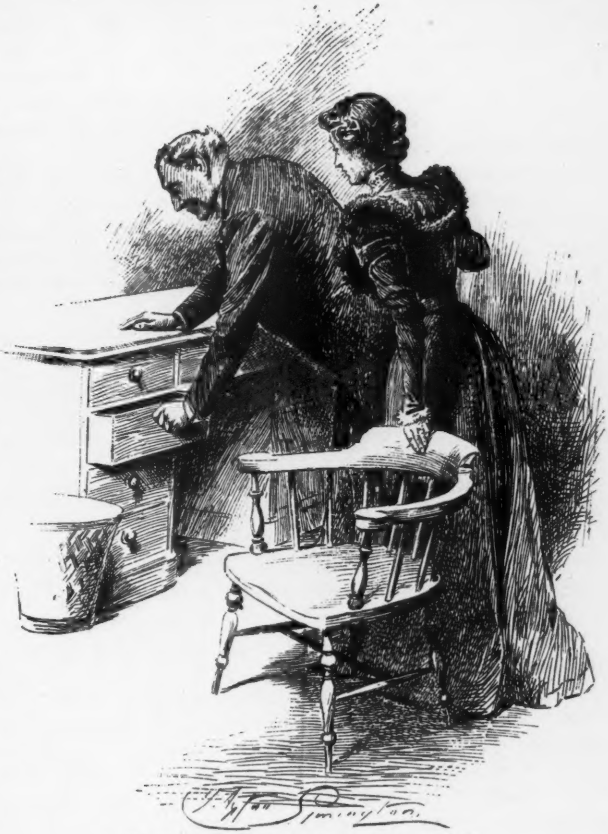
"JAMES BARRETT.

"July 22, 1889."

"You may go," he said to his clerks when they had finished.

"Shall I keep the will in my office?" I asked.

"No, Harrison, I prefer to keep it myself. You'll find it in this second drawer after my death." And he folded it up.



"Unlocked the second drawer of the table"

A tap came at the door and the servant entered.

"Your cab's waiting, sir."

"Ah!—there isn't much time either. Excuse me, Harrison, but I have a train to catch."

As I said "Good-morning" I saw him collecting the papers on the table and putting the will into its blue envelope.

"What a model of method the man is!" I thought to myself as I left the room.

* * * * *

Five years afterwards James Barrett died. Much had happened in that time. His adopted daughter had grown into a beautiful woman of four and twenty, and my eldest son was not slow to appreciate her beauty. Living for years as they had done in the same town, the engagement seemed a natural one to all parties; and for my own part, I was secretly glad that Charlie would marry a nice little fortune in addition to mere beauty. We lawyers are sordid, you know. As for Philip Markham, nothing had been seen of him, though we heard of him occasionally, and not very much to his credit.

Well, to make a long story short, immediately after James Barrett's death I informed Lucy how matters stood, and together we went into the architect's study, and unlocked the second drawer of his table. We very soon found the blue envelope.

I opened it. To my horror and astonishment the contents were very different to those I had expected to find. I unfolded them with trembling fingers. They consisted of the ground plan and elevation of an ecclesiastical building, together with a written description, and were entitled, "Plan of New Chancel of Little Sefton Parish Church."

"What's the matter, Mr. Harrison?" said Lucy.

"There's a mistake somewhere, Lucy," I replied. "You go back to Mrs. Harrison" (she was staying with us till the funeral was over), "and I'll take a good look round."

Well, to make a long story short, I searched every part of his study and the contents of every envelope for the will—but in vain. Once a gleam of hope sprang upon me as I found an envelope in an "S" pigeonhole labelled "Plan of New Chancel of Little Sefton Parish Church." I thought perhaps the will had been put into the wrong envelope. But no, it contained a duplicate plan, similar in every detail. High and low did I search, but no success rewarded my efforts.

And I knew it meant that Lucy would be a pauper.

To crown it all, who should turn up to the funeral but Philip Markham? And directly it was over he coolly asked to see his uncle's will.

Very reluctantly I had to tell him that none had been found.

"Hooray!" exclaimed the bloated-looking man. "That means that I come into the property. I thought the old man wouldn't desert his relative. But, I say, Lucy, it's rather rough on you, isn't it? Never mind. I told you I'd ask you to marry me, and I will, too, though you are only a pauper!"

"Mr. Markham," exclaimed the girl, red with indignation, "whether the estate was intended for you or not I don't care. I have too much respect for the dead man, who has been a father to me. But don't you dare to insult me again!"

"Oh, all right—you'll be a bit more sensible later on. And now, Mr. Harrison, I'll stay here, if you please, until you find the will—and it seems that may be a long time!"

It was useless in my position to take any steps. Lucy Clifford came back with me to my house and then completely broke down. I handed her over to my wife's care, and tried to think of what I had better do. Fighting was no use. The more I reflected, the more I felt sure that the will was somewhere. Barrett had always been a man of his word, and I could not think that he had destroyed it.

At the end of a week a sudden idea seized me. It was something so novel that at first I almost laughed at it. But, finally, I thought so seriously of it, that I took down Bradshaw and looked up the route to Little Sefton, which I found was a small village some two miles from Butterton, and about fifty miles from Dullminster. The next day saw me speeding thither.

At Butterton I hired a cab. "Drive me to Little Sefton Vicarage," I said, "but set me down at the church first"

Shortly afterwards I got out at the church, which was a little distance from the Vicarage, and strolled round it. The nave was evidently a very old structure, but the chancel was quite new. I examined it well till I found what I wanted. At the east end (on the outside) was a large stone near the ground, with this inscription:

"A. M. D. G.

"This stone was laid on July 22nd, 1889, by Sir Gilbert Bradenfield, Bart., Squire of the parish.

"JOSHUA LAYTON, Vicar."

And in the corner of the stone was cut—

"JAMES BARRETT, Architect."

Then I went on to the Vicarage.

The Vicar rose to receive me as I was shown into his study. After introducing myself I said:

"You are Mr. Layton, I believe?"

"Yes, I am," he replied.

"You were Vicar here when the chancel of your church was rebuilt?"

"I was. I was quite a new-comer then—it's about five years ago."

"Do you remember the ceremony?"

"Perfectly."

"Then can you tell me what was put in the foundation-stone? It's customary for something to be placed there, I believe?"

"Yes. Well, to the best of my recollection, there were the usual coins and a newspaper placed in a large, wide-necked bottle."

"Anything else?"

"A plan of the new chancel put there by the architect."

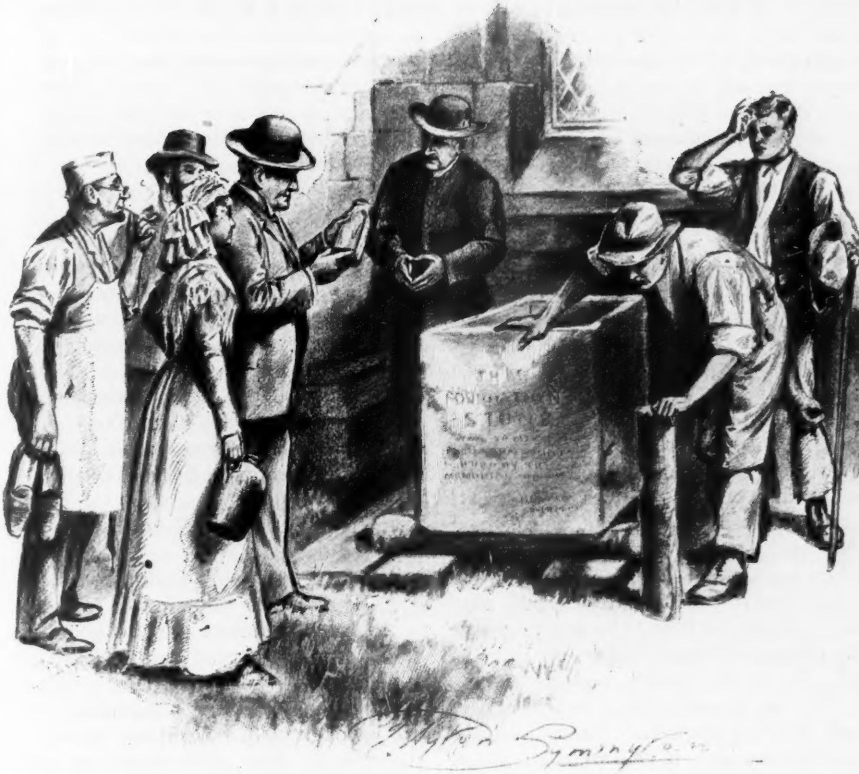
"Was it in a blue envelope?"

"Well, now you mention it, I believe it was."

"It was *not* a plan, Mr. Layton."

"What was it?"

"*His will!*"



"A large glass pickle bottle".

Then I explained my theory, which was that in the hurry of catching his train James Barrett had placed the documents on his table in the wrong envelopes, and the will had been embedded in the chancel of Little Sefton Church for more than five years.

"It's a difficult matter," said the Vicar, "and we shall have to get a faculty, to say the least of it. But I'll help you all I can, Mr. Harrison, you may be sure."

Well, the end of it was, the Chancellor of the diocese, after considerable trouble, *did* grant a faculty to have the stone removed, and great was the excitement when we set about it. The story had spread, and quite a little crowd gathered in the churchyard to watch. It was a slow process, but finally the stone was loosened and lifted out.

There, in a cavity, was a large glass pickle bottle.

With eager hands I drew out of it a blue envelope labelled:

"Plan of New Chancel of Little Sefton Church."

And out of the envelope came the long-lost document, and I recognised my own handwriting in which it had been drawn up. There was the endorsement:

"Will of James Barrett, Esq.
Dated July 22, 1889."

Oh yes—as the story-books say—"they married and were happy ever afterwards." But Philip Markham had to leave, of course—I believe he's dead now. But doesn't it show you how dangerous it is to trust absolutely to habit? That one little flaw very nearly upset everything!

FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS, V.C.

By WALTER J. MATHAMS, F.R.G.S., Author of "Comrades All," "Jack Ahoy!" etc.

This ain't no bloomin' ode,
But you've 'elped the soldier's load,
And for benefits bestowed
Bless yer, Bobs!

WHEN a man receives the honour of what may be called a pet name from comrades, friends or subordinates, you may be sure that it is given on account of service rendered. It is a pretty way that human nature has of recognising worth of brain or heart. In the case of Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, it is the recognition of his skill as a soldier and his sympathy as a man. It suggests a lovable kingship of men, which neither rank nor titles standing alone could give him; and when Kipling finishes his expressive poem with the rough and easy phrase, "Bless yer, Bobs!" he is giving voice to the feeling of British soldiers all over the world. It is the soldier's blessing on the man who has blessed him. Short enough, indeed, but long enough to express volumes of grateful meaning. If you would know how far Lord Roberts has done his best for our Army you have only to get into a third-class carriage or on the top of a 'bus with some old soldiers who have been with him, and you will soon have the information you desire. I have tried this plan, and have had for answer to the question, "Have you been with Lord Roberts?"

"Been with Roberts? Yes, sir. I was with him in Afghanistan, from the first shot till the last, and if I could I would go with him again. He was the best as I was ever under."

"Been with Roberts? Yes, sir. He knew how to talk to you. He was like a father talking to his children. He could give you a nice, gentle word with a *soothe* in it. When we saw him coming we used to say, 'Here comes our feyther.'"

"Been with Roberts? Yes, sir. When I was ill in hospital in India he came to see me and said: 'You're very ill; as soon as you are a little better I will get you invalided home.' I didn't want that, and told him I would rather stay with him, and that was how he arranged it."

I have heard of one anxious inquirer getting for answer,

"Little Bobs looks after yer grub and treats ye like a 'uman Christian," which suggests that if, according to Frederick the Great, an army marches on its stomach, an officer finds his way to the heart of a private through the same avenue.

Only yesterday, a veteran with his breast ablaze with medals told me that on the march to Alikhel Lord Roberts saw an old pioneer who had fallen out of the ranks, and said to him:

"Hullo, old man, I can see you are knocked out."

"Yes, sir; my feet are all blistered."

"Get up on my horse!"

And my informant said he got up, and Lord Roberts carried his pick for him! Whether this be an apocryphal camp story or not, the fact that it and similar stories are so often told, is evidence enough that the man of whom such things are said has done his part to better and brighten the lot of those who have served under his command.

One other answer may be mentioned as interesting in the present crisis.

"You could go anywhere with Roberts with confidence, for he would never take you into a place where he couldn't get you out."

Such is Tommy's testimony, and it rings with the gratitude of experience. From Lord Roberts himself you will hear little, for out of over five hundred pages of his book scarcely a dozen are given descriptive of his work as a humanitarian. In that he acts after his kind. But it is interesting that his first strong impulse in this direction came in his second year in India, when he was compelled to witness the flogging of two Horse Artillerymen. The men were in the wrong, but the punishment was brutal, and the unwilling witness must have felt the sting and fire and throb from the descending lash almost as keenly as the men themselves. Naturally they sinned again and were sentenced again, but through the clemency of the colonel the further punishment was remitted. Lord Roberts says he watched the effect of that forgiveness for some years, and found that the men proved themselves worthy of it. Henceforth, therefore, in his view, the man was greater than the uniform, and on this principle he has based the actions which have won him such renown. "Better the conditions of the soldier, and you will elevate the character of the man," he once said to me, and the saying was unconsciously autobiographical. On this plan of progress he reformed the old canteen system in India, or rather replaced it by the establishment of soldiers' institutes, and the broad, human, redemptive and preventive agency of the Army Temperance Association. Of the first he says: "My name appeared in the Jubilee *Gazette*, as having been given the Grand Cross of the Indian Empire, but what I valued still more was the acceptance by the Government of India of my strong recommendation for the establishment of a club or institute in every regiment and battery in India." With the equity of this estimate we all agree; for crowns and stars may look dim and tarnished in age and death, but the memory of having lessened the temptations of life, increased its lawful joys and recreations, and led men to make the present better than the past and the future better than either, will enlighten the evening of life with a lustre in which a man need not be ashamed to be found, when the Great Master calls him off the duty of time into the rest of eternity. What these two agencies have done for the good of the soldier is incalculable, and thousands of young fellows fresh from home will find them to be the answer to the prayer of a young soldier in the agony of peril, "O! God, send somebody, or something to help me to go straight and keep me straight." For that, "Bless yer, Bobs!"

Here, too, Lady Roberts, with the same spirit and passion for humanity in red and khaki, comes to the front, and in the eyes of Tommy stands side by side with the Field-Marshal in the establishment of a system for supplying trained lady nurses to all the military hospitals throughout India; the homes on the hills for sick officers; and the homes of rest for overwrought nurses. Much more could be said of what has been done in India, and of the ready, unstinted help of officers and their wives, of chaplains and others, but that must be said elsewhere.

Personally, I think there is no man who is more eagerly anxious to do what good he can in his own sphere of life and duty than Lord Roberts. All that he can do or get others to do for the soldier, he does or gets done. He was good enough to notice a book I had written for our sailors, and to ask me to write one on similar lines for the Army. In doing this I had many opportunities of meeting and corresponding with him. His experience, information and judgment were always at my service, otherwise the venture would never have been dared. Through the power of his name it has not failed. But I shall never forget the hours spent in his study talking over the claims, the conditions and the character of the soldier. Of those claims upon the community his opinions were strongly and vividly expressed. It hurts him keenly to feel that the public judgment of the soldier belongs to a bygone time, to the "good old days" when soldiers and others could be as intemperate as they liked, almost without let or hindrance. He would like all the world to know that, with changed times, there has been a remarkable improvement, as the result of the progress of education and of definite attempts for betterment. Further, he considers such a judgment unjust to many a pure and happy home, from which numbers of our young soldiers in their love of military life enlist into the ranks. But a bad name dies hard. I remember the Field-Marshal coming in from a visit to one of the barracks. There he told me that he had gone into a refreshment room and found a group of young fellows eating cake. It struck him as peculiar, because it was close upon dinner time; on inquiring they told him it was a custom of theirs, as they always got hungry before meal time. Now, Lord Roberts does not take everything on trust, so he went to the keeper and found to his delight that these young fellows preferred their piece of cake to a glass of beer. His remark on telling me was, "That is a better state of things than twenty years ago."

Sometime after this I was on a Dublin steamer, and according to custom went to the fore-deck to have a chat with any sailors or soldiers who might be there. I found two privates, and one of them told me he had

(From a photograph by Lafayette & Co., Dublin)

FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS, V.C.

never smoked (more than some of us could say) and did not know the taste of any intoxicant. The other was a total abstainer. In writing to Dublin I mentioned this, and received a letter in reply, part of which was read last year in the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. As it was made public then it may be given here.

"I should like to say how highly I appreciate the kindly interest taken in the Army by some of the speakers at the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, and how much I wish I could make people generally believe that soldiers are not the careless, dissolute set of men they are so often supposed to be. There are, of course, black sheep amongst them, but taking them all round, I think they compare favourably with civilians in their own, or even in a higher, rank of life. There are about 25,000 soldiers in Ireland, and during the three and a half years I have been in command they have been remarkably well-behaved. I can only call to mind one serious crime, a case of murder, committed by a man whose history proved that he had been a bad lot before he joined the Army. We must have an army, and surely it is the duty of the general public to try and improve the condition and status of the men composing that army, instead of holding them up to scorn, as, I regret to find, some people are in the habit of doing.

"Believe me,
"Yours very truly,
"ROBERTS."

Before passing to another consideration I should like to say that the spirit and practice of Lord Roberts with regard to the welfare of the men is far more common among our officers than can be publicly known, owing to the necessary exclusiveness of military life. Yet, good is planned and done throughout the Army, from the drummer boy upwards. Many of the officers try to come into helpful contact with the men, and especially with the boys, and in their own way follow the purpose of Lord Roberts, who, when he has an opportunity, goes and sits amongst the boys at the Duke of York's Military School to listen with them to the manly speaking of that good soldier of God, the Rev. G. H. Andrews.

One pathetic memory will always be with me. Last Whit-Sunday I had the pleasure of spending the afternoon in the study at the Royal Hospital, Dublin, with the Field-Marshal, his son, and Major Streatfield, A.M.S. What was said in that happy home and through those happy hours need not be repeated, but as the evening came on and I rose to leave, the Hon. Frederick Roberts took my hand and thanked me on his own behalf and on behalf of our soldiers for the little good I had tried to do for them at his father's wish. He made me feel then, as always, that he was in the line of succession to his father's spirit as well as to his title. But now—

Peace, perfect peace.

II.

It would be an interesting question to inquire, how far the large-heartedness and keen, vibrative sympathy of Lord Roberts is due to heredity and the unconscious influence of others. In his stirring address to the Highland Brigade lately, he frankly told them that they had "helped to make him" a soldier and a general. How far have others helped to shape his life as a humanitarian and an altruist?

You need only to glance for a moment at the striking portrait of his father, General Sir Abraham Roberts, G.C.B., to see that he sprang from a man every inch the soul of honour, uprightness and ready benevolence, and of the best type of a British officer and gentleman. In his "Forty-One Years in India," Lord Roberts refers to his early association with his father in Peshawar and of the invaluable lessons learnt from him of the best way of treating the natives of Afghanistan. Twenty-one years later, when he was advancing on Kabul, he says that the words of his father came into his mind and caused him to issue an order to "General officers, and officers commanding corps, to impress on all officers under their command the necessity for constant vigilance in preventing irregularities likely to arouse the personal jealousies of the people of Kabul, who are, of all races, most susceptible as regards their women. The deep-seated animosity of the Afghans towards the English has been mainly ascribed to indiscretions committed during the first occupation of Kabul, and the Major-General trusts that the same excellent discipline, so long exhibited by the troops under his command, will remove the prejudice of past years, and cause the British name to be as highly respected in Afghanistan as it is throughout the civilised world."

(Chancellor, photographer, Dublin)

THE HON. MISS A. ROBERTS

(Chancellor, photographer, Dublin)

THE HON. MISS E. ROBERTS

Here we see the heart and hand of Sir Abraham, and at the close of the Afghanistan campaign, and the farewell to his men, it was a fitting finish for Lord Roberts to say, "Not one act infringing the rules of civilised warfare was committed by my troops, and the conduct of the troops will ever be to me as pleasing a memory as are the results which they achieved."

In the same way a look at the portrait of Lady Abraham Roberts is sufficient to show that from the mother side of the house he derives that winsome courtesy and gentle thoughtfulness which enable him to win and keep every heart which comes within the range of his extraordinary influence. But he is reticent on these matters, and it is only here and there that we get a glimpse of the beneficent forces which were training him for the future, as when he lifts the curtain of the home and says, "My little sister, too, always an invalid, was very much as when I parted from her—full of loving-kindness for every one, and, though unable to move without help, perfectly happy in the resources she had within herself, and the good she was able to do in devoting those resources to the benefit of others."

Beyond the inspiration of home and kindred there were other spirits and powers at work which helped to make him what he is. I remember once in conversation mentioning the remarkable story which is told in connection with Sir Charles Napier's campaign in Upper Scinde. A sergeant and eleven men had missed their way, and were going straight within range of the enemy. The commanding officer signalled them to return, but they took it to be the order to charge, and the twelve faced the hill, and fought the seventy who opposed them, until every one of the twelve lay dead. When the rest of the troops came up they found each man with a red thread tied round his wrist. The red thread round the wrist was the highest sign of honour given to brave men by the rough hill warriors of Upper Scinde. Lord Roberts asked for my authority, and I referred him to the "History of the Administration of Scinde" by Lieut-General Sir William Napier, and added that it would be found given as an instance of exquisite natural poetry in the lectures and addresses of F. W. Robertson of Brighton.

He at once said "Robertson? Was he not a clergyman of the Church of England who preached at Trinity Chapel, Brighton?"

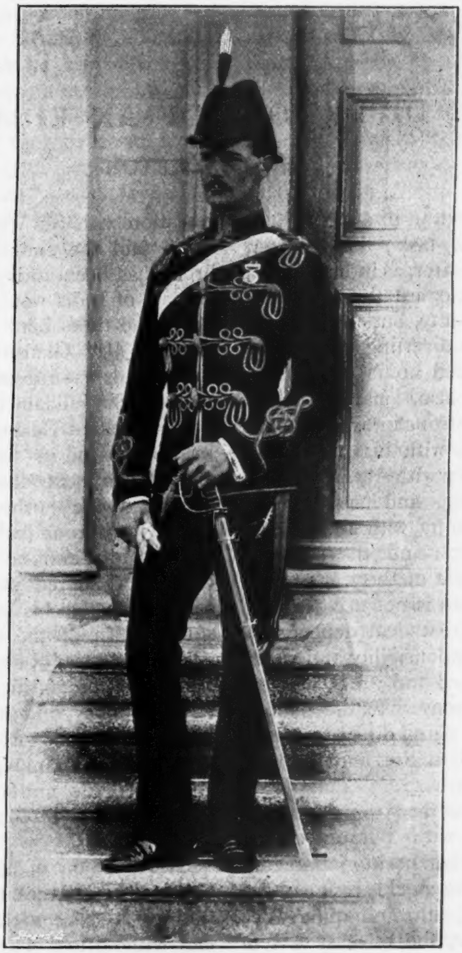
I replied in the affirmative and he said,

"I know whom you mean now. He was a very fine man, and when I was a boy staying at Brighton I used to hear him preach."

In his strenuous life in India the Field-Marshal had not heard how much Robertson had stirred and moulded the thought of many a thinker and worker in the Church of Christ. The interesting point in this connection, is, how far Robertson influenced the character and career of the great soldier. From the evident gladness of the recollection I should say that the unconscious influence was considerable and abiding, and all the more so as it came at a time when youth yields readily to the formative hand of a noble example and an inspiring instructor. If this be so, Robertson has his compensation for the great disappointment of his life. As all the world knows, he had "an unutterable admiration of heroic daring" and longed to be a soldier. Circumstances were against him, and he entered the Church. If he gave something of his gallant soul to young Frederick Roberts as he did to all who knew or heard him, then his longing has had an interesting and effective fulfilment. At any rate, it is pleasing to think that the voice of the preacher in Brighton may have echoed through the hills of Afghanistan, and the camps in India, and may echo yet along the veldt of South Africa and help to lead us in ways we do not see towards our ultimate goal of universal brotherhood.

Then again, if a man becomes a part of all whom he has met, Lord Roberts must owe much to those fine heroic souls who kept our flag out of the dust during the horrors of the Indian Mutiny. That fearful experience in our history, like that of the present day, brought out the sympathetic and tenderer qualities of our British manhood, as well as those of sternness, resolution and endurance. There was a common danger, and an equal responsibility in facing and overcoming it. In the presence of imminent death men became comrades and brothers for a cause where each one lived, struggled and fought for the good of all. Naturally, the best and strongest-hearted came to the front, and under these Lord Roberts received his earliest training in active service. In describing their deeds or portraying their character, his pen moves with grateful and admiring swiftness, as if his loftiest ambition would be accomplished in following them. It must have been more than a liberal education to know such men and to live under their command. There was John Nicholson, the man who was actually worshipped as a saint by the natives and of whom Lord Roberts says he never saw anyone like him; a perfect specimen of a soldier and a gentleman; Sir James Outram, the man who cheerfully waived the honour of his rank at the final relief of Lucknow to Sir Henry Havelock; then there was Havelock himself, the soul of honour and a true type of noble Christian manhood; Neville Chamberlain, Sir Herbert Edwardes, Hope Grant, Sir Colin Campbell and not least his Colonel, afterwards General Sir George Green, K.C.B., of whom I have heard Lord Roberts speak in terms of highest admiration. All these may be named as men who have helped to make the Commander-in-Chief in South Africa as strong as steel and as sensitive to sorrow, need and suffering as a tense wire is to the touch of a little child. Something of them all is seen in his character to-day, and has been seen throughout his career, and it should not be forgotten that Lord Napier of Magdala, "who on the hottest day would toil through barrack after barrack to satisfy himself that the soldiers were properly cared for," both as Commander-in-Chief in India and leader of the Abyssinian Expedition, may also have had his share in shaping that character towards perfection.

But probably if Lord Roberts were asked what had been the greatest force in his making he would point to a portrait standing on his desk, near the text-book Gordon gave him when that hero started for Khartoum—Lady Roberts. It is not for me, nor for any one else, to speak of this, but in his brilliant record, like so many of the wives of our best and greatest men, she stands beside him in all his efforts for the amelioration of the conditions of the soldier; visiting hospitals, tending cholera cases, providing nurses, and establishing homes and institutes of all kinds whereby this poor old world may have a little less sorrow in it and a great deal more of humanity, charity, comradeship and happiness.



(Lafayette, photographer, Dublin)

THE LATE LIEUTENANT ROBERTS, V.C.

Whatever the contributory forces to the formation of such a character may have been, we all know now that there is reason deep and true for the utterance of the simple, homely prayer, "Bless yer, Bobs!" With the burden of a great tragedy upon him (and how great few can know), he takes up another of immeasurable weight and responsibility, and goes forth at the call of Queen and country to do the best that is in him, for the safety of the Empire and the honour of our race. Sad as some of the episodes of this terrible war have been, it has revealed resources of present power and possibilities for the future of which we scarcely dreamed. Even those who think we are wrong will judge that at least we are right in the belief that the spirit of our fathers has not departed from us, as they see rich and poor, old and young, springing into rank for the sake of the land of their birth and the nation of which they are the offspring, and marching, it may be to suffering and death, behind the "good grey head which all men *know*," with "iron nerve to true occasion true." In no spirit of military worship or love of war, but giving reverence where reverence is right, and honour where honour is due, we close this imperfect sketch with the prayer of the Punjabis on the departure of Lord Roberts from India, "May God bless thee wherever thou mayest be, and may thy generosities continue to prevail upon us for a long time;" and add the easier, happier vernacular of the British soldier's benediction, *Bless yer Bobs!*

THE DIVERSIONS OF AN EDITOR

By JOHN PENDLETON

THE literary direction of a daily paper is not an easy task; the reporter, and the sub-editor, as indicated in a previous article, are thrust by circumstance into lively duty, but they cannot claim a monopoly of diverting experience. The editor has "crowded hours of glorious life"; but he has, also, many anxious moments. A man of strong individuality, he may get at loggerheads with his proprietors on a question of policy with regard to the Boer war for example, and find himself stranded. If in harmony with the owners of the journal he edits, and the property yields a substantial profit on the year's working, the seat he occupies is not necessarily a comfortable one. A great deal depends on his temperament. Responsibility and worry may make him wretched and wreck his nervous system; or he may, like the famous editor of one London daily, direct his paper with splendid imperturbability, and the help of bicycle and telephone.

Charles Dickens assumed the editorship of the *Daily News* with buoyant spirit, but the vexations of his position bothered him exceedingly, and he quickly resigned the editorship, "tired to death, and quite worn out." Hyper-sensitive, the novelist was of different fibre to Delane and Chenery of the *Times*. Outwardly both these men bore dilemma lightly. Under Chenery's control the *Times* was looked upon as a mighty machine without sentient being; and on the announcement of Chenery's marriage, Kinglake remarked: "Heavens! that brings the *Times* in relation with humanity." Chenery was not so closely in touch with the world as Delane, who possessed the news-getting instinct, and never lost an opportunity. For instance, while out dining one night the latter entered into conversation with Sir William Gull. "By the way," said the eminent physician, "Northbrook has been asking me if I thought the climate of India would suit him."

At the time Lord Mayo had been assassinated, Mr. Gladstone was Premier, and speculation was rife as to Lord Mayo's successor. Sir William Gull's chance observation impressed Delane. He turned it over in his mind till its significance flashed upon him. The next day's issue of the *Times* contained the authoritative statement that Lord Northbrook had been appointed Viceroy of India, and no doubt Mr. Gladstone himself wondered how the leading journal had discovered his secret. Delane had a shrewd idea of the qualities required in an editor. He was of sound judgment: neither fussy nor tantalising. He could adopt a sensible policy, and knew how to deal with his contributors. He lived in society, was aware of many a move in diplomacy, politics, and social life, and obtained for his paper much exclusive intelligence that increased its influence.

The position of editor has not become easier since Delane's time. Newspaper competition is so keen that no morning journal can, without loss of prestige, be laggard either in its news supply or its comment. The public (in the person of its readers) must have the latest accounts of, and opinions on, happenings from everywhere. The editor, consequently, is obliged not only to have at his call a competent staff, and many outside agencies, for the swift acquisition of news, but numerous special contributors and leader-writers. Moreover, he must himself take a prominent part in the world's doings, and appear at political demonstration, banquet, social, or other function. He invariably does this at considerable inconvenience, and often without much advantage to his paper; but he is bound, lest he wishes to sink into obscurity, to go through these ordeals. Unfortunately, when he has done his posing on platform, at dinner-party, or reception, he finds himself arm-in-arm with the grinning imp of destiny. The brilliant, or enthusiastic crowd, in which he has moved, can go to bed, but he must return to the office and put in several hours' work, for if he does not actually write long or short leader at high pressure he may dictate one, and it is also his duty to see that he has got the best work out of his literary staff, and to safeguard his paper against libel, tangent of policy, folly of expression, and gross or ludicrous error.

There is, it is true, a type of editor that evades this rigorous night duty as much as possible. He contends that each department in a newspaper office should be held responsible for its own work, and that it is not his business to be finicking about at three o'clock in the morning, overhauling the first edition, deleting risky phrases, and altering headlines. Of this type was a well-known journalist, now in London, who applied a few years ago for the editorship of a Yorkshire daily. "Where should you be when the paper goes to press?" asked one of the directors. "In bed," was the laconic reply. The question savoured, perhaps, of espionage, and the reply was no doubt too literal. The editor who sees his paper through the machines is, undoubtedly, a valuable servant. To remain on duty far into the night means wear and tear of body and mind: but the editor has some consolation. As he sips his coffee, or lights his cigar, prior to his drive, or trudge homeward in the small hours, he is conscious that he has turned out the best possible paper with the material to his hand. It is then, no doubt, that he indulges in flicker of pleasantry, after the fashion of Russell, the famous editor of the *Scotsman*, who once said to his assistant: "Mr. Cooper, you are getting very grey." Glancing at his chief's bald head, Cooper sarcastically replied: "Yes; but I have, at least, some hair." "Um," retorted Russell, "mine preferred death to dishonour!" Exquisite was the humour, too, of the editor in doubt as to the age of one of his staff, who was as hairy as Esau. "Do you know Brown's age?" he asked. "No, sir," replied his secretary; "he says he's thirty." "Ah," said the editor, pondering, "he must have dropped a nought!"

It is not often, however, that the editor unbends. Unremitting toil rather than diversion appears to be his lot; yet this restless and indefatigable controller of the morning paper, though usually an epitome of dignity, is, notwithstanding the utmost care, frequently involved in exciting controversy, or brought face to face with dramatic or amusing incident. Henry Bate, one time editor of the *Morning Post*, was threatened with a horse-whipping, and in preference fought a duel with swords with his foe in the Adelphi Tavern in the Strand. John Walter, the founder of the *Times*, was sentenced, for libel, to stand for an hour in the pillory at Charing Cross. Captain Hamber, some years ago editor of the *Standard*, thrashed a cabman who had spoken impertinently to his wife. Sir William Leng was so menaced for exposing the Trade Union outrages in Sheffield, that he considered it politic to go about armed, and to write his leaders within touch of the loaded revolver on his desk. Another editor took his diversion less grimly. He was old in years but young in energy, rode to hounds, and fancied himself on horseback. Riding to his office one morning, he was thrown; but, adroit in mishap, he did not thud upon the roadway, but tippled into a passing hansom. The spectators of this remarkable feat hurried to assist him; but, declining their well-meant services, he stepped jauntily, with a smile, out of the vehicle, nodded to the astonished driver, and went on his way as serenely as though "taking a header into a hansom" was his daily mode of recreation.

The modern editor is usually a serious person. He has little inclination to indulge in such a joke as the one perpetrated by the editor of the *Daily Courant* in the last century when he wrote: "I will give no comments of my own in this paper, as I assume that other people have sense enough to make reflections for themselves!" But, however averse he may be from levity, he is to a great extent a creature of circumstances, and in the office, as out of it, diversion is flung at him.

He is occasionally threatened, by letter, with thrashing or action for libel; and he may find on his desk a telegram stating: "I will have satisfaction for your gross attack upon me," or "Your reporter wants lynching." Sometimes the indignant reader, exasperated beyond discretion, insists upon a personal interview. One day a stout, irascible man rushed into a northern newspaper office and said, with his voice trembling with emotion, "I must see the editor."

The publishing clerk, in the outer office, parleyed with him, but in vain. The man was furious and inexorable. Finally, he was taken upstairs and ushered into the editor's room.

"Good-day," said the editor placidly.

"Don't 'good-day' me, sir!" roared the furious visitor, brandishing a copy of that day's paper. "What do you mean by this, sir?" he asked, almost choking with rage, and tapping with nervous fingers an ink-marked paragraph. "It's a confounded lie, sir—a base libel. You must apologise!"

The editor was sitting low down in a capacious chair, with the lower part of his body and his legs hidden beneath the large square table littered with manuscripts. So little of him could be seen that he looked insignificant.

"I am sorry if we have offended you," he said calmly, finishing the address of a letter he had apparently just written.

But the man continued his protests and threats; and the editor, obliged to take more interest in the belligerent attitude of his violent visitor, began to get up. He rose from his seat deliberately; but he continued to rise till he towered high above his stumpy aggressor, for he was exceedingly tall, and a muscular golfer, noted for his long driving.

The little Spartan watched his upward progress towards the ceiling, at first with surprise, then with dismay, and gasping: "Oh, you need not apologise!" beat a hasty but discreet retreat.

The editor, in the course of day or night work, has many other, though milder, diversions than this. He is tolerant of much self-seeking in human nature; but his equanimity is often ruffled, and sardonic smile, or contemptuous expression, flits across his face, or slips from his tongue, as he goes through his letters. Some are sensible, and are dealt with in the same spirit; others are impudent or foolish, unworthy of acknowledgment. "Is London a seaport?" asks one correspondent. "Does upwards of a hundred mean more or less than a hundred?" is the absurd question put by another. "I want your advice," writes a perplexed subscriber. "I have taken your paper for the past twenty years, and yesterday my wife eloped with the lodger!" In his desire to please everybody the editor may pass a trivial contribution into print, giving opportunity to the humour of some wag who writes: "I notice that you are publishing letters about the early arrival of the cuckoo. I heard the cuckoo fifteen years ago.—Yours, FLATHEAD."

There is, or was till lately, an idea that the editor writes everything in the paper. On a great daily he is so busy with organisation and control that he seldom writes a line, and he certainly does not review books. But he occasionally gets diversion from the work of his reviewer. The latter is, as a rule, a man with special knowledge and of independent thought. He has no sentiment. His heart is as ossified as a lawyer's, otherwise he would scarcely write of the poet: "He does not understand English, and is ignorant of the mechanics of blank verse"; or of the novelist: "He kindly warns us that another book will shortly appear from his pen"; or of the storyteller: "It is possible that five tales marked with a richer, deeper vulgarity have never before been given to the world!"

The editor, often badgered himself, probably reads these scathing comments with grim satisfaction; and, strange though the assertion seems, a word may even be said in defence of the reviewer. Marie Corelli, with a fine scorn of this tribe, says: "The criticism does not depend on the merit of the book, but on the disposition of the reviewer." Nevertheless the reviewer is entitled to sympathy rather than reproach. It is his duty to wade through much rubbish, and he is unutterably weary before he becomes vicious.

The charge is made against the press that "it delights in war." The editor with belligerent policy now and again makes things awkward both for diplomatists and Governments; but he is not altogether a firebrand. He keeps a cool head and a firm hand amid conflicting interests, and acts, on the whole, fairly and fearlessly in the conduct of his paper. Politically, in great crises, he is seldom a weathercock; rather is he a Crusader, or a martyr. Exploration, commerce, philanthropy, and social reform have a staunch supporter in him. He makes sacrifices for the public good, and runs many risks in his exposure of shams. There is, in fact, more hard work and anxiety than diversion in his busy life; but he has one compensation—the sense of power in his position.

"You are the only journalist who forgets that I am Prime Minister," said Lord Melbourne to John Black. "How so, my lord?" inquired Black. "Because you never ask a favour of me." "I have no favour to ask," retorted the distinguished pressman. "You are the Prime Minister; but I am the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, and I would not change places with the proudest man in England—not even, my lord, with you."

IN THE WOODLANDS

In the forest lawns I see
Little ring-plots fenced around,
So that shrub and sapling tree
Thrive in safe and happy ground;

And I wonder, Cannot I
Keep some little plots apart,
Open to the wind and sky,
For the growth of mind and heart?

G. D. C.

ONE WHO STOOD ASIDE

By I. K. RITCHIE

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANCES EWAN

I AM thinking of a young lad who first came under my notice many years ago when I became curate-in-charge of Branthwaite.

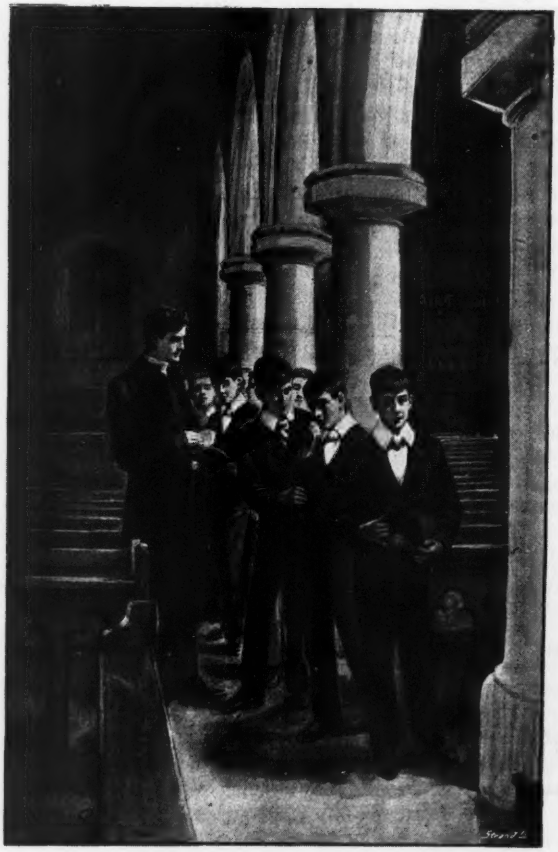
It was a Sunday night, after evensong, and emerging from the vestry after doffing my surplice, I saw, grouped in the centre aisle, some score or so of schoolboys in the care of a master. Already I knew them by sight as pupils at a seminary in the parish, and in future to be part of my congregation. For what purpose they were there at that moment I also recollected. Some of them were to become candidates for a confirmation announced to be held by the Bishop of the diocese a few weeks later. The headmaster had said to me a day or two before, "I have some pupils for your preparation class, and, if you do not mind, I wish you would take their names and say a word to them on Sunday evening, as one of my assistants is away for a few days, and I cannot very well send the boys another time until he gets back."

So that was why the well-drilled students from the popular school on Ellen's Hill were marshalled at strict attention in the aisle of the church that February night.

They were a very fair specimen of the upper middle class to which they belonged; some of their fathers well-to-do in the professions; others, strugglers for a competence. Exceptions there might be, as I very soon learned with sad regret, but the majority of my young friends were come of that unnumbered throng, the commonplace denizens of the working world. And I liked them none the less for it. As a rule one finds more "grit" in a boy who knows he must labour either with hands or brain to get his daily bread, than one nurtured in the lap of luxury.

So "Good evening!" said I very heartily, and gave back glance for glance from the many pairs of scrutinising eyes which met mine.

Very soon half a page of my notebook was written closely with the candidates' names, and against some a word or two which would serve as suggestion of advice, reproof, or encouragement, as future intercourse might justify my present impressions. "Stay! there is one more, I think," exclaimed the assistant master, as I read over my list. "You have only one Norman down; there are two coming forward—brothers. Norman, junior, your name and age last birthday."



"Then an ominous whisper of voices ran through the ranks"

There did not come the same immediate response which had followed the speaker's directions heretofore; instead, there was a brief, dead silence, then an ominous whisper of voices ran through the ranks, one of which, louder, more dictatorial than the others, urged the missing candidate "not to be such a fool; it was all in the day's march."

"Is it, Master Jack? You and I shall have something to say on that head," was my mental soliloquy, while against the name of Norman senior another memorandum went down. I had already noted him as likely to give trouble.

"Silence!" commanded the tutor, and at the same moment a slim, fair-haired boy, apparently about fourteen, stepped out from his companions. His features were strikingly beautiful; his deep blue eyes rested their earnest gaze upon me as his voice, a little tremulous, but very soft and clear, broke the now perfect stillness of the pillared aisle.

"Sir, excuse me. I am not coming with these. I think Dr. Musgrave understands that," he said.

The assistant master flushed in annoyance. "Nonsense! I have his instructions to give your name with the rest," he interposed.

"Still, under the circumstances, I am afraid I should not be justified in entering it," I returned. "I will take an early opportunity of seeing Dr. Musgrave, and in the meantime, if you are willing to entrust Master Norman to me, I will have a little talk with him about this matter, and walk myself with him to Ellen's Hill in a short time."

The master, although evidently much chagrined, expressed acquiescence in the arrangement.

The youth, on whom every eye was now fixed, went, as I directed him, to the vestry. I walked with the former towards the entrance door. While I was willing to condole with him on his defeat in executing his superior's orders, my sympathy went out strongly to the dissentient we had left behind.

Apparently shy, and not naturally robust, only very strong conviction on some point not yet revealed to me, I felt sure, could account for his temerity in braving the reproach of the late scene. And this the teacher corroborated when I questioned him. "Yes, the regular martyr spirit for endurance, and, if you can understand what I mean, too conscientious to escape endless opportunities of exercising it."

"And his scruples in this matter?" I queried.

For a moment the other hesitated, and I hastened to say: "Oh, never mind, perhaps you would rather I heard first what he has himself to explain."

Then he lowered his voice to a whisper.

"Poor boy! he cannot tell you this, and you would soon find it out for yourself: his father is a thorough bad lot; the owner of a big estate in the country, and running through everything as fast as he can: but, full of effrontery, he carries his debauchery with a high hand, and would laugh to scorn the man who dared to breathe he is not all he ought to be. Francis is old enough now to pierce his hypocrisy, and this, no doubt, is the foundation of the religious difficulties he will tell you of."

"And the other boy, Jack: is he 'a pear of another tree'?" I hastily made use of the metaphor, for our conversation must be cut short; we had reached the church portal, and the last of the row of boys, by two and two, had passed out into the spring night.

"Yes, you've hit it," said the tutor; "keep your eye on Master Jack. And Francis—well, I hope your counsel will be a godsend to the laddie."

"To them both," I returned sincerely. "Poor boys! and you say their mother has been dead some years!"

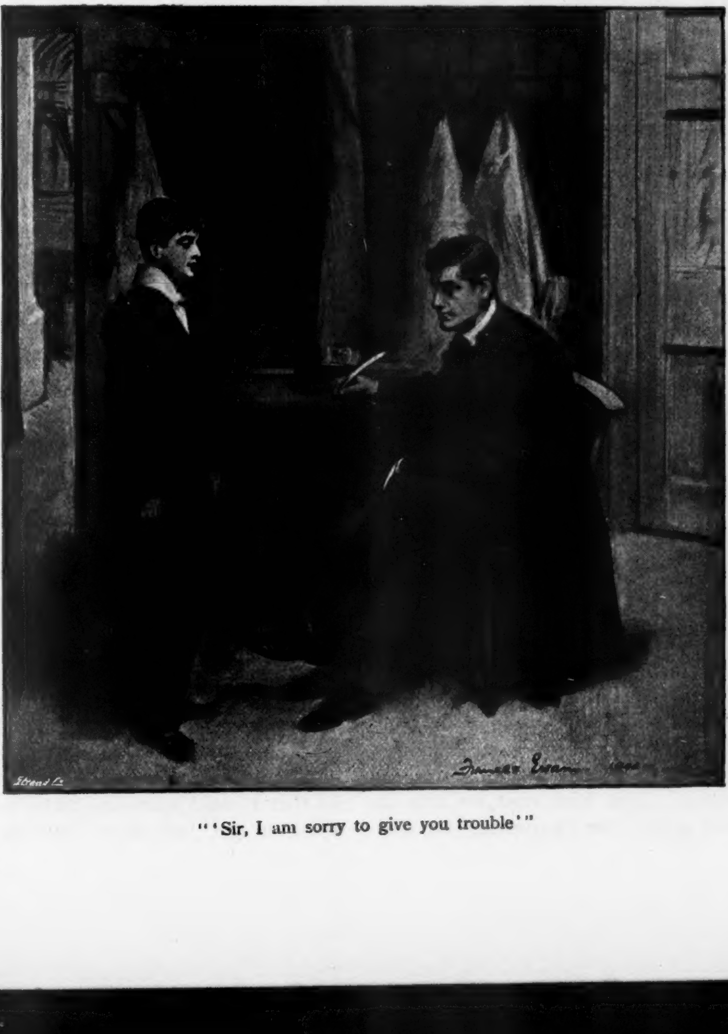
It was a very contrite culprit who came forward to meet me in the vestry.

"Sir, I am so sorry to give you trouble," he cried; "but I can't come forward and say my heart is given to God, as the service of confirmation means. I am ashamed to acknowledge it, but I can't, I can't, sir, for it wouldn't be true."

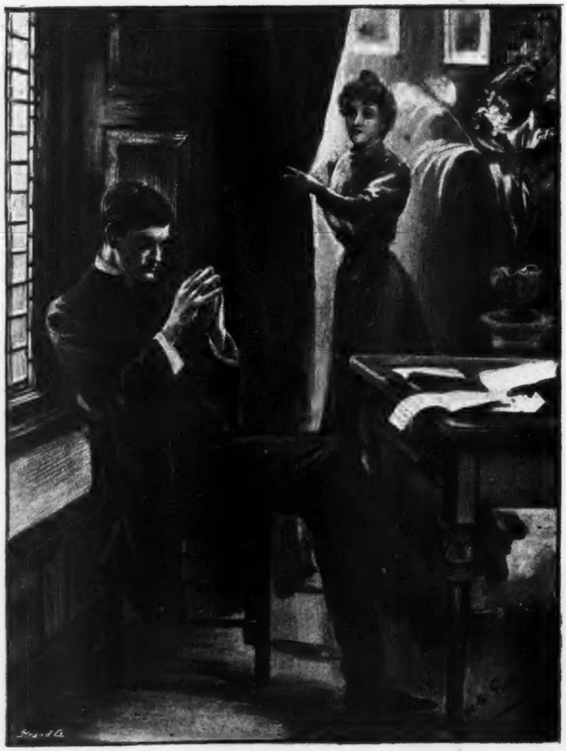
"Do not have any fear, or shame of making known anything of the kind to me, my boy," I said gently, while the words of England's greatest poet flashed through my mind, with the strange aptness of their truth in this case:

> There is more faith in honest doubt,
> Believe me, than in half the creeds.

"A mind that is occupied in serious reasoning is also capable of conviction, and the best



"'Sir, I am sorry to give you trouble'"



"'Will, Francis has come!'"

Christians, you will find, are those who are not content to take their religion ready-made by tradition but find it out, step by step, in the footprints of the Holy Jesus."

He raised his deep blue eyes to mine.

"Sometimes I feel I *must* know Him, as you mean," he said reverently. "But oh! all the old darkness comes back, and I am miserable and dejected."

"And I am glad to hear it, Francis, because such misery is full of hope," I told him. "Even a dead, callous soul, in God's discipline, can be awakened in His own good time; so we will not be afraid that one earnestly desirous to strive for the Perfect Light will be long downcast. You do well not to be satisfied with a mere form of surrender, which can but make your difficulties greater. Ever aim at the highest good for to fall short of that is to court disaster. And how must we aim at the highest good, but by praying for and trusting in the Holy Spirit's guidance. That alone can give the love and the faith 'to follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth.'"

"Whithersoever He goeth." Yes; the tutor's words had given me deep insight into what that saying conveyed to my listener's mind as, with heightened colour, he murmured them after me.

A hard saying, was it, to so youthful an inquirer? But seeking guidance in it, did we not kneel and pray for succour from Him who saith: "My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness."

We had many more conversations after that, and he willingly attended all my preparation classes with the other pupils from the seminary, but the old doubt about his fitness to come forward as a candidate for the sacred rite still assailed him, and I advised him to follow his own dictates of conscience and wait until the following year would bring round another opportunity, and, please God, my aid still at his disposal. Alas! the tangled web of unforeseen circumstances, ere then, was to cut our ways far adrift. During this time of conflict to Francis, Jack had neither disappointed nor pleasurably surprised me. While not scrupling to disclaim any of the finer feeling which actuated his brother, he yet acquitted himself in a way which disarmed criticism, and only his total indifference to the younger's trouble made me fear his own acknowledgment was a tribute to custom, an episode in which the heart had little or nothing to do. But at last the event was past: the Easter holidays had come and gone, and with the return of the pupils to Ellen's Hill disclosures of the misfortune of the brothers Norman.

Mortgaged to the full, their father's fine estate had passed into the hands of the chief bond-holder. He was said to have gone abroad "to retrench." And the boys? All that I could learn was that a relative was trying to get Jack as a Queen's Cadet to

Sandhurst, his father having seen some hard service in the army in his younger days.

Of Francis there was no word. Would he write to me, I wondered. But weeks—months—then the years brought their own answer: the silence of which we are constrained to say hopefully, "No news is good news."

It was the spring ten years later. Easter eve, and the draft of my sermon for the morrow lay before me on the writing-table.

The music of the text, the peace, the hope, the dazzling joy of King Solomon's beautiful song, how they seemed to triumph over the sometime despondency which is the unpardonable failing of man!

"Lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone: the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come!"

Impossible for human tongue to add richness to the glory of that wondrous word-picture: "The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come."

And where is the Christian heart which finds no room for melody on that day which tells again the joyful news, "He is risen: He is not here"?

My own poor words at least would be few, as is but meet when the divinely inspired crowd one upon another in fittest commemoration. "Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us"; "Christ being raised from the dead dieth no more: death hath no more dominion over Him"; "Christ is risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept."

Again our beautiful little church, fragrant with the blossoms from mountain, dale and wood land and the choicer offerings reserved for the Holy Table, would say to the youngest child and the most unlettered, in nature's own voice "Rejoice, the Lord is King."

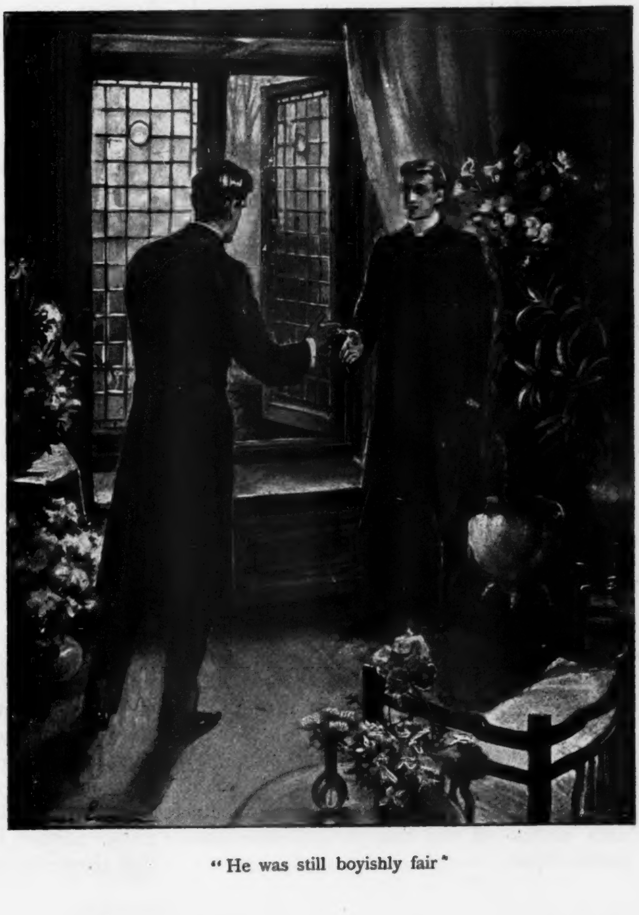
"The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come!"

Am I dreaming or awake, when suddenly I seem to hear a voice which belongs to the long dead, though never forgotten past?

Dreaming I think: awake another moment proclaims, when Nellie, my beautiful wife, enters the room after a visit to the nursery, bringing, besides "the last good-night to daddy" from our three olive branches, the explanation of that voice from distant days.

"Will, Francis has come!"

I had told her of him, the boy who had



"He was still boyishly fair"

crossed my path in so strange a way before I had a happy home of my own, or who knows what part sweet, sympathetic Nellie might have played in his life and struggles then?

She knew I had never despaired of seeing or hearing of him again, and joyous was the ring in her words as she said: "He has followed in your steps: he tells me he is newly appointed curate of Grisdale."

Francis a clergyman! No wonder the news surprised me! Then he had "fought his doubts and conquered them," but what the story of the battle?

"Oh, come, let us go to him!" I exclaimed.

"I will join you presently," my wife answered. "He will have much to say to you, and I think he will not disappoint your best hopes of him, Will."

Nellie was always right in judgment of this kind, and the present was no exception to her powers of discrimination. When I entered our pretty drawing-room, breathing of her deft skill in all its dainty arrangement, the young visitor came from the window and apparent admiration of the flowers grouped there in Eastertide profusion.

He had grown up as I had always pictured him, tall, slim; he was still boyishly fair; in the deep blue eyes, whose restless wistfulness I so well recalled, there shone now the light of a heart resting its unrest in the Author and Giver of Peace.

"I wondered if you would remember me, by reason of all the trouble I was to you, and I wanted to tell you how it had ended," he said in answer to my welcome.

"It makes me very happy to *see* how it has ended," I replied, meeting the sunshine of the blue eyes. "But as for the trouble you are thinking of, *I* recall only the hopes now fulfilled."

"It was not until long after *then* that I fully profited by your help; not indeed until I knew that my life would be only too short to do all I longed to extend the kingdom of my Lord," he answered.

Was not that enough to give an added note of joy to the thanksgiving on the Easter morn so soon to dawn? But bound up with that avowal was another sequel to the story, the full glory of which could never be revealed by Francis because the dark secrets of one dear to him were concerned by it.

Yet, in the conversation which followed, to my great joy it was revealed he could speak with pride of his father, who, he told me, now shared his simple home; and time held in store for me the history, from the old man's own lips, how the incident in our little church, chronicled here, had for him heralded the turning-point from a life of sin and self-indulgence to that which "maketh for righteousness."

Of course I had not forgotten Jack. For the first time that night a shadow of the old wistfulness rested in his brother's eyes as he answered my inquiries. "Poor, dear Jack! you did not know he fell at Rorke's Drift? . . . We have the cross 'For Valour' he won there."

It was but a few months since the war in Zululand had robbed many British homes of their brave ones; but remembering the marked difference in the sentiments of the Normans when I knew them, I marvelled if perhaps some subsequent memories more affecting even than recent bereavement kept Francis silent after, with emotion, briefly acknowledging my sympathy.

"Time would convince him your scruples, of which we have been speaking, were well worth the pain of conflict," I hazarded.

Even yet a vision of the careless, headstrong schoolboy, flushed in indignation that the junior should court ignominy by seeming over conscientiousness, came before me.

He raised his eyes with their beauteous sunshine returned.

"Not only that, but they became a strong bond between us. He told me before he left England that his indebtedness to you was as great as my own. And now I know he understands, even better than I, the purpose of the patience and the faith given to those called to be as St. Paul when he says, 'To the weak became I as weak; I am made all things to all men that I might by all means save some.'"

The shadows had deepened, and as the soft young voice fell on my ear, Nellie came in, herald of our homely hospitality, and she knew one of the rare, perfect experiences of happiness was mine by the joy in eyes and voice, and the echo of words true throughout all ages, "Neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth; but God that giveth the increase."

HALF A MILE DOWN

By GERTRUDE BACON

“So you want to go down, do you?” said Captain Josiah Thomas, surveying me from a considerably superior height, for he stands a good six feet in his shoes and is broad and burly in proportion.

I hastened to assure him that the summit of my present ambition was to get as far beneath the surface of the earth as circumstances permitted. I informed him that it had once been my good fortune to soar a mile into the air in a balloon, and that now my one and all absorbing desire was to burrow half a mile into the ground down a mine. I endeavoured to point out how the one exploit was the proper and fitting preparation for the other, and how eager I was to be initiated into the mysteries of tin.

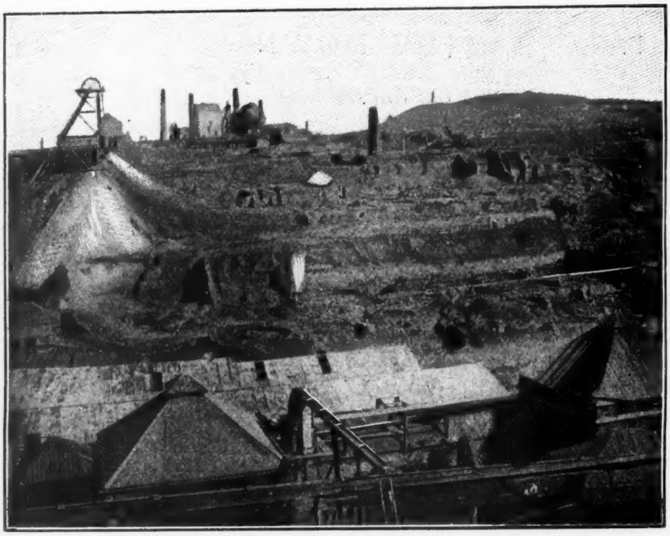
“Yes, ladies have been down before,” said the Captain, “many of them. I always make a point of taking them down myself, but on one condition only. If they go down the mine they must dress as miners. I will have no skirts and petticoats below. Once, long ago, I yielded to one lady's persuasions and allowed her to descend in a skirt, and what was the result? Her skirt was caught in a part of the machinery in the shaft and she was in great danger of losing her life! Since then I have allowed no exception to my rule.” And as proof of his inexorable law the Captain here pointed to a number of framed photographs hanging round the walls of his office, of certain small-limbed miners with stray curls escaping from under their hard felt hats, and neat feminine shoes appearing below mud-stained trousers.

But perhaps before proceeding further a word or two of explanation may not come amiss.

Of all the inhabitants of the British Isles Cornishmen perhaps are the best satisfied with themselves, are most convinced of the superiority of their beloved Duchy, hold the strongest opinions with respect to their own people, traditions, and homes. And they have every right to. They are justly proud of their noble cliffs that front with their granite sides the first long rollers of the Atlantic; of their relics and traditions of a mighty race and a bygone civilisation; of their long roll-call of famous men, giants mightier than Gog, Magog, and Blunderbore themselves; of their thrifty, self-reliant countrymen; of their seamen, their fishers, and, above all, their proudest boast—their mineral wealth, their mines and miners that have made Cornwall a world-wide word since the days when the much-quoted Phœnicians brought their tin from Belerium.

But to talk to a Cornishman of mines and mining is to bring to his mind one name above all others, “Dolcoath, the richest mine in the world!” he will tell you; and if this is not quite true—it is very nearly—while

CAPTAIN THOMAS AND MISS BACON IN MINING DRESS



THE GREAT DOLCOATH

it is undoubtedly the largest and deepest tin mine to be found on the globe. It (or to be more correct) "she"—for a mine, like a ship or an engine, is feminine—is spoken of with pride and respect as "The Great Dolcoath"; and, indeed, what other epithet should be applied to an undertaking that in the space of one hundred years has yielded metal to the value of over six millions sterling? Well may Cornwall glory in that wondrous mine and prize it as the apple of her eye.

And what the name of Dolcoath is to the Duchy, that the name of Thomas is to Dolcoath. The history of that famous mine is by no means the least remarkable part of it, as the genial Captain informed us as we yet stood in the office that occupies a corner of a great enclosure littered over with huge mounds of earth, factory chimneys, towering windlasses, acres of sheds, engine-houses, and workshops: an imposing sight to all who travel on the Great Western through the busy little town of Camborne.

He related how the origin of the mine is lost in the obscurity of ages, when the savage inhabitants of Cornwall collected the ore from rock and stream to sell to the strangers who came in long galleys from a far distant land to purchase it; and later when, as the legends say, the Romans set their Jewish slaves to work in shallow excavations to extract the precious metal. But whenever it began, it was as a copper mine that Dolcoath first earned her fame. She was ever rich in mineral wealth, and how much ore may have been extracted from earliest times till the end of last century may not be known, but from 1799, when she was started under new direction, to some forty years later, when she almost came to an end, over two million pounds' worth of copper had passed into the market.

Those were days of great prosperity: money poured apace into the pockets of complacent shareholders. But there came a day when consternation and dismay fell heavy on Dolcoath. The generous lodes of copper that had yielded such abundant harvest showed rapid signs of exhaustion, dividends fell, and hopes fell with them; and finally the water was allowed to collect in the lower workings, and the doom of the great mine appeared sealed.

Then, when all seemed lost, rose a young man, one Charles Thomas, an underground agent who had spent long years in the mine, and declared his conviction that if the workings were but carried deeper into the granite below, a rich lode of tin would be discovered underlying the exhausted copper. Long he urged his views in vain against the violent opposition of geologists, shareholders, and counsellors. But, confident in his belief, he won his way at last, with a result that, as a tin mine, Dolcoath has renewed and eclipsed her former prosperity, having yielded since those days nearly four millions sterling (actual figures, £3,866,206 to end of 1898) of the new metal, with every likelihood of doubling and trebling this record in the future.

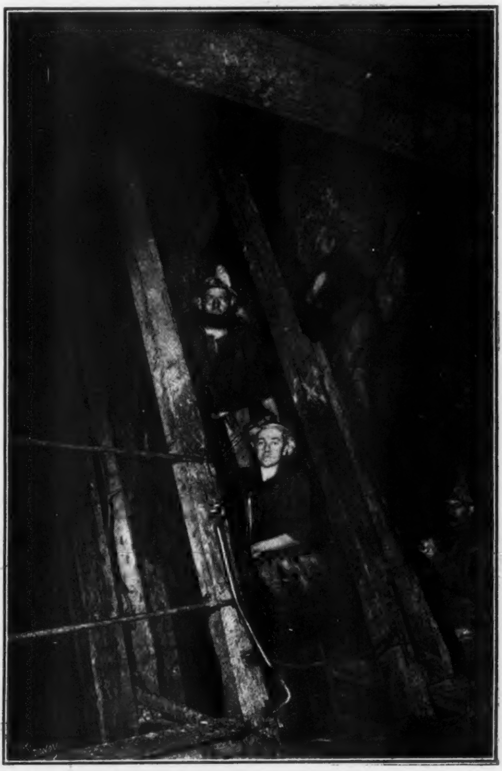
And if the shareholders have every cause to bless the name of Charles Thomas the father, they are not a whit less beholden to Josiah Thomas the son, who by the introduction of improved and labour-saving machinery, and by the skill and ability with which he has worked the mine during his many years of management, has not only raised the workings to the highest pitch of perfection, but has revolutionised and vastly improved the whole system of Cornish mining.

But enough of history, it is time to return to personal experiences. In ten minutes from the previous conversation Captain Thomas had arrayed himself in full working kit, with a sheaf of green tallow candles depending from one button of his coat; and I—well, I was attired as I had never thought to have been before,—in garments kept for the use of ladies or gentlemen who visit the mine, and used for either sex indiscriminately. A flannel shirt, jacket and trousers of white canvas, a strip of white flannel to act as necktie, a linen cap to keep the hair clean, and a bowler-shaped hat of extremely hard felt, stained of a rich earth colour, completed a costume "neat but not gaudy," and eminently businesslike. I was further provided with a green candle with a dab of wet clay round it by way of candlestick, and thus equipped we started on our journey.

The Great Dolcoath occupies a good deal of ground. Its work-sheds and earth-heaps are spread over many acres, and its underground ramifications, if all put together in one line, would make a tunnel seventy-five miles long — a very respectable excavation indeed. There are several ways of descending. We chose the eastern shaft, which is close upon the religiously-respected boundary that separates the Dolcoath property from the adjoining one. Beyond this, of course, no workings are allowed, though within his own area the miner may dig *downwards* as far as he chooses. In strict letter of the law his property in that direction, it is presumed, extends to the centre of the earth, beyond which limit the Australasians might claim trespass, but so far such a case has not been judicated upon, and it would be unwise to dogmatise.

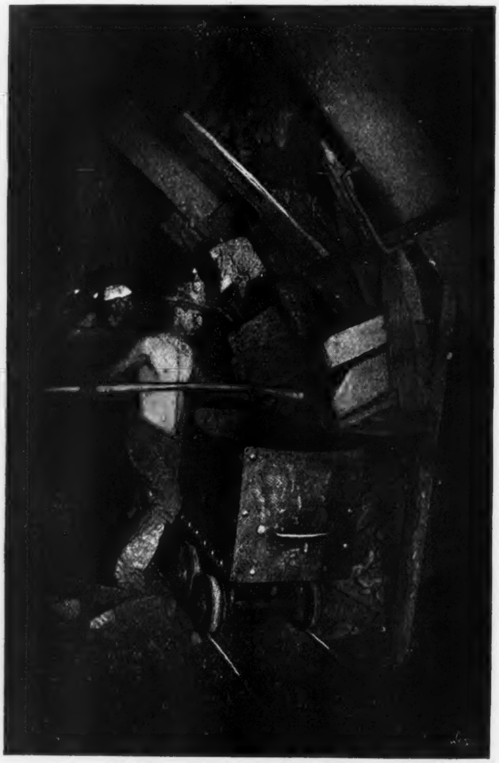
Arrived at the pit's mouth, we took our passage in a weird machine known technically as a "gig." This may be described popularly as an iron hanging wardrobe of abnormal height, divided horizontally into two compartments capable of holding four men each, standing, and without allowing them too much room to move about in. There is no door to the cupboard, but a bar in front prevents the occupants from falling out, even if this were otherwise possible.

For the most part the shaft is only just wide enough to contain the gig, which is lowered and raised by special machinery in an engine-room above. The first part of the descent is like going down a well in a bucket, the motion is smooth, and the dark granite walls slide by at a great pace. But about a third down the shaft suddenly takes a turn, and burrows to the bottom of the mine at a considerable angle from the vertical. It takes this course in order to follow the slant of the lode, and as a result



(J. C. Burrow, photographer, Camborne)

GIG IN EASTERN SHAFT AT THE 302 FATHOM LEVEL the gig leans over on its back, and the smooth downward motion is exchanged for that of, say, a wheelbarrow trundled rapidly down a steep hill over deep ruts and large stones, for the gig apparently (though not really) scrapes along the wall of the shaft and jerks and jolts unmercifully.



(J. C. Burrow, photographer, Camborne)

MINER AT WORK

In the three minutes or so we took to descend, we passed groups of men, their white faces illumined weirdly by the light of their tallow dips, gathered round the mouths of the various levels; but we sank past them, lower and lower, till the gig stopped at the lowest level but one of the great mine. We were then 440 fathoms beneath the surface of the ground—that is to say, exactly half a mile of rock separated us from the daylight. Needless to say, then, that darkness profound reigns in those awesome regions—darkness rendered the more apparent by the twinkling lights of the green candles aforesaid, gleaming feebly from the hats of the strange figures that people this waste of galleries.

These same dips need a deal of skilled attention, as I soon found while following Captain Thomas down a long tunnel whose roof and sides were of the living rock, carefully propped and buttressed round with massive baulks of timber; while along the wet muddy floor ran narrow rails for the trolleys bearing the ore. It demanded wary walking to a novice to avoid stumbling over these rails or splashing into the pools of water which often lay between; and as surely as a specially bad bit arrived, so surely would I discover that the flame I guided my steps by was expiring at the end of a black wick two inches long, or else that it had burnt down deeply into the dab of wet clay that I held it by. My efforts to remedy these evils resulted generally in the extinction of the light, and invariably in the anointing of my hands freely with very hot tallow. I learned subsequently that the manipulation of his candle is the first lesson the young miner has to learn, and also that the greenish tallow is specially manufactured to withstand the heat to which it is subjected.

For certainly, in parts at least, the mine is most unpleasantly warm, warm enough to make any ordinary dip bend its backbone in a very short space of time. In the vicinity of the various shafts the air is cool and agreeable, but farther in the workings, and especially in those borings where through communication is not yet established—"hot ends" as they are called—the heat is very great. It is a damp oppressive heat, too, strongly reminding one of the great Palmhouse at Kew Gardens, except that it is a good deal hotter. Here the miners—always lightly clothed—work stripped to the waist, the perspiration streaming down their brawny shoulders and grimed foreheads, while the dim light from their own and the neighbouring candles illumines their pale faces and wild eyes till they seem veritable goblins of the nether world, rather than ordinary men.

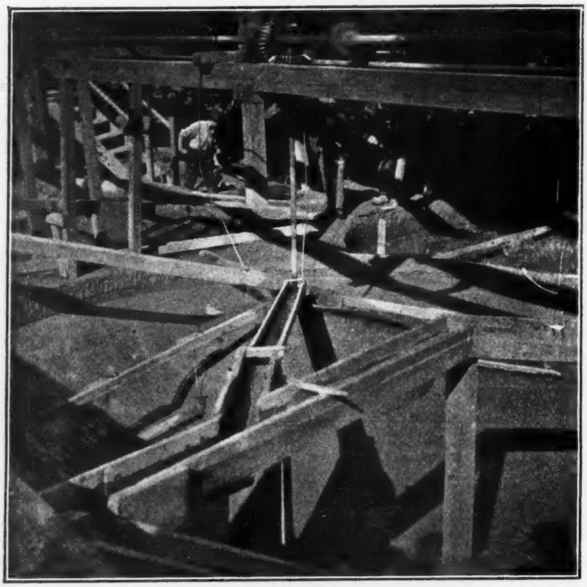
But no matter what he looks like at his work, the Cornish miner is a fine fellow, and no one knows and appreciates him better than Captain Thomas himself. "They may be rough to look at," said he, "but they are true gentlemen at heart. You need never be afraid to trust yourself with them anywhere, you will never have a rude thing said to you." A most perfect understanding and mutual trust exists between employer and employed in this most favoured mine, and as strongest proof of this, strikes and labour disturbances are utterly unknown, and the agitator, when he attempts, as he sometimes does, to enlist the sympathy of the Dolcoath workers, gets packed off with more than the proverbial flea in his ear.

WORTH £500

The precious ore itself is found as a brown substance running through a blue vein in the solid granite. The lode is of no great breadth, but of unknown depth, for no one has ever yet succeeded in digging down to the bottom of it, and the getting of it out is no light job. It is accomplished by drilling machines and by blasting. We went down to the lowest level of all, some ninety feet of muddy iron-runged ladders, to see the former. It is a steel boring tool driven by means of compressed air carried down from the surface in iron pipes and worked and directed by two men. The introduction of this kind of machine is one of Captain Thomas's triumphs. Formerly the drilling was done by hand alone, and the miner with a few bars of steel and a sledgehammer could, with infinite labour, bore a hole in the time that the machine can now do twenty.

Most extraordinary is the noise of the drill as heard behind a great wall of stone through which it is fiercely boring its way.

GROUP OF MINERS



WASHING MACHINE

The mine is full of noise, what with the men's voices, the rattling of the trolleys of ore as they roll along the uneven rails, and occasionally the resounding crash of the blasting. When a sufficient number of holes are made with the drill they are charged with dynamite and a fuse lit. Then the men hurry away to a safe distance and wait for the explosions. They stand, an expectant little group, in that gloomy cavern, silent and attentive, till —boom!!—echoes through the mine and down the long galleries, followed by the clatter of falling rock. Then—crash!!—another and another, till five are counted, and then a long pause. "Surely that is all: perhaps two went together?" we suggest. "No," is the answer, "there is a sixth to go"; and even at the word comes a last terrific bang, and off scurry the men, scarce waiting for the smoke of the explosion to lift before they are hard at work shovelling up the fragments.

DRESSING SHED

Terrible as it is in its effects, this same dynamite is harmless enough when not confined. We reached presently a place where the miners have wrought out a huge chamber, broad and lofty as a concert-hall, with its roof lost in darkness. To show the extent of the excavation men went to the farther corners and clambered up to the ledges, and there lit simultaneously half a dozen bits of free dynamite. It burnt steadily and noiselessly with an intense bright purple flame, and the whole unearthly scene was revealed in a flash, transformed into a gnomes' enchanted palace, and seen in that curious unfamiliar light possessing a weird wild beauty of its own not to be lightly forgotten.

No wonder that working as they do in perpetual night, so far from the sun, and in realms so strange and awful, the miner used to be the creature of superstitious fancies, and heard in these dim depths the ghostly tapping of the "Demon Knockers," the old Jew miners put to labour in captivity for Roman Emperors of yore—dead these thousands of years, but still toiling in the spirit down the shafts of their old prisons. I say "used to be," for Captain Thomas tells us that increasing education has killed these ancient fancies, and the "Knockers" are heard no more. But he can recall how, in his younger days, the miner who whistled below ground held his life cheaply, and he who passed his candle through the rungs of a ladder brought dire disaster upon himself and his comrades. But all is altered now, and I heard more than one blithe whistle during the three hours I spent below.

But there is more to be seen at Dolcoath than the mine itself, and the material that is drawn up from the black depths has yet much to undergo before it is ready for the market. Of the stone that reaches the shaft's mouth only about three per cent. is tin ore, and only two per cent. real metal; and the remaining ninety-five parts of worthless products have first of all to be eliminated. To begin with, the great blocks hewn below are broken up into small pieces. This is done by a truly fearsome piece of machinery. The ore is thrown down a shoot at the bottom of which work two massive jaws of immense strength and quite unappeasable hunger. Exactly as the teeth of an ogre may be supposed to close upon his luckless victim, so do the iron jaws fasten into the granite; there is a momentary fierce gnashing, a terrible crunching sound, and the great stone slips down the narrow gullet in little fragments. There is something horribly human about this apparatus that imparts to it an awful fascination to the stranger who sees it for the first time. It is much more impressive in its action than the stampers, which come next in order.

These are very massive iron or steel hammers that pound the stone to powder by their stamping action. Water flows over the tin stuff meanwhile, and the ore, which goes in at one end a dry hard stone, issues from a grate at the other as a stream of thick brown sludge.

Next comes a long and tedious process of washing, by which the mineral impurities are removed from the actual tin. The watery mass is first spread over wooden "frames" moving with a slow oscillatory motion, when the metal, being heavier than the impurities, falls down in grains, while the waste flows away. Then by burning, and further very elaborate washing in huge round pans where soft brushes gradually revolve across the mass, the last adulterations are got rid of.

These washing and dressing machines are served by a number of young women, of whom Dolcoath finds employment for about a hundred and fifty. They stand beside the machines in the big sheds, each armed with a long-handled shovel, by which they manipulate the ore. They work among great heaps of wet brown sludge, they are continually scooping masses of it backwards and forwards, their occupation would seem among the hardest and messiest, and yet upon their neat skirts and jackets, even upon their snowy white aprons, not a spot or speck of dirt can be seen. "They would think it a disgrace," said Captain Thomas, who has a great respect for his staff of girls, and maintains, as he has every reason to, that for good conduct, good manners, intelligence, and neatness they are not to be beaten; and no one, looking on the

STAMPING MACHINE

bright faces and the trim natty persons, will be disposed to doubt him.

This laborious dressing of the ore has of late been largely superseded by some very beautiful machinery recently introduced, which performs the work with immense saving of time and labour. By the time that all is complete the tin ore has assumed the condition of a dry light brown earth, and as such is ready for the smelters. In a little shed we saw a man employed in shovelling up a tolerable heap of this finished material—that is to say, finished as far as Dolcoath is concerned, for anything more unlike the popular idea of tin were hard to conceive—and learned that the value of the said pile might be roughly estimated at £500.

Such is a very brief sketch of the working of our greatest English tin mine. Long may it be before this splendid sample of British industries draws to the close of its prosperous career.

NAMES AND PLACES IN SOUTH AFRICA

By the Rev. WILLIAM GRESWELL, M.A.

THE Dutch nomenclature in South Africa is naturally puzzling to English readers. Even supposing that the local word itself was understood, the geographical feature for which it stands proxy is hard to realise, being so very different from anything that appears in our home scenery. Who can properly describe the "veldt" with its weird associations, hot and glaring at noontide, but ineffably soft at night when the note of the "kiwie" or Cape crowned plover, like that of the curlew of the North, rings clear and loud aloft in the unfathomable sky? As well ask a Boer farmer of the veldt, whether he, in his turn, can call up before him the lonely foreshore and barren wastes of the Northern estuaries, the rush of the tide, and the howling of the stern north-easter, upon whose blasts the curlew sweeps as an attendant sprite. The sounds of the veldt that float into being at nightfall are strange and unaccountable, at least to the stranger in the land. Some are harsh and resonant, such as the croaking of innumerable frogs, whom a storm of rain has stirred into unwonted activity; some are scarcely audible, as the flap of the wings of the great fruit-bat, hawking round the loquat trees; others, high up in the "krantzes," or cliffs, of a distant kloof, are unearthly and demoniacal, such as the alarm notes of a troop of baboons, when the Cape leopard is stalking an unwary youngster; others, like the belling of a bush-buck in a Kafrarian forest, are passing strange. There is no pleasing note of the nightingale, no soft purring like that of the night-jar over an English common, and there is a conspiracy of silence amongst the night birds as far as music goes. Indeed, at all times the South African birds are deficient in song such as we know bird minstrelsy to be in the North.

So the wastes of the veldt lie before us, as the old South African aphorism has it, as a land wherein there are "birds without song, rivers without water, flowers without scent," although the latter allegation is not quite true in fact, as any one who has smelt the faint fragrance of the mimosa blossom and the sweetness of the "abend bloem," an evening gladiolus, knows. The unaccustomed eye ranges over long, hard-looking and serrated "bergen," or mountains, clear in their outline in the wonderfully transparent atmosphere of the South, and rests with comfort here and there on the dark shadow of a kloof or combe up which, it may be, the scanty remnants of a forest grow. In the "vleis" and over the veldt there are scarcely any large trees, no kingly boles with large umbrageous crowns, as in England, no brimming rivers lapping the cowslips and the primrose banks. No, the veldt is hard, brown and barren, with deep "dongas" or "nullahs," washed out by the terrific thunderstorms, here and there a smaller hollow, called "a sluit," newly made perhaps by a heavy waggon rut slanting across the veldt. Yonder, high up, is a ridge perhaps called "zwarte ruggers," a black ridge, or a "nek" which unites, it may be, a lower ridge with another. Higher up, in the intricacies of the mountains may be seen a "poort," or gap through which the primitive waggon road winds. Sometimes these "poorts" or "neks" are long, and so one of the latter is called "Lang Nek," as in the north of Natal. For this seems the right derivation, not "Laings Nek." "Poorts" are occasionally named after pioneers or explorers, as "Nel's Poort," "Howison's Poort" near Grahamstown. The affix "gat," meaning a gate, gorge or pass, would also appear to be used, as in "Mordenaars Gat" and "Cyphergat." A "hoek," is a corner in the mountains, as "French Hoek" in the West Province, where the French Huguenots settled and "Bushman's Hoek," and "Keiskama Hoek," in the eastern province.

The towering mountains are called by distinctive names as the "Zwarte Bergen," the "Lange Bergen," the "Drakensberg," the "Boschberg," the "Zuurberg," and so on. Detached hills and knolls are called "kopjes" (koppies), meaning little heads. As our troops know, these are generally rugged and rock-strewn, and difficult to attack. They look like small, washed down and denuded bergen, and no doubt they are smaller fragments of a pristine mass. A "rand" is a low ridge as the "Wittewatersrand," *i.e.*, the white water ridge in the Transvaal, where the goldfields lie.

The plains are sometimes called by the old Hottentot word "karroo," and the "Great Karroo" is a well known geographical expression for the wide expanses north of Hex River Valley. The Hottentots have another onomatopœic word for a desert, "gouph" indicating disgust, and with this definition, those who have been campaigning in the wilder wastes of the karroos will not be inclined to quarrel. Tracts of country are sometimes called "the sweet veldt," or "the sour veldt," according to the nature of the pasturage. The "hooge veldt" or high veldt is the descriptive name of the higher interior plateau. Cold or warm "bokkeveldt" indicates the summer or winter pasturage for sheep and cattle. So we see that the word "veldt" applies quite as much to what grows upon the ground as to the surface of the land itself. "Veldtschoens" or veldt-shoes are meant for general outdoor wear, and are made of untanned leather.

The Boers have taken over some of the river names from the natives, such as the Hottentot "Gamtoos" and "Gouritz" and also the "Gariep" (yellow) or Orange River. The Vaal River would appear to be so named from its brown or dun colour, just as the "vaal rheebok" is named. "Mooi," meaning pretty or glistening, is often applied to a river. "Klip" is a stone, a term sometimes given to a river. The Boers used to call a diamond a "mooi klip"—a pretty stone. "Riet" River means reed river. It cannot be said that the Dutch colonists have shown much imagination in the names they have given to the South African rivers, and it would have been better, and certainly more interesting from an antiquarian point of view, if they had adhered always to the native nomenclature. In Kafirland and Zululand and in the native districts of Pondoland, the native river name has generally survived, but it is somewhat puzzling to the traveller, when, as in Zululand and elsewhere in the purely native territories, the natives have one name and the colonists another.

Sometimes a native river name, as the Kei, is taken over, and the qualifying adjective "Zwarte" or "Witte," *i.e.*, Black or White, Kei prefixed to its branches. A "spruit" as in "Bronker's Spruit," where the 94th were shot down and practically murdered in the 1881 Boer war, means a sprout or tributary. Old colonists speak of such rivulets as sprouts. "Fontein" appears largely in Boer nomenclatures, as in Bloemfontein (pronounced like a dactyl), the blossom fountain. There are such variations as Zuurfontein or Brakfontein, from the taste of the water, Olifants-fontein and Koodoos fontein, from the animals, and Myburghsfontein from the settler himself. We all know what is meant by a "drift" or ford, and "Trichards-drift" across the Tugela was so named after a voertrekker. There is also the historic "Fugitives Drift" across the Tugela, reviving a memory of the Zulu war.

A "vlei" means a hollow depression or valley in which water accumulates. There is a good deal of surface evaporation going on in South Africa beneath the hot rays of the sun and the desiccating power of the winds, and a vlei will vary much in size, increasing or diminishing according to the rainfall. A "pan," of which there are many, is a small hollow, very often conspicuous for incrustation of salt and might represent a reduced vlei. A "donga," such as that in which the late Prince Imperial met his end, and in which General Cronje was cornered at last, is a dried up water-course or a "nullah." A water furrow, such as we hear spoken of in towns, villages and farms, is simply an artificial water-lead, or small open drain, chiefly used for the purpose of irrigating mealie plots, gardens, or "lands," as the cultivated part of a South African farm is termed.

There is a more musical ring about the Kafir names, the accent, as in Tugēla, Umvōti, being put on the penultimate syllable. Indeed the Bantu language is striking and descriptive, especially when spoken by a fluent native. The harsh guttural substitutes of the Boers for the original place-names are much to be regretted. When the blue ranges of the Outeniqua and the primæval forests of the Zitzikama are simply described as "mixed veldt" or "fynbosch" or "sourveldt," then we feel that we lose something. A South African Longfellow should arise and in a "Hiawatha" metre preserve, before it is too late, some of the native legends, native words and native lore. The genius of the South African native is eminently of a descriptive kind and there is a poetry about the nomenclature which is worth a more detailed analysis than it has hitherto received.

A Dutch farm is generally called a "platz" or place, the village a "dorp," as Krugersdorp or Burghersdorp. In Venterstadt, Kroonstadt, we can trace the analogy to our homestead.

In Ladysmith, Ladyfrere, we have a polite reference to the wives of Sir Harry Smith (commemorated himself in Harrismith in the Orange Free State) and of Sir Bartle Frere. There is a Ladismith, a district and town, in the Cape Colony as well as in Natal. Ladybrand is so called after the wife of the late popular Sir John Brand, the President of the Orange Free State. Port Elizabeth is really so named after the wife of Sir Rufane Donkin. Altogether the nomenclature of South Africa is rather an interesting study, and forms a series of territorial landmarks in the history of the country from the days when the Portuguese rounded L'Agulhas (the Needles), discovered and named from their Saints calendar such bays as St. Sebastian Bay, Cape St. Blaize, Cape St. Francis, and subsequently Algoa Bay and Natal (die Natali) till the Dutch and English came. One extraordinary fact remains, that the Dutch, being a sea-faring people originally, have left little or no traces of maritime occupations. There are a few names, such as Waalvisch Bay in Damaraland (whale fish), which point to the former pursuit of whaling. But the Dutch colonists and French Huguenots quickly became an entirely continental people and forgot all about the sea. No one, of course, would care to impugn the hardihood of the Boer stock, but, whatever the courage of the men now, it is well to recollect that it has not been recently derived from struggles with the sea. It is a kind of veldt-craft, the result of their surroundings and of their intercourse with the natives. In a word the stock is "schlim" rather than bold in warfare, a fact which the present campaign has brought out more than once.

KITTY: DUCHESS AND MADCAP

By SHEILA E. BRAINE

IN the National Portrait Gallery hangs the full-length picture of a milkmaid, by Jervas, a slim lass with an arch face, hazel eyes, and a little cap on her nut-brown hair. Easy to see that here is no genuine daughter of the soil, but a fine lady masquerading. In truth, the pretty milkmaid is no less a personage than Catherine, Duchess of Queensberry, raciest character of her century, and familiarly known to the wits and poets of her youth as "Kitty." Born in 1700, our heroine was just emerging from her cradle

—and probably a more unmanageable baby never lay in one—when Queen Anne made her exit from this mortal stage. Her father was the Earl of Clarendon and Rochester, son of the famous Lord Chancellor. Married at twenty, Kitty lived through the reigns of two Georges, and a good way into that of the third of the name. Finally she killed herself at the age of seventy-seven by eating too many strawberries: an end which somehow seems characteristic of Kitty, a creature who never did anything like other people.

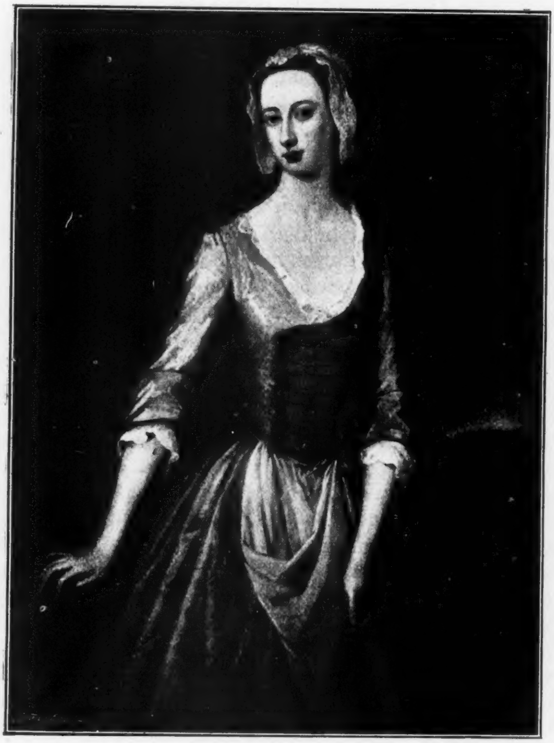
If the title of "New Woman" had been invented at that date, it would assuredly have been launched at Kitty's head, for all through her life she showed a brilliant disregard for the *convenances*. Also, she screamed when she saw a person put his knife into his mouth, and this in an age when everybody employed this implement as a food shovel. This was enough to stamp any woman as "advanced."

Prior, the poet, wrote some *vers de société* about the girl when she was eighteen, praising her beauty, but styling her "wild as colt untam'd." Breezy, fearless, and bubbling over with health and spirits, she said whatever came into her mind, went her own way, and dressed to please herself, generally as a peasant girl. Being a duchess she could naturally go farther than a simple madam; and because she was beautiful, the men, at least, could find excuses for her. But it is to be feared that the ladies sometimes found Kitty's pranks trying. In Scotland, for instance, her behaviour was the reverse of dignified. The family seat of the Queensberrys was Drumlanrig Castle, and as soon as it was known that the young duchess had arrived there from town, the neighbourhood flocked to pay its respects. Stately in brocaded gowns, high-heeled shoes, and marvellously dressed *têtes*, the Scotch ladies appeared at the castle. And how, think you, did her Grace receive them? Why, in a short stuff frock, showing her ankles, such as a cotter's lassie might have worn; and her hair about her ears. "Never," so she once told Swift, "would she cut and curl her hair like a sheep's head." One can imagine that the visitors felt rarely insulted by this absence of all ceremony, but more was to follow. Kitty proposed a walk, and dragged her unfortunate guests, who were not attired for exercise, over the hills and far away, until they were ready to drop. It amused the mischievous creature to see the poor things toiling after her, and spoiling their fine clothes, slaves to a social etiquette which she ignored. It was also related of this madcap duchess that when she went out to an evening party, and discovered that her hostess's tea equipage was too fine for her station, she generally contrived to upset the table, and break some of the cups and saucers.

If these tales were true, no wonder Kitty's enemies called her mad. But we would rather think that they were exaggerated, and that the friend of Swift and the patron of Gay was not an "out-pensioner of Bedlam," as Walpole styled her. The debonnair Horace did not greatly love our Kitty. "One day," he wrote, "she drove post to Lady Sophia Thomas of Parson's Green, and told her that she was come to tell her something of importance. 'What is it?' 'Why, take a couple of beef steaks, clap them together as if they were for a dumpling, and eat them with pepper and salt: it's the best thing you ever tasted: I could not help coming to tell you this,' and away she drove back to town. Don't a course of folly for forty years make one very sick?" Yet, showing how great minds do not always jump alike, this was the woman to whom the awful Dean of St. Patrick's wrote: "I will excuse your blots upon paper, because they are the only blots you ever did, or ever will make, in the course of your life."

If Duchess Kitty were eccentric, she could nevertheless prove herself a staunch friend upon occasion. She did not, after the manner of some great ladies, take up a *protégé* one day, only to drop him the next. But in befriending an author, she helped to ruin, for a time, a musician; and curiously enough, this last was Handel. What we style the Italian Opera struggled painfully into being in 1705; at first the principal singers, who were Italian, sang in their own language, while the minor ones responded in English. Handel came to England in 1710, and produced "Rinaldo," the following year. But Italian Opera did not appeal to an English audience, who found it insufferably dull. Not all the patronage of King George and his Charlotte, who manfully supported the German composer, could suffice to fill the empty benches. A story is told of Lord Chesterfield leaving the deserted theatre where the king was listening to an oratorio, because, as he sarcastically alleged, "he did not desire to intrude upon the privacy of his sovereign."

When the "Beggars' Opera" by Gay was produced in 1728, it took the town positively by storm. The king still clung to Handel, but the nobility, with the Duchess of Queensberry among them, flocked rapturously to the "Newgate pastoral." The "Beggars' Opera" had a run of sixty-two nights, unprecedented in those days; and as one result of its success, Handel became bankrupt. Suddenly there came an order from the Lord Chancellor to stop the new piece; why, is not exactly known, unless it was because the prime minister considered himself to be too faithfully represented therein. However that may have been, the theatre had to be closed; whereupon the Duchess of Queensberry took up Gay's cause and vehemently championed it. Very busy was she in those days, driving about in her coach, asking for guinea subscriptions for printing copies of the forbidden play. And so heedless was Kitty, that she carried her list to the queen's drawing-room itself, and had the audacity to ask the king for a subscription. This was a little too much, and her Grace was requested to withdraw from the Court, Kitty announcing with characteristic composure that the command was very agreeable to her, as she had never gone there for her own diversion, but to bestow civility upon the king and queen.



(Walker & Boutall, photographers, London)

CATHERINE HYDE, DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY

In consequence of this rupture, the Duke of Queensberry resigned his post as Lord High Admiral of Scotland; he was an accomplished and amiable man, and must have been sorely tried by the vagaries of his madcap spouse. They went to Scotland, and Gay followed in his patroness's train. The author of the "Beggars' Opera" and Swift were fast friends, and it was through Gay that a sportive correspondence between Kitty and the Dean set in. When Gay wrote, her Grace added a postscript, frank and unconventional as herself. Swift found her infinitely captivating on paper; and after his friend's death told Pope that these same postscripts made up a great part of the little happiness he could have on earth. With all her faults there were those who loved Kitty well, and admired the sturdy honesty of her character, upon which, moreover, no stain rests. She had a kind heart, if a wayward head; and so long did she retain her youthful charms, that at seventy-one they extracted from Walpole, never a friend to the Duchess, this poetic compliment:

> To many a Kitty, Love his car
> Will for a day engage,
> But Prior's Kitty, ever fair,
> Obtained it for an age!

THE MIRACLES OF JESUS

SUNDAY READINGS FOR MAY

By the Rev. COSMO GORDON LANG, M.A.

FIRST SUNDAY

THE FEEDING OF THE MULTITUDE

St. Mark viii. 1–10

THE familiar story of Jesus feeding the multitude at once sets the mind moving on many and far-reaching lines of thought. We might meditate on the words, "I have compassion on the multitude," and find that they mark one epoch in the story of man's life on earth—the entry upon the stage of a new sentiment and motive, pity for the vulgar crowd with a wonderful career before it, the spread of philanthropy and civic freedom. Or we might study the significance of our Lord's manifest care for the body as well as for the soul. But there is a simpler lesson on which we rather choose to dwell—the greatness of little opportunities used with faith and thanksgiving.

The disciples were dismayed at the contrast between the desire of their Master to feed that great multitude and the poverty of the resources which they actually had to meet it. Seven loaves and a few small fishes, and a crowd of four thousand—surely it was impossible. How indeed could it be possible to fill these men with food there in a desert place? But the power of a great compassion takes just these poor opportunities, just these insignificant resources, gives God thanks for them, uses them, and so they are found to be enough and more than enough to feed the multitude.

We, too, are often dismayed at the contrast between the scale of our actual life and the ideal which our religion sets before us. We know the ideal which is God's wish for us—that we should become Christlike, sons rejoicing in the fellowship of the Father; but we know also how strangely insignificant and ineffective are the actual circumstances of our lives through which we are to make it real. Our education has been imperfect. Our power of thought is very limited. Our imagination is dull and languid. Our leisure for meditation and reflection is scanty. Our position exposes us to persistent temptations. Our daily work is cramping and monotonous. Our whole life is set in lines most unheroic. It is a desert place, and we have only seven loaves and a few small fishes. Yet we cannot mistake God's wish, it is clearly set before us. We are to be perfect; we are to become holy; we are to be partakers of the divine nature; we are to share the life and attain the likeness of the Perfect Man. Every Christian, whatever his circumstances may be, is pledged to a heroic standard of life. It is, indeed, a puzzling contrast—a heroic life to be lived in circumstances unheroic, an ideal to be realised through circumstances strangely disproportionate.

How are we to adjust the proportions? Sometimes we are tempted to do so by belittling the ideal. We call it a "counsel of perfection." We drift into the way of thinking that it may be possible for a few—for men with a genius for religion; but that it is not really meant for all. We say, *e.g.*, that the Sermon on the Mount is to be followed "in the spirit," a phrase which first means "vaguely," and often ultimately "not at all." We come to regard the language of the New Testament as a mere exalted manner of speech, a sort of divine rhetoric. It is the poetry of religion—not intended to be literally carried out in the prose of daily life. Or else if conscience refuses to be eased by such indolent sophistries, we tend to become discontented with our opportunities. We grow querulous and faint-hearted. How is it possible for me, the man I am, in the circumstances in which I am placed, to fulfil the Christian ideal? If I were like so and so; if I had his talents, his imagination, his opportunities; or, if some wonderful vision of Christ were given to me; if a warm and evident love of God had come into my experience, then it might be possible for me. But, being as I am, it is all beyond me. "Whence shall we be able to fill these men with bread here in a desert place?"

But listen to the divine teaching. "How many loaves have ye? And they said, seven." Only seven, it is true; but take these seven and feed the multitude with them. You will find they are enough. You are only a weak, harassed, tempted, unheroic soul, set in the midst of very trying and uncongenial circumstances, it is true; but take just what you have and are, and believe resolutely that it is sufficient for these great things. *You*, just as and where you are, begin to love God and your neighbour for God's sake; set about to become like Christ, and you will find as you use them trustfully and faithfully, that your opportunities are enough. You will find that Christ can fulfil His will and work His likeness within you in the kitchen, the yard, the shop, the counting-house, the street. Then take, give thanks, and break.

SECOND SUNDAY

THE GREAT POSSIBILITIES OF SMALL OPPORTUNITIES

UNDER the touch of Christ the seven loaves and few small fishes were as sufficient for the feeding of a multitude as a vast supply of stores. Divine compassion linked with divine power made the apparent contrast between the smallness of the opportunity and the greatness of the demand vanish. So the contrasts which we are so apt to make between the different opportunities of human lives would be much less striking if we looked at them from the divine point of view. From the height of a great tower inequalities which are obvious on the plain disappear, and everything is reduced to a common level. So from the height of God's infinity and eternity all scales of life are as one. King and cottager, scholar and peasant, saint and wayfarer, are in point of greatness or littleness one. There is no respect of persons with God. From the divine point of view, greatness consists not in the opportunities of life, abundant or insignificant, but in the spirit which makes use of them. And the true art of life is to learn to look at it with God's eyes. To do little things in a great spirit, to use little opportunities for a great end—this is the way of greatness. Greatheart is God's only nobleman. In the kingdom of God it is greatness of spirit not greatness of opportunity that ennobles. Moral judgment which seeks to frame itself on God's lines pays no attention to outward accidents, only to inward reality. It considers not extent of circumstances, but intensity of spirit. The qualities which make the true worth of life are indeed independent of circumstances. The love of a mother for her child is as great and as beautiful whether it be seen at a cottage door, or in the picture of Rafael's Madonna. Neighbourly kindness is the same, whether it be shown by a charwoman "sitting up" with her sick friend in a back street or by the Pope washing the pilgrim's feet in St. Peter's at Rome. The struggles of the young clerk, alone in a great city, to resist the temptations of the flesh are as heroic as the struggles of St. Anthony in the desert. The patient endurance of some commonplace domestic trouble invests the sufferer with some of the greatness of the Cross of Christ. In the divine eye it is the spirit alone that counts for greatness.

Thus we learn to pay little heed to the apparent smallness of our opportunities. It does not affect their moral possibilities. We can eat and drink to the glory of God. Only let us act, always and in all circumstances, in a great spirit.

Brother Lawrence was nothing more romantic or exalted than a monastery cook, but he could say, "The time of business does not with me differ from the time of prayer, and in the noise and clatter of my kitchen, while several persons are at the same time calling for different things, I possess God in as great tranquillity as if I were upon my knees at the Blessed Sacrament." *To possess God in tranquillity*, surely that is to come very near perfection, to have learned the secret of the life of Christ—and it was obtained in a kitchen! To take our lives as they are, and to live them for the love of God, quietly, simply, faithfully, that is the only rule of great living. The alchemist of the Middle Ages spent his life in the search of the philosopher's stone which was to turn all it touched to gold. The Christian has not far to seek He finds it in using little opportunities in a great spirit. You remember George Herbert's poem—as deep as it is simple—on "The Elixir":

> **Teach me, my God and King**
> **In all things Thee to see,**

And what I do in anything,
  To do it as for Thee.

All may of Thee partake:
  Nothing can be so mean
Which with this tincture, *for Thy sake*,
  Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
  Makes drudgery divine,
Who sweeps a room as for thy laws
  Make that and the action fine.

This is the famous stone
  That turneth all to gold;
For that which God doth touch and own
  Cannot for less be told.

THIRD SUNDAY

THE SPIRIT OF THANKFULNESS

THE disciples were distressed by the smallness of their opportunities; but Jesus "gave thanks" for them, and they sufficed. His Eucharist gave the seven loaves power to feed the multitude. It is by the spirit of thankfulness that we are to make our small opportunities great. Thanksgiving is the primary ingredient of that "elixir of life" which turns all it touches to gold. If our life seems to be set among common things, and to have in its circumstances few heroic possibilities, there are two alternatives before us: one is to bemoan our lot and grumble at its conditions. The other is to give thanks and break—to do the best we can with it, and be thankful that we can do anything at all. The one dooms our opportunities to perpetual littleness; the other, by putting a great spirit into them, makes them capable of great things. For things are really just what we make them. Man is always master of his circumstances. He cannot always control what they are in themselves; but he *can* control what they are to mean in his life. It is not within my control whether I live in a palace or in a semi-detached villa, but it is within my control whether I am vulgar in the one or noble in the other. I may not possess the power of understanding a great fugue of Bach; but at least I can hear the lark singing in the crisp air and the plash of the waves along the shore, and the quality of noble joy is as real in the one case as in the other. This mastery of circumstances, this power of getting true and noble life out of them depends on my own temperament, whether it be one of discontent, or one of thankfulness. The spirit gives its own hue to the circumstances which it encounters.

It is indeed surprising to find what materials for praise the thankful temperament can find in common things. Two men meet and greet one another in an Edinburgh street. A common enough occurrence, truly; and one which ninety-nine out of every hundred of the passers-by would never notice. But a man of thankfulness — Robert Louis Stevenson — sees it with other eyes, and writes: "They came forward with a little run and *leaped* at each other's hands. You never saw such bright eyes as they both had. It put one in a good humour to see it." Such sights are never wanting to brighten the eyes out of which a thankful spirit looks upon the world. Do we give thanks as we might for the *ordinariness*, so to speak, the common run, of little courtesies? It is surely a good world, with a good God above it, in which I can count upon a civil answer and a smile of readiness in the giving of it, when I ask the way in a common street. I pass along a dingy back-way in this town: but a moment's attention shows me as I pass a young mother playing with her crowing baby, and a tattered child superbly happy entertaining her tattered friends at a feast of mud pies. A deformed cripple hobbles by, but his father's hand rests gently on his shoulder, and the brightness of his upturned eye transforms the poor shapeless body. There in one moment are three sights seen which ought to make us lift up the heart and give thanks. And children—do we ever give thanks for God's gift of children? These little visions of innocence and brightness, carrying into the most sordid places the gladness of their eyes, the grace of their actions, the witching of their play, by which in a moment the back-yard becomes a place where heroes fight or fairies dance—and they are everywhere. A world where children live is surely a world which has a loving Father—a world for which to give thanks.

Of course, there is the shadow of "the other side," but we do not lighten it by dwelling upon it. We cannot escape it, we cannot explain it, but we can often transform it. The poverty is there, but there is also the neighbourly helpfulness which it inspires. The weakness is there, but there is also the instinct of strength to support it.

The deformity is there; but there is also the pity which goes out to it. The sickness is there, but there is also the cheerful fortitude which bears it. The death is there, but there is also the hope which looks beyond it. The sin is there, but there is also the tale of the Saviour who died to pardon it. We cannot help seeing the cloud; let us then rather look for the silver lining. It is easier perhaps to be gloomy; but that way lies no help for ourselves or for others. It is often hard to be cheerful; but the effort keeps the world from sinking under the burden of its own calamities. "We are saved by hope." Hopeful men are the saviours of their brethren, and the spring of hope is the deliberate spirit of thankfulness. The disciples doubtless shared their Master's compassion; but so long as they thought of the desert and the fewness of the loaves they could do nothing. The compassion of Jesus was one that gave thanks, and lo! the desert became the place of a banquet, and the seven loaves fed the multitude.

FOURTH SUNDAY

THE BOLDNESS OF THE SPIRIT

When Jesus had given thanks over the seven loaves, at once He brake them. He did not—let us speak with reverence—He did not wait till they had multiplied into four thousand He took them when they were only seven, and they became four thousand. So must it be with the case of the opportunities which we have. We have to take them as they are, and boldly venture on great things with them. Christians differ in their opportunities, not in their call. No matter what the scale of opportunity may be, they are to love God in them, to become Christ-like through them, to save their fellows in Christ's name with them. The essence of success in this spiritual emprise is immediacy of action. Whatever our actual circumstances may be, we are to give thanks for them and to begin with them as they are, not wait till they are different. We are apt to shrink from this boldness of spirit. We hesitate to make great claims on God, or set great ideals before ourselves, until something has happened—a moving of the waters, a clearer illumination, a more intense experience. Hence we make no progress, because we never make a beginning. In the world of the spirit, even more than in the world of action, "he who hesitates is lost." He who is ever expecting future opportunities, misses those that are laid at his feet. In the world of affairs, it is just this power of immediate and instinctive action that marks the man of genius. The prudent man calculates the chances; the man of genius seizes the moment. He cannot always tell why. On a review of probabilities, his act often seems indefensible. But it succeeds. This was, for example, the way of Nelson. He thought and puzzled and elaborated plans, like other men, less ably than other men; but his decisive acts came always by a sudden instinct. In the spiritual world it is the same kind of instinct boldly trusted that almost always justifies itself. We call it here not genius but inspiration; the human spirit uplifted by prayer reaches the divine, and catches His fire and works His will. It is surely the experience of every man who tries to live in the Spirit, that when by, it may be, a momentary prayer he has put himself within His power, the instinct that follows if boldly accepted proves itself to be right. Sometimes he is deceived, he knows not why. But such occasional disappointment does not disconcert him. It is better to be deceived in these bold ventures of the spirit than to stagnate in safety for fear of making them. "Great-heart was deceived, 'Very well!' said Great-heart."

There is indeed a very inspiring warrant for this boldness of the spirit. It is that the grace of God does not wait upon, but is ever ready for, the will of man. We know—and baptism is God's guarantee of it—that from the very first we possess the power of the Spirit. We have never to wait for it, but always to claim it. God never wills us to do anything without giving us beforehand all the grace we need for the doing of it. He tells me, "Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind," to love Him, and my brother for Him, to be Christlike, to become "perfect," because He has already bestowed upon me the spirit of Christ to help me. Therefore I am not to wait, to measure with a sinking spirit the want of correspondence between anything I have and am and all that He wills me to do and be. I am to begin at once. If I busy myself with anxious inquiries as to my own endowments, I fail to grasp that all-sufficient endowment of the Spirit with which He has empowered me. If my eyes are set upon my poor self, I fail to see His Presence standing at my side. Let me not falter out, then, timorous questionings—"Do I *feel* that God is with me? Do I *feel* that I can become one of His saints?" It is not feelings that I want, but faith—faith to claim and trust to the pledged sufficiency of His grace.

FROM ONE POINT OF VIEW

By WILLIAM CANTON

THE story of the mighty battles of the world is one of which the world never tires. However earnestly we may deprecate the appeal to arms, and love peace as fervently as we may, the record of heroic struggles, of blood and treasure sacrificed unstintingly and joyously for a great cause, of wrong righted and tyranny shattered, cannot fail to thrill us as with the blast of a trumpet. The time has, indeed, arrived at last when among civilised nations the possibility of settling international disputes peacefully is growing yearly a more beautiful vision which one would fain hope must be within the range of an early realisation. We have been assured that the mere improvements in the weapons of war, the actual facilities for enormous massacre and destruction contrived by modern science, will make war practically impossible; but in this forecast no account appears to have been taken of three highly important factors—human passion, the contingencies of fortune, and military genius. Commercial interests, it is also argued, just as in the past they have been incentives to war, will in the future prove to be efficacious deterrents. The argument is plausible, but what if these commercial interests should effect a cure more disastrous than the disease? Many will hesitate to go as far as Moltke in his view that "perpetual peace is a dream, and not even a beautiful dream. War is an element of the order of the world established by God. By it the noblest virtues of man are developed; without it the world would wallow in materialism"; yet surely we can conceive a state of things in which—commercial interests being dominant—the highest ideals of life might be sacrificed for the sake of an ignoble material prosperity which would end in the corruption of mankind. Bloodshed is horrible, but more horrible still is the existence in which there is nothing worth shedding one's blood for, in which faith can no longer count on martyrs, nor liberty on patriots, nor womanhood on chivalry, nor childhood on the second arrow stuck in the archer's belt. Siege and famine and fire and massacre are evil; but worse than all these together is the smug cynicism and materialism which, in a nation conditioned by commercial interests alone, would surrender the beliefs, the aspirations, the day-dreams of the race to an ignoble safety and a degraded peace.

By the merest chance I have been reading in the third volume of "Modern Painters" Mr. Ruskin's reflections on the Crimean War, and I have been struck by passages which seem curiously significant at the present moment. "Wherever there is war," he writes, "there *must* be injustice on one side or the other, or on both. There have been wars which were little more than trials of strength between friendly nations, and in which the injustice was not to each other, but to the God who gave them life. But in a malignant war of these present ages there is injustice of an ignobler kind, at once to God and man, which *must* be stemmed for both their sakes. It may, indeed, be so involved with national prejudices, or ignorances, that neither of the nations can conceive it as attaching to their cause; nay, the constitution of their Governments, and the clumsy crookedness of the political dealings with each other, may be such as to prevent either of them from knowing the actual cause for which they have gone to war." And again, "The cause of this quarrel is no dim, half-avoidable involution of mean interests and errors, as some would have us believe. There never was a great war caused by such things. There never can be. The historian may trace it, with ingenious trifling, to a courtier's jest or a woman's glance; but he does not ask (and it is the sum of questions) how the warring nations had come to found their destinies on the course of the sneer or the smile. If they have so based them, it is time for them to learn, though suffering, how to build on other foundations." And yet once more, contending that the war was productive of good more than of evil, he declined to "argue hardly and coldly, by tracing in past history some of the abundant evidence that nations have always reached their highest virtue, and wrought their most accomplished works in time of straitening and battle; as, on the other hand, no nation ever enjoyed a protracted and triumphant peace without receiving in its own bosom ineradicable seeds of future decline"—a curious anticipation of Moltke's statement; but he appealed to the testimony of those "to whom the war had changed the aspect of the earth and imagery of heaven, whose treasure it had placed under seals of clay," and even in their case he found that war had brought more good than evil; they had learned the strength of sacrifice, they were bound by new fidelities to all they had saved, by new love to all for whom they had suffered, "and every mouldering arm had bequeathed to them its strength and its faithfulness."

It is the adumbration—or rather the fore-splendour than the fore-shadowing—of the providential purpose, of the divinity that shapes our ends, which manifests itself in the great wars of history which gives the record its supreme interest. In all these mighty crises mankind are seen at their earthly best; and whether the Greek shatters the Persian ships at Salamis or the blue-eyed barbarian breaks through the walls of Rome, the result in the long run is perceived to mark a stage in the onward march of humanity. All that the world has ever prized, all its noblest conceptions and most glorious ideals, all its success towards the realisation of these, have been won by fire and sword, by suffering and death. The cost seems enormous, yet who can say that it has been too much? In any case it was the price that had to be paid.

At the present moment a special interest attaches to the stirring and handsomely illustrated volumes in which Professor Rawson tells the story of twenty famous naval battles, from Salamis to Santiago.* It is a far cry from the Greek gulf crowded with clashing triremes to the harbour of Santiago blockaded by huge ironclads and monitors, but this selection, running through the centuries from 480 B.C. down to the day before yesterday, affords the reader a curiously picturesque glimpse of the navies of maritime history, and enforces some of the invariable laws which control the arbitrament of battle and the fate of nations. We see the biremes and triremes of old time, with their ever-increasing banks of oars, the catapults, ballistas, kettles of live coals, archers and slingers, pass away in the churning billows and give place to the mediæval galleys with towering bow and stern, sails, and portholes for cannon. Then for the freer use of ordnance the forecastle is cut down, though the poop still remains, and the masts shoot up with clouds of canvas; and the English, by a happy instinct, grasp the idea that mobility in action—swiftness of sail and rapidity of manœuvre—far outweigh tonnage and armament. Next we have the frigates and line-of-battle ships, which held the seas till the present century introduced a new motive power, and the formidable and beautiful three-decker, built of heart of oak, became a mastless iron fort, driven by steam and equipped with weapons dealing destruction at a distance of nearly six miles.

And yet through all these changes it is observable that from the first certain general principles have been dominant and persistent. There appears to be no doubt that the sea-power of a nation determines its status, just as truly as that "the length of the cable is the life of the ship." Naval architecture and armament may vary, but the laws of strategy and tactics are practically the same now as they were a thousand years ago. Readiness for the attack, mobility, concentration are the three elements which may be traced in the great issues of conflict, and their importance is still being amply illustrated to-day. "Of all the naval battles to which the adjective *famous* may be applied," writes Professor Rawson, "Great Britain has had the lion's share. No list of significance could be made which would fail to give her the larger proportion." The fact explains, and at the same time establishes, our place in the rank of nations. And in harmony with this view of our sea-power is the striking tribute of Buonaparte to Admiral Sidney Smith: "That man made me miss my destiny. Had I but captured Acre, I should have reached Constantinople and the Indies"; to which may be added the more matter-of-fact but not less remarkable words of Lord Palmerston: "Whenever I want a thing well done in a distant part of the world, when I want a man with a good head, a good heart, lots of pluck, and plenty of common sense, I always send for a captain in the navy."

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* "Twenty Famous Naval Battles: Salamis to Santiago." By Edward Kirk Rawson, Professor United States Navy, Superintendent Naval War Records. With numerous portraits, charts, plans, &c. 2 vols. Isbister and Co., Limited. 21s. net.

Of the twenty battles which Professor Rawson describes, it is to the two latest, the Battle of Manila Bay and the destruction of Cervera's fleet at Santiago, that one turns with the zest of novelty. The defeat of the Armada and the story of the *Revenge*, the Battles of the Nile and Trafalgar, the destruction of the *Alabama* and the capture of the *Huascar*, spirit-stirring as they are, have not the freshness of these great sea-fights of 1898. In these pages they are described in a style which for accuracy, lucidity and animation leaves nothing to be desired. The Manila affair in particular was characterised by a promptitude and decision, a boldness and executive skill, and finally by a success which strikes the lay-reader as superb. On April 24 Commodore Dewey received his orders, "Commence operations at once." On the 27th the ships got under way for the Philippines, a straight run of 620 miles to the south-east. On the night of the 30th, at 11.30, with all lights extinguished except a singled hooded lamp at the stern of each ship to serve as a guide for the vessel following, the fleet swept into the bay in which the Spaniards were awaiting them under the guns of the land batteries, and which was reputed to be sown with torpedoes. The Spanish ships were less powerful than the American squadron, of less speed, but well armed and supported by powerful batteries which made the contest more nearly equal. Headed by the *Olympia*, the seven U.S. cruisers and gunboats advanced to the attack in the early daylight. One mine was exploded in the very track of the *Olympia*, but the Spaniards had been too precipitate, and the cannonading began on the American side with cool regularity, ship following ship, firing its broadside, passing on, turning, and firing from the other side. A singular incident occurred at the early stage of the fight. What seemed to be a small torpedo boat, with a big Spanish ensign streaming astern, "shot out from beyond Langley Point, crossed the bow of the *Olympia*, and then lay in wait for that colossal antagonist." From the big guns, the secondary batteries, the rifles of the marines, a storm of lead and iron was poured on the audacious pigmy; yet, oddly enough, the frail vessel was not shattered or sunk, and the crew escaped with their lives, though a shot had pierced the steam cylinder. It turned out afterwards that the small vessel "was no deadly microbe, but only a humble market boat, manned by Filipinos, and bound to Manila by direction of the English family residing at Cañacao." Before 7.30 at least three of the Spanish ships were on fire, but in consequence of a misunderstanding as to the quantity of ammunition expended Commodore Dewey gave the signal to withdraw, with a view to a new plan of attack and a redistribution of ammunition. The cessation was interpreted by the squadron as a pause for breakfast, and was appreciated as a considerate thought on the part of the Commodore. On the other hand, "the Spaniards supposed that the squadron had retired to bury its dead," and the Governor-General straightway despatched an exultant cablegram to Madrid. They were speedily undeceived. Shortly after eleven the American guns began to thunder across the bay; at 12.30 the Spanish yellow and red flag came down, and a white flag was run up to notify that fleet and forts had surrendered. The Spanish losses, according to Admiral Montojo's report, amounted to 381 killed and wounded; the only casualties on the American side were six men and two officers injured, not very seriously, by the explosion of several charges in a box of ammunition struck by a 4·7-inch steel projectile. The annals of maritime warfare will be searched in vain for anything like a complete parallel to this brilliant victory, though in some particulars the defeat of the Spanish squadron at Gibraltar in April 1607 by the Dutch Admiral Van Heemskerk, presents, as Professor Rawson points out, a certain similarity of tactics.

In reading the account of the Battle of Santiago one is particularly struck by the wonderful change which has taken place in the mood and temper of combatants compared with the savage vindictiveness and thirst for blood in the old times. "In 1350," the author notes, "after a fight between English and Spanish ships, the whole of a crew that surrendered to the Earl of Lancaster was thrown overboard. Murder, death on the gallows, horrible mutilation, were the fate of prisoners taken in war." Now it is nations that fight and massacre, rather than individuals. At Santiago, "so long as the enemy showed his flag they fought like American seamen; but when the flag came down they were as gentle and tender as American women." "Don't cheer, boys," cried the captain, when the crew of the *Texas* gave vent to their joy in the victory; "don't you see the poor fellows are dying?" And in the same spirit at this moment in South Africa, Boer or Briton succours his wounded foe or lays him honourably and pitifully in his grave.

The stream of books on the campaign in South Africa has begun, and one of the first stands out noticeable, not only as a striking piece of journalism, but as the last work of a writer whose achievements, brilliant as they were in themselves, seemed rather the promise than the accomplishment of an exceptionally distinguished literary career. Brief and fragmentary though it be, "From Capetown to Ladysmith"* is strongly marked by the most characteristic qualities of its author. It is fresh, eager, keen, and as clear as the crystalline air of the Cape. In a phrase or two he creates in you the impression that you, too, have been there and have seen. It is not description; it is realisation. The line of white houses, hardly visible, between the purple-brown mountains and the sea, is Capetown: "it seemed half Western American, with a faint smell of India—Denver with a dash of Delhi." Or, you are climbing the vast desert of the Karroo, the dusty stairway that scales the long ascent to the highlands of South Africa—five hundred miles of vacant vastness, and perhaps five hundred more beyond. And the charm of the desert is that very vacancy, "the unfenced emptiness, the space, the freedom, the unbroken arch of the sky"—a waste of marvellous colour. "It is only to the eye that cannot do without green that the Karroo is unbeautiful. Every other colour meets others in harmony—tawny sand, silver-grey scrub, crimson-tufted flowers like heather, black ribs of rock, puce shoots of screes, violet mountains in the middle distance, blue fairy battlements guarding the horizon." With regard to the incidents of the war, the story from the battle of Elandslaagte onward never flags in vividness and interest. "The Bivouac," with its darkness and cold and rain on the rock-sown hillside, its mob of bewildered soldiers, its dying and dead, its glimmers of light, and its details of suffering and horror, is a thing to haunt one for days; while in the account of the siege of Ladysmith one begins to understand how the misery and suspense and hopelessness of the situation gradually became a kind of fantastic nightmare. "For my part, I feel it will never end. It will go on just as now, languid fighting, languid cessation, for ever and ever. We shall drop off one by one, and listlessly die of old age. And in the year 2099 the New Zealander antiquarian, digging among the buried cities of Natal, will come upon the forgotten town of Ladysmith. And he will find a handful of Rip Van Winkle Boers with white beards down to their knees, behind quaint, antique guns, shelling a cactus-grown ruin. Inside, sheltering in holes, he will find a few decrepit creatures, very, very old, the children born during the bombardment. He will take these links with the past home to New Zealand. But they will be afraid at the silence and security of peace. Having never known anything but bombardment, they will die of terror without it. So be it. I shall not be there to see." Unhappily the end was nearer than he dreamed. About the middle of December he was attacked by enteric fever, and though in the early days of January he seemed to be on the fair way to recovery, a relapse supervened, and George Steevens passed out of the beleaguered city, of which he had written with a strong yearning for home, "To your world and to yourself you are every bit as good as dead—except that dead men have no time to fill in."

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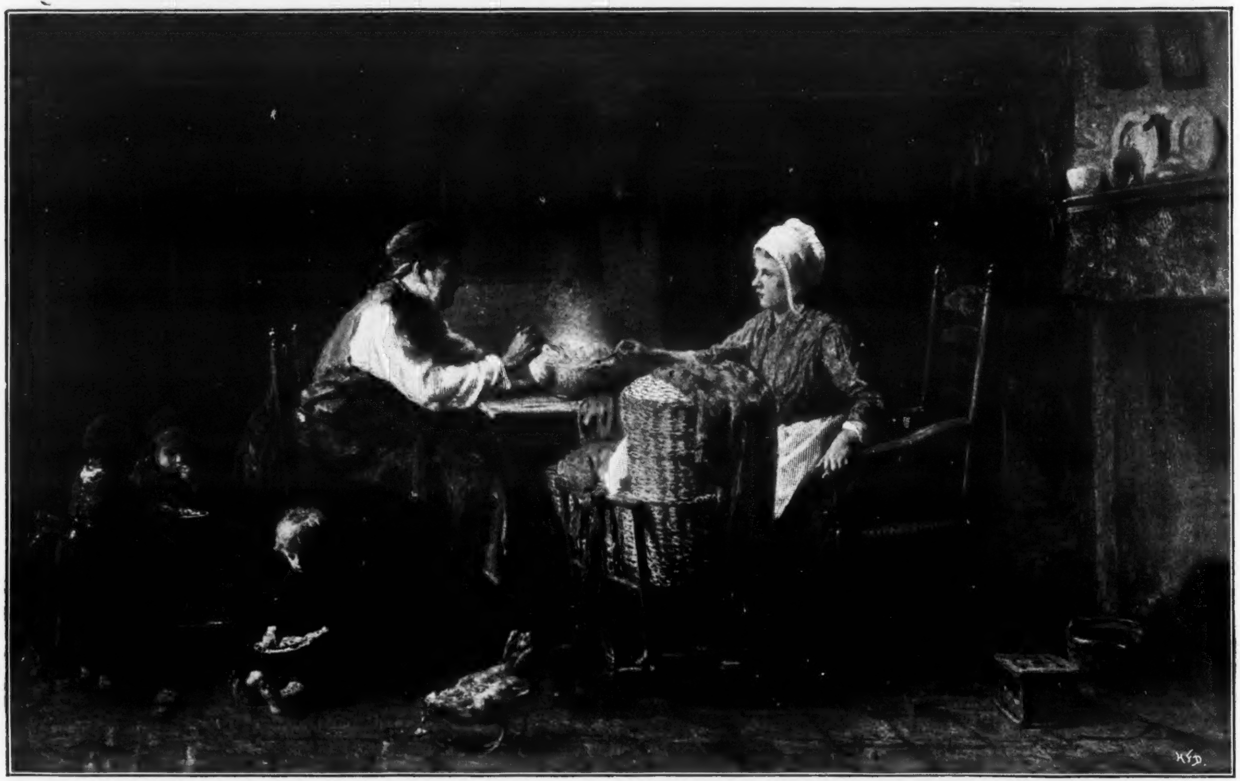
* "From Capetown to Ladysmith: an Unfinished Record of the South African War." By G. W. Steevens, author of "With Kitchener to Khartum," &c. Edited by Vernon Blackburn. William Blackwood & Sons. 3*s.* 6*d.*



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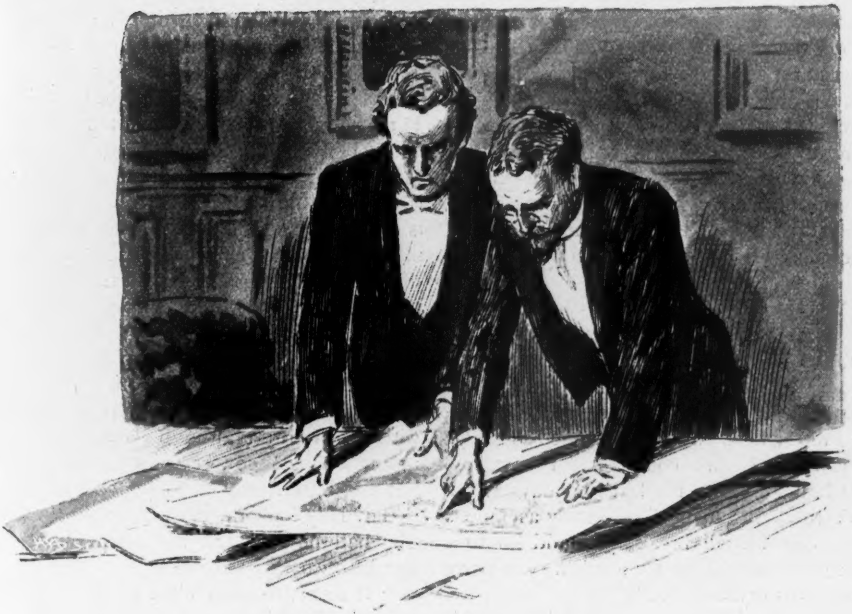
"POOR AND CONTENT IS RICH" OTHELLO III 3

By Josef Israels



"'Our reports stop short at that line'"

THE HALF-HEARTED*

By JOHN BUCHAN, Author of "John Burnet of Barns," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON BROWNE

CHAPTER XVI

A MOVEMENT OF THE POWERS

At Mrs. Montrayner's dinner-parties a world of silent men is sandwiched between a *monde* of chattering women. The hostess has a taste for busy celebrities who eat their dinner without thought of the cookery, and regard their fair neighbours much as the diners think of the band in certain Riviera restaurants. She chose her company with care, and if at her table there was not the busy clack of a fluent conversation, there was always the possibility of *bons-mots* and the off-chance of a State secret. So to have dined with the Montrayners became a boast in a small social set, and to the unilluminate the Montrayner banquets seemed scare less momentous than Cabinet meetings.

Wratislaw found himself staring dully at a snowy bank of flowers and looking listlessly at the faces beyond. He was extremely worried, and his grey face and sunken eyes showed the labour he had been passing through. The country was approaching the throes of a crisis, and as yet the future was a blind alley to him. He had been badgered all the afternoon in the Commons; his even temper had been perilously near its limits and he had been betrayed unconsciously into certain ineptitudes which he knew would grin in his face on the morrow from a dozen leading articles. The Continent seemed on the edge of an outbreak; in the East especially, Russia by a score of petty acts had seemed to foreshadow an incomprehensible policy. It was a powder-barrel waiting for the spark; and he felt dismally that the spark might come at any moment from some unlooked-for quarter of the globe. He ran over in his mind the position of foreign affairs. All seemed vaguely safe; and yet he was conscious that all was vaguely unsettled. The world was on the eve of one of its cyclic changes and unrest seemed to make the air murky.

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* Copyright 1899, in the United States of America, by Houghton, Mifflin and Co.

He tried to be polite and listened attentively to the lady on his right, who was telling him the latest gossip about a certain famous marriage. But his air was so manifestly artificial that she turned to the presumably more attractive topic of his own doings.

"You look ill," she said—she was one who adopted the motherly air towards young men, which only a pretty woman can use. "Are they over-working you in the House?"

"Pretty fair," and he smiled grimly. "But really I can't complain. I have had eight hours' sleep in the last four days and I don't think Beauregard could say as much. Some day I shall break loose and go to a quiet place and sleep for a week. Brittany would do—or Scotland."

"I was in Scotland last week," she said. "I didn't find it quiet. It was at one of those theatrical Highland houses where they pipe you to sleep and pipe you to breakfast. I used to have to sit up all night by the fire and read 'Marius the Epicurean,' to compose myself. Did you ever try the specific?"

"No," he said, laughing. "I always soothe my nerves with Blue-books."

She made a mouth at the thought. "And do you know I met such a nice man up there, who said you were a great friend of his? His name was Haystoun."

"Do you remember his Christian name?" he asked.

"Lewis," she said, without hesitation.

He laughed. "He is a man who should only have one name, and that his Christian one. I never heard him called 'Haystoun' in my life. How is he?"

"He seemed well, but he struck me as being at rather a loose end. What is wrong with him? You know him well and can tell me. He seems to have nothing to do; to have fallen out of his niche, you know. And he looks so extraordinarily clever."

"He *is* extraordinarily clever. But if I undertook to tell you what was wrong with Lewie Haystoun, I should never get to the House to-night. The vitality of a great family has run to a close in him. He is strong and able, and yet, unless the miracle of miracles happens, he will never do anything. Two hundred years ago he might have led some mad Jacobite plot to success. Three hundred and he might have been another Raleigh. Six hundred, and there would have been a new crusade. But as it is, he is out of harmony with his times; life is too easy and mannered; the field for a man's courage is in petty and recondite things, and Lewie is not fitted to understand it. And all this, you see, spells a kind of cowardice: and if you have a friend who is a hero out of joint, a great man smothered in the wrong sort of civilisation, and all the while one who is building up for himself with the world and in his own heart the reputation of a coward, you naturally grow hot and bitter."

The lady looked curiously at the speaker. She had never heard the silent politician speak so earnestly before.

"It seems to me a clear case of *chercher la femme*," said she.

"*That*," said Wratislaw with emphasis, "is the needle-point of the whole business. He has fallen in love with just the wrong sort of woman. Very pretty, very good, a demure puritanical little Pharisee, clever enough, too, to see Lewie's merits, too weak to hope to remedy them, and too full of prejudice to accept them. There you have the makings of a very pretty tragedy."

"I am so sorry," said the lady. She was touched by the strong man's anxiety for his friend, and Mr. Lewis Haystoun, whom she was never likely to meet again, became a figure of interest in her eyes. She turned to say something more, but Wratislaw, having unburdened his soul to some one, and feeling a little relieved, was watching his chief's face further down the table. That nobleman, hopelessly ill at ease, had given up the pretence of amiability and was now making frantic endeavours to send mute signals across the flowers to his under-secretary.

The Montrayner guests seldom linger. Within half an hour after the ladies left the table Beauregard and Wratislaw were taking leave and hurrying into their great-coats.

"You are going down to the House," said the elder man, "and I'll come too. I want to have some talk with you. I tried to catch your eye at dinner to get you to come round and deliver me from old Montrayner, for I had to sit on his right hand and couldn't come round to you. I have two confounded crushes to fight through to-night afterwards. Heigho-ho! I wish I was a Trappist."

The cab had turned out of Piccadilly into St. James's Street before either man spoke again. The tossing lights of a windy autumn evening were shimmering on the wet pavement, and faces looked spectral white in the morris-dance of shine and shadow. Wratislaw, whose soul was sick for high, clear winds and the great spaces of the moors, was thinking of Glenavelin and Lewis and the strong quickening north. His companion was furrowing his brow over some knotty problem in his duties.

In Pall Mall there was a lull in the noise, but neither seemed disposed to talk. "We had better wait till we get to the House," said Beauregard. "We must have peace, for I have got the most vexatious business to speak about." And again he wrinkled his anxious brows and stared in front of him.

They found a private room where the fire had burned itself out, and the lights fell on heavy furniture and cheerless solitude. Beauregard spread himself out in an arm-chair, and stared at the ceiling. Wratislaw, knowing his chief's manners, stood before the blackened grate and waited.

"Fetch me an atlas—that big one, and find the map of the Indian Frontier." Wratislaw obeyed and stretched the huge folio on the table.

The elder man ran his forefinger in a circle. "There—that wretched radius is the plague of my life. Our reports stop short at that line, and reliable information begins again some hundreds of miles north. Meanwhile—between?" And he shrugged his shoulders.

"I got news to-day in a roundabout way from Taghati. That's the town just within the Russian frontier there. It seems that the whole country is in a ferment. The hill tribes are out and the Russian frontier line is threatened. So they say. I have the actual names of the people who are making the row. Russian troops are being massed along the line there. The whole place, you know, has been for long a military bee-hive and absurdly over-garrisoned, so there is no difficulty about the massing. The difficulty lies in the reason. Three thousand square miles or so of mountain cannot be so dangerous. One would think that the whole Afghan force was meditating a descent on the Amu Daria." He glanced up at his companion, and the two men saw the same anxiety in each other's eyes.

"Anything more of Marka?" asked Wratislaw.

"Nothing definite. He is somewhere in the Pamirs, up to some devilry or other. Oh, by-the-bye, there is something I have forgotten. I found out the other day that our gentleman had been down quite recently in south-west Kashmir. He was Arthur Marka at the time, the son of a German count and a Scotch mother, you understand. Immensely popular, too, among natives and Europeans alike. He went south from Bardur, and apparently returned north by the Punjaub. At Bardur, Logan and Thwaite were immensely fascinated, Gribton remained doubtful. Now the good Gribton is coming home, and so he will have the place for a happy hunting-ground."

Wratislaw was pulling his under-lip in deep thought. "It is a sweet business," he said. "But what can we do? Only wait?"

"Yes, one could wait if Marka were the only disquieting feature. But what about Taghati and the Russian activity? What on earth is going on or about to go on in this square inch of mountain-land to make all the pother? If it is a tribal war on a first-class scale then we must know about it, for it is in the highest degree our concern too. If it is anything else, things look more than doubtful. All the rest I don't mind. It's open and obvious, and we are on the alert. But that little bit of frontier there is so little known and apparently so remote that I begin to be afraid of trouble in that direction. What do you think?"

Wratislaw shook his head. He had no opinion to offer.

"At any rate you need fear no awkward questions in the House, for this sort of thing cannot be public for months."

"I am wondering whether somebody should not go out. Somebody quite unofficial and sufficiently clever."

"My thought too," said Beauregard.

"The pinch is where to get our man from I have been casting up possibilities all day, and this one is too clever, another too dull, another too timid, and another too harebrained."

Wratislaw seemed sunk in a brown study.

"Do you remember my telling you once about my friend Lewis Haystoun?" he asked.

"I remember perfectly. What made him get so badly beaten? He ought to have won."

"That's part of my point," said the other. "If I knew him less well than I do I should say he was the man cut out by Providence for the work. He has been to the place, he knows the ropes of travelling, he is exceedingly well-informed and he is uncommonly clever. But he is badly off-colour. The thing might be the saving of him, or the ruin—in which case, of course, he would also be the ruin of the thing."

"As risky as that?" Beauregard added. "I have heard something of him, but I thought it merely his extreme youth. What's wrong with him?"

"Oh, I can't tell. A thousand things, but all might be done away with by a single chance like this. I tell you what I'll do. After to-night I can be spared for a couple of days. I feel rather hipped myself, so I shall get up to the North and see my man. I know the circumstances and I know Lewis. If the two are likely to suit each other I have your authority to give him your message?"

"Certainly, my dear Wratislaw. I have all the confidence in the world in your judgment. You will be back the day after tomorrow?"

"I shall only be out of the House one night, and I think the game worth it. I need not tell you that I am infernally anxious both about the business and my friend. It is just on the cards that one might be the solution of the other."

"You understand everything?"

"Everything. I promise you I shall be exacting enough. And now I had better be looking after my own work."

Beauregard stared after him as he went out of the room and remained for a few minutes in deep thought. Then he deliberately wrote out a foreign telegram-form and rang the bell.

"I know the two men," he said to himself. "He will go. Meantime I can prepare things for his passage." The telegram was to the fugitive Gribton at Florence, asking him to meet a certain Mr. Haystoun at the Embassy in Paris within a week for the discussion of a particular question.

CHAPTER XVII

THE BRINK OF THE RUBICON

THE next evening Wratislaw drove in a hired dog-cart up Glenavelin from Gledsmuir just as a stormy autumn twilight was setting in over the bare fields. A wild back-end had followed on the tracks of a marvellous summer. Though it was still October the leaves lay heaped beneath the hedgerows, the bracken had yellowed to a dismal hue of decay, and the heather had turned from the purple of its flower to the grey-blue of its passing. Rain had fallen and long roadside pools were fired by the westering sun. Glenavelin looked crooked and fantastic in the falling shadows, and two miles further the high lights of Etterick rose like a star in the bosom of the hills. Seen after many weeks' work in the bustle and confinement of town, the solitary, shadow-haunted world soothed and comforted.

He found Lewis in his room alone. The place was quite dark but no lamp was lit, and only a merry fire showed the occupant. He welcomed his friend with crazy vehemence, pushing him into a great armchair, offering a dozen varieties of refreshment, and leaving the butler aghast with many contradictory messages about dinner.

"Oh, Tommy, upon my soul, it is good to see you here! I was getting as dull as an owl."

"Are you alone?" Wratislaw asked.

"George is staying here, but he has gone over to Glenaller to a big shoot. I didn't care much about it, so I stayed at home. He will be back to-morrow."

Lewis's face in the firelight seemed cheerful and wholesome enough, but his words belied it. Wratislaw wondered why this man, who had been wont to travel to the ends of the earth for good shooting, should deny himself the famous Glenaller coverts.

At dinner the lamplight showed him more clearly, and the worried look in his eyes could not be hidden. He was listless, too, his kindly boisterous manner seemed to have forsaken him, and he had acquired a great habit of abstracted silence. He asked about recent events in the House, commenting shrewdly enough, but without interest. When Wratislaw in turn questioned him on his doings, he had none of the ready enthusiasm which had been used to accompany his talk on sport. He gave bare figures and was silent.

Afterwards in his own sanctum, with drawn curtains and a leaping fire, he became more cheerful. It was hard to be moody in that pleasant room, with the light glancing from silver and vellum and deep-stained oak, and a thousand memories about it of the clean outdoor life. Wratislaw stretched his legs to the blaze and watched the coils of blue smoke mounting from his pipe with a feeling of keen pleasure. His errand was out of the focus of his thoughts.

It was Lewis himself who recalled him to the business.

"I thought of coming down to town," he said. "I have been getting out of spirits up here, and I wanted to be near you."

"Then it was an excellent chance which brought me up to-night. But why are you dull? I thought you were the sort of man who is sufficient unto himself, you know."

"I am not," he said sharply. "I never realised my gross insufficiency so bitterly."

"Ah!" said Wratislaw sitting up, "love?"

"Did you happen to see Miss Wishart's engagement in the papers?"

"I never read the papers. But I have heard about this; in fact, I believe I have congratulated Stocks."

"Do you know that she ought to have married me?" Lewis cried almost shrilly. "I swear she loved me. It was only my hideous folly that drove her from me."

"Folly?" said Wratislaw smiling. "Folly? Well, you might call it that. I have come up 'ane's errand,' as your people hereabouts say, to talk to you like a schoolmaster, Lewie. Do you mind a good talking-to?"

"I need it," he said. "Only it won't do any good, because I have been talking to myself for a month without effect. Do you know what I am, Tommy?"

"I am prepared to hear," said the other.

"A coward! It sounds nice, doesn't it? I am a shirker, a man who would be drummed out of any regiment."

"That's rot," said Wratislaw. "In that sort of thing you have the courage of your kind. You are the wrong sort of breed for common shirking cowards. Why, man, you might get the Victoria Cross ten times over with ease, as far as that goes. Only you wouldn't, for you are something much more subtle and recondite than a coward."

It was Lewis's turn for the request. "I am prepared to hear," he said.

"A fool! An arrant extraordinary fool! A fool of quality and parts, a fool who is the best fellow in the world and who has every virtue a man can wish, but at the same time a conspicuous monument of folly. And it is this that I have come to speak about."

Lewis sat back in his chair with his eyes fixed on the glowing coal.

"I want to make it all plain," he said slowly. "I know it all already; I have got the dull, dead consciousness of it in my heart, but I want to hear it put into words." And he set his lips like a man in pain.

"It is hard," said Wratislaw, "terribly hard, but I've got to try." He knocked out the ashes from his pipe and leaned forward.

"What would you call the highest happiness, Lewie?" he asked.

"The sense of competence," was the answer, given without hesitation.

"Right. And what do we mean by competence? Not success! God knows it is something very different from success! Any fool may be successful, if the gods wish to hurt him. Competence means that splendid joy in your own powers and the approval of your own heart, which great men feel always and lesser men now and again at favoured intervals. There are a certain number of things in the world to be done, and we have got to do them. We may fail—it doesn't in the least matter. We may get killed in the attempt—it matters still less. The things may not altogether be worth doing—it is of very little importance. It is ourselves we have got to judge by. If we are playing our part well, and know it, then we can thank God and go on. That is what I call happiness."

"And I," said Lewis.

"And how are you to get happiness? Not by thinking about it. The great things of the world have all been done by men who didn't stop to reflect on them.

If a man comes to a halt and analyses his motives and distrusts the value of the thing he strives for, then the odds are that his halt is final. You strive to strive and not to attain. A man must have that direct practical virtue which forgets itself and sees only its work. Parsons will tell you that all virtue is self sacrifice, and they are right, though not in the way they mean. It may all seem to you a tissue of contradictions. You must not pitch on too fanciful a goal, nor, on the other hand, must you think on yourself. And it is a contradiction which only resolves itself in practice, one of these anomalies on which the world is built up."

Lewis nodded his head.

"And the moral of it all is that there are two sorts of people who will never do any good on this planet. One is the class which makes formulæ and shallow little ideals its gods and has no glimpse of human needs and the plain issues of life. The other is the egotist whose eye is always filled with his own figure, who investigates his motives, and hesitates and finicks, till Death knocks him on the head and there is an end of him. Of the two give me the second, for even a narrow little egotistical self is better than a formula. But I pray to be delivered from both."

"'Then who shall stand if Thou, O Lord, dost mark iniquity?'" Lewis quoted.

"There are two men only who will not be ashamed to look their work in the face in the end—the brazen opportunist and the rigid Puritan. Suppose you had some desperate frontier work to get through with and a body of men to pick for it, who would you take? Not the ordinary colourless respectable being, and still less academic nonentities! If I had my pick my companions should either be the narrowest religionists or frank unashamed blackguards. I should go to the Calvinists and the fanatics for choice, but if I could not get them then I should have the rankers. For, don't you see, the first would have the fear of God on them, and that somehow keeps a man from fearing anything else? They would do their work because they believed it to be their duty. And the second would have the love of the sport on them, and they should also be made to dwell in the fear of me. They would do their work because they liked it, and liked me, and I told them to do it."

"I agree with you absolutely," said Lewis. "I never thought otherwise."

"Good," said Wratislaw. "Now for my application. You've had the misfortune to fall between the two stools, Lewie. You're too clever for a Puritan and too good for a ranker. You're too finicking and highstrung and fanciful for a prosaic world. You think yourself the laughing philosopher with an infinite appreciation of everything, and yet you have not the humour to stand aside and laugh at yourself."

"I am a coward, as I have told you," said the other dourly.

"No, you are not. But you can't bring yourself down to the world of compromises which is the world of action. You have lost the practical touch. You muddled your fight with Stocks because you couldn't get out of touch with your own little world in practice, however you might manage it in theory. You can't be single-hearted. Twenty impulses are always pulling different ways with you, and the result is that you become an unhappy self-conscious waverer."

Lewis was staring into the fire and the older man leaned forward and put his hand very tenderly on his shoulder.

"I don't want to speak about the thing which gives you most pain, old chap; but I think you have spoiled your chances in the same way in another matter—the most important matter a man can have to do with, though it ill becomes a cynical bachelor like myself to say it."

"I know," said Lewis dismally.

"You see it is the Nemesis of your race which has overtaken you. The rich strong blood of you Haystouns must be given room or it sours into moodiness. It is either a spoon or a spoiled horn with you. You are capable of the big virtues, and just because of it you are extraordinarily apt to go to the devil. Not to the ordinary devil, of course, but to a very effective substitute. You want to be braced and pulled together. A war might do it, if you were a soldier. A religious enthusiasm would do it, if that were possible for you. As it is, I have something else, which I came up to propose to you."

Lewis faced round in an attitude of polite attention. But his eyes had no interest in them.

"You know Bardur and the country about there pretty well?"

Lewis nodded.

"Also I once talked to you about a man called Marka. Do you remember?"

"Yes, of course I do. The man who went North from Bardur the week before I turned up there?"

"Well, there's trouble brewing thereabouts. You know the Taghati country up beyond the Russian line. Things are in a ferment there, great military preparations and all the rest of it, and the reason, they say, is that the hill-tribes in the intervening No-man's-land are at their old games. Things look very ugly abroad just now, and we can't afford to neglect anything when a crisis may be at the door. So we want a man to go out there and find out the truth."

Lewis had straightened himself and was on his feet before Wratislaw had done. "Upon my word," he cried, "if it isn't what I expected! We have been far too sure of the safety of that Kashmir frontier. You mean, of course, that there may be a chance of an invasion?"

"I mean nothing. But things look ugly enough in Europe just now, and Asia would naturally be the starting-point."

Lewis made some rapid calculations in his head which he jotted on the wood of the fireplace. "It would take a week to get from Bardur to Taghati by the ordinary Kashmir rate of travelling, but of course the place is unknown and it might take months. One would have to try it?"

"I can only give you the bare facts. If you decide to go, Beauregard will give you particulars in town."

"When would he want to know?"

"At once. I go back to-morrow morning, and I must have your answer within three days. You would be required to start within a week. You can take time and quietness to make up your mind."

"It's a great chance," said Lewis. "Does Beauregard think it important?"

"Of the highest importance. Also, of course it is dangerous. The travelling is hard and you may be knocked on the head at any moment as a spy."

"I don't mind that," said the other flushing. "I've been through the same thing before."

"I need not say the work would be very difficult. Remember that your errand would not be official, so in case of failure or trouble we could not support you. We might even have to disclaim all responsibility. In the event of success, on the other hand, your fortune is something more than made."

"Would you go?" came the question.

"No," said Wratislaw, "I shouldn't."

"But if you were in my place?"

"I should hope that I would, but then I might not have the courage. I am giving you the brave man's choice, Lewie. You would be going out to uncertainty and difficulty and extreme danger. On the other hand, I believe in my soul it would harden you into the man you ought to be. Lord knows I would rather have you stay at home!"

The younger man looked up for a second and saw something in Wratislaw's face which made him turn away his eyes. The look of honest regret cut him to the heart. Those friends of his, of whom he was in nowise worthy, made the burden of his self-distrust doubly heavy.

"I will tell within three days," he said hoarsely. "God bless you, Tommy. I don't deserve to have a man like you troubling himself about me."

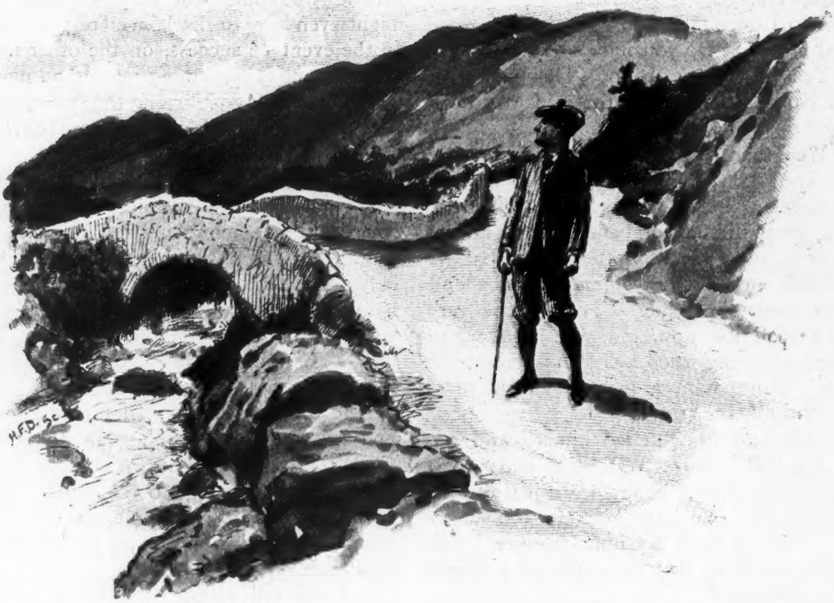
It was his one spoken tribute to their friendship; and both with the nervousness of honest men in the presence of emotion hastened to change the subject.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE FURTHER BRINK

Wratislaw left betimes the next morning, and a long day faced Lewis with every hour clamouring for a decision. George would be back by noon, and before his return he must seek quiet and the chances of reflection. He was happy with a miserable fluctuating happiness. Of a sudden his horizon had enlarged, but as he gazed it seemed to narrow again. His mind was still unplumbed; somewhere in its depths might lie the shrinking and unwillingness which should bind him to the dreary present.

He went out to the autumn hills and sought the ridge which runs for miles on the lip of the glen. It was a grey day with snow waiting in cloud banks in the north sky and a thin wind whistling through the pines. The scene matched his humour. He was in love for the moment with the stony and stormy in life. He hungered



"The scene matched his humour"

morbidly for ill-fortune, something to stamp out the ease in his soul, and weld him into the form of a man.

He had got his chance and the rest lay with himself. It was a chance of high adventure, a great mission, a limitless future. At the thought the old fever began to rise in his blood. The hot clear smell of rock and sand, the brown depths of the waters, the far white peaks running up among the stars, all spoke to him with the long-remembered call. Once more he should taste life, and, alert in mind and body, hold his chin up among his fellows. It would be a contest of wits, and for all his cowardice this was not the contest he shrank from.

And then there came back on him like a flood the dumb misery of incompetence which had weighed on heart and brain. The hatred of the whole struggling sordid crew, all the cant and ugliness and ignorance of a mad world, his weakness in the face of it, his fall from common virtue, his nerveless indolence—all stung him like needle-points, till he cried out in agony. Anything to deliver his soul from such a bondage, and in his extreme bitterness his mind closed with Wratislaw's offer.

He felt—and it is a proof of his weakness—a certain nameless feeling of content when he had once forced himself into the resolution. Now at least he had found a helm and a port to strain to. As his fancy dwelt upon the mission and drew airy pictures of the land, he found to his delight a boyish enthusiasm arising. Old simple pleasures seemed for the moment dear. There was a zest for toils and discomforts, a tolerance of failure, which had been aforetime his chief traveller's heritage.

And then as he came to the nick where the road passes from Glen Avelin to Glen Aller, he stopped as in duty bound to look at the famous prospect. You stand at the shedding of two streams; behind the green and woodland spaces of the pastoral Avelin; at the feet a land of stones and dwarf junipers and naked rifts in the hills, with white-falling waters and dark shadows even at midday. And then, beyond and afar, the lines of hill-land crowd upon each other till the eye is lost in a mystery of grey rock and brown heather and single bald peaks rising sentinel-like in the waste. The grey heavens lent a chill eeriness to the dim grey distances; the sharp winds, the forerunners of snow, blew over the moors like blasts from a primeval night.

By the odd vagaries of temper the love of these bleak hills blazed up fiercely in his heart. Never before had he felt so keenly the nameless glamour of his own heritage. He had not been back six months and yet he had come to accept all things as matters of course, the beauty of the place, its sport, its memories. Rarely had he felt that intimate joy in it which lies at the bottom of all true souls. There is a sentiment which old poets have made into songs and called the "Lilt of the Heather," and which is knit closer to man's heart than love of wife or kin or his own fair fortune. It had not come to him in the time of the hills' glory, but now on the brink of winter the far-off melancholy of the place and its infinite fascination seemed to clutch at his heart-strings. It was his own land, the place of his fathers; and now he must sever himself from it and carry only a barren memory.

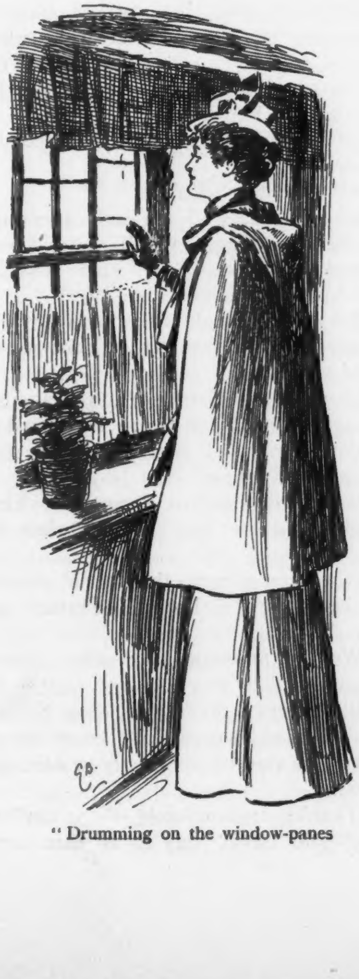
And yet he felt no melancholy. Rather it was the immortal gaiety of the wanderer, to whom the homeland is dearest as a memory, who pitches his camp by waters of Babylon and yet has ever the old word on his lip, the old song in his ear and the kindly picture in his heart. Strange that it is the little races who wander farthest and yet have the eternal home sickness! And yet not strange, for to the little peoples, their land, bare and uncouth and unfriendly for the needs of life, must be more the ideal, the dream, than the satisfaction. The lush countries give corn and wine for their folks, the little bare places afford no more than a spiritual heritage. Yet spiritual it is, and for two men who in the moment of their extremity will think on meadow, woodland, or placid village, a score will figure the windy hill, the grey lochan and the mournful sea.

For the moment he felt a self-pity which he cast from him. To this degradation at least he should never come. But as the thought of Alice came up ever and again, his longing for her seemed to be changed from hot pain to a chastened regret. The red hearth-fire was no more in his fancy. The hunger for domesticity had gone, and the girl was now less the wife he had desired than the dream of love he had vainly followed. As he came back across the moors, for the first time for weeks his jealous love left him at peace. His had been a fanciful Sylvia, "holy, fair and wise," and what if mortal Sylvia were unkind, there was yet comfort in this elusive lady of his memories.

He found George at the end of a second breakfast, a very ruddy happy young man hunting high and low for a lost tobacco-jar.

"Oh, first-class," he said in answer to Lewis's question. "Out and out the best day's shooting I've had in my life. You were an ass not to come, you know. A lot of your friends there, tremendously disappointed too, and entrusted me with a lot of messages for you which I have forgotten."

His companion's high spirits infected Lewis and he fell into cheery gossip. Then he could contain the news no more.



"Drumming on the window-panes

"I had Tommy up last night on a flying visit. He says that Beauregard wants me to go out to Kashmir again. There has been some threatening of a row up there and he thinks that as I know the place I might be able to get good information."

"Official?" asked George.

"Practically, yes; but in theory it's quite off my own bat, and they are good enough to tell me that they will not acknowledge responsibility. However, it's a great chance and I am going."

"Good," said the other, and his face and voice had settled into gravity. "Pretty fair sport up in those parts, isn't there?"

"Pretty fair. It's about the best in the world. Your ordinary man who goes the grand tour comes home raving about the sport in the Himalayan foot-hills, and it's not to be named with this."

"Good chance too, of a first-rate row, isn't there? Natives troublesome, and Russians near, and that sort of thing?" George's manner showed a growing enthusiasm.

"A rather good chance. It is about that I'm going, you know."

"Then if you don't mind, I am coming with you."

Lewis stared, incredulous.

"It's quite true. I am serious enough. I am doing nothing at the Bar, and I want to travel, proper travelling, where you are not coddled with railways and hotels."

"But it's hideously risky, and probably very arduous and thankless. You will tire of it in a week."

"I won't," said George, "and in any case I'll make my book for that. You must let me come, Lewie. I simply couldn't stand your going off alone."

"But I may have to leave you. There are places where one can go when two can't."

"When you come to that sort of place I'll stay behind. I'll be quite under your orders."

"Well, at any rate take some time to think over it."

"Bless you, I don't want time to think over it," cried George. "I know my own mind. It's the chance I've been waiting on for years."

"Thanks tremendously then, my dear chap," said Lewis, very ill at ease. "It's very good of you. I must wire at once to Tommy."

"I'll take it down, if you like. I want to try that new mare of yours in the dog-cart."

When his host had left the room George forgot to light his pipe, but walked instead to the window and whistled solemnly. "Poor old man," he said softly to himself, "it had to come to this, but I'm hanged if he doesn't take it like a Trojan." And he added certain striking comments on the ways of womankind and the afflictions of life, which, being expressed in Mr. Winterham's curious phraseology, need not be set down.

Alice had gone out after lunch to walk to Gledsmuir, seeking in the bitter cold and the dawning storm the freshness which comes from conflict. All the way down the glen the north wind had stung her cheeks to crimson and blown stray curls about her ears; but when she left the little market-place to return she found a fine snow powdering the earth, and a haze creeping over the hills which threatened storm. A mile of the weather delighted her, but after that she grew weary. When the fall thickened she sought the shelter of a wayside cottage, with the purpose of either sending to Glenavelin for a carriage or waiting for the off-chance of a farmer's gig.

By four o'clock the snow showed no sign of clearing, but fell in the same steady noiseless drift. The mistress of the place made the girl tea and despatched her son to Glenavelin. But the errand would take time, for the boy was small, and Alice, ever impatient, stood drumming on the panes, watching the dreary weather with a dreary heart. The good-wife was standing at the door on the look out for a passing gig, and her cry brought the girl to attention.

"I see a machine comin'! I think it's the Etterick dowg-cairt. Ye'll get a drive in it."

Alice had gone to the door, and lo! through the thick fall a dog-cart came into view driven by a tall young man. He recognised her at once, and drew up.

"Hullo, Miss Wishart! Storm-stayed? Can I help you?"

The girl looked distrustfully at the very restless horse and he caught her diffidence.

"Don't be afraid. 'What I don't know

about 'osses ain't worth the knowin','" he quoted with a laugh; and leaning forward he prepared to assist her to mount.

There was nothing for it but to accept, and the next minute she found herself in the high seat beside him. Her wraps, sufficient for walking, were scarcely sufficient for a snowy drive, and this, to his credit, the young man saw. He unbuttoned his tweed shooting-cape, and gravely put it round her. A curious dainty figure she made with her face all bright with wind framed in the great grey cloak.

The horse jibbed for a second and then swung along the wild road with the vigorous ease of good blood skilfully handled. George was puzzling his brain all the while as to how he should tell his companion something which she ought to know. The strong drift and the turn of the road claimed much of his attention, so it is possible that he blurted out his news somewhat baldly.

"Do you know, Miss Wishart, that Lewis Haystoun and I are going off next week? Abroad, you know."

The girl, who had been enjoying the ecstasy of swift motion through the bitter weather, glanced up at him with pain in her eyes.

"Where?" she asked.

"To the Indian frontier. We are going to be special unpaid unofficial members of the Intelligence Department."

She asked the old, timid woman's question about danger.

"It's where Lewis was before. Only you see, things have got into a mess thereabouts, and the Foreign Office has asked him to go out again. By-the-bye, you mustn't tell any one about this, for it's strict confidence."

The words were meaningless, and yet they sent a pang through her heart. Had he no guess at her inmost feelings? Could he think that she would talk to Mr. Stocks of a thing which was bound up for her with all the sorrow and ecstasy of life?

He looked down and saw that her face had paled to the lips, and that her mouth was drawn with some emotion. A sudden gleam of light seemed to break in upon him.

"And are you sorry?" he asked half unwittingly.

For answer the girl turned her tragic eyes upon him, tried to speak, and faltered. He cursed himself for a fool and a brute, and whipped up an already over-active horse, till it was all but unmanageable. It was a wise move, for it absorbed his attention and gave the poor child at his side a chance to recover her composure.

They came to Glenavelin gates and George turned in. "I had better drive you to the door, in this charming weather," he said. The sight of the pale little face had moved him to deep pity. He cursed his blindness, the blindness of a whole world of fools, and at the same time, with the impotence of the honest man, he could only wait and be silent.

At the door he stopped to unbutton his cape from her neck, and even in his nervousness he felt the trembling of her body. She spoke rapidly and painfully.

"I want you to take a message from me to—to—Lewis. Tell him I must see him. Tell him to come to the Mid-Burn foot, to-morrow in the afternoon. Oh, I am ashamed to ask you, but you must tell him." And then without thanks or good-bye she fled into the house.

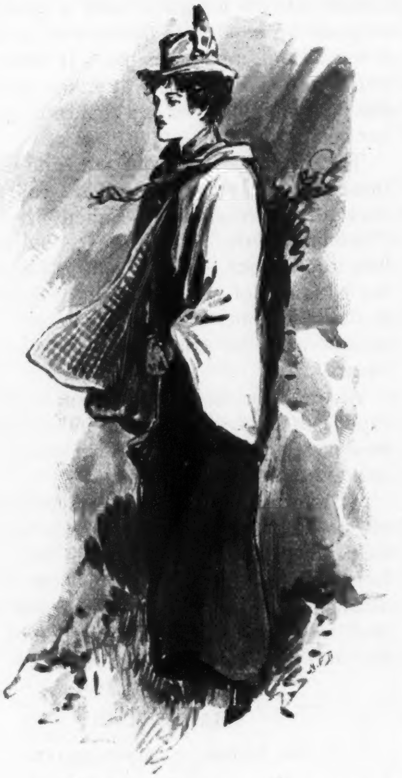
CHAPTER XIX

THE BRIDGE OF BROKEN HEARTS

LISTLESS leaves were tossing in the light wind or borne downward in the swirl of the flooded Mid-Burn, to the weary shallows where they lay, beached high and sodden, till the frost nipped and shrivelled their rottenness into dust. A bleak thin wind it was, like a fine sour wine, searching the marrow and bringing no bloom to the cheek. A light snow powdered the earth, the grey forerunner of storms.

Alice stood back in the shelter of the broken parapet. The highway with its modern crossing-place was some hundreds of yards up stream, but here at the Burn mouth, where the turbid current joined with the cold glittering Avelin, there was a grass-grown track, and an ancient broken-backed bridge. There were few passers on the high road, none on this deserted way; but the girl in all her loneliness shrank back into the shadow. In these minutes she endured the bitter mistrust, the sore hesitancy, of awaiting on a certain but unknown grief.

She had not long to wait, for Lewis came down the Avelin side by a by-path from



"She had not long to wait"

Etterick village. His alert gait covered his very real confusion, but to the girl he seemed one who belonged to an alien world of cheerfulness. He could not know her grief, and she regretted her coming.

His manners were the same courteous formalities. The man was torn with emotion, and yet he greeted her with a conventional ease.

"It was so good of you, Miss Wishart, to give me a chance to come and say good-bye. My going is such a sudden affair, that I might have had no time to come to Glenavelin, but I could not have left without seeing you."

The girl murmured some indistinct words. "I hope you will have a good time and come back safely," she said, and then she was tongue-tied.

The two stood before each other, awkward and silent—two between whom no word of love had ever been spoken, but whose hearts were clamouring at the iron gates of speech.

Alice's face and neck were dyed crimson, as the impossible position dawned on her mind. No word could break down the palisade of form. Lewis, his soul a volcano, struggled for the most calm and inept words. He spoke of the weather, of her father, of his aunt's messages.

Then the girl held out her hand.

"Good-bye," she said, looking away from him.

He held it for a second. "Good-bye, Miss Wishart," he said hoarsely. Was this the consummation of his brief ecstasy, the end of months of longing? The steel hand of fate was on him and he turned to leave.

He turned when he had gone three paces and came back. The girl was still standing by the parapet but she had averted her face towards the wintry waters. His step seemed to fall on deaf ears, and he stood beside her before she looked towards him.

Passion had broken down his awkwardness. He asked the old question with a shaking voice. "Alice," he said, "have I vexed you?"

She turned to him a pale distraught face, her eyes brimming over with the sorrow of love, the passionate adventurous longing which claims true hearts for ever.

He caught her in his arms, his heart in a glory of joy.

"Oh, Alice, darling," he cried. "What has happened to us? I love you, I love you, and you have never given me a chance to say it."

She lay passive in his arms for one brief minute and then feebly drew back.

"Sweetheart," he cried. "Sweetheart! For I will call you sweetheart, though we never meet again. You are mine, Alice. We cannot help ourselves."

The girl stood as in a trance, her eyes caught and held by his face.

"Oh, the misery of things," she said half-sobbing. "I have given my soul to another, and I knew it was not mine to give. Why, oh why, did you not speak to me sooner? I have been hungering for you and you never came."

A sense of his folly choked him.

"And I have made you suffer, poor darling! And the whole world is out of joint for us!"

The hopeless feeling of loss, forgotten for a moment, came back to him. The girl was gone from him for ever, though a bridge of hearts should always cross the chasm of their severance.

"I am going away," he said, "to make reparation. I have my repentance to work out, and it will be bitterer than yours, little woman. Ours must be an austere love."

She looked at him till her pale face flushed and a sad exultation woke in her eyes.

"You will never forget?" she asked wistfully, confident of the answer.

"Forget!" he cried. "It is my only happiness to remember. I am going away to be knocked about, dear. Wild, rough work, but with a man's chances! I thought I had broken with the past, for I saw nothing but blackness behind, but now I have the true hope of the wanderer."

For a moment she let another thought find harbour in her mind. Was the past irretrievable, the future predetermined? A woman's word had an old right to be broken. If she went to him, would not he welcome her gladly, and the future might yet be a heritage for both?

The thought endured but a moment, for she saw how little simple was the crux of her destiny. The two of them had been set apart by the fates; each had salvation to work out alone; no facile union would ever join them. For him there was the shaping of a man's path; for her the illumination which only sorrows and parting can bring. And with the thought she thought kindly of the man to whom she had pledged her word. It was but a little corner of her heart he could ever possess; but doubtless in such matters he was not ambitious.

Lewis walked by her side down the by-path towards Glen Avelin. Tragedy muffled in the garments of convention was there, not the old picturesque Tragic with sword and cloak and steel for the enemy, but the silent Tragic which pulls at the heart-strings.

"The summer is over," she said. "It has been a cruel summer, but very bright."

"Romance with the jarring modern note which haunts us all to-day," he said. "This upland country is confused with bustling politics, and pastoral has been worried to death by sickness of heart. You cannot find the old peaceful life without."

"And within?" she asked.

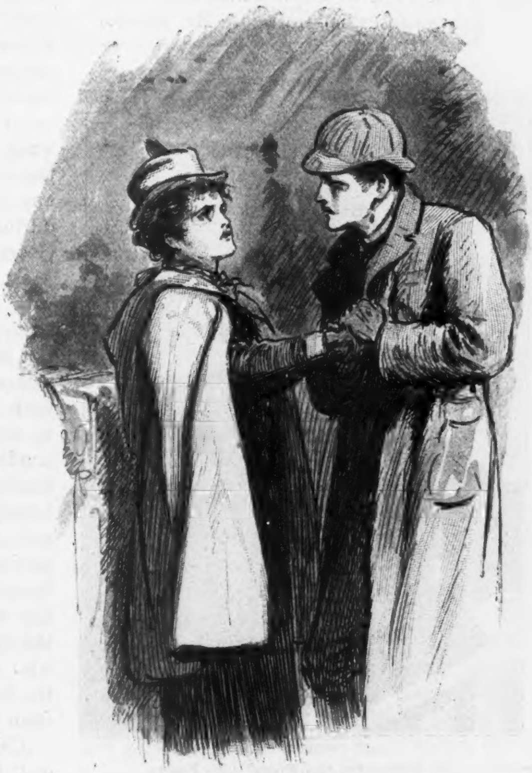
"That is for you and me to determine, dear. God grant it. I have found my princess, like the man in the fairy-tale, but I may not enter the kingdom."

"And the poor princess must sit and mope in her high stone tower? It is a hard world for princesses."

"Hard for the knights too, for they cannot come back and carry off their ladies. In the old days it used to be so, but then simplicity has gone out of life."

"And the princess waits and watches and cries herself to sleep?"

"And the knight goes off to the World's End and never forgets."



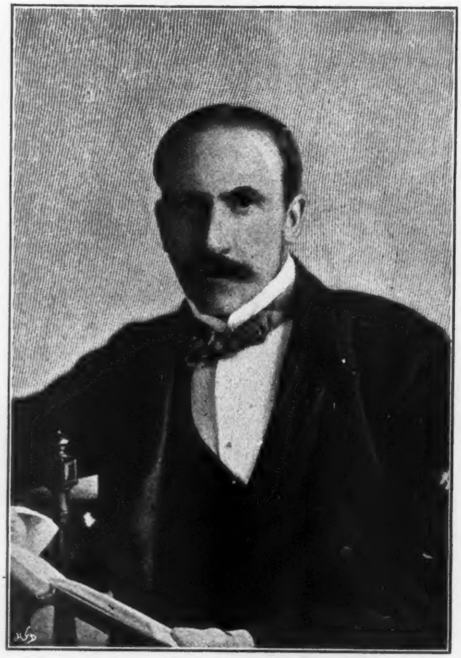
"'You will never forget'"

They were at Glen Avelin gates now, and stood silent against the moment of parting. She flew to his arms, for a second his kisses were on her lips, and then came the sundering. A storm of tears was in her heart, but with dry eyes she said the words of good bye. Meanwhile from the hills came a drift of snow, and a dreary wind sang in the pines the dirge of the dead summer, the plaint of long farewells.

THE CAPE IN TIME OF WAR

By GEORGE RALLING

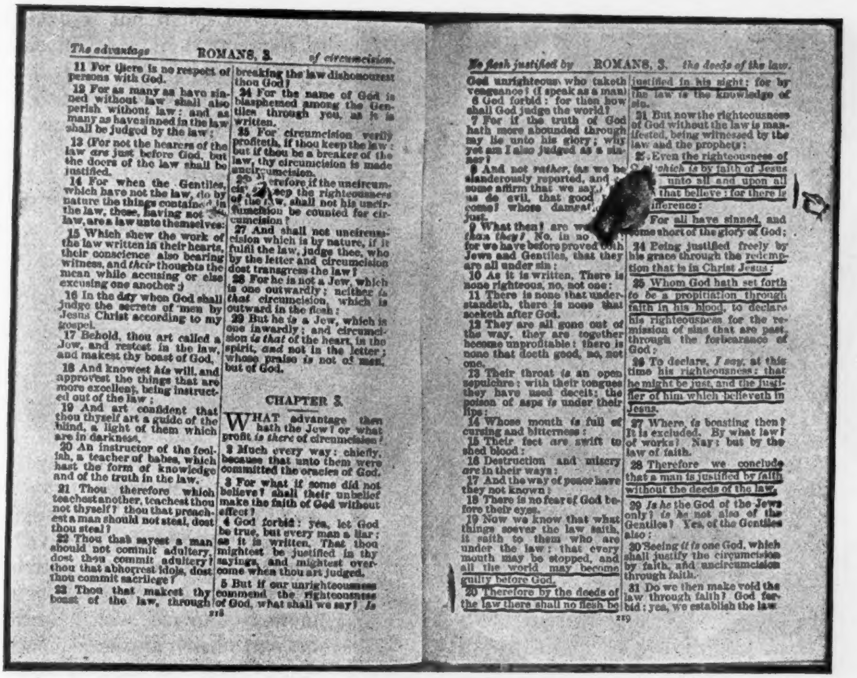
IT is many generations since the soil of England witnessed anything more serious than civil riot; consequently stay-at-home people can have little conception of what it means to live in countries which are at any time subject to become actual theatres of war. It is true that in South Africa, which is a vast country, wars have naturally been confined to small areas: but even in Cape Town which, for practical purposes, is—to quote Mr. Rhodes—as safe as Piccadilly, there are many evidences of the grim business going on, which would present themselves to any one outside the country. Not that war is anything new to South Africans. Some years ago, it was proposed by an enthusiastic member of the Cape Parliament to erect a monument, to commemorate the heroic conduct of Andries Stockenstroom. Mr. Merriman, who was in office at the time, pithily observed that the whole soil of South Africa was stained with the blood of heroes; and that, if they were to begin erecting such monuments, they would never know where to stop. And truly, when we come to look on the history of the country, South Africa has never, for any considerable period—except, perhaps during the magnificent proconsulate of Sir George Grey—been out of a war time. Most of the wars, of course, have been with native races; and such wars, terrible as they may be in their consequences, do not disturb the districts outside their actual theatre to anything like the extent which such a war as that now raging does. Not to travel so far back as to these historic conflicts, the early native wars, which finally resulted in the domination of the white man up to the boundaries which now mark it, the memories of old inhabitants go back to some terrible days. Residents of Cape Town tell of that awful day when the news of Isandlwana reached the city, and the wives of the Highlanders, who were left in the married quarters in the barracks, were heard literally shrieking from the agony of the shock.



(S. B. Barnard, photographer, Cape Town)

SIR ALFRED MILNER

Cape Town, although removed as far as it is possible for any South African place to be from the scene of conflict in any war,



The advantage ROMANS, 2. *of circumcision.*

11 For there is no respect of persons with God.

12 For as many as have sinned without law shall also perish without law: and as many as have sinned in the law shall be judged by the law;

13 (For not the hearers of the law *are* just before God, but the doers of the law shall be justified.

14 For when the Gentiles, which have not the law, do by nature the things contained in the law, these, having not the law, are a law unto themselves:

15 Which shew the work of the law written in their hearts, their conscience also bearing witness, and *their* thoughts the mean while accusing or else excusing one another;)

16 In the day when God shall judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ according to my gospel.

17 Behold, thou art called a Jew, and restest in the law, and makest thy boast of God,

18 And knowest *his* will, and approvest the things that are more excellent, being instructed out of the law;

19 And art confident that thou thyself art a guide of the blind, a light of them which are in darkness,

20 An instructor of the foolish, a teacher of babes, which hast the form of knowledge and of the truth in the law.

21 Thou therefore which teachest another, teachest thou not thyself? thou that preachest a man should not steal, dost thou steal?

22 Thou that sayest a man should not commit adultery, dost thou commit adultery? thou that abhorrest idols, dost thou commit sacrilege?

23 Thou that makest thy boast of the law, through breaking the law dishonourest thou God?

24 For the name of God is blasphemed among the Gentiles through you, as it is written.

25 For circumcision verily profiteth, if thou keep the law: but if thou be a breaker of the law, thy circumcision is made uncircumcision.

26 Therefore if the uncircumcision keep the righteousness of the law, shall not his uncircumcision be counted for circumcision?

27 And shall not uncircumcision which is by nature, if it fulfil the law, judge thee, who by the letter and circumcision dost transgress the law?

28 For he is not a Jew, which is one outwardly; neither *is that* circumcision, which is outward in the flesh:

29 But he *is* a Jew, which is one inwardly; and circumcision *is that* of the heart, in the spirit, *and* not in the letter; whose praise *is* not of men, but of God.

CHAPTER 3.

WHAT advantage then hath the Jew? or what profit *is there* of circumcision?

2 Much every way: chiefly, because that unto them were committed the oracles of God.

3 For what if some did not believe? shall their unbelief make the faith of God without effect?

4 God forbid: yea, let God be true, but every man a liar; as it is written, That thou mightest be justified in thy sayings, and mightest overcome when thou art judged.

5 But if our unrighteousness commend the righteousness of God, what shall we say? *Is*

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No flesh justified by ROMANS, 3. *the deeds of the law.*

God unrighteous who taketh vengeance? (I speak as a man)

6 God forbid: for then how shall God judge the world?

7 For if the truth of God hath more abounded through my lie unto his glory; why yet am I also judged as a sinner?

8 And not *rather*, (as we be slanderously reported, and [illegible] some affirm that we say,) [illegible] us do evil, that good [illegible] come? whose damnat[illegible] just.

9 What then? are w[illegible] than they? No, in no [illegible]: for we have before proved [illegible]oth Jews and Gentiles, that they are all under sin;

10 As it is written, There is none righteous, no, not one:

11 There is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God.

12 They are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable; there is none that doeth good, no, not one.

13 Their throat *is* an open sepulchre; with their tongues they have used deceit; the poison of asps *is* under their lips:

14 Whose mouth *is* full of cursing and bitterness:

15 Their feet *are* swift to shed blood:

16 Destruction and misery *are* in their ways:

17 And the way of peace have they not known:

18 There is no fear of God before their eyes.

19 Now we know that what things soever the law saith, it saith to them who are under the law: that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God.

20 Therefore by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in his sight: for by the law *is* the knowledge of sin.

21 But now the righteousness of God without the law is manifested, being witnessed by the law and the prophets;

22 Even the righteousness of [illegible] which *is* by faith of Jesus [illegible] unto all and upon all [illegible] that believe: for there is [illegible]ifference:

[illegible] For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God;

24 Being justified freely by his grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus:

25 Whom God hath set forth *to be* a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God;

26 To declare, *I say*, at this time his righteousness: that he might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus.

27 Where *is* boasting then? It is excluded. By what law? of works? Nay: but by the law of faith.

28 Therefore we conclude that a man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law.

29 *Is he* the God of the Jews only? *is he* not also of the Gentiles? Yes, of the Gentiles also:

30 Seeing *it is* one God, which shall justify the circumcision by faith, and uncircumcision through faith.

31 Do we then make void the law through faith? God forbid: yea, we establish the law.

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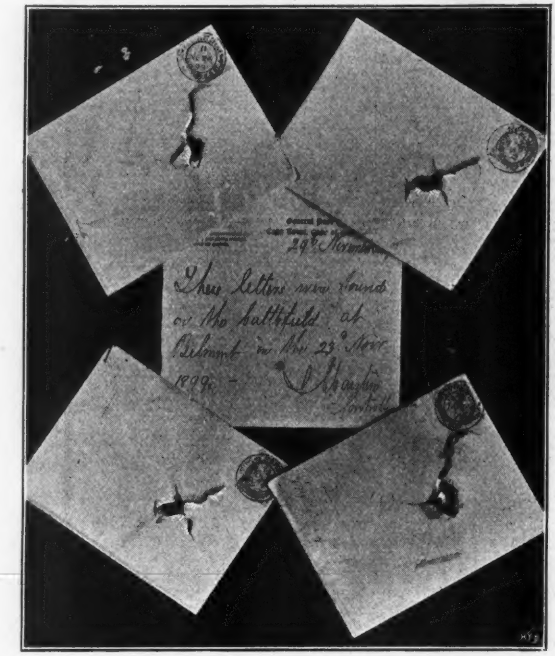
A MAUSER BULLET IN A MARKED TESTAMENT—PICKED UP AFTER THE BATTLE OF GRASPAN

except in the improbable event of a European invasion, has always somehow managed to have a considerable stake in what is going on. Volunteering in England now promises to become a very stern reality, but up to the present it has not meant more than proficiency in military drill. In Cape Town, on the other hand, it has always meant liability to go to the front; and, to do the manhood of Cape Town justice, that liability has always been cheerfully, even eagerly met. Indeed, one of the greatest hardships inflicted by the political conditions of the Colony at the outbreak of the war was that they prevented the full use of the Volunteer infantry regiments. Just the same may be said of Graham's Town, Port Elizabeth and the other large English centres in the Colony. These towns however contributed their full contingents to the forces which were chiefly responsible for breaking the back of the native rebellions, which began in 1877-78 and were only concluded in the Basuto war —a really considerable affair—of 1880, the Tembu war, and other native rebellions which broke out as a consequence of the disturbed conditions of the Africa of that period.

Local people took very little share in the Transvaal War of Independence, as that, from various circumstances, was regarded as a purely Imperial business. The fact that it was so had doubtless a very important share in determining the early intention of the Imperial authorities to conduct the present campaign with Imperial forces only. Nevertheless we older Colonists can recall the awful gloom which fell upon Cape Town when the news came down of the death of Colonel Deane, Major Poole, and other officers who fell in the days preceding Majuba. Regiments in those days remained quite stationary in Cape Town for considerable periods, since the magnificent camp at Wynberg had not then been thought of. Of course, in a Colonial town, military men form a very important social element. It was at the time of the visit of the two princes, one of whom, H.R.H. the Duke of York, still survives, that the news came down, and it cast a sad shadow upon what would otherwise have been a very festive occasion.



LETTERS PICKED UP AFTER THE BATTLE OF BELMONT, SHOWING BULLET HOLES

But the culminating news of Majuba! The sale of the newspapers always affords a fair gauge of popular feeling in South Africa, as in most other lands; and never shall I forget the dark, surging crowd, many thousands strong, which blocked St. George's Street from the cathedral seawards, as the then equivalents for a special edition of the *Cape Argus* were produced and distributed as fast as the comparatively primitive appliances of those days would permit. We have had similar scenes, on a much larger scale, in these last weeks in Cape Town and the other large centres of population in the Colony.

The news of Majuba had a remarkable effect, even upon the most loyal of Dutch Colonists; and one of them, a man whose belief in English good qualities and British freedom made him a staunch and loyal subject of the Queen, could not resist saying to a friend of mine, with strange exaltation of spirit, "What do you think of my cowards of countrymen, now?" The expression is well worthy of serious consideration, as it contains the key to much that has since happened in South African history. Nevertheless, the conflict was, as I have said, so circumscribed that not many local evidences could be seen of what was going on. Natal, of course, was much more interested than the Cape Colony, as in those days everything was done from Natal as the base, and the troops went straight home without any other connection with Cape Town than a call there for coals and supplies.

There succeeded a period of profound stagnation and bitterness; but the people were brought once more face to face with the realities of war when, in consequence of disturbances in what is now the Bechuanaland Protectorate, it was determined to send out an expedition commanded by Sir Charles Warren; and it was here for the first time that Cape Town, in modern parlance, had "a show." This expedition was remarkable as the first in which the now famous khaki was used. The whole arrangements of the campaign were due to the practical mind of Sir Charles Warren, which grasped the fact

SOME BOER PRISONERS AT THE CAPE

SOME OF THE WOUNDED AT WYNBERG

that if South African warfare was to be successful, it must be conducted upon wholly different lines from those which gave us the "thin red line" of heroes. It may be said to have laid out, in the main, all the arrangements, which have since become so familiar to the public. Military discipline was, of course, of the strictest; but some new features were introduced. One was the enlistment of the athletic young Englishmen of comparatively good position for what was known as Irregular forces. Sir Charles Warren discerned how to weld this material into a fighting machine, which has approved itself in all subsequent South African warfare; how to supply water when marching, by digging wells on the otherwise waterless stretches of the veldt; a vigilant outlook, modelled on South African lines; and, as the results of this bloodless expedition proved, these arrangements were most effective. The Boers, who had laughed at the British regular soldier, would not venture to try conclusions with the Gentlemen in Khaki; and the expedition, as we know, was completely successful. I do not purpose to enter upon any military criticisms of the present operations beyond allowing myself the reflection that it is very strange that the results learned in the expeditions of 1885 were not applied fifteen years later.

Sir Charles Warren's expedition really formed the nucleus of all subsequent Irregular military work in South Africa, and it will be found that many of those who are now at the front learned their first lessons of warfare as young members of Warren's force. There followed, as we all know, a period in which military policy was devoted more to the dangers with which, it was held, Imperial interests were threatened than to anything internal in the country. A time of comparative peace and good-will succeeded the pacification which resulted from the expedition.

It was for Imperial purposes that Cape Town, which had been practically unfortified, was converted into one of the most strongly fortified outposts of the Empire, the work being carried on for several years. Big guns were placed at every important point along the shores of Table Bay, and the garrison was very considerably increased.

The far from picturesque old barracks in Cape Town, belonging to the worst period of architectural taste, were found to be wholly inadequate for the new order of things, and the work of constituting a fine modern camp was carried out during the succeeding years. The site selected was the lovely Wynberg

WYNBERG CAMP HOSPITAL

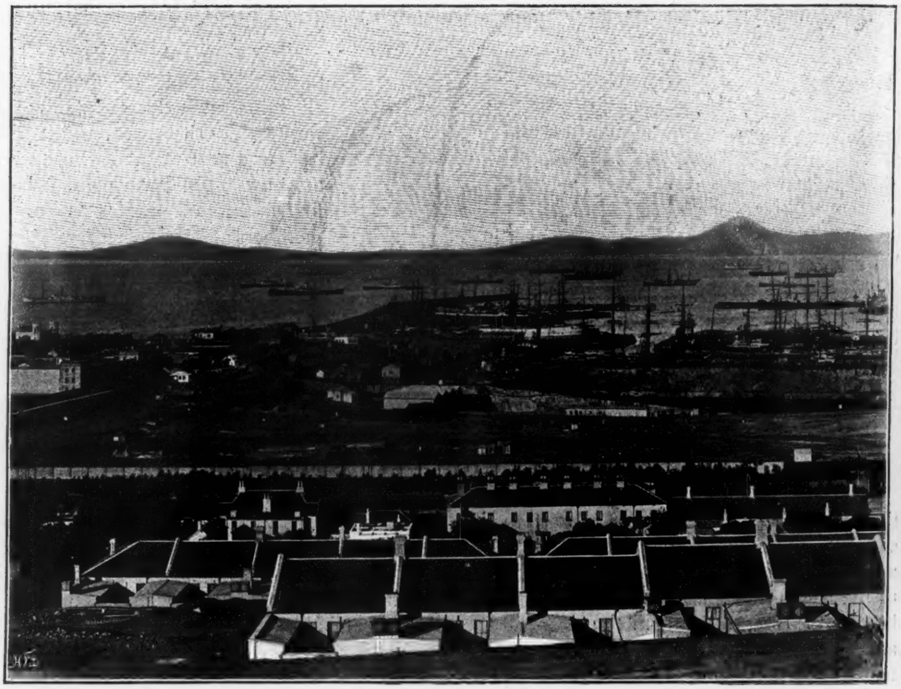


TABLE BAY, SHOWING TRANSPORTS

Hill, about eight miles out of town; and here will now be found as fine a camp as any in the Empire. The public of Cape Town and its suburbs thus became accustomed to the presence of nearly all arms of the service; whilst the garrison of Natal was also considerably strengthened.

With the year 1890 began the recrudescence of Irregular men. The expeditionary force which Colonel Pennyfather and Major Johnson led into Mashonaland was composed of much the same elements as the Warren expedition, and, like that expedition, it accomplished its work without firing a shot. The same men were called upon for the first Matabele war in 1893, and with this Irregular force the Chartered Company came out of that struggle completely victorious. Old observers of South African military matters divined that a new force in South African affairs had been brought into being, and speculated—little foreseeing the exact form that events would take—as to what would happen if the victorious Irregulars found themselves some day confronted with the Boers of the Transvaal and the Free State. By this time it had become apparent, owing to the influx of the gold-mining population that some day the issue would have to be tried as to who was to govern the Transvaal. However, except for those of the Irregulars who remained in the service as members of the various northern police organisations, the volunteers returned to their civil employments. But it should not be forgotten that they were ready to be reorganised at any time, into a formidable force.

I pass by the numerous native expeditions of the Transvaal, but it is important not to overlook them because they served to keep what is known as the commando law alive, under which every burgher of the Transvaal and the Free State has to hold himself in readiness, with horse, food and ammunition, to fight the battles of his country. The utter unsuitability of this system for an industrial population was one of the main causes of the breach between the two peoples in the Transvaal, which has resulted in the present conflict. One does not like to say

TABLE BAY, SHOWING TRANSPORTS

much of the unhappy Jameson raid, but, abortive as the expedition was, it is useful as showing that the new material of which I have spoken was, from the year 1893, always available for such kind of warfare, and that it had at its back, in the young fellows in the English portions of the Colony, further material of the same kind, destined to play no insignificant part in shaping the destinies of the country.

Although, of course, everything was under a cloud after the dark events of 1896, no one supposed for an instant but what, under proper administration, Irregulars would still be found formidable forces. That the Volunteer forces of the country were kept up to the mark is apparent from the readiness with which thousands of volunteers — Regular Volunteers if I may be allowed the expression—came forward to take their part with the irregularly raised forces when war broke out. And this brings me to the South Africa of to-day.

Cape Town and the other ports are, of course, far removed from the seat of operations, but they present all appearances of a well organised base. Table Bay, for instance, has presented a spectacle without parallel in the history of South Africa and seldom paralleled in any part of the world. As many as a hundred and fifty vessels, nearly all of which were British steamers in use as transports, have, on more than one occasion, ridden at anchor at one time in Table Bay; whilst the entire dock area has been marked by an activity truly Herculean. The clubs and hotels for months have been full of busy officers on their way to the front. No inconsiderable portion, and frequently the great bulk of the passengers by the mail steamers, have been soldiers of all ranks destined to spend a few busy days of preparation at the base, and then to move forward, in one apparently unending stream, for the great scenes that are being enacted up-country. The banks are full of officers making their final dispositions for the payment of drafts at the nearest bank branches to the scene of operations. The Standard Bank met the necessities of the case at once by opening a branch at De Aar, which has proved exceedingly useful in the essential matter of remittances. Along the suburban line to Wynberg, every square yard of available ground is covered with tents and corrugated iron buildings for temporary hospitals and stores. Wynberg camp is one vast hospital; and a fine open piece of ground at Rondebosch, similar to the golf links of the old country, is being utilised for the same purpose.

The land immediately adjacent to the terminus and the Castle is encumbered with traction-engines, steam-ploughs, balloon impedimenta, and other warlike implements, awaiting their turn for transport up-country. The tramp of men, and the rumbling of artillery are seldom absent from our streets, whilst the side-walks are thronged with soldiers of all arms, who jostle with the refugees, both rich and poor, whose battle they have come to fight. They vanish, no one knows how and no one knows whither, since, by desire of the military authorities, little or no record is kept by the newspapers of the passage of troops. Enormous temporary camps have been erected in the neighbourhood of the town; one for Infantry on Green Point Common and another for Cavalry at Maitland, whilst yet a third, for Irregular mounted corps, is established at Rosebank. On landing, men and horses alike proceed to one or other of these camps to recover from the effects of the sea voyage, and in a few days they are seen no more. Possibly a brief notice in the newspapers says that they have gone to the "front," or to the "north," but never where. Perchance, they are next heard of in the ghastly list of casualties supplied by the Censor from some spot several hundreds of miles distant. One shudders as, continually, the hospital train with its dreadful freight rushes through at express speed to the Rondebosch and Wynberg Hospitals, having travelled down from the front with the wounded and the sick, not a few of whom have expired upon the journey. One military cemetery near Wynberg Hospital is rapidly filling, and it need scarcely be said that the sad processions there are painfully frequent. Similar scenes are witnessed in Natal. But Port Elizabeth and East London have not been used to any extent for war purposes, except as temporary points of detention prior to the regiments entraining for the Stormberg or the Colesberg districts.

SOME AUSTRALIANS

One redeeming feature in all the painful paraphernalia of war is the magnificent way in which colonists have come forward to provide every possible comfort, not only for the sick and wounded, but for the newly arrived soldiers, both Regulars and Volunteers. I know one gentleman who has been in a perfect fever of patriotism during the whole war. He has neglected his business, which happily could stand it, and spent hundreds if not thousands of pounds out of his private means, in purchasing food, drink, tobacco, matches, fruit, and all sorts of other comforts for the men. He has entertained at the club every volunteer officer he could find, and has spent not a little of his time in personally supervising the work of cutting up sandwiches and the like for departing soldiers. In a lesser degree his example has been followed by numbers of colonists, while the ladies have worked as only ladies can work, in the same good cause.

Immense activity has also been developed in the way of supplying the spiritual needs of the men. No army that has entered the field of battle has ever been so thoroughly

GREAT BARGAINS
CAPE ARGUS
KIMBERLEY RELIEVED
KIMBERLEY RELIEVED

NEWSBOYS AT CAPE TOWN

equipped in this respect, and the men and women who have devoted their lives to this work have reaped not only a harvest of souls but must have had placed to their credit many a precious life and many an invaluable limb; for regardless of the hail of bullets, clergy and evangelists alike have rescued the wounded from the field and nursed the suffering in the ambulances and field hospitals.

Not less arduous than the actual fighting in the field has been the work of the local Volunteers, to whom has been assigned the fearfully monotonous though most essential duty of guarding the lines of communication. It is not their fault that terrible havoc has been worked upon the railway bridges, culverts, and the line itself beyond Modder River on the one hand, and the Orange River on the other. But for them, far more serious damage would have been caused, and communication cut with the ports and bases of operations. Those who have travelled in South Africa, or even those whose knowledge of the country is confined to photographs of the bare Karroo, will realise what it is to be stationed at lonely places on the illimitable veldt, where an important bridge or culvert has to be guarded. But the work has been undertaken without a murmur and, as a matter of fact, not one single accident of any consequence has happened to the two hundred thousand soldiers who have been conveyed over the lines of the Cape and Natal railways to the operations at the front.

There is one aspect of the war which I sometimes think is not wholly realised in England. Of course we Colonists are fully sensible of the awful sacrifices which are being made, alike by the castle and the cottage, in the old country, by the death of some of the flower of the English aristocracy, as well as the brave fellows who have died in the ranks. At the same time the ordinary industry of England has been, as we hear, in a better condition than usual. In South Africa, on the other hand, the war has demoralised everything. Cape Town is full of people who had to leave large possessions in the Transvaal and the Free State, but who do not now know which way to turn for a penny. Many of them are actually in receipt of relief from the Mayor's Relief Committee, which administers the fund collected throughout the Empire. The case of the poor from the Transvaal is, if anything, still harder. It was a terrible sight in the early weeks of the war to see every day, and sometimes twice a day, whole trainloads of helpless refugees arriving in Cape Town, dirty, unkempt, hungry and destitute from their trying journey from Johannesburg, often in open trucks. For some months, Cape Town presented a most singular spectacle. The streets swarmed with people wandering aimlessly about, hugging

NEWSBOYS AT CAPE TOWN

(F. Gow, photographer, Cape Town)

Lieut. C. Wood, A.D.C. Lieut. Beauclerk, A.D.C. O. Walrond, Esq., Private Secretary

Mr. Conyngham Green, C.B. Lady Lily Green Sir Alfred Milner Mrs. Hanbury Williams Lieut.-Col. Hanbury Williams, C.B.

A GOVERNMENT HOUSE PARTY

themselves with the belief that the war would be over in a few weeks, and that they could return to their homes. In the later months, owing to the operations of the relief committee, thousands of these refugees have either been shipped to England, or have been found rough employment in the Colony. Great numbers of them have provided for themselves by enlisting in the Irregular forces; and, altogether, it may be said that this phase of the horrors of warfare is over.

The stagnation of business throughout the Colony is something that beggars description. No one would buy or sell or make any venture whilst the period of uncertainty remained. Even legitimate amusements and ordinary social observances have all been suspended. At Government House, the great centre of high-class social life, the Governor and High Commissioner, Sir Alfred Milner, has been so preoccupied with great affairs of State as to be quite unable to afford time or strength for social functions; whilst Mrs. Hanbury Williams, wife of Sir Alfred's able and popular Military Secretary, to whom are entrusted the domesticities of the establishment, has willingly given up many hours of every day to work connected with the relief of the wounded, the sick, and the distressed.

It is one of the most singular facts connected with this war time, that even crime has shown a remarkable diminution. The very burglars do not seem to care to pursue their interesting avocation while the cloud of war hangs over the land. The one thing that people seem to care for, is to assemble in the streets and wait for war news. During the earlier months of the war, English colonists went about with long-drawn faces and in a state of tension which has undoubtedly told upon the whole population, while Boer sympathisers were to be seen in small groups about the streets sniggering over every British reverse. All this, of course, is altered now, and the English inhabitants, I need scarcely say, have let themselves go after the successes of the last few weeks. No such scenes have ever been witnessed in Cape Town, as when the news of Cronje's surrender and the relief of Kimberley were followed by the good news from Ladysmith.

There was always, I am bound to say, a conviction of the ultimate success of the British arms, with an absence of the despair which seems to have settled upon the home public at one dark period; but the time of actual success is something very different from mere confidence in the time of adversity, and this has been abundantly proved in the later phases of war times at the Cape.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL

By the EDITOR

THE first time I saw the late Duke was when he was Marquis of Lorne, and when he and his father were living in Ardincaple Castle on the Clyde, of which he gives a graphic description in his "Scotland as it is and as it was." He had even then attained a certain celebrity, for although a very young man, he had entered into and won distinction in the red-hot ecclesiastical controversy which had enlisted the strongest minds in Scotland, and ended in the establishment of the Free Church. It was, therefore, with some interest that I, boy as I then was, looked up to the gallery in the old Parish Church of Row—associated with the ministry of perhaps the greatest theological mind Scotland has produced in this century, the saintly and most unjustly treated Dr. John Macleod Campbell—and there saw the high-bred intellectual looking lad with the long reddish hair brushed back from his lofty forehead, sitting beside his gentle-looking father. The Duke was always a remarkable looking man, bearing visibly the *cachet* of a noble descent, his head especially being splendidly moulded. A year or two ago I told this incident in my early life to the Duke, when we were both the guests of Lord Kelvin. He at once became interested as the memory of that past was recalled and with some humour he described how it had been his lot when a young boy to be taken to hear the famous minister of Row, and how weary the long sermons which he failed to understand were to him. He then harked back to Ardincaple, and turning to Lord Kelvin said, "Now keep your mathematical mind closed to what I am about to tell Dr. Macleod, for we Celts have a knowledge of many things unknown even to your science." He then told me how an elder brother had died when he himself was very young, and how "eerie" the old castle seemed to him, especially as his room was next to the one in which the dead body of his brother was lying. For relief from his thoughts he was in the habit of gazing out of the window, and when doing so the day after his brother died he beheld a pure white pigeon perched on the branch of a tree which was close to the room where the body lay. If he tried to startle it off it would fly a short distance, but ever came back to the same branch and as near to the window of the room as it could. There it continued like a sentinel until the funeral had taken place, when it flew off and was seen no more. I was struck by the solemnity with which the Duke related the incident. It was in harmony with the Highland belief that the soul of the unburied dead, usually in the form of a bird, watches near the corpse until it is buried. I was able to tell the Duke a similar story, which had been given me by the present Duchess Dowager. When her mother, Mrs. McNeill of Colonsay, died in that island, a white sea-bird settled on the sill of the window of the room where the dead body lay, and in spite of every effort to drive it off, nothing could prevent its return to the same spot, where it remained till the funeral was over, and then disappeared for ever. The interest the Duke displayed in these incidents revealed an element in his character which those who regarded him chiefly as an embodiment of unsentimental intellect, scientific but not romantic, would not have suspected. But there was a stronger vein of Celtic imaginativeness, and a sympathetic love of Celtic traditions, and even of Celtic superstitions, than the outer world gave him credit for. Lord Kelvin listened, but did not permit mathematics to disturb the effect of our stories.

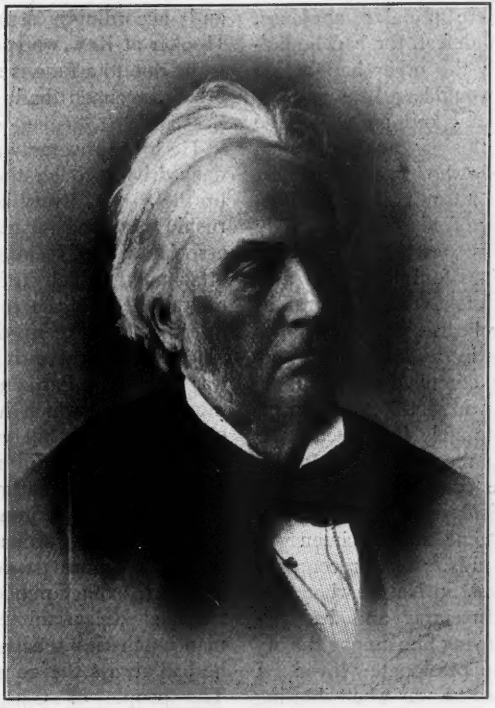
On the same occasion the conversation turned on Huxley, and on some of the passages of arms which the Duke had with him in controversies which are now largely forgotten. It was, however, interesting to listen to what the great scientist, Lord Kelvin, as well as the accomplished amateur scientist, had to say on the matter in question. Both emphasised strongly the inconsistency between Huxley's denial of what is usually called the Teleological argument and his continual practical acknowledgment of design. "You cannot read a page of Huxley," said Lord Kelvin, "without finding some allusion to purpose in the evolution of organs." "It was the Greek word perhaps which he disliked," said the other. "An end and purpose served by the development of organs is one thing—but to speak of teleology, although 'telos' means an end, was another—and became his aversion."

When in 1847 the late Duke succeeded his father, the revenue of the Argyll family had enormously diminished. In the early part of the century the estates attached to the dukedom were very extensive and during the time when the "Kelp" industry was flourishing they were also much more valuable than Highland estates are now.

It was Duke George, uncle of the late Duke, who is said to have been the prodigal who wasted the ancestral property. Those were the days when as Prince Regent and later as King, George IV. set an example of gambling and immorality which told with terrible effect on those who had the *entrée* of the Court. Duke George was a gay, brilliant and fascinating man, but given to reckless extravagance. The consequence was that his debts had to be paid by the sale of one fine property after another. My grandfather, of whose ability and integrity the late Duke has written in terms of marked eulogy, acted as chamberlain over the Argyll estates in the West Highlands at the end of the last century and beginning of this. The chamberlain's house in Mull was so situated as to be convenient for travellers wishing to visit Staffa, and accordingly many were the interesting people who claimed hospitality. On one occasion Duke George himself arrived and with him Sheridan. Very early in the summer morning Sheridan putting his head out of the bed-room window began crowing like a cock. The result was that every cock in the neighbourhood—turkey cock as well as barn-door fowl—began to crow and trumpet in answer to his challenge. Sheridan was delighted at his success, but not so was Duke George or the household, whose slumbers were thus irretrievably disturbed.

But the extravagance of this good-natured Duke George told severely on his successors and perhaps most severely of all on the late Duke, who came to his title at a time when Highland property was suffering unusual depression after the potato disease and other calamities. The force of circumstances compelled him to manage what remained to the very best advantage if his estates were to be saved. He set himself bravely to the task of retrieving the fortunes of his house, and being by conviction a disciple of the most uncompromising school of political economy, he made no pretence of sentiment, but dealt with his tenantry on purely business principles, driving the best bargains he could. There was no doubt as to his integrity, nor as to the intelligence with which he managed his affairs, but his relationship with his people lost much of the character of the paternal government which we associate with a Highland chief. And it was unfortunate that the circumstances of him who bore the historic title of "Mac Calain More" should have been such that political economy had to take the place of old feudal sentiment. Not that the Duke lacked Highland sentiment. No one was more intimate than he with the history of his country and he had at heart a true enthusiasm for its traditions, legends and scenery. When so inclined he could unfold the riches of his knowledge of localities and families. He enjoyed to the full the glory of Highland scenery, and was ready with pencil as well as pen to record his impressions. But business was business, and bad times had to be borne, and so he failed, of necessity almost, in making himself the centre of popular enthusiasm—and he did not seek it.

It is not the object of this paper to give a formal estimate of the character and career of this undoubtedly great and good man. His death leaves a place empty which few if any can fill. A keen patriot and politician, an experienced statesman, an accomplished scientist, if not in the region of original research, yet from his acquirements as an accurate scientific scholar, widely read in almost every department of culture, an orator and debater of rare gifts, he was also the writer of voluminous works worthy of taking a high place in the literature of the country and dealing with subjects of the most diverse character, ranging from the lofty argument of "The Reign of Law" or "The Unseen Foundations of Society" to such delightful monographs as that on Iona or to clever pamphlets on some Scottish Church Question, which none but Scotsmen can understand. He even wrote a novel, and published also a volume of verse. He was himself a typical Scotsman; not of the Lowlander but of the Scotsman who speaks with the Highland accent and has the Highland passion—often concealed it may be under a cold exterior, but none the less there. By connection and affection he was more devoted and loyal to the distinctive traditions, beliefs and institutions of Scotland, in Church as well as State, than is unfortunately the case with most of the Scottish nobility.



(Lombardi, photographer, London)

THE LATE DUKE OF ARGYLL

The regret is frequently expressed that he had never been sent to a public school or great University. I believe he himself shared that regret. There can be no doubt that he was thereby a loser in many important respects. The arrogance of manner which he sometimes displayed, and the *cocksureness* of attitude in debate which did his influence some injury, would have probably been cured by public school and University life. But he also gained much by having been thrown on his own resources and compelled to work out opinions for himself. It made him become the indefatigable student and keen observer; and the conclusions he came to were not second-hand but such as had been tested and proved by his own thoughtful reasoning.

When we recollect the versatility of his powers and the variety of his achievements the only public man of his time who presents a parallel is Mr. Gladstone. In many respects they had points of marked similarity. Both were intensely earnest in their beliefs and almost encylopædic in knowledge. Mr. Gladstone was by far the greater classical scholar, but the Duke of Argyll was to an equal extent his superior in scientific attainment. Both were keen ecclesiastics as well as politicians, the Duke being as instructed an adherent and as devoted by conviction to the Presbyterian Church of Scotland as Mr. Gladstone was the learned and devout defender of the Episcopal Church of England. One of the last acts of the late Duke was the munificent gift of the ruins of Iona to the Church of Scotland. Both were by temperament men of war, delighting in debate; but the Peer had not the magnetic attractiveness of the great Commoner. He had not the touch of human sympathy, or, at least, not the art of awakening the sympathy which is so essential for popular influence. The one strove to win enthusiasm for himself as well as his cause—the ambition of the other lay rather towards intellectual victory, without much caring for mere popular applause. This was perhaps a defect, for had he cultivated the art which the other had at his command, the Duke would have been perhaps the most potent moral and political force of our time. And this is the more provoking because they who knew him best recognised the great warmth of his convictions and the nobility of his aims. Deeply religious, clear in his views and brave in their assertion, full of intellectual and moral enthusiasm, almost without a rival in eloquence and power, he had faults of manner and a certain *hauteur* in dealing with others which hindered the complete effect of his powers being felt. And yet how delightful he was when thoroughly interested. Sir John Murray in a recent tribute to his memory says that he could name only two other men who displayed a similar intensity of joy when some new specimen was presented for his study. One recognised this keenness of interest in Nature when they were with him at Inveraray and had the privilege of accompanying him among the objects and scenery he passionately loved. I remember how moved he was when showing the havoc a great gale had caused in an avenue of noble trees, and how touched when he related how the able and good Parish Minister, since gone to his rest, had burst into tears when he beheld the devastations. His eye was continually on the alert for any fresh natural phenomena. He has told the world the results of his constant observation and reflections on the flight of birds, and as an instance of the manner in which he was on the watch for information, I may recall the story which he gave me for publication in GOOD WORDS,* among some other strange yet true stories. Strolling on a stormy day among the woods at Inveraray, he noticed a raven flying over the shoulder of his favourite hill—Duniquoich. The bird came over the trees beneath which he was, and seeing it had something in its bill, he shouted and clapped his hands till it dropped what it was carrying, which proved to be a fir cone with its scales reverted, and on each scale was a reticulated pattern of some dark stuff. Most men would have thrown the cone away, but the Duke was too intelligent a student to be so careless, and accordingly sent it to Sir William Hooker at Kew, who pronounced the pattern to be due to a fungus so rare that only one other specimen had ever been found in Scotland.

He loved Inveraray and never tired of his daily drive through the castle grounds and up the glen. Every rock and tree and the rushing Ary had for him the charm of many associations. It was that intense local attachment which the proposal to run a railway through the romantic valley excited in him the keen determination to defend its ancient privacy. Never perhaps was a prosaic Parliamentary Committee so moved as that which he addressed with an eloquence and skill which fairly carried it by storm. The Bill was defeated as few bills of a similar nature were ever defeated, by an appeal to sentiment. If he was often regarded as a utilitarian, few could be roused to more passionate utterance than he when some public question like the so-called Bulgarian atrocities or the Armenian butcheries touched his feelings. And he had always the courage of his opinions. The people of Glasgow will not readily forget his *pluck* when, worn out with illness and suffering acute pain, he came bravely on the platform to deliver his soul at a crowded public meeting, or the shock they experienced when after a few minutes he was carried out insensible, and was with some difficulty restored.

The Duke was a frequent contributor to this Magazine, both in prose and verse. Several of the most famous of his books such as "The Reign of Law," first appeared in GOOD WORDS, and among other articles those on the Geology of the Highlands had a special interest from the original sketches with which he illustrated them.

As I write this paper the decision as to the place where his remains are to be laid has not been made public, but I presume to express the hope that the ancestral burying-place at Kilmun, by the sweet shores of the Holy Loch, and near the foundation of the sixth-century Columban Church of St. Munn, and beside the last fragment of the Collegiate Church founded in 1452 by the Knight of Lochow—the famous ancestor of the Argyll family, will be fixed upon. It is a lovely spot and the old vault contains the ashes of the famous men from whom he sprung. There lies the headless body of the great Marquis, beheaded in 1661, and the head also, which was deposited some two years later.

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* Vol. 36, p. 405.

I cannot refrain in this connection from quoting a passage from the life* of Dr. Norman Macleod senior, the Celtic scholar whose Gaelic writings and work as a philanthropist are well known in the Highlands. He thus describes the funeral of the late Duke's father in 1847, at which he was asked to officiate. "There were about a hundred Highlanders, all dressed in Campbell tartan, with kilt, bonnet and sword, in great taste. They lined the procession and carried the coffin. Campbell of Islay, his son and Lord Bute, supported the Duke. The coffin was placed in its last resting-place. . . . I stood over the tomb of the Black Knight of Lochow and his lady—two finely sculptured tombstones such as one sees in Westminster. There lay Donachadh an' Aigh, or 'Good Duncan of Lochow,' famous in his day for all that was good; then Ian Ingotach who burned the Castle at Inveraray when O'Neill of Ireland offered him a visit, and then excused himself by saying that his house was destroyed. Then came the magnificent coffin of the great Duke John of Greenwich, the companion of Marlborough and second in command in all his great battles—'he who shook the senate and the field'—there he lies! and Gillespie Gruamach his brother, the long headed, sagacious, and able man who built Inveraray Castle; and then the good old Duke and Field Marshal for whom my father-in-law Mr. Maxwell long acted as chamberlain, of whom I heard my own father speak much; and beside him the coffin of his Duchess, the loveliest lady in the kingdom, who was sent to meet Queen Caroline—the wife of two Dukes, the mother of four—there in her narrow and slender coffin the celebrated Miss Gunning. Then came the leader of the gay, Duke George, the extravagant and foolish, yet the favourite of all. I never met a man who took such a hold of my mind, he presented me to my first parish; he presented me at Court, and was kind, courteous and attentive at all times."

In 1878 I was privileged to attend the funeral of the first Duchess of Argyll and the remains were borne to Kilmun from Roseneath Castle. It was a remarkable company which attended the Duke in his sorrow. Besides the Duke of Sutherland, brother of the late Duchess, there were Mr. Gladstone, Sir William Harcourt, the present Duke of Devonshire, and many other well-known public men, and the scene at the vault was touching from its simplicity and from the unaffected tokens of sympathy that were shown. It seems therefore right that the mortal remains of the most brilliant, accomplished and best of the Argylls should lie beside the ashes of his ancestors, the distinguished representatives of the most distinguished of our historic Scottish families.

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* Memorials of the Rev. Norman Macleod, D.D., Senior, Dean of the Chapel Royal, and Minister of St. Columba.

IN REMEMBRANCE

By ELLEN ADA SMITH

"THAT Mr. Timothy Burt refuses to give a cent to the new hospital, for all his wealth; he is nothing but a skinflint."

It was said in a New York car by a lady dressed as only American ladies can dress, she was so fine in her summer magnificence that she quite overshadowed a little nonentity of a woman squeezed into the corner.

This little body was elderly and old-maidish, just the sort of person to be squeezed into corners on every occasion. Her eyes—

if any one had taken the trouble to look at them—were younger than the rest of her; they were quick-moving and changeful and soft.

Elderly though she was, she had not reached the dead level of resignation that is like the Slough of Despond. She had a little pride still left, and such a longing to return to her native land that the pain of it kept her a living soul, and not a mere mechanical drudge.

"Why not try Mrs. Timothy?" suggested the friend of the aggrieved lady; "perhaps she is almoner!"

"I doubt it," answered the other dryly; "there are two of one mind in that house."

The shabby little woman smiled to herself, knowing that Tim Burt had been gifted with a saving knowledge from his youth up. Yet the fancy seized her to try and win from him what the others could not. The thing would be a triumph, besides——

Stopping the car she got out, and made her way to a gay furniture store where there were mirrors in the window, and gazed intently at her reflected face. She thought it looked plainer than usual, so with an anxious touch she preened herself, and the passers-by saw more humour in her actions than she did herself.

"He will never know me again," she decided; "never—after thirty years. I would not risk it otherwise."

Arrived at his offices she boldly asked to see the great man, and there was something so determined about her that the clerk did not notice her shabby appearance, and showed her straight in.

"A lady to see you, sir."

This was merely official politeness, for she was only a homely quaint body with eyes softer than her tongue. At the moment of entering she could see nothing but the money-spinner's bald head, for he was busily writing. She did not speak, and presently he looked up. She was comforted to see only blank inquiry and no recognition.

"I am come to know if you will give a trifle towards the building of the new hospital. More money is wanted to finish it, and if you——"

Her speech was correct, but not that of an educated person, and he cut her impatiently short.

"I have already refused to contribute anything," he answered curtly. "I look upon the place as a nuisance, and much object to its being so near."

His hardness made her throw prudence to the winds. She went close and looked him full in the face.

"Tim Burt! Tim Burt! Can't you mind years agone, when the harse flinged at 'ee, breaking a lag; and wasn't it Farmer Jarge's fat beast as hooked 'ee so turrible bad, that you hollied out with the anguish for weeks after? If any one had told 'ee then that you would live to have no pity for poor mortals in pain, you'd had toused them well for it—you would."

To his bewildered senses the accustomed room seemed to fade away and become lost in pleasant uplands with brilliant patches of bluebells among the thin feathered grass. He could hear the gentle munching of the sheep—the tinkle of their bells; he could smell the salt breath of the sea which made the breeze so health-giving. Nay, more; there was a lad he seemed to see, light of heart, going whistling to his work in the hope and freshness of early morning. Such a remembrance made him feel old and weary, so he turned angrily upon the woman.

"And who may you be, I should like to know? There is no reason, because you happen to come from the old place, that I——"

He broke off, scanning her uneasily from head to foot.

"I have not the least recollection of you. It is not possible that you can be——"

He paused again, conscious of his folly in mentioning names; but she read his unspoken fear easily, and the pride that was in her leapt to arms.

"So you think I'm *Lucy* Derriman! As though she would demean herself by intruding upon you here! Surely you can mind of Martha?"

There was defiance about her as he looked her up and down, this time with obvious relief, being long past the time when the reappearance of an old sweetheart could mean anything but annoyance.

"I see now you are Martha right enough," he answered slowly; "you were always harder-featured than Loocy. Folks did say as you took the skim and left the cream for her. Yes, I see 'tis Martha right enough."

He said it with thoughtful resignation, for she had surprised the veneer of thirty years clean off him; and they had both sprung from a class which is given to speaking plainly about personal appearance.

"Sit down," he said a little more cordially, "and tell me how you came to be in these parts."

"I came out to keep house for Jack in Maryland, but he died of consumption two years ago."

She answered very briefly, and he did not think fit to inquire as to her present circumstances. If Martha Derriman had not prospered, the fault was none of his.

"Dear, dear! and Jack the youngest of you all! What about Loocy now? I suppose she was married up comfortable years ago."

For all his hardness he was a little ill at ease then, and his look avoided hers. If he had seen her eyes then in their wistfulness, as she answered jauntily enough:

"To be sure; married up comfortable to Jimmy Meech, six months after you stopped writing to her."

Although this was not true, it should have been grateful hearing to Timothy, yet he resented it.

"What! a pretty piece like Loocy married up to that girt long-lagged Jimmy, a man as never thirds his mangold? I always thought he was after *you;* he'd have done well enough for you."

Under the influence of her presence the unaccustomed words belonging to his youth came trooping back of their own accord. No other way of speaking to her would have been natural; nor did she seem offended at his insinuation that anything in the shape of a man was good enough for her, but not for Lucy. Her eyes even sparkled as she answered:

"They are married all right, and are as happy as can be! There's heaps of young stock on the farm, and you should see 'em of a Sunday setting in church with their five boys and two girls! 'Twas a pretty sight when I was home, but they must be fine lads and maidens by now."

His face darkened, being a childless man with a hard money-loving wife; and just then he seemed to see Lucy in the exquisite bloom and freshness of young womanhood. How the sun shone in her hair, just as it used to! None of his gold was one tithe as bright.

The woman leant eagerly forward.

"I 'low as you really loved her at the onset."

"God knows! I was but a boy-chap, with my way to make, and Loocy hadn't nothen."

But he knew regretfully that the lad and the girl had even then been rich with untold wealth—rich in youth and hope—ay, and love, a treasure that his coffers had not contained for years.

"You've changed," she said slowly. "What a sperrity lad you used to be! Can't you mind dowsing Dan Legg in the pumptro' because he served our kitten bad—an all-over white kitten it was with a tabby tail?"

The clerk opened the door.

"Mr. Carl Rasch to see you, sir."

"I cannot see him. I am particularly engaged."

Then Timothy Burt turned to her with a frown of anxious recollection of his lined forehead.

"Not an all over white kitten surely; hadn't it a patch of tabby on the back? Ay, I can mind how Loocy hollied out; she was turrible fond of cats. A bad buoy that Dan Legg! I'd do the same again." Then habitual caution asserted itself: "But he bid fair to make an awful big chap."

She eyed his unathletic figure with grave compassion: "You've plimmed since then. I do fancy you'd not stand much of a snock now. But you need not be hetting Dan Legg any more; he's been dead these many years."

The silence lay heavy between them, until he suddenly turned suspicious:

"Where was you to when I dowsed Dan? I can only mind of Loocy being by. Where was you to?"

"I was in the backhouse, stripping feathers. 'Tis so long ago you forget."

This remark was providential in suggesting a new train of thought.

"You and your feathers, Martha! I couldn't bide in house when you was bakin' of them. Tell about smitches! I zim I smell of 'em now."

She laughed a softer laugh than Martha had ever been guilty of—Martha, the terrible tidy woman; so called, more in exasperation than admiration, by the victims of her rabid cleanliness—Martha who was too "near" and saving to pay her sister's fare across!

They were now thoroughly warmed to

their subject, and both revelled in a quaint and homely speech that would have astonished the clerks outside.

Timothy Burt required the minutest particulars of people whom until then he had totally forgotten, and he was marvellously surprised to find so many of them dead. It was like turning over a full page to encounter one all blank!

"We be gettin' uplong, Tim; gettin' woldish with never chick nor child to comfort us. It do zim a pity too—if you'd a-married Lu——"

He silenced her abruptly, and again the golden-haired vision swept fresh across his fancy.

"It is to be hoped," he said, not without latent jealousy, "that Loocy's children favour her. That Meech was always a dumbledore of a man—not but what he'd a-done for *you* right enough."

He had no intention of being rude, but in the old days Martha had never minced matters, and he saw no reason to mince them now.

"They are knowledgable," she answered modestly, "and the eldest girl is like what Lucy used to be, so they tell me. The buoys wur a bit wild as lads."

Tim Burt assumed an almost parental displeasure.

"No management about the father," he said. "I'd have hided them proper. I never could bear bad idle buoys."

"And yet I can mind of some bad buoys caught stealing apples in Squire Thorn's orchard. Tom-fair-maids, they were—beauties!"

Tim Burt actually laughed.

"And I was the only one caught. The bailiff hided me for the lot. But you are right about the Tom-fair-maids, they were worth a hiding."

"Tim!" she said, and her voice grew more earnest, "Tim, do you never hanker after the old place?"

"I have no time for such fancies, or I might."

His apathy stirred her into passionate speech.

"I couldn't bide quiet but for the hope of saving enough to carry me back. Oh! when I do think of all the miles—the weary miles, I 'zim as it can't be true. Sometimes in the workroom I see the old home so plain as can be! I smell the gillyflowers until I'm sick with longing. Your house was too backsunded to have them so early as we—turrible backsunded your garden was, but the sun would wake us mornings before even the wood-pigeons were calling in copse. Can't you hear them calling, 'Go to school, you fool, you fool'? And then we'd meet you down the knap, where the man lived who was hagrod. Don't you mind of the beautiful fresh smell of the earth, at the autumn ploughing, and can't you see the hedges all a-fire with red leaves and burries?"

"You have changed," he said wonderingly. "I never thought you cared a dump for such idle fancies. Now Loocy——"

"It's being away," she interrupted hurriedly, "and upon times it is like a hunger that nothing will stay. One day in the gardens I heard suddenlike the lapping of water, just as the sea would lap in summer, upon the pebble-ridge of the cove. The leaping of my heart nearly stopped it; but when I looked there was only a foolish little duck squacketing in a puddle."

She was terribly in earnest then, and unsympathetic Timothy Burt even felt a thrill of something like pity, but she had almost forgotten him, for the still waters running so deep and so silently for years had at last tumultuously overflowed.

"I do fear sometimes that I may be strook for death before I've time to get home. Oh! to die and be burried here! I shall never bide quiet unless I am laid away in that looe corner with the dear wold folks. You mind the little looe corner down by the plough-ground? Your poor wold mother is burried there, Tim; and 'tis but a shabby grave for such as her; but there is just space enough left for a little body like me."

She had not the least idea of asking any help from him, and she came to herself trembling and ashamed. She rose to go, but he stayed her. She had touched him home at last, and his own vision was as blotted and blurred as hers; for once upon a time he had loved his mother dearly.

There was a long pause, and then he plunged his hand into his pocket, bringing out all the gold it contained. "For the hospital," he said huskily. "Stay, it is not enough, you shall have more. I will send for some."

And he did. She went away with her thin

shallow little pocket weighted down with gold. But he did more, for he sent her home as his paid agent to personally superintend the erection of a suitable monument over his mother's grave. Before accepting the commission, she owned to the innocent deception, and Tim Burt felt honestly glad that, through his means, his old love might return in comfort to her native land.

The joy of going home nearly killed Lucy, until she got used to it; but the grand memorial over poor homely Mrs. Burt almost crowded Lucy herself out of the looe little corner.

ON THE DARK THRESHOLD

How cold it feels! tho' the sun still shines on your face so close above.
I am slipping into the Silent Place, where I shall not see you, Love;
I must walk alone through the Gates of Death to the Land we do not know.
Do not weep for me when they lay me down where the cypress-trees bend low.

Do not weep for me when I lie asleep, for my dreams shall be of thee;
I shall see thine eyes, I shall feel thy touch, it will cheer and hearten me;
Though we do not know what this death may mean, yet I shall not go with dread,
Though I walk alone in the Silent Land, for my love will not be dead.

Through my dreadful sleep I shall dream of thee, and thine eyes shall light the grave;
Death can never take from the lonely one the love that living gave;
I shall feel thy kiss when the winds blow soft in the cypress-trees above,
I shall dream of thee through the long, long years, nor grow weary dreaming, Love!

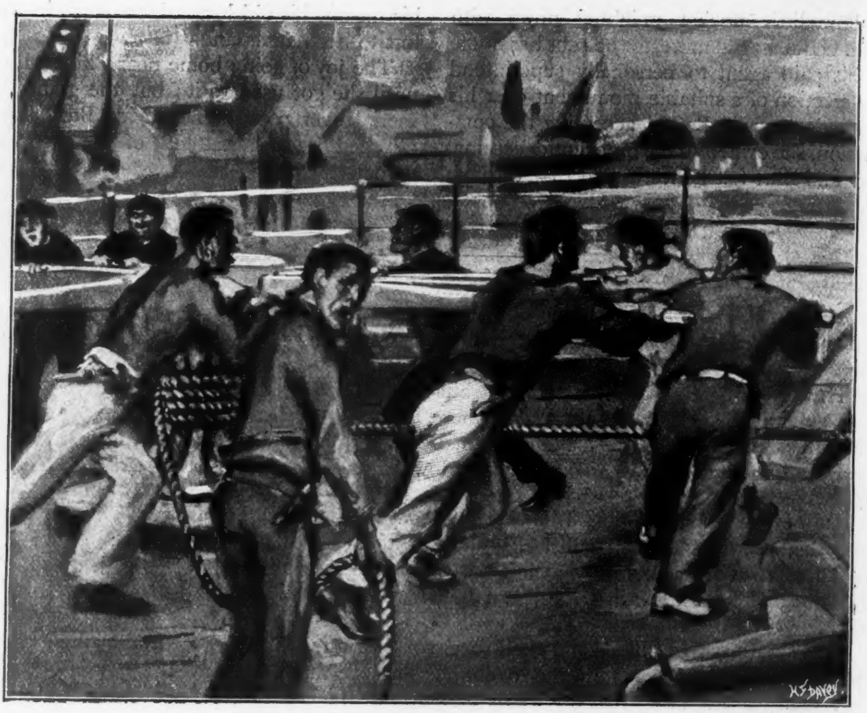
MARGARET S. CLARK.

SAILORS' WORK SONGS

BY J. E. PATTERSON

ILLUSTRATED BY W. CHRISTIAN SYMONS

THE time was when all ocean-travellers were compelled to enter into close contact with the real son of the waters—with Jack in his proper element, Jack at home with his fingers in the tar-pot. But steam has changed all this. To-day the true sailor is as unknown to the average travelled landsman as to his more stay-at-home brother. That the seaman as our fathers knew him is becoming a vanishing quantity is but a partial truth—true only in the fact that he has passed from our minds, because our travelling does not take us into his company—unless we go by very uncommon routes. That Jack has changed is a mere obvious necessity. What could stand still in this kangaroo-like age? Almost the very manners and morals of yesterday are obsolete to-day. So with the sailor—that scapegrace, never-settling member of the human family. The family has moved on up the hill of progression, and he has perforce gone with it. But while there are sailing ships—"wind-jammers," he terms them—the real Jack will be alive. Like the folk-songs of mountain peasantry, he cannot die while legends live. The young recruit to the great waters is moulded and trimmed by old hands, as the latter were by true old salts who have completed and passed in their log-books for the inspection of the Sailmaster of all voyages. In this they are assisted by



"Away Santa Anna!'

their peculiar environment and by the unnoticed forces at work during long dreary passages under canvas. Thus is the sailor, not the mere steamboat seaman, kept in existence; thus does he pass on the songs which belong solely to him and are so characteristically of his life.

That the deep-water sailor—as is termed the one who keeps to far-going sailing vessels—has a song for almost every piece of work wherein four to a dozen men are engaged is probably news to thousands who can claim to have been beyond the shores of this "right little, tight little island." Aboard-ship these songs are known by the name of "chanties"—which is, in all probability, either a sailor's pluralising of our word "chant," or a corruption of the French "chanson."

We will take a set of these songs in order, as on a voyage, and begin with the crew on their turning-to after joining the ship in the East India Dock. The command has come to move her to the lockpit; the mate passes it forward; the bo'sun yells it in at the fo'c'sle doorway, and the men—all in some degree sober—appear on deck. The shore-boatmen pull away with the line; it is made fast to a bollard on the quay, its in-board part taken to the capstan; the bars are shipped, and round we go—sullenly, for this is the initial note of some eighteen months' comparative isolation. Then the bo'sun—that connecting link between men and officers—cries out, "A song, boys, a song! Come, isn't there a 'chanty-man' in the crowd?" In response a negro—he being of a livelier temperament than his white shipmates, despite the fitting melancholy air of his farewell—begins:—

We're on the plains of Mexico,
(*Chorus.*) Away Santa Änna!
We're on the plains of Mexico
Hurrah for Santa Änna!
Santa Änna fought his way,
All on the plains of Mexico;
Santa Änna gained the day,
Hurrah for Santa Änna!

How Santa Ănna came to be spoken of in a masculine sense is a mystery that cannot be solved by the writer, in spite of the considerable time he has spent in endeavouring to arrive at the sources of these old work-songs. In the chorus all men at the capstan join. In "chanties" proper never more than three, generally but one or two, lines are sung by the soloist. As may be expected, the airs, like the words, are of a shoddy kind. Very often the singer will introduce lines of his own making, either out of conceit, or because he has forgotten the acknowledged ones; yet the chorus ever remains the same. Rarely does it happen that, however moody the men commence a piece of work, if a song be started they do not finish it lustily, and in a better frame of mind.

Now, while more of the above has been sung—capstan and hauling "chanties" being usually of a considerable length—the vessel has shortened-in her heaving line. Here the end is taken to the lock-head; the bars are again manned, and—this time from a British throat—we move around to the old ballad-like tune of:

'Tis of a flash packet of bully-boy fame;
She sails from the Mersey, and the *Dreadnought's* her name,
(*Chorus*). Bound away, bound away!
She sails from the Mersey, where the broad waters flow;
Then away to the west'ard, oh God let her go!
Bound away, bound away, where the stormy winds blow;
She's a Liverpool packet—oh, God let her go!

By the time the "Dreadnought" is concluded, the ship is taken in tow, her tug-boat being of a large and powerful make; for clippers, unless the breeze be a steady easterly one, are usually towed well down Channel. We will suppose that the wind is fair. The lower topsails are loosed and sheeted home; the foresail and lower staysails follow; then all hands—cook included—man the fore-topsail halyards, the "chanty-man" standing up and pulling on the downward part with the second or third officer, and we get:

Whisky is the life of man,
(*Chorus.*) Whisky, Johnny! *

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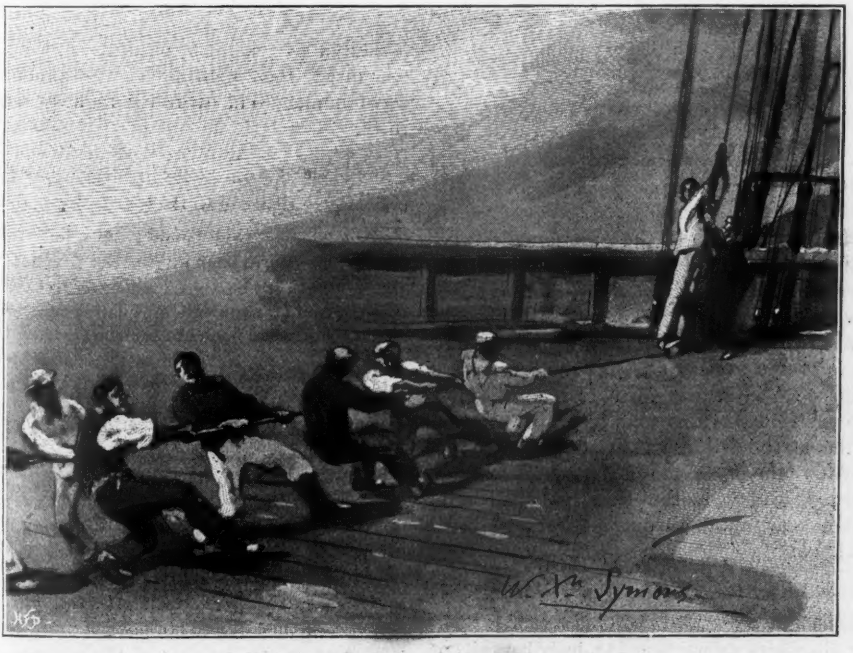
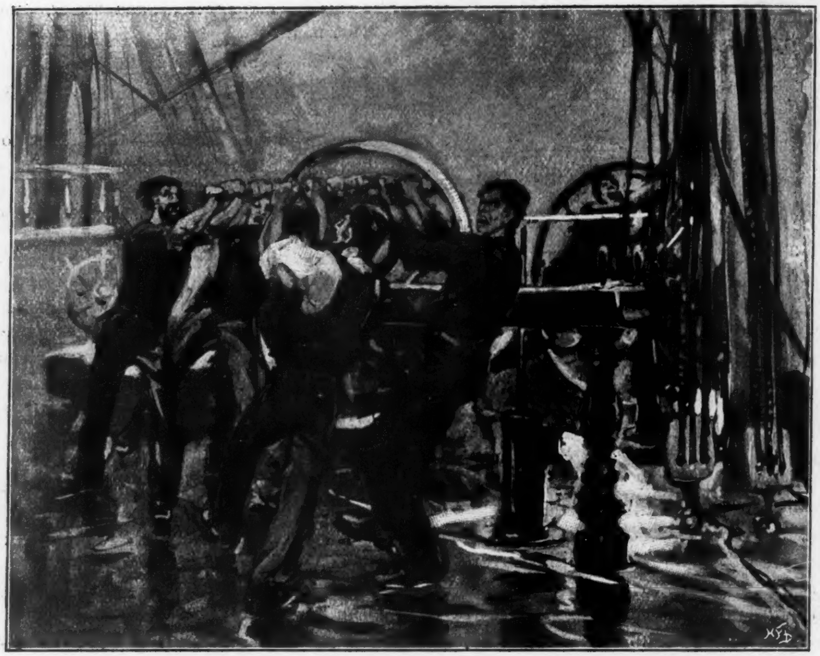
* With this word, and at every recurrence of it, all pull together.



"Whisky is the life of man"



"To me hi-hi-hi, Mister Stormalong!"

Whisky is the life of man,
  Whisky for me, Johnny!
Whisky made me go to sea,
  Whisky, Johnny!
Whisky made me go to sea,
  Whisky for me, Johnny!

If the singer be of the common order he will here tell what he would do were the ocean made of whisky; how, if he had a "whisky-shop," he would hang it on a halyard-block and haul the men up to it; and more of the same kind until the mate cries "Belay!" But occasionally a man will give the remainder of this song its proper version—that is, the evil of its subject.

After the fore, the main-topsail will be hoisted, and with the work we shall probably hear another outward-bound ditty, such as:

Oh, where are you going to, my yaller gal?
(*Chorus.*) Away to Rio! [*All pull together.*]
Oh, where are you bound to, bully-boys all?
  We're bound to the Rio Grande! [*Pull.*]

The above is also used as a windlass "chanty" when heaving up the anchor to leave home. The wording then generally runs:

Oh, where are you bound to, sailor boys all?
(*Chorus.*) Heave-o, Rio!
Oh, where are you bound to jolly Jack-tars?
We're bound to the Rio Grande!
Then it's heave-o, Rio! heave-o, Rio!
And fare you well, my bonny young girl,
For we're bound to the Rio Grande!

Oh, what to do there, my sailor-boys all?
Heave-o, Rio!
Oh, what do you there, my jolly Jack-tars?
In that far-away Rio Grande?
Then it's heave-o, Rio! &c.

After a stanza on the fever, this song goes on to say what the vessel will load according to probability—how she will return home, and what the "sailor-boys" will do on arrival—if they live to come back; and its air is as near as can be that of the independent milkmaid, whose face was her fortune.

Thus the heavy sails are set, and lighter ones follow; the tow-line is cast off; England's white cliffs fade away astern, as the sun sinks below the horizon ahead; night comes down, with its vague fear for the new voyager's heart, its commonplaceness to the ocean's wanderers, and we are alone to do our business on the waters. Now day slips by on the heels of night; night goes as uneventfully after it; they stretch into weeks; the breeze freshens, and we taughten halyards to the somewhat lively tune of "The Banks of Sacramento" the first part being:

Now, my lads, get your beds and lie down,
(*Chorus.*) With a hoo-dah! [*All pull together.*]
Now, my lads, get your beds and lie down,
With a hoo-dah, hoodah-o! [*Pull.*]

Blow, boys, blow for Californio,
With a hoo-dah!
There's plenty of gold, so I've been told,
On the banks of Sacramento,
With a hoo-dah, hoo-dah-o!

We came to the river where we couldn't get across,
With a hoo-dah!
And the plenty of gold, as you'll now be told,
Was a bully, bully, bully loss.
With a hoo-dah, hoo-dah-o!

The third line of this last stanza gives a good idea of what is to follow.

Here let us suppose that the weight of wind increases so that we must shorten sail. Later on it freshens, breaks into a gale, and we are soon afterwards lying-to under a reefed maintopsail. Then, as the ship is found to be slightly leaking, we man the pump-wheels while we sing:

Storm along, and round we go,
(*Chorus.*) To me way storm along!
Storm along, and round she'll go,
To me hi-hi-hi, Mister Stormalong!

Storm along through frost and snow,
To me way storm along!
Storm along through frost and snow,
To me hi-hi-hi, Mister Stormalong!

The above is succeeded by a piece of flattery paid to the personified storm. Next, the singer works in the style of how *he* would have a ship built, rigged and manned; how he would feed the men on "cakes and wine," what he would load her with, and the wonderful places to which they would sail. By this it will be seen that one with sufficient imagination and flow of words can draw out the pump-song into an interesting ditty, and if he has the gift of satire—which is usually his in some crude form—he will indirectly let the officers know how *they* should comport themselves and govern the vessel.

However, the breeze slackens; more canvas is needed, and the topsails again go up, the first to the lively strains of:

Sally Brown is a nice old lady,
(*Chorus.*) Away-aye, roll and go! [*All pull together.*]
Sally Brown is a nice old lady,
Spend my money on Sally Brown! [*Pull.*]
Sally, Sally, why don't you marry?
Away-aye, roll and go! &c.

The remainder tells how "for seven long years they have been a-courting," and that Sally will not marry until he stops on shore to work by the dock-side.

Then, on the next set of halyards, this song is most likely followed by:

Blow, my boys—I long to hear you—
(*Chorus.*) Blow, boys, blow! [*Pull.*]
Blow, my boys—I long to hear you—
Blow, boys, bully boys, blow! [*Pull.*]

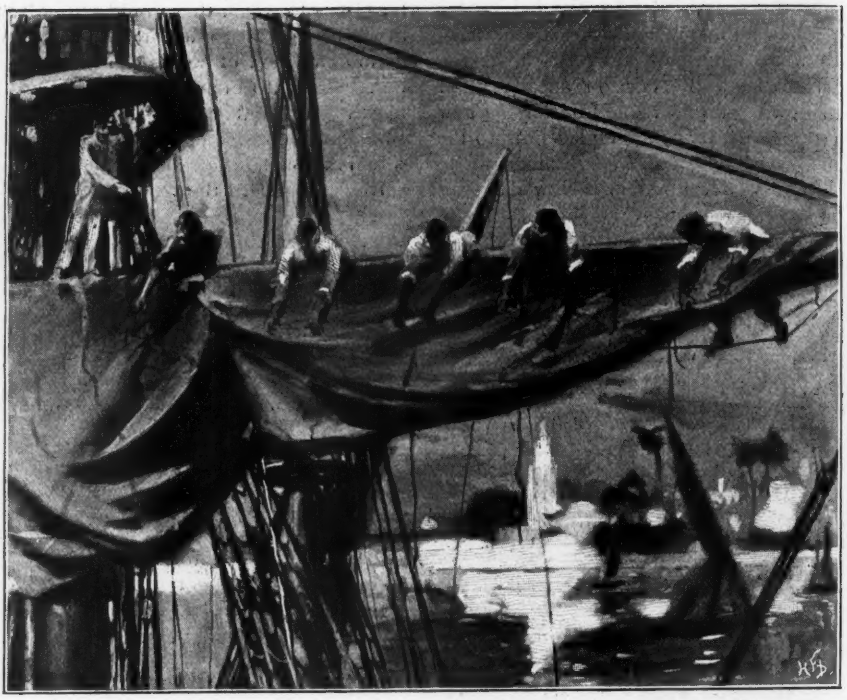
A Yankee ship came down the river,
Blow, boys, blow!
Oh, how do you know she's a Yankee clipper?
Blow, boys, bully boys blow!

Here "Blow, boys, blow" develops into a description of the differences in food and appearance that marks the American from the British vessel, and is often made to contain some arrant nonsense.

Now we find the wind has gone ahead, and brace up our yards, then flatten the sheets as we chant:

Little Johnny Boker, what made you go to sea?
(*Chorus.*) Do, my Johnny Boker, do! [*Pull.*]
Little Johnny Boker, in Liverpool you ought to be,
Do, my Johnny Boker, do!

This, too, has more stanzas, though sung to no other kind of work. But the officer has cried "Make fast!" which we do and leave it. Then, as the mainsail is shaking in the wind, we reeve a bowline and shout:



"Aye, aye—aye, aye, and we'll pay Paddy Doyle for his boots!"

The bully ship's a-rolling,
(*Chorus.*) Haul away the bowline! [*Pull.*]
Its a-raining and a-snowing, a-snowing, a-snowing;
It's a-raining and a-snowing,
The bowline haul! (*pull.*)

Thus is the outward passage made. The anchor is dropped at, say Garden Reach, below Calcutta; and while the heavy sails are being rolled on to their yards the banks of the Hoogly resound with:

Aye, aye—aye, aye, and we'll pay Paddy Doyle for his boots!
Aye, aye—aye, aye, and we'll have no slop-chest suits!

At the end of each line the sail is bunted a little higher, until it finally rests on the yard. The foregone is given entire, and is evidently the shortest song, good or otherwise, in our language. Its first half seems to hint of some Irish shoe-maker who was paid for his boots with the tiller-rope, or with a "stern course," *i.e.*, not paid; while the second half refers to the inferior clothing sold at high rates by most captains. Then comes the weighing of the anchor to return home, naturally a joyous day; a day when every hand goes lightly to its work, and scarcely feels tired when night and "all sails set" put an end to the long task. Now we all warm to our work on the windlass-bars, and in the crowd there is barely a heart that does not swell as the links come in to the words:

Pipe all hands to man the windlass,
See your cables stowed all clear:
We to-day set sail from India,
And for English shores we'll steer.

(*Chorus.*) Rolling home, rolling home,
Rolling home across the sea;
Rolling home to dear old England,
Rolling home, sweetheart, to thee.

If you all heave with a will, boys,
Soon our anchors we will trip;
And we'll cross the briny ocean
In our good and gallant ship.
Chorus.

Of the above there are but eight more lines. It is one of the very few "chanties" without nonsense of some kind, and it is best rendered when divided between the watches, one watch singing the stanzas, and the other the chorus. Unless the cable has been previously shortened in, one song will not last till the anchor is apeak. Thus "Rolling Home" will probably be followed by "Roll the Cotton Down"—a "chanty" that is only suitable for capstan and windlass work, and is a great favourite with the negro cotton-stowers on the Mississippi—or "The Australian Girl," or "Bound to Western Australia," which are also heaving "chanties" only.

Next, when the tug-boat leaves us off the long and dangerous Hoogly, we spread our canvas for home under such lusty airs as:

Sing a song of Ranzo, boys,
(*Chorus.*) Ranzo, boys, Ranzo! [*Pull.*]

Sing a song of Ranzo, boys,
Sing a song of Ranzo! [*Pull.*]

Ranzo took a notion to cross the briny ocean,
Ranzo boys, Ranzo!
He was a New York tailor, but he thought he'd be a sailor.
Sing a song of Ranzo!

Thus night and day, in foul weather and fine, fore and aft, the work is made light by songs which have a long and curious history, yet are barely dreamt of outside the life that keeps them alive. But, like all else, they must die, and the beginning of their death has begun. The modern spirit, its materialism, stress, and poor dignity are silencing them in small ships; while the same added to the power of steam-winches for raising top sails, anchors and the like, are killing these old ditties even in the descendants, so to write, of the once famous "Black Ball liners."

Here, completing our voyage, we will—for variety's sake—suppose her to have been an unpleasant vessel, and warp her into dock while singing:

Leave her, Johnny, leave her,
(*Chorus*) Leave her Johnny! [*Pull.*]

Now we'll sing you a farewell song,
Leave her, Johnny, leave her! [*Pull.*

Leave her, Johnny leave her,
Leave her, Johnny!
Pack your bags and go on shore,
For it's time for you to leave her!

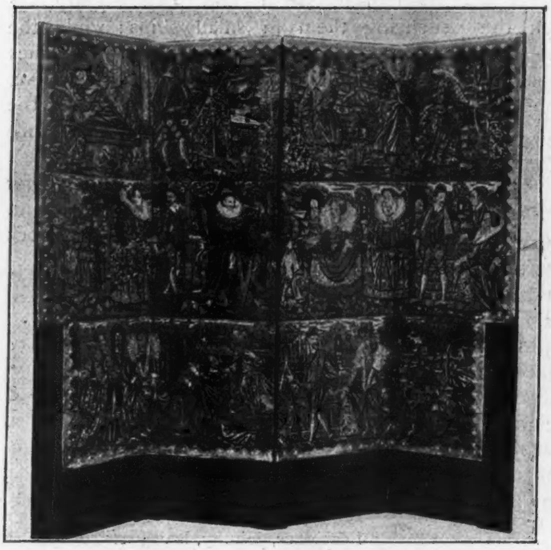
Leave her, Johnny, leave, her
Leave her, Johnny
For the grub was bad, and the wages low,
So it's time for you to leave her!

Leave her, Johnny, leave her,
Leave her, Johnny!
For the mate's a terror, and the "old man" 's worse.
So it's time for you to leave her!

Now, with our bags on our shoulders, we bid her good-bye, knowing her to be as good as many, and better than some, and rather regretfully picturing the day when an old negro was allowed to sit and fiddle to the "chanty-singers."

HOUSEHOLD GODS

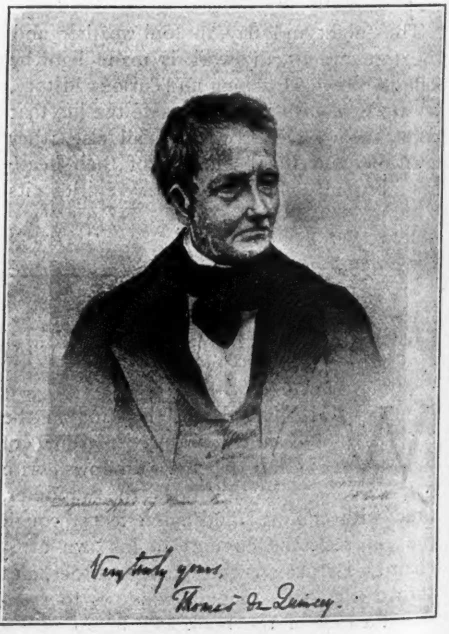
WHEN there is a howling in the chimney and a splashing of sleet on the windows, with what joy does the wanderer, tired with trailing mud-laden feet through the wet, seek the comfort of his own arm-chair! Its place is the warmest corner, and turned from the weeping windows to command a view of the bookcase, lit up with a cheerful glow from the fire, to the extinction of the fast fading daylight. All outside pleasures, however engrossing, are bound to wane with custom or repetition, but the joy of returning home, if it be to the right kind, is absolutely unchangeable and inexhaustible. It is only here that we have such a tender intimacy with each inanimate object that awaits us, occupying its own peculiar place, appropriately adapted to its neighbour; and affection towards those lifeless things can never be misplaced, for they administer to every varying mood in the soothing power



THE QUEEN MARY SCREEN

possessed by something domestically familiar. The room is empty, but for the occupant of the armchair and a marble Venus in crouching timidity, who, although unsuitably clad for the season, is yet welcome wherever found, probably because she is dumb. The walls flicker such a smiling hospitality upon those two that even the ebony cabinet relaxes something of its impenetrable gloom, and catches in mysterious flashes the glow of the flames, which rest luridly and fade untraceably round its countless corners.

The tapestry figures on the old screen worked by Mary of Guise, and possessed by her ill-fated daughter, start into life with the dying of the day, and the story of Jeroboam and Rehoboam is before us. We see Ahijah, dressed as in the time of Queen Elizabeth, tearing up Jeroboam's new garment, holding two pieces in his hand, and scattering the other ten parts round the mighty man of valour. Then Rehoboam, crowned, appears on his throne, taking council from old and young. We follow him to the altar of the golden calves, where he kneels only to have his hand disabled for the sin of such a worship. The prayer of the man of God restores him and he joins the feast of revellers, to be pursued by misfortune which is depicted in the illness of his child, beside whose bed crouches a distorted beast, probably an emblem of death Jeroboam's wife, in the next panel, disguises herself, appearing first in blue then in red, to seek the prophet with offerings of loaves and honey, and on the ground below we find worked the devices of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and it is of interest to note that a lizard destroys the rose, and a snail consumes the shamrock, but the thistle rears itself in full flower unassailed, a compliment, doubtless, from the French queen in recognition of her connection with Scotland. The tapestry is catalogued in the royal inventory as having been in Mary Stuart's possession, but it must have been lost in the wanderings of a disjointed court, for it appeared in a pawn shop, to be exchanged for an old kitchen range, before it was recognised as a Queen Mary relic, and put in its present well protected form.



DE QUINCEY

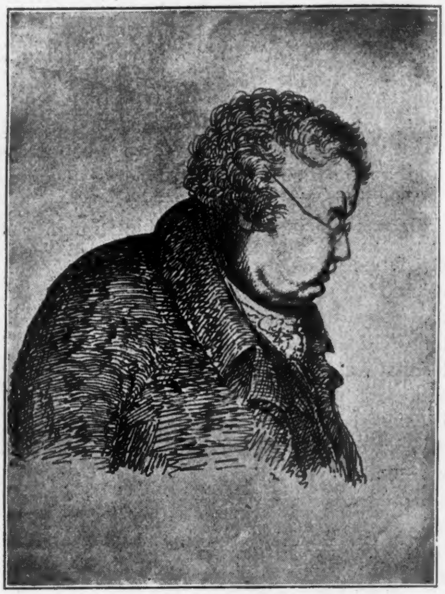
What curious wanderings the things around us have experienced if we but knew their histories. Even the candlestick holding the light that we are using the better to see the thirty-one figures on the tapestry has not always known the comfort of a settled home, for it once shed its rays over the disorderly and miscellaneous writing-table of "Christopher North."

It was on just such a winter's night as this, with the rain scouring the empty streets, that he, seated late at work, was startled by a ring at the bell, and De Quincey, in dripping disorder, stood before him. His request was for money, no uncommon one; the professor, as usual, had not a penny, but blowing out the lights before him he thrust the candlestick into De Quincey's willing hand, who engulfed it under his coat, and disappeared into the howling darkness. Years passed, and nothing was heard of either De Quincey or the candlestick, when one night Professor Wilson's sister, Lady McNeill, dining at the house of Lord Colonsay, her brother-in-law, noticed on the table before her a piece of silver with whose spiral shaft she seemed strangely familiar. Requesting to examine it, she mentioned some marks peculiar to a candlestick that had belonged to her mother. These were discovered upon the one in question, proving it to be the piece of silver given by "Christopher North" to De Quincey in his hour of need, which was afterwards bought at a sale by Lord Colonsay, who had the pleasure of returning it to its original owner.

Other things besides candlesticks were unfortunate enough to go astray under the united and incomparable housekeeping of "Christopher North" and De Quincey. In the year 1829, Professor Wilson's gold medal was won by a youth of nineteen, and on the day of the prize-giving it was duly presented to him. In the following session, however, Wilson had no reward ready for the successful candidate of the year, so he borrowed the medal, simply for the occasion of the presentation, from the holder of the previous session, to whom he never returned it. More than half a century after this event a grand-daughter of Professor Wilson, in looking over some old silver, found a gold coin of the university, and went to the college to ask who was the medallist of session 1829-30. She was informed that Henry Moncreiff was the name of the holder for that year, so she had the pleasure of bestowing the medal on the late Henry, Lord Moncreiff (Lord Justice Clerk) who remembered the circumstances perfectly, how he had won the prize for a Latin poem on fox-hunting, and, when it was borrowed and never returned, had been too shy to ask for it. He was delighted, therefore, to accept his medal from so graceful a representative of the old professor, even though it came just sixty-one years too late.

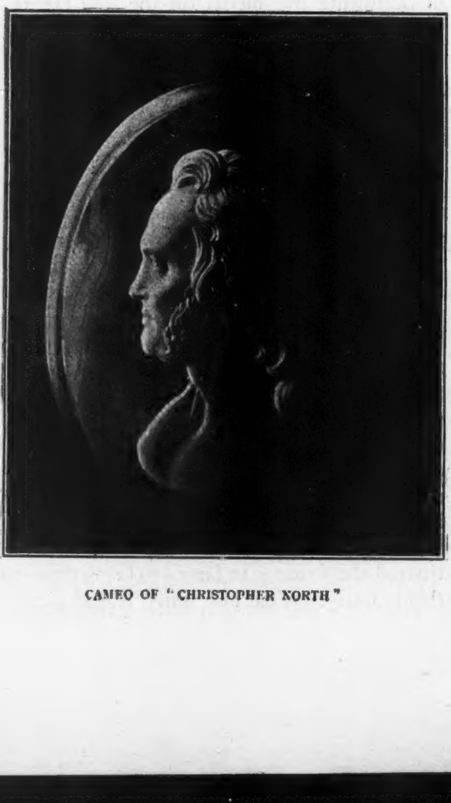
PROFESSOR WILSON

It was not, unfortunately, only property belonging to other people that went astray from the Wilsons' household. The history, for instance, of the small cameo bearing the features of "Christopher North" is worth recording. It was in the year 1857 that Professor Wilson, in a fit of domestic prodigality, desiring to give his daughters each a present, ordered McDonald, the Scottish sculptor resident in Rome, to cut three cameo heads of himself, in profile. McDonald, in course of time, executed the commission, and entrusted the cameos to Orsini to bring them to this country. That misguided Italian patriot varied the monotony of his journey north by trying to blow up the Emperor, for which dastardly attempt he was imprisoned, losing not only the three heads entrusted to him, but, unfortunately for himself, his own head as well.* After this event many years elapsed, and the thought of recovering the lost cameos was abandoned by the professor's family, when the late Mr. John Blackwood by chance came upon them in a shop in London, and after hearing that they had been brought into this country from a pawn-shop in Paris, purchased and brought them to Edinburgh to give to the two daughters of Wilson who still survived.



LORD ROBERTSON

(From a sketch from life by the late Mr. Robert Scott Moncrieff)



CAMEO OF "CHRISTOPHER NORTH"

McDonald the sculptor worked very beautifully in silver as well as in cameo and gave "Christopher North" a handsome snuff box of that metal with a head of Wordsworth in relief upon the lid. No doubt he gave this present knowing how much Wilson appreciated the genius of that poet. One day Wordsworth came to call on "Christopher North" at his house "Elleray" in the Lake country, and a niece of Wilson's visiting there at that time is amused to recall that the professor, in showing his august visitor to the door, was so interested in something he himself was saying, that he had walked the whole way home with Wordsworth, a distance of about five miles, before he noticed he had on no hat, and was in his house shoes. A few days afterwards the "Elleray" party went to lunch with Wordsworth and, on nearing his cottage, saw him seated on a bench at his door shelling peas, with a shade over his forehead, for he had something wrong with his eyes at the time. He cordially invited them to enter, and when they were seated in his parlour turned to Professor Wilson's niece and complimented her on her powers of walking. Then getting up he said that he too was supple in the back, and to prove it raised one of his feet and kissed the toe of his boot, much to the surprise and admiration of his visitors.

At this time Wordsworth's poems were a topic for heated discussion, and articles laudatory or the reverse appeared in many of the leading periodicals. His position, however, placed him above the risks of trickery which some other less exalted poets were not so fortunate as to escape. It happened once that Lockhart noticed in the "Quarterly" a book of somewhat weak poems by his friend Peter, Lord Robertson. With considerable trouble he arranged that the printers should insert in one volume the following lines, by way of an epitaph,

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* On January 14, 1859, Orsini threw three bombs, intended to hit the Emperor, which, although they killed many people, left Napoleon III. unhurt.

Here lies the peerless paper lord, Lord Peter,
Who broke the laws of God and man and metre.

On the day that the review was given to the public Lockhart contrived to have this volume left at Robertson's house, who read the verses with horror, imagining that he was thus held up to ridicule in all the numbers for that quarter, and was only appeased by seeing the natural pleasure his discomfiture had given to those chosen few whom the tormentor was kind enough to take into his confidence. Reviewers themselves did not always escape an answer back, if their criticism had been more than flesh and blood could silently bear. Tennyson wrote a few verses as answer to the review by Professor Wilson upon his first edition of poems.

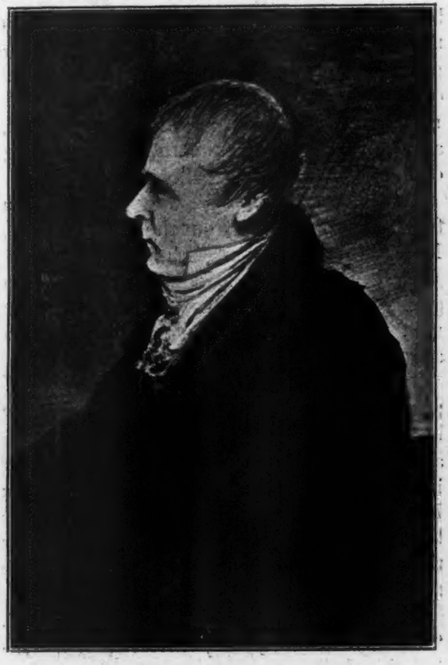
Addressed:
To Christopher North.
You did late review my lays
Crusty Christopher
You did mingle blame with praise
Rusty Christopher

When I learnt from whom it came
I forgave you all the blame
Musty Christopher
I could not forgive the praise
Fusty Christopher.*

Works of art as well as literary efforts often provoke amusing criticism and retorts. When Walter Scott was at the bar, a contemporary advocate, the late Mr. Robert Scott Moncrieff drew a pencil sketch of his head. Raeburn came to pass judgment upon the portrait and pronounced it excellent. A friend however, present at the time, said he thought that the amateur draftsman had made Scott's head too high. "Not at all," said Sir Henry. "Everybody knows that Scott had a story more in his head than any body else."

Amateur pictures largely depend on a chance direction of brush or pencil for their successful termination, but occasionally even professionals are indebted to a happy accident for assistance. The great Sam Bough once, after many days' work, successfully finishing a large water colour sketch, was called from the room for a moment, and returned to find that the cat had jumped on the table, and was seated on his sky, rolling over it a brush heavily laden with dark paint. The artist's despair was so great that he never looked at the picture, but begged the first friend he met to take it out of his sight. The sketch, a summer woodland scene in misty moonlight, was framed, and its delighted possessor showing it to Sam Bough on the first opportunity, found the artist agreed with him in recognising that the beauty of the sky was greatly increased by the bold clouds put in by the cat's feet.

The picture holds a prominent place above the clock now striking five, reminding us that it is absurd to waste a moment on either art or artist when tea is on the table and the scones are getting cold.



SIR WALTER SCOTT

(From a sketch from life by the late Mr. Robert Scott Moncrieff)

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* It is to be remarked that in after-editions, with scarcely a single exception, Tennyson omitted or altered the verses condemned by Professor Wilson in this review.

"TO MAKE A ROMAN HOLIDAY"

By CHRISTOPHER HARE

SCENE: A sunny balcony of the Grand Hôtel du Soleil d'Or, at Pomponiana, on the French Riviera.

"What a time they are, to be sure! I was told the balloon would go up at three o'clock precisely, and it isn't half blown out yet," exclaimed plump, comfortable-looking Mrs. Dunstable, as she leaned back in her cushioned chair and adjusted the red parasol over her head.

"If they don't make haste it will interfere with my drive this afternoon, Pauline. Go down and tell the coachman he must be ready to start the moment I send word," she added with languid impatience.

"Yes, Madame," replied the well-trained maid, in a subdued tone of infinite sympathy and respect.

Mrs. Dunstable's suite of rooms were in the centre of the first floor, facing due south, and flooded with the glorious sunshine of the Riviera. As the good lady sat basking in her lordly balcony, she could look down on the half-tropical garden below, with its stately palm-trees and fragrant eucalyptus, and orange-trees laden with golden fruit. But most interesting of all was the motley crowd, assembled there to watch the slow inflating of the great lumbering balloon.

At the sound of a rustling dress and a footstep approaching from the room behind, Mrs. Dunstable turned with a little start.

"Oh, is that you, Miss Melton? I am so glad you've come! Take this seat opposite me; there's really nothing like a balcony to see things well and be quite out of it all!"

"Well, then, just for a minute, dear," replied the new-comer, with a slight flutter of hesitation. "It is such a shocking thing altogether! To think of a woman risking her life in that awful way; for, of course, you know she's going to hang on by the trapeze below while the balloon goes up? The very thought of what might happen makes one shudder!"

"Ah, so it does me!" purred her friend. "I am so absurdly tender-hearted. But, as for this balloon ascent, really the woman must have done it so often, that once more or less can't matter to her. Just look! there she is down in the thick of it all, seeing to everything, pulling at the ropes, ordering the men about; they say that one of them is her husband! What a hard bold face, and how queer she looks in that tight costume! A most disagreeable creature, I should think; nothing soft or womanly about her."

"Ah! here she is coming round herself to collect the money. Well, I quite disapprove of these sights, and shall only give her half a franc."

Something akin to a blush mantled on the prim middle-aged face of her companion, who threw down a two-franc piece as a salve to her own conscience.

"Don't you think, dear Mrs. Dunstable, if we stop to look at her, we rather encourage——?" she began timidly, but was checked at once.

"Nonsense, Miss Melton, we do nothing of the kind. Look, look! I do believe that it's off at last!"

In the excitement of the moment all else was forgotten. Truly it was a striking picture which met their eyes. The great particoloured balloon, held only by a few cords, swayed heavily from side to side, all poised in readiness to take its flight. A blaze of tropical sunshine flooded the spacious land where the tall palms stretched out their waving tresses, and the shining balls of ruddy gold gleamed through the dusky foliage as in the fabled garden of the Hesperides. Close by, the old Moorish town clambered up the steep shelving rocks, whose summit was crowned by the ancient church which kept watch over all.

The garden of the hotel was full of the gaily-clad visitors who dwelt within its walls, but an eager crowd of the townfolks surged and thronged around the open gates, and scaled the palings and peeped through the tangled hedge of climbing roses. For had not the popular interest been roused for days past by a great flaring poster announcing that "Signora Ginefra Delli would make her world-renowned balloon ascent, suspended in the air. . . .?"

So the pleasure-loving Southern people had come to see the wonderful sight; the blacksmith had forsaken his forge, the baker his oven; the hawker of gaily coloured sweets had left his tempting wares to the mercy of the passer-by, and pushed his way in amongst the sightseers. Most of the women of Pomponiana seemed to be there, with bright handkerchiefs on their heads and round-faced babes in their arms, or chubby urchins clinging to their skirts, while everywhere the older children swarmed.

There was a breathless hush of expectation, for now mysterious hurried movements were going on at the foot of the balloon, loud imperious directions were given in a woman's voice, a chain jangled; then came a sudden word of command. The cords were loosed, and the great unwieldy mass first swayed heavily from side to side, then righted itself, and slowly began to ascend. A great shout of applause rose from the crowd, as Signora Ginefra, clinging with one hand to the trapeze, waved a tri-coloured flag in the other.

A light sea-wind was blowing from the west and all promised well, but at the moment of ascent some unforeseen current slightly changed the direction of the balloon, which swerved towards the hotel, and only by a hair's breadth escaped striking the top balustrade.

A shudder passed through the crowded balconies, and Mrs. Dunstable gave a gasp of horror: "You are quite right, my dear Miss Melton, it is a most shocking exhibition! And now that there's no more to be seen, I won't keep the horses waiting any longer, for I see they have just come round to the steps. Come for a drive with me, and do tell me all you know about that sad affair of Lady Lawford."

So the good ladies departed, amid the hovering care of attendant maids and porters, and dismissing the Signora and her balloon from their minds, were free to enjoy their gossip and their drive. Soon the outside crowd dispersed, with a glow of satisfaction at having seen such a thrilling spectacle—all for nothing. But some few adventurous youths had a hankering to see the end of the show, and set off running in the direction taken by the balloon, which had quickly risen up into the clear blue of heaven.

Far below, the sun-kissed earth lay spread out like some rare tapestry. White dusty roads crept across the embowered plain, winding through scattered villages, each one with its tall church tower to keep watch over the clustered homes of the people. Westward, through a tender haze gleamed the sapphire sea, with sparkling ripples dancing up in rhythmic swell; while towards the eastern horizon loomed a range of hills, crowned with rugged grey rocks and clothed with olive woods.

In solitary triumph, the balloon floated on with its living freight, the bold fearless woman who so greatly dared, and snatched a precarious livelihood from the jaws of death. Silence was all around her, for the world's busy hum rose not to that dizzy height, and an overwhelming sense of loneliness and desolation was upon her. Ginefra's face was stern and set, drawn into lines of agonised endurance, now that it was no longer needful to wear a mask of smiles and parade her willing sacrifice. Her hands were numb with pain, every nerve in her body was racked to its utmost limit, and she was faint and sick with intolerable giddiness.

Suddenly, with a gasp of relief, she became conscious that her ordeal was drawing to a close, for one swift downward glance had assured her that she was slowly beginning to descend. Outspread below her, she could dimly distinguish a dusky mass of purple, which she hailed with joy, for what could be better than to find a soft resting-place in one of those great fields of sweet violets—the wealth and pride of Pomponiana? But in that moment, some aërial current must have caught the balloon, for it swayed, then slightly rose, and drifted rapidly southwards. Again she looked, and with horror-struck foreboding became aware that a massive building, with its broken outline of roof and tower, loomed ahead of her. But she was powerless to avert the peril, and could only await, with closed eyes and tightly clenched teeth, and a throttling sense of relentless terror, the inevitable shock.

In that flash of agony, when time and eternity seemed to merge in one, all her past life rose before her, only to fade away to a dim and faint background for the image of her baby-girl, who would so soon be left forsaken and worse than orphaned. Her little Tina's face shone out before her, sweet and smiling, as in a halo of glory, even as the bitterness of death gripped hold of the mother's heart.

In the supreme moment of disaster it was characteristic of the woman that not one sound, not one cry of agony escaped her. In silent heroism Ginefra Delli met the fate which she had so many times defied. . . . A few seconds later, and a woman's quivering form lay crushed and bleeding amid the violets, beneath a tangled mass of cords and canvas, at the foot of the convent wall.

In the face of that pitiful tragedy heaven and earth seemed to hold their breath, and for a brief while there was a hush of brooding calm. A primeval group of tall cypresses towered majestic above the grey stonework which bounded the garden, and through the latticed iron gateway gleamed the orange-trees laden with ripening fruit, and hedged in by stiff rows of palms. The climbing roses ramped over everything, and the air was laden with the fragrance of fruit and flower; while above, the tall bell-tower of the chapel, in its slender beauty, pointed heavenwards.

In its shadow the hapless woman lay unconscious. But human help was at hand, for through those narrow casements, behind the close-barred shutters, curious eyes had watched the coming of the balloon from afar, and had dimly seen the fatal ending.

Within those peaceful convent walls dwelt the ladies of Ste. Claire, whose cloistered lives were devoted to the teaching of young girls. It was the hour of recreation, and the secluded garden echoed with the sound of children's voices, not loud and noisy, but subdued to the soft minor key thought seemly by the nuns, who guided and shared the play of those little prim black-robed maidens. Their quick eyes had caught sight of the balloon far up in the blue sky, and it had been a new and thrilling experience to watch its career.

"Oh, if it would but come down just close to us in the garden, how it would be then delicious, ma Mère!" cried one of the younger children.

"Not so, my cherished one," replied the mild-eyed nun with a little shudder. "It must be a bold bad woman who would risk her life and expose herself to public view like that! Let us pray the Holy Virgin to forgive her and turn her heart."

"But look, look, ma Mère; it comes nearer and has the air of descending!" exclaimed the eager voices of the girls, who were clustered together in the most open part of the garden, with rapt faces upturned towards the sky.

But at this critical moment, when their hopes were raised to the highest pitch, the Rentrée bell suddenly rang, and they were all hurried indoors, and up into the long low room with its rows of desks and benches. Here at this hour they had their class for needlework. But a vague sense of curiosity and unrest hung in the air that day, and to the unerring instinct of the children, a mystery was half betrayed by the troubled looks and hurried whispers of their teachers. Through an open door, one or two caught sight of Sister Véronique, the Infirmière, who was actually running down the long dim passage, her cheerful round apple face all rosy red with excitement.

The girls were right. Something strange and terrible had indeed happened.

It was one of the lay Sisters who had been the first witness of the tragedy. Sister Catherine had gone as usual to the southern end of the corridor, to open the windows when the sun's rays had passed westward, and, catching sight of the balloon, she had yielded to the temptation and stood there watching. When the unwieldy mass swerved towards her, and the trapeze with the hapless Ginefra struck against the wall and was dashed to the ground, the Sister could not restrain a piercing cry of horror. The nuns crowded round in dismay, and the Mother Superior, with prompt decision, gave orders for the Rentrée to be sounded at once, that the pupils might be shielded from all painful sights.

It was indeed a grievous and terrible disaster that this accident should have happened in the very precincts of the cloister, far from all other help. But in one flash of clear insight Mère Marie Célestine grasped the situation and faced her duty. By the simplest law of Christian charity she was bound to relieve the sufferer at her gate, even though the world, the flesh and the devil might all stream after her in ungodly procession. It was a case of that necessity which knows no law, and with generous courage the Mother Superior rose nobly to the occasion.

She herself led the way through the side entrance, called by the community "The Gate of Heaven," for it was only opened to carry a departed sister to her last rest, in the secluded graveyard beyond the walls, the little grass-grown garden with its moss-covered tombs. She overcame her shuddering horror and bent down over the blood-stained figure, lying there so pitifully amid the crushed violets. To all outward appearance the poor woman was dead, but it was Mère Marie Célestine who discerned a faint flutter at the heart, and eagerly made known that a faint spark of life still lingered.

With an impulse of womanly pity, she tenderly smoothed aside the long tresses of auburn hair, which had fallen in tangled disorder over the wan face.

Pierre, the concierge, and some of the lay Sisters had now arrived with a mattress, on which the unconscious form was gently lifted and borne with infinite care through the iron gateway, into the convent garden, under the broad avenue of skeleton plane-trees, and past the little shrine of Ste. Claire. Here the bearers paused, and Pierre asked:

"Shall we take her to the lodge, Madame?"

But the Lady Abbess was not one to do things by halves.

"It is too far; the poor creature might die by the way," she replied. "Carry her into the parlour, that we may care for her there, in the midst of us."

She pointed towards the broad stone steps with their carved balustrade, over which ramped the climbing roses. So through the massive doorway, to the inmost sacred heart of the convent, poor Ginefra was softly borne by willing hands. Round the prim parlour stiff high-backed chairs stood in an even row, while in front of each, a little mat was spread on the shining red-tiled floor. A great ebony crucifix hung on the grey wall opposite the shaded windows, while on one side was a modern engraving of Pope Leo XII. and on the other a quaint mediæval portrait of the foundress of the Order, Ste. Claire, in her stiff robe and closely-fitting hood.

Of a sudden, the awestruck silence was broken by loud shouts from without, and the sound of violent blows, as though the side gate were being stormed. Some of the nuns turned pale, but Mère Marie Célestine showed her mettle. This was what she had foreseen, and nothing more was needed to complete her sacrifice. For one breathless moment she looked round, but Pierre had already been sent off to seek a surgeon, and they were only a company of helpless women to face an excited rabble.

The lay Sister who acted as portress was trembling visibly; she dared not go alone. "I will go with you, my daughter; together we will meet them!" were the welcome words which cheered and encouraged her to perform her office.

In the upper part of the strong door was a little old-fashioned lattice. This they cautiously opened, and through it held a parley with the besiegers. There was a straggling group of men and boys who had followed the course of the balloon on foot, but foremost of the party was a big shaggy-looking fellow, with black curly hair and dark eyes, and a brown handsome sunburnt face. He was the spokesman, and drowned the nun's mild words with an eager cry.

"Oh, Madame, where is she? What has befallen her?"

"There has been a sad accident, but by the mercy of God we trust that the poor woman still lives. She must have perfect quiet; we cannot admit you to the convent," was the firmly spoken reply.

"Nay, but I am her husband, Beppo Delli. I must see the Signora Ginefra. They will not enter, these others; do not fear. Open the door, I pray."

He spoke in broken French, with a soft Italian accent.

To such an appeal there could be but one answer. The door was unbolted, and Beppo pushed his way in impetuously. They were a strange contrast, these two; the strong-limbed, sunburnt man, and the serene, pale-faced woman, with her quiet air of command, who entered together into the dim seclusion of the abbess's parlour.

Sister Véronique, the Infirmière, was on her knees by the sufferer, trying the old-world remedies which had hitherto sufficed for her simple needs. She had brought forth from her store a precious bottle of green Chartreuse, which for the moment had succeeded where all else had failed. The flame of life still flickered in the broken lamp. A faint quivering gasp for breath, and Ginefra opened her eyes. But there was no recognition in that fixed vacant gaze, no startled wonder at the strange new world in which she found herself.

In frozen silence, the younger nuns drew back against the wall, and their eyes were dim with tears. The big rough man, who had pressed so boldly forward, stood aghast in blank desolation. For him the very foundations of the solid earth were shaken, and he trembled visibly at the sight of that helpless prostrate form, of that vague unmeaning stare, from eyes that were wont to gleam with life and imperial rule.

The mild abbess watched him with a touch of pity akin to contempt.

"Speak to her!" she whispered hastily, with an impatient gesture.

The half-spoken words struck him like the lash of a whip. In an instant Beppo had gathered his scattered wits and crouched down on the ground by his wife's side. He caught her slender brown hand in both his, and looked close into the troubled face, so deeply seamed with lines of care and hardship.

"Ginefra, dost not know me?" he cried in a tremulous voice.

The great vaulted chamber was like a hushed temple, through which the soft Italian words throbbed as a wailing prayer.

To one who had been present at the starting of the balloon, and who had heard the sharp words and noisy wrangling, this grief and devotion on the part of the husband might have seemed but a piece of splendid acting. But, in truth, Beppo was a creature of impulse, swayed hither and thither by the emotion of the moment. It was a bewildering revelation to him that he cared so much about his wife, now that death was creeping between them.

The ignoble present was forgotten, and his memory had wandered back to the past, when he had wooed and won the brilliant fearless queen of the circus. Since that time she had been the breadwinner, and he had been a mere idle, worthless spendthrift.

Meanwhile the nuns stood by, mute unconsidered witnesses of the thrilling drama, which had suddenly thrust itself into their placid uneventful life. And who shall say that the silent tears which rose unbidden, may not have had a deeper source than mere sympathy, and have risen from the hidden grave of a buried past?

Once more the echo rang with that pitiful cry: "Ginefra mia!"

This time it was not in vain, for the charm worked. A new lustre shone in the awakening eyes, the lips moved, and a sharp sound of anguish escaped them. Then came a murmur of broken words: "Tina, Tina—— carissima!"

The wistful silence which held that hour was broken by joyful exclamations. "A miracle! Ste. Claire has made intercession, my prayers are heard!" was the first spoken thought of Mère Marie Célestine, as she clasped her hands in pious ecstasy.

But Beppo started to his feet with a gasp of relief, eager to put an end to the strained situation, which was more than his simple pleasure-loving nature could endure.

"It is Tina, our baby-girl, she asks for. I will go and fetch her," he explained in his broken French.

He was hurrying towards the door when at that moment, it swung back on its massive hinges. Outside, there was a sound of hasty steps and whispered words; all the commotion of an arrival. It was the surgeon, a grave-faced man of ripe years, with the understanding gaze of one who was used to finger the delicate chords of men's hearts and nerves, in the darkest tragedies of anguish and despair.

There followed a brief interval, in which time seemed blotted out in the hushed room, and seconds grew to hours; but all too soon came the fatal verdict. There was deep internal injury, and the sufferer could not live many hours. A more speedy end was possible, nay, to be desired, for so she would be spared agonising pain.

"Can you do nothing, doctor?" implored the abbess.

"No power on earth can save her, Madame. Her summons has come, and I can but give a strong opiate to smooth the way."

Beppo was gone, and the time of waiting seemed long and weary. The poor woman tossed about in restless agony, while her wistful glance wandered hopelessly about the room, and ever and anon came forth the moaning cry: "Tina! Tina mia!"

But the last rays of the setting sun had not faded away from the yellow walls of the convent before there was a rush of hasty steps, the door was thrown open, and the husband entered, breathless and exhausted, with a child in his arms; a little golden-haired girl, like a ray of sunshine in the dusky light. A throb of awe-struck sympathy swept over the lookers-on, but little Tina shyly turned away from them all, till with a flash of instant recognition she caught sight of the dying woman.

With a wailing cry for the dear mother, she held out her arms yearningly. As the baby voice smote Ginefra's ears, full consciousness returned, and a divine look of motherhood lighted up the poor face so drawn and marred with suffering. She made a desperate effort to raise herself, but fell back helpless, and in another moment her darling was clasped against her breast and covered with kisses.

As Beppo stood watching them with streaming tears, which he made no effort to hide, he was startled by a sudden question, asked in the old imperious tones:

"Is there any hope for me? Tell me the truth, amico."

Words failed him, and he could only shake his head in silence.

"Ah, I knew death would come this way some time," was the calm rejoinder. "Now hearken, Beppo: I will not have our Tina come to this. But I dare not trust you!" she moaned.

There was a pause, as a wave of cruel pain passed over her face, leaving its devastating trace, like the path of the storm.

"Where am I?" she asked presently, with a wistful glance round the dim chamber.

Her eyes met the troubled gaze of Mère Marie Célestine, who came forward, eager to show her sympathy.

"You are with us, my poor daughter, in the Convent of Ste. Claire. Can I do aught to serve or ease you?"

Ginefra was silent for a moment, and lay back with closed eyes, straining all her nerves for one great sacrifice. Then she spoke again. "Ma Mère, of your charity, will you take my child to your care, that I may die in peace?"

A scowl came over the husband's face, and he broke in with quick angry words, in his own language. "She is mine, I say! These black-gowned women shall not rob me of her——"

"Hush, Beppo! For Tina's sake!" whispered the dying woman. Her loving hand crept caressingly over his bronzed neck and amid his dark curls.

Clear and distinct the nun's answer fell on the stillness.

"I accept your gift; you have done well and wisely. This shall be her home and I will be as a mother to her."

Over the wan face passed the flicker of a grateful smile. The familiar lifelong flame of protecting love had burned bright and steady to the end; for, after this, all was mist and darkness, and the weary hours ebbed away in the long crushing grip of agony.

* * * * *

Before the first grey light of dawn had crept into the abbess's parlour, Ginefra Delli was at rest. On the pallid face was that mysterious look, which in the last supreme hour commands reverence alike for king and beggar.

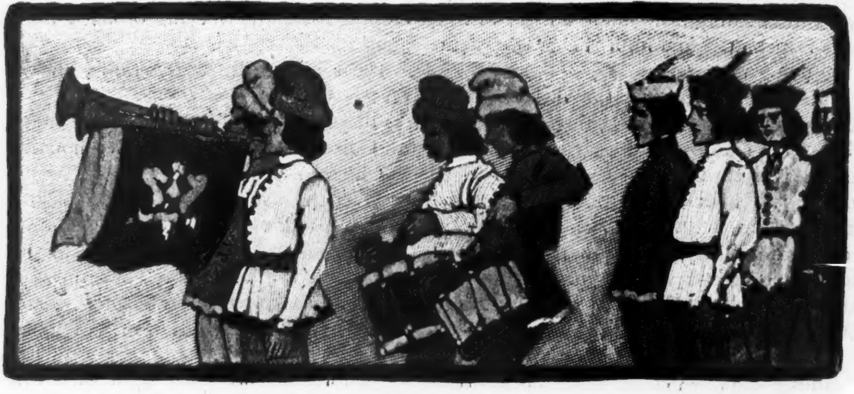
Poor Beppo, unnerved and crazy with wretchedness, was on the verge of flight. It was his way when things went wrong. Now that the helm had slipped from the nerveless fingers of his pilot, what remained for him, the derelict?

His tear-dimmed eyes rested upon little Tina, all unconscious of her loss; her cheeks flushed with sleep, her golden hair tossed like a halo round her face, and her rosy lips parted in a smile. He was alone with her, for Sister Véronique, who had kept watch to the last, had but now crept noiselessly away, to seek help for the final rites.

Then of a sudden, the lightning shaft of a great purpose pierced Beppo's dull mind. Without a moment's pause, he softly caught up the sleeping child, and with quick unfaltering steps escaped through the half-closed door, and onward past the shadowy garden with its phantom trees.

"This dark prison, this black-robed horror shall not swallow up my darling. Ginefra knows! Ginefra trusts me now!" he muttered, as the startled little one nestled more closely in his arms.

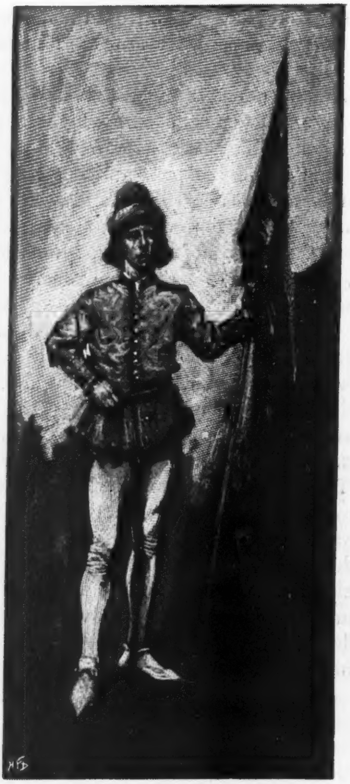
And so, with one fierce wild rush for freedom, they passed out into the darkness, the night, the silence.



THE FLORENTINE CALCIO: GAME OF KICK

By ISABELLA M. ANDERTON

ILLUSTRATED BY A. D. M'CORMICK



A STANDARD-BEARER

WE may not approve of the manner in which Italy is living in her Past, and celebrating centenaries when she ought to be setting her face strenuously towards the Future; nevertheless, we must confess that the Florentine fêtes last year presented one historical spectacle that was distinctly worth the trouble of reviving. We refer to the mediæval game known as *Calcio*, or Kick, which is interesting to English and American youths as bearing at least a superficial likeness to Football. At the time of the fêtes it was indeed spoken of as the Football of Florence; but it differs from Football in two ways that are eminently characteristic of Italian character: it is more complicated and more spectacular.

To begin with, there were twenty-seven actual players needed on each side, besides trumpeters, drummers, standard-bearers, referees, and a ball-thrower. Of the twenty-seven players, fifteen, divided into three equal companies, were placed face to face with the enemy in the front of the battle, and bore the brunt of the strife. They were called Runners (*Corridori*) or Fronts (*Innanzi*).

Behind the three battalions of Runners were placed in loose order, extending across the whole breadth of the field, five Spoilers (*Sconciatori*), so called because their business was to spoil the game for the Runners of the opposite side.

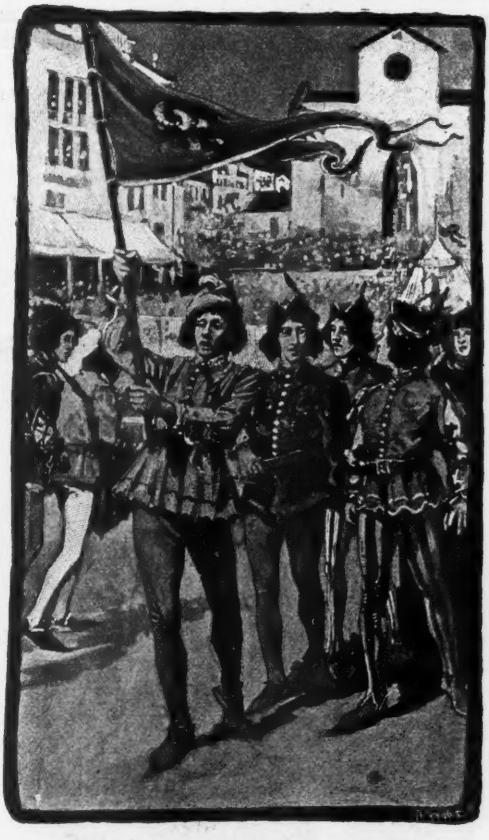
The Spoilers were supported by four Front Hitters (*Datori innanzi*); and these again by three Back Hitters (*Datori indietro*). These *Datori* may be spoken of as Half-backs and Backs.

The favourite Calcio ground in Florence was the square before the church and convent of Santa Croce. Here the great costume matches (*Calcio a livrea*) were held, as well as the ordinary games (not in costume) which enlivened the cold afternoons during Carnival time. A description of one of the costume matches at once makes clear the fundamental difference between Calcio and Football.

The field was 100 metres long by 50 broad, enclosed top and bottom by a palisade, on the left by a ditch, on the right by a low wall. Along the wall were erected stands for the more honourable spectators and for the umpires. At each end of the field was a tent round which stood the referees, standard-bearers, &c., of their respective sides, together with showily dressed halbardiers, who were also stationed at intervals round the field.

The spectators being assembled, the umpires and, perhaps, some foreign potentate or his ambassador, seated in the stand above the wall, the grand march in of the players commenced. It was a procession of picked men from the noblest Florentine families. For the Calcio was an aristocratic game. It was not to be played "by any kind of scum: not by artisans nor servants nor ignoble nor infamous men; but by honoured soldier men of noble birth, gentlemen, and princes." The ages of the players ranged from eighteen to forty-five, and they were all well-built, athletic men. They wore light shoes, long hose, doublet and cap, and their costumes were of the most splendid material—velvet, silk, cloth of gold or silver—for were not the brightest eyes of the city to watch the game? Not only did each side have its own colours, but the players had also to be dressed in the same material.

The march was opened by the trumpeters and drummers. Then came the Runners, going in couples, and chequer fashion: a red, say, behind a white, and *vice versâ*. The Runners were followed by nine more drummers preceding the standard-bearers, each dressed in the colours and bearing the flag of his side. Finally appeared the Spoilers, the Half-backs bearing the ball, and the Backs.



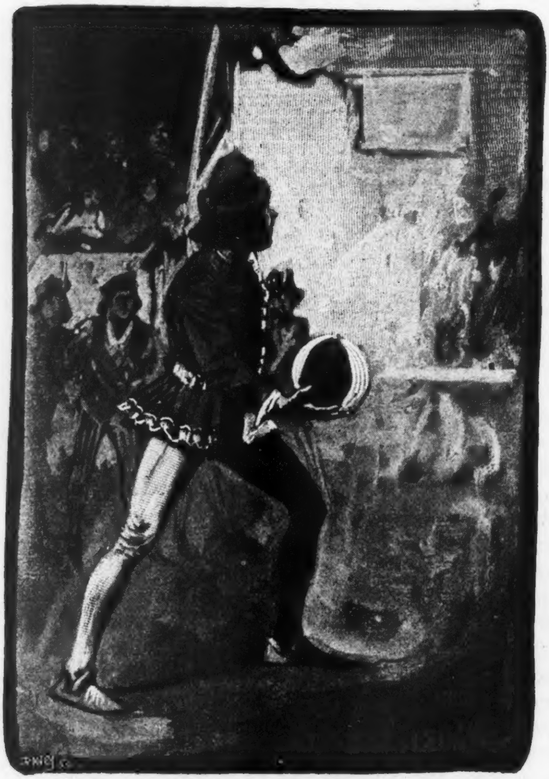
"MAKING THE ROUND OF THE FIELD IN PROCESSION

After making the round of the field the procession, at the sound of a single trumpet-blast, split up into its component parts. Trumpeters, drummers, referees, standard-bearers, placed themselves at the tents of their respective sides; the Runners divided up into their companies of five and faced each other in the centre of the field; the Spoilers placed themselves at a distance of 13½ metres behind the Runners and 9 metres from each other; the Half-backs 10½ metres behind the Spoilers and 12 metres from each other; the Backs again 10½ metres in the rear of the Half-backs and $17\frac{1}{2}$ metres from each other.

A second trumpet blast, and the serving-men retired from the field; a third, and the game began.

The Ball-bearer (*Pallaio*), in a parti-coloured dress formed of the colours of both sides, threw the ball with great force against a marble sign let into the middle of the wall on the right-hand side of the field. It rebounded between the two ranks of the Runners, who immediately rushed towards it, acting, however, not independently but in their companies.

The company of Runners which had possessed itself of the ball began, of course, to work it with their feet towards the opposite goal. Now came the turn of the Spoilers, of whom the two nearest left their stations and ran obliquely at the advancing Runners, hustling them and endeavouring to get the ball from them and pass it to their own Runners, who were hovering near.



THE PALLAIO, OR BALL BEARER

The Runners and the Spoilers worked the ball forward with their feet; the Hitters (Half-backs and Backs) were allowed, nay, as their name implies encouraged, to use their hands.

If the Runners succeeded in taking the ball past the Spoilers, they had to face the onset of two Half-backs, who, if they got the ball, would probably pitch it clear over the heads of the players to the Half-back on the opposite side. This was considered very diverting play, and was much appreciated by the onlookers.

Having pierced the lines of the Spoilers and Half-backs, the Runners found themselves opposed by one of the Backs. The Backs were the strongest men on the field, as, being placed so far apart, they were obliged to act separately.

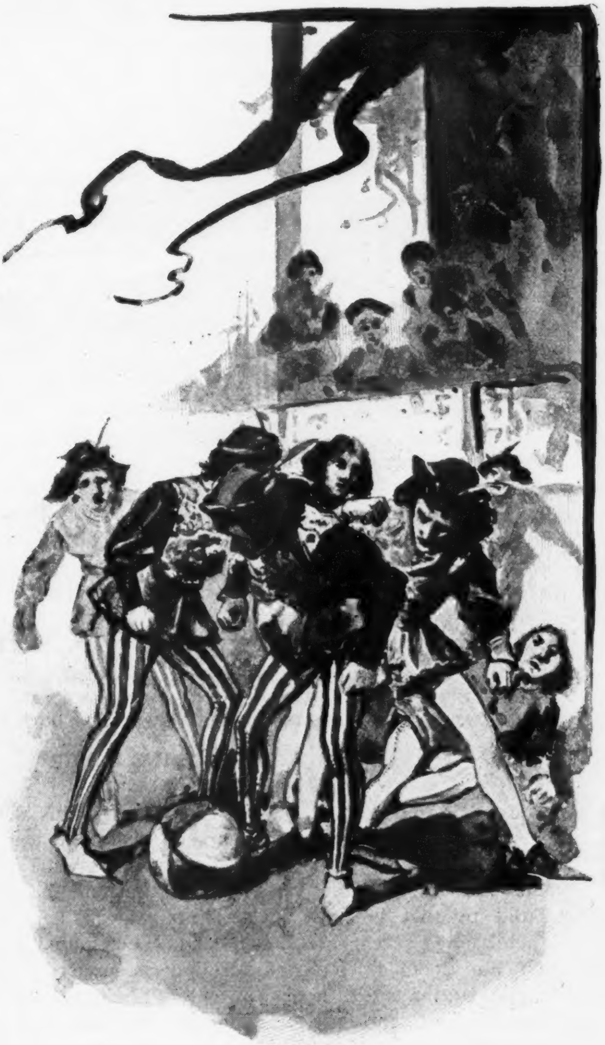
The ball was generally knocked, not kicked, over the goal. When this happened the two sides changed places on the field; the winning side marching to its new position with flag unfurled and waving, the losers with furled flag and lowered staff.

Such is a diagram—a mere diagram, though a correct one—of the Florentine *Calcio*. Its connection with Football evidently lies, to adapt an expression from the vocabulary of folklore, in the fundamental formula: to send a ball through a goal without the aid of an instrument. But this formula developed differently in England and in Florence. The traditions of the Florentines were military. Their youths were trained to war from boyhood upward: they were accustomed to act in bands. Has any one ever noticed the truly military spirit in which Dante continually combines the souls into bands, *schiere*, moving and acting in unison? The remembrance of the disposition of the Roman army, too, with its close and extended ranks, still lingered amongst them. Add to this that they were a thoroughly artistic people, devoted to spectacular effects and cunning in the planning of them, and we at once perceive the cause of the radical difference between this most interesting game of ancient Florence and the English Football.

The two are not identical, but the likeness between them is strong enough to make a study of the *Calcio* decidedly attractive to an English or American Football-player.

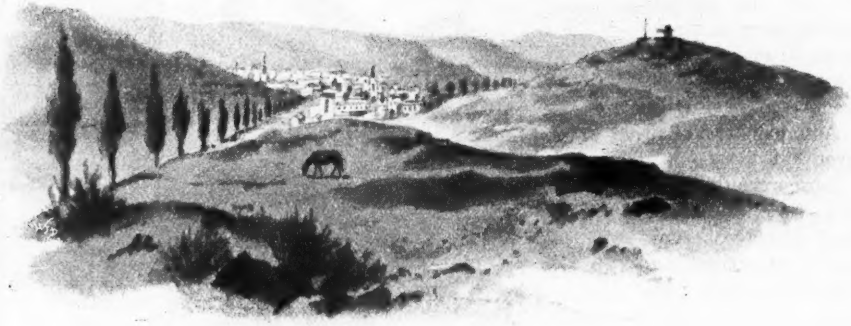
Those were the times when Florentines penetrated either as merchants or exiles, and generally as both combined, into all parts of the Peninsula and of Europe; and they took their games with them. Matteo Strozzi's sons, one of whom was Filippo, the famous founder of the great Strozzi Palace, more than once beg their mother to put balls in with the linen, &c., which she constantly despatched from Florence to her exiled family, these balls being probably for the most energetic game of *Pallone*, still played throughout Tuscany.

They took the Calcio with them too, just as the English take their football, cricket or tennis. Thus Tommaso Rinuccini, living at Lyons, writes in his memoirs that: "When Henry III., King of Poland, after the death of Charles IX. his brother, left Poland for France in 1575 to take possession of the kingdom, he passed through Lyons in France. And the Florentines living in that city played before him a Calcio, in which all the Florentine nobles took part, as it was their custom to do. And they sent Pierantonio Bandini and Pierfrancesco Rinuccini, two extremely handsome gentlemen and tall, both Florentines (who were the standard-bearers in the Calcio) to invite his Majesty, in the name of their native city, to be present at the celebration. King Henry accepted the invitation and was a spectator of the game. When he spoke to them before they left his presence he asked whether all Florentines were as tall and handsome as they."



A SCRUMMAGE

It would be, indeed, well for the physical development of modern Florentines should the Calcio enter again into the ordinary life of the youth of the city.



GRAHAMSTOWN

FROM CAPE TOWN TO KIMBERLEY, 1877

By Lieutenant-General Sir CHARLES WARREN, G.C.M.G.

(Extracted from the journal sent home to my wife)

ILLUSTRATED BY DRAWINGS PREPARED FROM THE AUTHOR'S SKETCHES

CONCLUDING PAPER

JULY 25.—Started with Rhodes to see sheep-washing at Utinhage, the market garden of Port Elizabeth, over a marshy country. One of the passengers told us that he was on a farm where there were seventy ostriches, and that each ate as much stuff as an ox. Another said land was worth £5 an acre about Port Elizabeth, and only two shillings and sixpence an acre up country.

We had letters of introduction to masters of woolwashing establishments which fringe the river or stream—there are now ten of them. They can each wash one and a half bale of wool per hour, and can work night and day if required. We went to the Phœnix works, where there is new machinery. Wool comes down from the interior in all its dirt—in bales 450 lb. weight. This is opened and put into a teasing machine, in which process much of the dry dust is extracted. It is then dropped down a funnel into a hot-water tank for a few moments; this sets free some ammonia and potash in the wool and cleans the wool when it is in the cold water. If it is left too long in the hot water they say the ammonia and potash is washed out and the wool is not cleaned. The hot water is kept full of the greasy matter which is supposed good for the fleece; then a fork is inserted, and takes the wool into a long funnel through which cold water is running, and after that these forks push it on until it is clean, and it is pitched out on to clean boards. It is then put into the wringing machine used for wringing clothes and is thus partially dried, and after this it is put in the open air upon a bed of pebbles from the river. It takes about twelve hours to dry. It is then put back into the bales and only weighs 200 lb., having lost 250 lb. in dirt. The mills are only at work during the wool season. Some wool is washed up country to save cost of carriage, but is not washed thoroughly. The iron bands are put on at Port Elizabeth.

Returned and dined at the Club. Stockenstrom was next me, and talked a great deal, repeating much that he said yesterday. He was most anxious to assure me that he had not been prejudiced against the English in his Land Court judgment and that all the abuse of him was unmerited, and there can be no doubt, I think, that his proud blood has been aggrieved by many supposed insults from English people. "Those —— Dutch!" is so often said thoughtlessly, just as he kept saying to me, without being aware of it, "those English," putting an unmistakable stress upon "English."

July 26.—The hotel bills are about twenty shillings a day. Fourteen pounds extra luggage by train and coach cost £1 15*s*., about two shillings and sixpence a pound.

At Sandflets we left the train and took coach to Grahamstown. Passed through scrub where there are said to be a troop of fifty elephants.

A passenger said that the native washerman puts all the light articles into the leg of a pair of drawers or sleeve of a shirt and beats the lot on a rock, which accounts for the bagginess of one side now and then.

Wood's Hotel, Grahamstown. An amusing conversation between two men, one wanted ten shillings, the other gave him a bill at one month to sign for £20, but he would not sign for more than £10. I suppose there was something more than ten shillings behind the business.

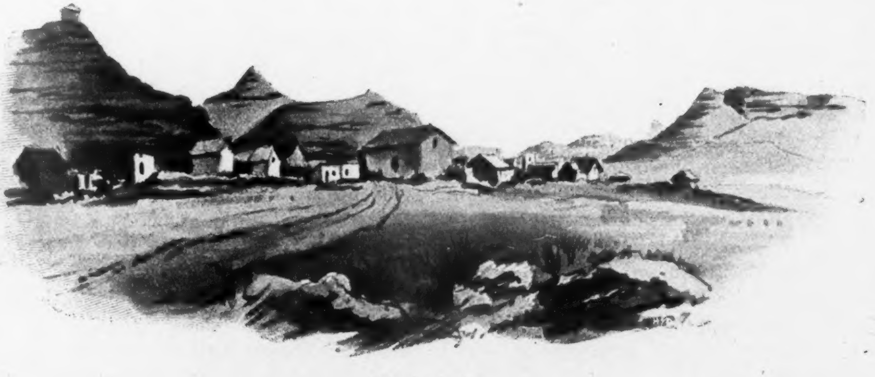
July 27.—Grahamstown is prettily situated among hills with many trees, and reminds me of a diminutive Cheltenham. Stockenstrom lives here, and came to see me.

Went for a walk and looked back on the town between two hills. It looks very pretty, an old wall and cottage in the foreground flanked by blue gum trees; the cathedral appears beyond, and cypress and blue gums around. The hills are all about the same height and the town is in a basin.

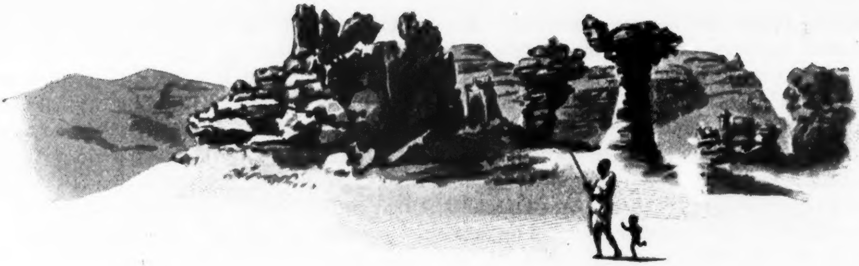
Stockenstrom brought Marsdorp to see me; I heard that the latter is a fair-minded man and likely to get on at the Bar.

July 28.—Saturday. Started in coach for Queenstown. Our party consisted of Mr. Frost, M.L.A., another passenger, and a little Kafir girl from some missionary school. There were some strong remarks about allowing a Kafir in a coach, but as it was only a little girl I think every one was rather ashamed of saying much. Mr. Frost spoke much about farming. He says that you put two sheep to a morgen in the eastern provinces, but only one sheep to a morgen in the west. Eight sheep equal one ox on pasture. The sheep are always kraaled at night, and if this could be dispensed with they would thrive better because of not having to make a journey from the feeding ground in and out again; also the droppings would then be distributed. Some farmers are beginning to enclose with wire fencing. The difficulty of not kraaling is the mixing of the flocks.

We passed through a bush country of succulent plants, the Euphorbia everywhere; in the distance it looks like part of the rocks; it may have suggested the seven-branched candle-sticks. The Kafirs are all dressed in corduroy of yellow ochre colour. Passed the great Fish River, about the size of the Modder River, and arrived at Fort Beaufort. Put up at a very respectable hotel,



DORDRECHT



NEAR THE COALFIELDS

the ladies of which were all got up for a performance at the theatre (Palmer's troop); we went also after dinner—an excellent performance.

July 29.—Put off with a post-cart; four passengers, a great crush; a lady with a flaxen wig behind—how the cart did jolt her wig about, poor thing, she looked most miserable, it sometimes came over her eyes.

After racing along the flat we came upon hilly country and passed the Kat River and arrived at a well cultivated country, a happy valley, in a basin formed by hills of the Katberg. We rose 3000 feet through a pass; the Katberg looked very fine with clouds resting on the summit, and snow all round it, about 1000 feet down, but not very thick. Fortunately there was no wind, otherwise it would have been very cold. About 10 A.M. we arrived at a hotel where we breakfasted. This is a beautiful spot where married couples come for their honeymoon; in spring it must be lovely. The kloofs and valleys on the south side of the Katberg are covered with trees, the scenery is very fine, but certainly not the finest in the world, as stated by one of the passengers. The road at an easy gradient leads up the steep side of the mountain among groves of trees, yellow wood, sneeze wood, iron wood. Gradually it got colder and colder until we got out and walked. The lady with a wig said she had been snowed up three years ago for eight days on the summit. Here we found a toll-bar and house, the inmates sitting shivering. We got to the summit (forty-three miles) at noon. On the northern side the slopes are quite different, the grass quite brown and not a shrub to be seen. We descended into a great valley, where Queenstown lies.

Mr. Frost said that the usual age for marriage among the Boers was twenty for the man and sixteen for the girl; that a couple had lately married whose united ages were twenty-seven, fourteen and a half for the boy and twelve and a half for the girl.

July 30.—Queenstown, 7 A.M. Hard frost but beautiful air. A great straggling village of 1200 people, built round a square or market place in the form of a hexagon with six streets radiating from it—a very awkward shape as the principal houses are all corners. Prowled about and found a young nursery of trees planted near a sluit (water course) from which it was irrigated. It is brought out from the river above a rapid, and goes round part of the town. Town well-wooded. Every street has an avenue of trees, irrigated from the sluit—blue gums, acacia, oaks. The grass will not keep green in winter, even when irrigated. Inquired about coal in the neighbourhood, and was first shown some from the Stormberg—wretched stuff. Then I went to see some from the fields near Dordrecht, and found it much better. Got most varied opinions about this coalfield and found that I must go myself and see it. No one even knew the distance the field was—some said thirty-five miles, others said sixty miles. Mr. Davis agreed to send me there in a Cape cart, for £2 a day, and deposit me at Dordrecht on Friday, where I had agreed to meet Rhodes.

A bank clerk told me that the shops in Queenstown were, many of them, closed, owing to the war scare, but a lawyer said it was due to over-trading.

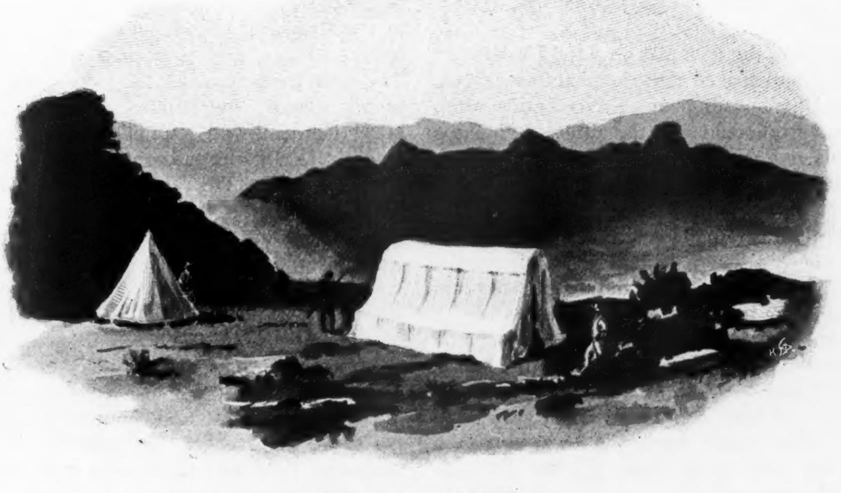
A farmer told me that the Kafirs are much more respectful and under control in Natal than in the Cape Colony; but he said they are often flogged here and seldom bring up their masters before the magistrates.

Interesting conversation at dinner about the squabbles over water and the wasteful system of the Municipality. I said that in some countries (India, &c.) the water runs under the bed of the river when the bed is dry; a lawyer said that the same is the case with this river. It is dammed up here and there, but runs just as strong underneath and breaks out again lower down. The farmers complain that the natives steal cattle and sheep and drive them into Kafirland, the border of which is close by. They talk of putting up a wire fence along the new railway to stop this wholesale marauding.

In the spring the town is often flooded with water from the hills. All the plain will grow corn, but some parts which used to grow two crops will not now grow more than one a year without rust getting into the oats, &c. The cattle disease is said to come as the crops ripen and to be in the air. Fowls die suddenly (sunstroke); goats will not live here, and cattle will not live if taken from here to the coast; some have taken to penning in their sheep and feeding them on root crops in winter—the sheep suffer so much from being driven to and from the kraals. The manure of the sheep is much wasted—thousands of tons. It all collects in the kraal; in wet weather the sheep are up to their necks in it, and in dry weather it sometimes burns for months. Iron telegraph poles are required where there are grass fires. There is any amount of water obtainable at Queenstown.

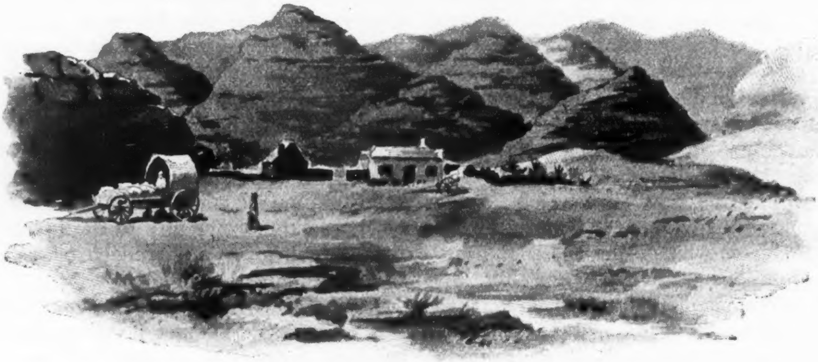
July 31.—Set out for coalfields in spring-cart at 7.45 A.M. Country very rich soil; cultivated and irrigated everywhere. The Kafirs are in Government locations and forced either to work or to trek. At Schoolplaatz. There are mealies (Indian corn) everywhere, and plenty of Kafirs; the better class of the Kafir farmers dress and live just like Europeans, but their herds are like savages, with nothing on but a blanket of Venetian red, the same colour as they put on their bare skins. Arrived at the house of Mr. Hart, formerly a Dragoon. He has two well-dressed daughters who live in a nice sitting room; I asked if Cinderella was cooking our food in the kitchen, but they had never heard of her and the joke was lost. They would not take any payment for their hospitality and I gave them one of Marcus Ward's fairy tales, with which they were delighted. Mr. Hart told me of some Bushmen's drawings on rocks close on the way to the hotel, so I took a Kafir guide and trudged off, sending the cart round by the road.

Naked Kafir boys were dancing together in a most absurd manner, jumping according to some ceremonial. I was told that this was a sign of war impending.



NEAR MOUTH OF COALMINE

We came to a rocky scarp with a smooth face where were the Bushmen's marks. I was fairly astonished at these though I had seen so many others before. They are all painted on the rocks and are the most perfect representations of animals I have seen in the country. I don't think that there are a dozen white people in South Africa who could do as well. There are red, brown and black Kafirs, buffaloes, antelopes, ant-bears, not merely of one colour, but coloured or shaded with marvellous accuracy, brown buck with white bellies, white buffaloes, tawny animals. I copied some of the hunting scenes in a hurried manner. One bushman with his bow and arrows was quite a picture.

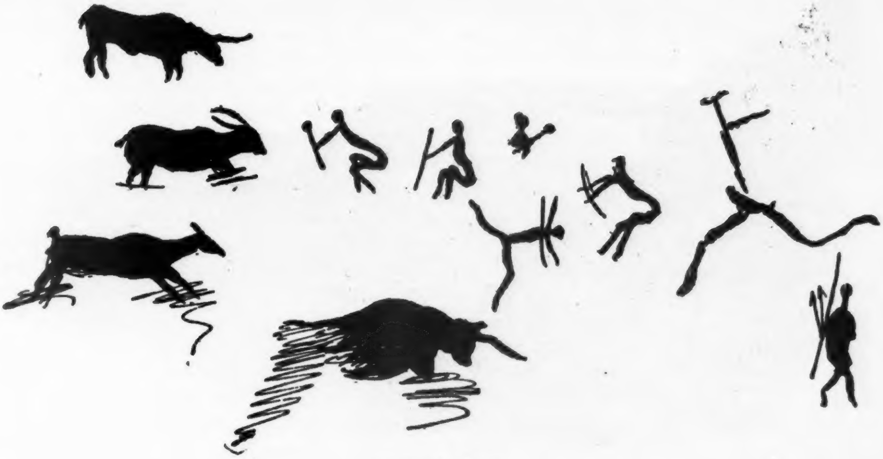


HOTEL NEAR COALMINE

Leaving the spot at 3.30 P.M., I went over the hill and arrived at the hotel at four o'clock. Here there were many Kafirs and a witch doctor who could tell the future by looking at his assegai. £30 had been stolen out of the shop till in May, and they had just got a clue and had arrested a Kafir, and taken him before the magistrate. I sketched the house. There is one little boy in the family, Georgie Venter, and I delighted him by showing him pictures from Marcus Ward's books—father and mother both German. I have to-day found coal close to this house, and I am to look at it in the morning. Since coal has been found about here wood has come down from £5 to £2 10s. a a load, and dung from £3 to £1 10s. Dutch are trekking into Griqualand East, and farms formerly worth £50 are now fetching £400. Women servants (Kafirs) cost 15s. a month and food.

August 1.—Up early, but the Kafir who knew the position of the coalfield kept me waiting till 9.30 A.M. The hotel people would not take any money, but asked for a sketch of the house, and I gave Georgie "Puss in Boots" by Marcus Ward.

Passed over an undulating plain till 10.7, then up a hill till 10.20, down a very steep pass till 10.50, to a shop just building, then again over hills till 12.30, when we arrived at an hotel. A pleasant looking white boy came and helped us to outspan, and told me to go into the little house. I found myself in a well furnished room; a man was playing on the piano, and a woman was sewing. The man tried to make me out to be one of his friends, but failing that, subsided, being German, and left his wife, who was English, to conduct the conversation and get me some food. He then began to tell me his plans. He is well educated and seems to know the customs about; but is going to leave this place because he cannot stand the cold in winter. He says that cattle-stealing among the Kafirs generally results from faults on the farmer's side. The Kafir agrees for a sum of money to work—one day he is lazy and the farmer docks his pay—the Kafir does not forget this, and months after steals his cattle in revenge. He says that if the Kafirs are fully paid they never steal, unless indeed they are beaten. He seemed to



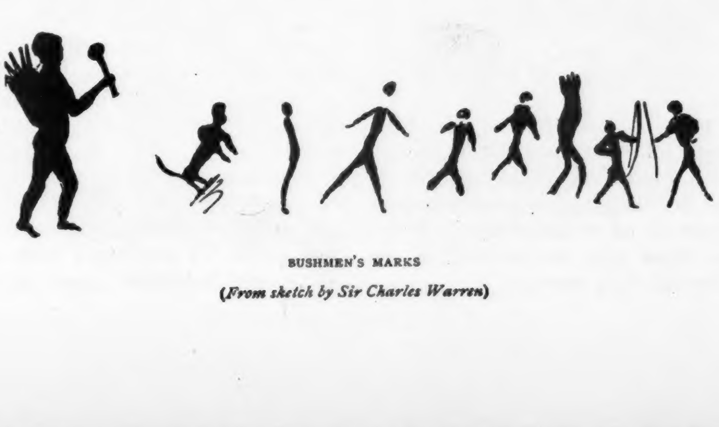
BUSHMEN'S MARKS

(From sketch by Sir Charles Warren)

consider them very easy people to get on with, and says that his horses and cattle are among them, and that he never loses any. He calls the Dutch a very industrious race in this part of the Colony, but thinks that they do not like to be governed by law, and that the magistrates and veldt cornets are afraid to administer justice equally because if they do they become unpopular among the Dutch and are at once removed. He thinks that the manner in which the responsible Government acts is very sad. It is keeping the country back very much. He also referred to the usual story of sudden deaths among the Dutch. He would take no payment, and I delighted them both by giving them the "Sleeping Beauty."

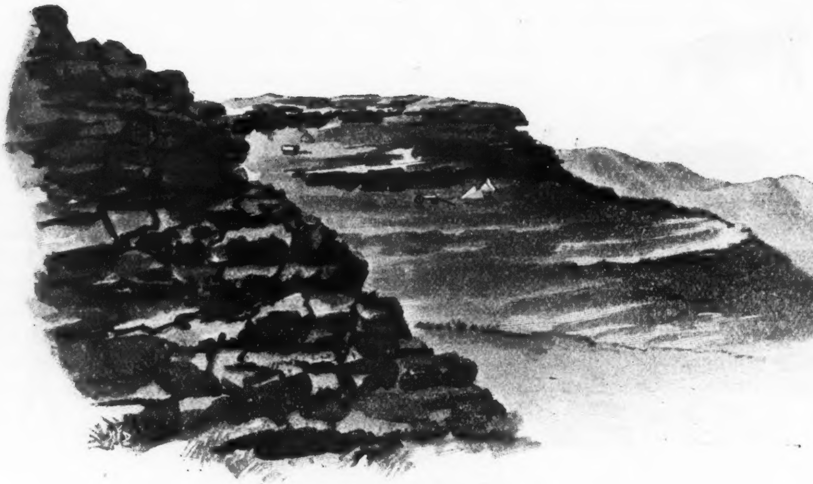
We arrived at the coalfields in the afternoon. The works here are, as in other parts adjoining, lying nearly horizontal, but they are of sandstone and fret away into curious shapes, of which I took a sketch. On turning a corner we came upon the tents of the exploring party. I went up to a big man who shook hands without letting me introduce myself; he proved to be Mr. North, the coalmining engineer. He took me over the coalmine, and asked me to stop the night at his tent, which I gladly assented to. The coal was found by Mr. Fergusson, a farmer. He has been here twenty-one years and won the Government award of £50 for the best sample of coal (fifty sacks) within a given time. He took the fifty sacks into Dordrecht and secured his money.

The coal crops out on the side of the hill, and is in horizontal layers, about eight feet thick altogether, separated by thin bands of shale. The mine is on Government land, and is now worked by the Government



BUSHMEN'S MARKS

(From sketch by Sir Charles Warren)



VIEW OF THE MOUTH OF COALMINE

—is eight feet square and goes in about fifty feet, dipping slightly to the west. The coal is sold at the pit mouth for £1 10*s.* per ton; carriage to Dordrecht costs 15*s.* per ton. Mr. North introduced me to Mr. Dunn, the geologist, and Mr. Norton an assistant. He has lately (July 20) had a grand function here—a Kafir dance at which 2000 were present and took part. I am very sorry to have missed it; I want to see these functions and judge whether they are religious ceremonies. Alas! the old Kafir customs are fast dying out, and there are so few records of them worth having.

This coal burns well. There is a pile of it on the veldt burning brightly. We dined at sunset and played whist till midnight, and I had a most interesting conversation with Mr. Dunn about my favourite subject, geology. He seems rather disgusted with his treatment by the Colonial Government. I think they *are* rather brutal unless you snap your fingers at them. His terms are £2 2*s.* a day and travelling expenses (say £150 a year), small enough for an accomplished geologist in all conscience.

He hails from Australia, and has been over Griqualand West and the Transvaal. He says that the diamond-fields about Kimberley (the dry diggings) are old volcanoes with the tops cut off by denudation. If this is the case there may be diamonds in any volcano if we go deep enough.

August 2.—Up at daybreak and sketched the coalmine from two points; breakfasted and left the camp before noon. Passed a house where the owner was very sanguine about the coal, and expected soon to be a wealthy man: I hope so too. It will be a grand thing to get good coal for our steamers. Arrived at Dordrecht at 5.30 P.M. A miserable little village on the side of a hill without trees, and with no water near. A poor little hotel, and everything speaks of poverty and want of enterprise. A few more English about here would transform this country.

August 3.—After breakfast went out and found that there is water in a stream in a kloof above the town, and estimated that it would cost £250 to bring it into the village. This I crammed into the heads of all I could speak to; but everything is dead and flat here just now—war scare. Made a sketch and waited for coach, expected at 1 P.M.

Begone dull care! Palmer's theatrical troop has arrived suddenly, the village is transformed, full of music and talking. After all, Dordrecht can be noisy, not to say rowdy.

I am delighted to see the coach coming up; glad, very glad to see Rhodes again, Mr. Bradford (M.L.A. for Drodrecht), and four others. I got into a back seat, when an excited individual came up and said

"You have my seat, sir!" I said blandly, "I shall be most happy to give it up to you," and moved the required number of inches to my right; more excitement and bluster—but I took no further notice of the stranger, who evidently expected the whole seat to himself. Then the driver came and pointedly made a pleasant remark to me, addressing me as Captain Warren, upon which my truculent neighbour (evidently a swashbuckler) collapsed and spoke not another word for hours.

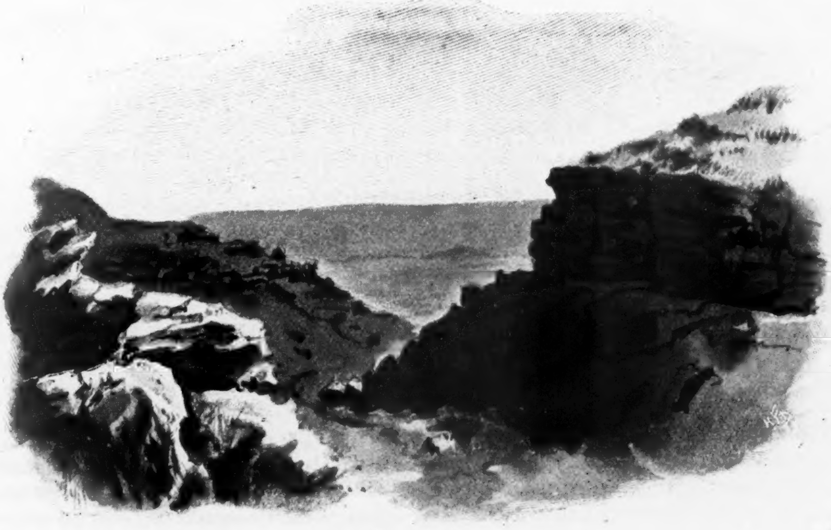
Our route lay over a brown country, and there was little to see until we arrived at Jamestown, a miserable village of red brick houses, built by Mr. Bradford. I was busily engaged, however, in such a funny manner. Rhodes who sat opposite to me, was engaged in getting something up by heart, so I offered to hear him. It was the XXXIX Articles of our Christian faith. We got on very well until we arrived at the article on predestination, and there we stuck. He had his views and I had mine, and our fellow passengers were greatly amused at the topic of our conversation—for several hours—being on this one subject. Rhodes is going in for his degree at home, and works out here during the vacation.

An Australian kept the hotel. Mr. Green, the engineer of the Orange River Bridge is here and knows —— at Sheffield. A very intelligent farmer told us a good deal about the diseases of the animals in the country. The sheep suffer from parasites about the liver, and so long as they only stimulate its action they grow fat, but when they get too numerous the sheep pine away and die.

August 4.—Started at 6 A.M., and descended 1000 feet, arriving at Aliwal North to breakfast. Here Green and another left us, and Rhodes and I had more room for carrying on our arguments.

Near the road, about half a mile out of Aliwal, are two hot springs, situated in very springy, turfy soil; they are always bubbling up sulphurous gas. The waters are quite warm, more than tepid; people go there and bathe. The waters are carried into the town to irrigate the trees which are now being planted about. The hotel is very decent, and the towns will soon look well.

The Orange River is very empty just now, and we drove over the drift (ford) without difficulty. There is a water-mill on the north side of the river. Our road now lay over a very dry country, the grass being much sparser than further south. At night we arrived at Smithfield; where there is only a small and poor hotel, and being Saturday night it was crowded with loafers.



VIEW FROM DORDRECHT

August 5.—Up at 6 A.M., coach quite full; and Rhodes and I did not get on very far in the Articles. Passed a small town where there was an auction going on, and dined at a farm where there was roast sucking pig—a Sunday dinner. Arrived at Bloemfontein at 6 P.M.

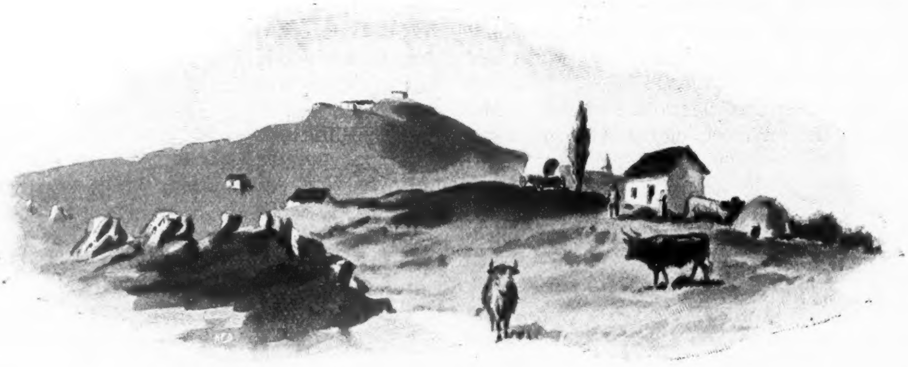
After washing and supper I walked up to Bishop's Lodge, and found the Bishop, Mrs. Webb and a large party, all looking well and Cyprian much grown.

August 6.—Took a sketch of the citadel. Got the top seat outside, and went on to Boshof. There had been an indignation meeting relative to the Raad; the people wanted to reduce the pay and numbers of the members so that they would cost £1092 per annum, instead of £6000, but they will not succeed.

Went to see old Mr. Bain, who got out of bed and talked a long time. He said he had been looking out for me all the week. He is a great gardener, as great as Solomon, at any rate with regard to South Africa. He says that the poplar tree suits the soil far better than does the blue gum. His great scheme of supplying Kimberley with fresh vegetables has not succeeded. He ought to have made his fortune over it, but unfortunately he cannot get people to sell the things from house to house at Kimberley. He sends no end of vegetables there at a reasonable price, but there is no sale, although everybody wants vegetables.

August 7.—Saw George Paton at Bain's Vley, and breakfasted at Harvey's. He has brought water out, conducts it in canvas pipes and sheets, and grows water cresses; most enterprising. His garden is a sight.

Arrived at Kimberley, and put up at Government House; so glad to see Major Lanyon again, after a rather monotonous journey in the coach, but much relieved by Rhodes's company and the XXXIX Articles.

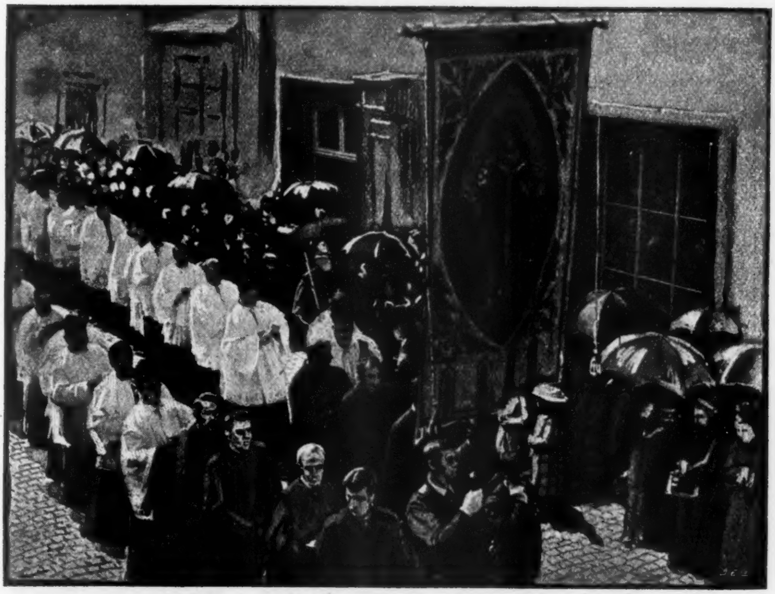


THE CITADEL BLOEMFONTEIN

THE JUMPING PROCESSION IN ECHTERNACH

By Baroness ROTBERG

IN the grand-duchy of Luxemburg, close to the German frontier, on the little river Sauer, a tributary of the Moselle, lies the small town of Echternach. It is the oldest town in the duchy: recently excavated remains of buildings prove that it existed at the time when the Romans inhabited Trier and the adjoining country, and an old abbey of the Benedictines, part of which is still well preserved, dates from the sixth



BANNER OF SAINT WILLIBRORD, AND CLERGY

century, when it was founded by Saint Willibrord, an Anglo-Saxon monk of that order. This saint, whose virtues are thought very highly of in the Roman Catholic Church, was born in 648 in Northumberland. In the year 691 he went as an apostle to the then heathen country of Friesland, where he is said to have worked many conversions. He was made bishop of Utrecht in 696, enjoyed a much-honoured old age, and died in 729. His name is associated with a curious old custom which is kept every year on Whit-Tuesday in Echternach, and which not only attracts hosts of pilgrims, but also a great number of strangers to the little town. The jumping procession is supposed to have originated in the eighth century, when a plague broke out among the cattle, and the peasants, wishing to secure the protection of the holy Willibrord, made this wonderful pilgrimage. From twelve to fifteen thousand pilgrims come each year from Luxemburg, the Rhine province, Belgium, and even from France, to take part in the procession, and strangers who happen to be in the neighbourhood seldom miss a chance of coming to witness so curious a sight.

Happening to be in Trier at Whitsuntide, we determined not to lose the opportunity of seeing it, and so set out one fine morning, leaving Trier at an early hour by one of the special trains which are run on that day for the convenience of the pilgrims. The country looked very pretty, the dust and heat of summer had not yet spoiled the first freshness of the foliage, and meadows and woods were moist with dew, drops of which sparkled in the sunshine on every leaf and twig. For some time we followed the course of the Moselle, then crossed it and passed the little village of Igel, which is celebrated on account of a Roman monument, a glimpse of which one catches from the train. It is a pillar of red sandstone with much sculpture; a partly legible inscription tells us that Secundius Aventinus and Secundius Securus erected it in honour of their parents. Various portraits, family scenes and mythological incidents decorate the pillar, which is crowned by a Roman eagle with outspread wings. The monument is looked upon as one of the finest remnants of the art of that remote period.

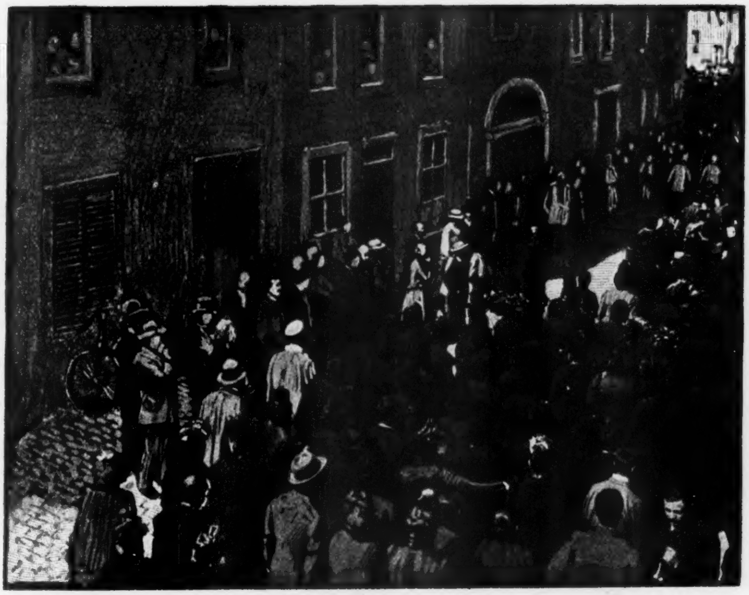
A little farther on, at the station of Wasserbillig, we reached the frontier, and changing carriages, went on by the Luxemburg "Prince Henri" railway, which took us along a pretty valley on the banks of the little river Sauer,

OLD MEN AND PEASANTS HEADING THE PROCESSION

past villages nestling among orchards and vineyards and through fine woods to our destination. We left the station with a crowd of peasants, evidently come to join in the procession, and walked through part of the old town. Carts and vehicles of all sorts were drawn up in the streets and, wherever space permitted, people were sitting or lying on the ground with baskets of provisions beside them; on one large open space a whole camp had been formed, carts, horses and peasants packed closely together; evidently many of them had been spending the night, or at least part of it, there. The town has a population of four thousand three hundred, and only a small part of the crowd of pilgrims can find a lodging in the little place. Having given notice of our arrival beforehand, we secured places at a window of the principal hotel, overlooking the street through which the procession passed.

It begins at a bridge crossing the Sauer and goes through part of the town to an old parochial church standing on a hill, up which a steep flight of stone steps leads, and containing relics of Saint Willibrord. The streets were crowded with spectators, and at every window people were to be seen watching. Towards nine o'clock strains of music warned us that the procession was approaching, and soon the clergy appeared, walking two and two chanting a hymn in honour of the Saint, led by the Archbishop of Luxemburg in grand violet robes, a ring with a huge amethyst on his right forefinger, with which he blessed the people, who uncovered their heads and mostly knelt as he passed. He was preceded by a young man carrying a large banner, beautifully embroidered with an almost life-size picture of the Saint in bishop's robes and mitre. There were a great number of priests, the line of whose procession was broken by choristers swinging censers, and all of them chanted the same hymn, which the populace took up as they passed along. They were closely followed by the pilgrims, and now a curious scene began. The sound of the chant had not died away in the distance, when other music was heard, this time a most lively melody, being a well known polka-tune, five or six bars of which were played over and over again by a strange medley of instruments.

The people came on in a wonderful procession, sometimes singly, three or four joining hands, or a whole row of them



SOME OF THE PILGRIMS

holding together, all jumping three steps forward, then two back, executing a sort of dance, keeping time to the music. The population of every village or town kept together and was preceded by its band, which consisted sometimes of a military-looking orchestra headed by a man bearing the banner of the community, sometimes of just two or three instruments, mostly brass ones, drums not being excluded. Once we noticed a single fiddler, playing as he jumped, and once an accordion performed in solitary grandeur.

As the procession wound on in the narrow dusty street in the intense glare of the sun, many curious scenes could be witnessed. One stout little woman jumped so vigorously that the contents of her provision-basket flew out and were scattered on the pavement. Quite old grey-headed men and women jumped with all their remaining strength, women carrying children also joined in the dance, if so it may be called. Most of the people jumped with a will, conscientiously, in good earnest. Some others we saw paying little boys to jump for them; in fact, before we reached the hotel, some of these lads accosted us, offering for remuneration to take our part in the procession. Every now and then a priest appeared, keeping the people in order and extorting them by voice and gestures to jump. As the morning wore on and the sun grew hotter we saw several people quite exhausted drop back and lie down on doorsteps or pavement, others seemed seized with a sort of frenzy, and jumped wildly with dishevelled hair and garments, looking like mad creatures. And still the procession passed on and the music played the same tune over and over again. The air grew stifling and laden with dust, and we felt we had seen enough. But to get away was an impossibility, the narrow street was too crowded to permit of our passing, so we had to remain where we were. It was one o'clock before the procession ended, and even then, as we sat down to a sort of *table-d'hôte* dinner at the same table as the archbishop (who, by the way, dined with his violet silk gloves on, and did good duty to his food) and several priests in a small very crowded room of our hotel, we still heard the incessant music going on and the people passing along the street.

After dinner we ventured out into the town; the streets were very crowded with hot and dusty people, and in every conceivable spot peasants were sitting refreshing

"Three steps forward, then two back"

themselves out of their provision-baskets, or lying tired and fast asleep on the ground. A fair was going on, and long rows of booths, merry-go-rounds, and shows of various sorts tempted the people to recreation after their religious duties had been performed. With difficulty we crossed the crowded market-place and reached the old parish church, on the isolated hill at the end of the town. Ascending a long flight of steps, we came upon a curious sight at the top. The church is surrounded by fine old trees, and beneath these a whole crowd of people were resting, the church itself being so crowded that entrance was impossible. Some were praying, apparently endless prayers, muttering with their rosaries between their fingers, others lay about looking quite exhausted. One woman, very poorly clad, and seeming quite worn out, told us she had come a long distance on foot, having walked three days to reach Echternach and take part in the procession, hoping by that means to be cured of an illness; but that now, after she had jumped, she felt worse than before. She had left her three little children at home, and was crying at the thought of them!

Returning through the town, which boasts of an old town-hall of picturesque architecture, we took a look at the abbey. The church of St. Willibrord, belonging to it, was built in the tenth century in the shape of a basilica, was devoted to worldly uses during the French Revolution, and has recently been renovated in not quite a happy style. The abbey, when founded by the saint, received donations from Pepin. There is an interesting old crypt and pretty gardens, kept in the taste of the last century, beside the river. Part of the town-wall and towers are still preserved. For the last ten years Echternach has been lighted by electricty.

Turning our steps towards the station we got into a great crowd, all people pressing to the railway. After long waiting we managed with great difficulty to get into a carriage, which was thronged with people of all descriptions and classes. The train was as full as it could be, wherever there was standing-room people crowded in, and the journey was certainly not a comfortable one. In Wasserbillig, where we had to change, things were in great disorder, and with infinite trouble we at last managed to secure places in a train which, after a long delay, took us back to Trier.

THE MIRACLES OF JESUS

SUNDAY READINGS FOR JUNE

By the Rev. COSMO GORDON LANG, M.A.

FIRST SUNDAY

THE MAN SICK OF THE PALSY

St. Mark ii. 1-12

THE vividness of the narrative makes it easy for us to picture the scene—the sunlit street of Capernaum; the crowd of brightly coloured peasants pressing in at the door; within, either in the large upper room, or in the cool courtyard, the Prophet standing and speaking His wonderful words to the company of Scribes and Pharisees who had come to test the new teaching from the surrounding villages, the crowd eager to hear their teachers taught, or to see some wonder wrought; the four men arriving late with their poor pitiful burden of the paralytic on his bed, bearing it in the invincible determination of love and hope up the outer staircase to the roof, and hurriedly removing the tiles; the sudden appearance of the bed let down before the speaker, interrupting His words, challenging His compassion; His look, upturned to the gaze of the friends anxiously watching the issue of their boldness, downturned to the gaze of the sick man on the pallet, speaking the secret of his soul, expectant of the word of release from his long misery; then the tone of the Prophet's voice as the great words break the sudden silence, "Son, thy sins are forgiven."

Think first of the words—so simple, so pregnant—"Jesus, *seeing their faith*." Faith was the condition for which Jesus waited before He could do any mighty work; here He found it in the sick man's friends. It seems plain from the very structure of the sentences, that it was their faith rather than his, which Jesus discerned, a faith tested by its resolute pressure through all difficulties. The faith of the friends availed for the sick man's healing.

It is not surprising that it should have been so. The linking of lives is one of the common mysteries of the world. The forces that mould men's lives have often their springs in the lives of others. That quiet unconscious example—how different would we have been had we never seen it! That resolute will for our good, when our own was so wavering; that loving faith in our better selves when our own was so faltering—who knows what their influence has done for us? Two persons meet—it would seem by accident—and two lives are transformed, the history of one new life opens. Who that watches this mystery of influence can wonder that God can accept the faith of one man as the condition of the good of another? And faith, in its simplest exercise, is prayer. Who can wonder at the rewards which may be given to the prayers of the faithful?

The words are not surprising: but they are surely encouraging. They are a warrant for patient perseverance in faith and prayer. The spread of Christianity among all the nations seems beset with unsurmountable difficulties. They turn the surface faith of the man of the world into frank scepticism about Christian Missions. In any argument based upon obvious facts he may seem to have the best of it. But faith—the faith of the Christian Church in the mere word of its Master—is to pass the closed doors and climb the thick walls with the importunate spirit of prayer, and to set the heathen world before Christ. If the faith be but resolute, and the prayer that expresses it be but constant, He will see it and it will find its reward.

Here is the work which has been set me to do—the district to visit, the class to teach, the parish to minister, the life to influence. It seems utterly beyond my power. It goes wrong: there is no response: there is a dreary succession of difficulties and disappointments. The doors of entry into the hearts of these people seem closed; the walls of prejudice, of ignorance, of callousness stand thick and grim before me. But, if I have not light, I can have faith; if I have not success, I can pray; I can bring my work to Him who called me to it. It may be that the steadfastness of my unshaken faith, the persistence of my unknown prayers, will succeed where all my best-chosen words and best-devised plans have failed.

SECOND SUNDAY

THE SECRET OF THE SICK MAN

"Son, thy sins are forgiven thee." The words must have been heard with surprise. They were certainly not expected. It was for acts and words of healing that the friends and the crowd were waiting. What had forgiveness of sins to do with the palsy? But there was one person among them all who would feel that the words were not irrelevant, the sick man himself. To him they were the answer to his secret need. As he lay there before the Prophet, with the Prophet's penetrating gaze upon him, the spell of the Prophet's goodness over him, his thought was not of the palsied limbs but of the wounded conscience. It may be that old sins were the cause of his palsy; it may be that the smart of conscience in that holy presence was so acute that he could feel naught else. "Ah, what is all the healing in the world to me! It cannot touch my sin. Could this holy man but heal me of my sin, I could even bear the palsy." You may remember how, in Wagner's great drama, the unveiling of the Holy Grail made the wound of Amfortas quiver again with sharpest pain. So the sick man in the presence of the Holy One felt the yet unhealed wound of the soul, the aching of the sense of unforgiven sin. The Good Physician probed the secret: "Son, I read the secret story of thy life. I hear the inward cry of thy spirit. I accept the penitence of thy remorse. Thy sins are forgiven thee."

Well were it often for us if we thus brought our lives under the diagnosis of the Great Healer. Are they not, many of them, smitten with a moral palsy? Our knowledge of what they ought to be is clear. Our ideal for them is true, our desires are good. But there is somehow, somewhere, a paralysis within them. The springs of spiritual movement are somehow stopped. The capacity for enthusiasm is blunted. The spiritual sight is clouded. There is no inward leaping of the soul for joy. All our wishes and efforts for ourselves, still more for others, seem doomed to a constant and depressing ineffectiveness. There is a want of liberty, vitality, brightness of the spirit. Yes; the spiritual life is sick of a palsy. We blame our circumstances, our surroundings, sometimes our God. "Why should it be so dull and morose, and feeble, and disappointing, this religion of mine?" Let us be frank with ourselves, and face the truth—the secret of the malady is sin.

There is some old sin, haunting ever the chambers of memory, restless, unappeased. There is some "root of bitterness springing up," and spreading its bane over all the energies of the soul. It may be in itself apparently small—a grudge, perhaps, which I will not forget; a resentment, which I will not conquer. It may be a crossness of temper, an indulged irritability; a germ of jealousy; an uncontrolled looseness of speech; a habit of censorious judgment; a love for gossip; a reluctance to pierce softness for living with the sacrifice of discipline. It may be some doubtful trick of trade in which I acquiesce. It may be some uncleanness of imagination, alternately loathed and indulged. But whatever it may be, it is this which spreads the havoc; which lays a palsy on the springs of spiritual life.

This is the root of the disease. There is but one remedy — forgiveness. But the moral conditions of forgiveness are severe. There must be *self-examination* — honest, rigorous, decisive. We must come face to face with what is wrong. If we do not know it, the presence of Christ will reveal it. Let us bring our lives, bit by bit, into contact with the character of Christ; let us look at ourselves, as it were, with His eyes, and we shall see it. There must be *contrition;* not a mere sense of general unsatisfactoriness, not a mere readiness to acknowledge the sin; but a strong revolt of the will against it. The whole man within us must look the sin in the face and say, "I will not have thee." We must view it as an insult to our manhood which we will tolerate no longer. It is these decisive aversions that we need—sin thrives on the postponements, the vacillations with which we humour it. And, once again, the aversion becomes decisive in proportion as we keep Christ resolutely before us as the Ideal of our manhood, and the Master of our life. There must be *confession*—the deliberate, definite laying of the sins before God. But the confession, as it were, reaches God only when it is made honest by a "full purpose of *amendment*" — resolution made quickly and firmly, as by a man who counts the cost, and having resolved would be ashamed to surrender. When the sin is thus dealt with, it is forgiven. There is no other way of healing. He has no science of the human soul who bids us recover buoyancy of spirit by ceasing to think of sin. Liberty, joy, power—these come just in proportion to the thoroughness of penitence.

THIRD SUNDAY

SOCIAL PALSY

THE man sick of a palsy may be taken as typical—not only of many individuals, but of society as a whole. There is a widespread moral impotence, whose root-cause is the want of any serious sense of sin, the failure to deal with it honestly. It is a palsy of the conscience.

It is of little use to compare one age with another; in each generation "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Certainly the moral aspect of our own times, in our own country—to take no wider view—must move serious misgivings. Is there not in what are called the upper ranks of society an increasing frivolousness, an elaboration of amusement, an adulation of money for the pleasures it can buy, an indifference to moral distinctions in men and books and talk that entertain, sometimes merely thoughtless, but often avouched and deliberate? Moral worth is set among the things that are tedious and uninteresting—the qualities on which social store is set are excitement, novelty, brilliance, audacity. There is but one unpardonable sin—dulness. If vice can sparkle, it is more valued than virtue. It is the vanity, the emptiness, of the fool who says in his heart, if not by his mouth, "There is no God."

Is there not in what are called the lower ranks of society, the same spirit in a cruder, coarser form—a moral "impudence," to use a forcible name which has been given to it? Impudence, absence of that sense of shame as to things evil, that *pudor*, or reverent respect for things good which belongs to men who have the fear of God before their eyes. Consider the obtrusive independence of boys and girls in the treatment of their parents, the refusal to serve, the decrease of the unquestioning instinct of obedience, the resentment of any claim to deference. Consider the literature, such as for example you will find in any railway-carriage, a literature which in less than ten years has emerged in shameless effrontery. There are many signs of the breakdown of clear moral distinctions. The commands "Thou shalt," and "Thou shalt not," are not so much questioned as ignored. The writ of God has ceased to run.

Yet it is not a case of death. There are still many of the signs of life—among the rich, a capacity of response to higher ideals, spasms of generous impulse, a yearning still for better things: among the poor, cheerfulness, good humour, ready and genial kindness. It is not death, but palsy. The good elements are there, but feeble, inconstant, lacking in the strength of conviction. Wish is there, but it is not hardened into duty. "I would like" has not become "I ought." The defect is poverty of conscience, lack of the sense of sin. The revival of these is the only remedy.

Men must be "convinced of sin." Repentance is the only way of recovery.

But how is it to be aroused? Many of the older methods avail no longer. Threats have lost their terror. It is vain now to draw pictures of the doom of the sinner—such warnings were once too common; they have lost their power. It is futile merely to denounce. The influence of preaching is declining: it requires for its effectiveness an atmosphere of accepted beliefs which no longer exists. The phrases of religion, however earnestly repeated, have become too familiar: and familiarity has bred contempt. The face of the man in the street as he listens to the appeals of a street preacher is a sign of the times. The sense of sin, the revival of conscience, can only come through the attractive, constraining power of a vision of goodness. The man sick of the palsy must be brought into the presence of the Christ. But, once again, "Jesus" has become a phrase: it must be translated into a reality by the Christian. The appeal which is to touch the heart and enlist the will must be the appeal of Christ-like characters. The Christian Church must cease to be a mere organisation of sermons and forms of worship and become a society of Christ-like men. Christ must live in His members. Other men, seeing Him thus, will own His claim; they will feel themselves sinners in His presence: they will turn from their evil to His goodness. The heedless and the heathen will become Christians only when Christians have become Christ-like.

FOURTH SUNDAY

FORGIVENESS

THE answer of our Lord to the remonstrances of the Scribes, recorded with so singular exactness by all three evangelists, has doubtless a meaning deeper than that which lies upon the surface. The challenge of their reasonings was plain and crude. "Any impostor who has sufficient audacity may claim the power of forgiveness, for it cannot be tested. It is another thing immediately to bid a helpless paralytic to rise, take up his bed and walk. This new teacher shirks a test in which failure would be obvious to all." The reply of Jesus was simple. It met their point, it accepted their test. It proved that his words of forgiveness were not an impotent boast: they had a divine power behind them, which He manifested in the sight of all by bidding the man arise and go upon his way. Yet His words were something deeper than a mere answer to a passing challenge. They were a revelation of the law of divine forgiveness. Forgiveness is no mere letting off: it is no mere formal reckoning the sin as if it had not been committed. The word of God effects what it declares: it has the power of God behind it. It does not merely account us right with God: it sets us right. It is not negative but positive: not a judge's sentence of "Not Guilty," but a father's welcome to restored sonship. It is not a legal but a spiritual act. And the restoration is a restoration to life. There is a deep symbolic meaning in the man who had been forgiven rising from his bed in the fulness of restored energy and going forth before them all. The life-giving power had gone out of the Divine Healer and entered the sinner who was sick. The freedom of his arising and going upon his way was, as it were, the outward and visible sign of the inward grace of forgiveness which had been bestowed upon him, both in body and soul. This is ever the nature and effect of divine forgiveness. Our sins check, thwart, destroy the fulness of the spiritual life. They choke the channels through which from Christ the Source the Spirit, the life-giver, fills us with the currents of the true life. When by repentance, the obstacles are removed, once again the stream of life flows in upon us from its Lord. The union between us and Him is restored, and we live again.

This truth—that forgiveness is not a formal but a vital act—brings with it alike warning and encouragement. It brings a warning. There is no mechanical connection between confession and forgiveness. It is a spiritual, vital connection. My heart and will must be in my penitence before the divine power can be in the word of forgiveness. Nor is mere remorse for the past sufficient, however sincere; feeling about the sin will not remove it, only the resolute determination to have done with it. It is when we thus reckon up the cost of penitence that we realise our inability to pay it. My weakened conscience can never adequately judge my sin—know its real guilt. My palsied will can never be trusted to fulfil its own intention of turning from the sin finally to God. Yet just here is the encouragement. I cannot pay the cost of penitence; but Christ has paid it for me. He, the true Man, has realised to its full depth the guilt of sin. He has offered His will as a full, perfect and sufficient sacrifice to the Father. If therefore my acknowledgment of my sin, however unworthy, is at least honest, and the offer of my will's allegiance, however imperfect, is at least sincere, this avails to restore my union with Christ. And, for me thus united to Him, His Atonement avails. Made one with Him, I am in Him made one again with God. His acknowledgment of the sinfulness of sin, His sacrifice of a righteous will, become mine. In Him I am justified: for His sake I am forgiven.

Thus forgiveness is not withheld until some final day of doom. "The Son of Man on earth" here in the very course of our daily life, "hath power to forgive sins." It must be so. For so soon as my repentance is real, the sin that stands between me and Christ is removed, the barrier that prevents His life passing into mine is broken down, and at once His Spirit which is within me, close to me as my very self, reunites me to Him, restores my living fellowship with Him. There is no pause between the penitence and the forgiveness. Into the soul, opened by penitence, there comes the waiting Spirit of Christ, and that reunion of life is forgiveness. The word "thy sins are forgiven thee," carries with it the command "arise." They are but parts of the one restoration to life.

FROM ONE POINT OF VIEW

By WILLIAM CANTON

MYTHOLOGY, romance, and folklore are—more's the pity!—very far from being attractive to the great mass of readers. Most of us know little about them, and care still less. Legends and wonder-tales, when carefully edited, prettily bound, and abundantly illustrated, may be "all right" for the youngsters, but it is too much to expect any one else to take an interest in the crude imaginings of ancient generations who apparently were as superstitious as they were ignorant. And yet I cannot help thinking that if the admirable series of booklets which Mr. Nutt has labelled "Popular Studies"* in these subjects were known as they deserve to be, a keener and more sympathetic appreciation of these lines of research in the dimly lighted mental and spiritual regions of anthropology would be the certain result. We are all professedly interested in religion and literature; we should only need to be told then that these subjects are the ancient and deep-set roots that underlie our religion and our literature, to realise that they possess a genuine interest and importance. Apart, however, from this grave view of the matter, these booklets are exceedingly pleasant and illuminative reading. Each is the work of an expert, and taken all together they furnish a survey, at once brief and comprehensive, of a range of investigations of extreme value to any one who cares to understand the elements to which we owe our literature. Incidentally one comes across many curious and suggestive details in dipping into the various booklets. Thus, in dealing with the Fairy Mythology of Shakespeare, Mr. Nutt traces not only Puck and Oberon and the tricksy elves, but the Tuatha de Danann of the Green Isle, and Dionysus, and the wild revels of the Mænads of the Thracian mountains to a strange and awful agricultural creed "in the dark backward and abysm of time"—a creed common to the Aryan-speaking peoples of Europe, but developed more or less independently in each. It is at first a bewildering surprise to hear that the music of the horns of Elfland floats down to us across so many twilight centuries; but even in the too brief account which Mr. Nutt here gives us, the evidence is convincing. The fairies of the Irish peasant of to-day are lineal descendants of the Tuatha de Danann, that perplexing "folk of the goddess Danu" whom the early missionaries converted for the most part into pre-Christian kings and heroes; and sufficient of the ancient mythic literature survives almost or wholly untouched by the ecclesiastics to make it clear that the Tuatha de Danann figured not only as heroes and princesses "of a wonderland of inexhaustible delights, unfading youth, and insatiable love," but as mysterious and powerful beings "worshipped at the outset with bloody sacrifices in return for the increase of flock and herd and vegetable growth, and associated in the oldest mythological tales with the origin and welfare of agriculture." It would appear, too, that the ancient Irish not only possessed "a mythology, but also an organised ritual, and that this ritual was of an agricultural sacrificial nature." One remembers how St. Patrick, according to the tradition which dates as least as far back as the eighth century, destroyed the gold capped Crom Cruaich which stood encircled by twelve other idols of unhewn stone on the plain of Mag Slecht. And never had an iconoclast a more complete justification, if we may believe what the old Irish legend has to tell of the worship paid to this eerie boulder:

> He was their god . . .
> To him without glory
> They would kill their piteous wretched offspring
> With much wailing and peril,
> To pour their blood around Crom Cruaich.
> Milk and corn
> They would ask from him
> In return for one-third of their healthy issue.

In Mr. Hartland's account of the nature

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* "Popular Studies in Mythology, Romance and Folk-lore." No. 1. "Celtic and Mediæval Romance." By Alfred Nutt. No. 2. "Folk-lore: What is it, and what is the good of it?" By E. S. Hartland, F.S.A. No. 3. "Ossian and the Ossianic Literature." By Alfred Nutt. No. 4. "King Arthur and his Knights: A Survey of Arthurian Romance." By Jessie L. Weston. No. 5. "The Popular Poetry of the Finns." By Charles J. Billson, M.A. No. 6. "The Fairy Mythology of Shakespeare." By Alfred Nutt. David Nutt. *6d.* each.

and use of Folk-lore one cannot but be struck by what rises indeed into relief in every essay on comparative ethnology, viz., that in all the four quarters of the world and under whatever star, the human mind works in the same way, and in obedience to the same laws. If Folk-lore demonstrated nothing else, even that surely is a conclusion which repays investigation. One might, it is true, have come to the conclusion *a priori* on various grounds—say, for instance, among others, on the ground of the existence of such a thing as "common sense"—but when one sees how regularly the brains of all the races of mankind have been cast in the same convoluted mould one is less surprised at the homogeneity of human thought than at the possibility of human genius. Even the "unruly member," it turns out, is subject to strict conditions; and tradition, which one would imagine to be the most capricious and irresponsible of all human products, obeys clear and unmistakable laws. It is not only in regard to the past that Folk-lore is invaluable, the success of the missionary and the colonial ruler is imperilled by a contempt and facilitated by a careful study of it.

One of the most valuable monographs in the series is Mr. Billson's account of the Popular Poetry of the Finns. In thirty odd pages the reader is introduced to a region of literature fresh with the dew of an early world, and free from the tracks of too familiar feet. It is to the enthusiastic rune collector, Dr. Lönnrot, that we owe the three most representative collections of Finnish folk poetry—the "Loitsurunoja," or Magic Songs, containing nearly nine hundred charms, prayers, and other religious formulas, the "Kanteletar," or Daughter of the Dulcimer, a threefold collection of songs, lyrics, ballads, and romances, and the "Kalevala," a so-called national Epic which owes its existence as an Epic to the genius of one man, who saw how effectively, with the aid of a few slight alterations and additions, the disconnected tales and lyrics belonging to several independent cycles of song might be welded into a large artistic whole. The story is curious, if not unique, and will be found more fully told in Comparetti's "Traditional Poetry of the Finns," an exceptionally fine translation of which, by Mrs. Anderton, was published a year or two ago (Longmans and Co.). In publishing the songs and poems they had gathered, no idea of classification beyond that of ancient and modern occurred to Lönnrot or his predecessors. It was not till Reinhold von Bekker started a plan of grouping poems relating to the same or kindred subjects that the design of the "Kalevala" suggested itself to Lönnrot. Basing the conception of the Epic on narrative heroic songs he laid under contribution all the traditional Finnish poetry that served his purpose. In 1835 he presented the Epic to the Society of Finnish Literature, by whom it was at once published. "The poem was followed by variants, and among them were epic runes for which no place could be found in the body of the work. The poem consisted of thirty-two cantos and over 12,000 lines; but the increase in material owing to further research, the criticism of other scholars, and his own progress in these studies, induced Lönnrot to re-order the whole, adding fresh matter and inserting what he had at first left out. In 1849 a new and final edition was brought out; the poem then had fifty cantos and 22,800 lines." As the result of this poetic synthesis we find ourselves in a singular literary position. Here is a great narrative poem, known to have been put together seventy years ago, which no critical acumen can resolve into its original component elements, and which has been so deftly constructed that human ingenuity cannot detect the places where one fragment is welded into another. Here, too, is a mass of traditional verse so curiously alive with magnetic affinities that, without any inventions, and with but trifling modifications on the part of the composer, the heroic lays, magic lyrics, wedding songs, and so forth cling to each other as soon as they are laid in juxtaposition, and form a perfectly coherent unity. Many tribes and peoples possess epic songs and mythic cycles—there are the romances of the Cid, the songs of Sigurd, of Helgi in the "Edda"—but it would be impossible to take these songs and form a single great poem by combining them. "The Finnic 'Kalevala' is the only example we have of a national poem actually resulting from minor songs; these songs being not discoverable in it according to some preconceived idea by means of inductive analysis, but known as really existing independent of the large composition."

All this, as Mr. Lang points out in his Introduction to Comparetti's book, makes a pretty object-lesson in regard to the speculations of Criticism. Lönnrot bequeathed his MSS. to the Society of Finnish Literature, so that his method of working is open to investigation, and we know exactly at what points he intervened, and in what manner he masked the lines of cleavage between one poem and another. The Epic afforded an unequalled opportunity for testing the validity of the claims of Criticism. What was the upshot? "While ignorant of the actual facts of the surviving songs," writes Mr. Lang, "critical ingenuity could only give us, at many hands and from many sides, its usual widely discrepant results." Applied to the "Kalevala," where it can be put to the test of facts, the method of the Higher Criticism does not command respect or confidence; "we cannot trust it when the test of facts, of documents, cannot be applied."

The story of the making of the "Kalevala" has, of course, a bearing on the origin of the Homeric poems. Lönnrot himself believed that originally there existed a Finnish poem which was preserved by tradition, was expanded as time went on, and split up into a number of variants, and that it was this ancient poem which he had succeeded in putting together again. Similarly some antique poet had briefly sung the original Homeric poems; tradition had expanded them and broken them up into variants, and finally they had been reconstructed pretty much as the "Kalevala" had been. I suppose there are still people ready to maintain the old controversy: but most of us who take any interest at all in the matter will be satisfied with the arguments that the application of Lönnrot's method in early Greece is "a fantastic anachronism," and that though the "Kalevala" is probably the best epic that could have been made out of Lönnrot's materials by Lönnrot's method, not even "a scientific erudite" could produce from the Finnish songs the epic unity of the Wrath of Achilles, or the Return of Ulysses.

I find much more interest in the "Kanteletar" than in the "Kalevala," and I hope Mr. Billson will some day be able to give us a little volume of translations from these songs of a "deeply imaginative and thoughtful people living outside the central streams of history." Though the minstrels among the Finns have never formed a class and there are not even individual rune-makers of great fame, the lyric gift is widespread among the people. The laulaja's account of his songs is that of the true singer: "From the roads did I dig them, from green boughs did I pluck them, I wrenched them from the heather plants, when a little one I was herding, a little child was tending lambs. Up from the honeymounds, across the golden hillocks, songs did the wind waft me, the air cradled them by hundreds, verses surged around me, sayings rained down like water. My father would sing them as he fitted a new handle to his axe, from my mother would I learn them as her spindle twirled, and I, a baby sprawling on the ground, rolled at her feet." Indeed every occasion in life had its song, and as Mr. Billson points out the peculiarity is doubtless due to the demands of the old Finnish religion. There are songs of home and songs of exile, songs of love and songs of work, songs of marriage, songs of pasture and sheepfold. When the hunter started for the chase he sang to the Lady of the Woods, beseeching her for luck's sake to appear to him in silk and gold. "Should he lose his way, he prayed to the daughter of the forest, the Twilight Maiden, begging her to spin a thread of gold to guide him through the dusky woods." Home, sweet home, is a familiar burden. "A crust of bread in my mother's house is better than buttered bread elsewhere;" and, "my father's grindstone turned like a leaf in the wind, but to turn the stranger's grindstone is to turn a mountain." Or one hears the piteous cry of the exile:

I recollect the days gone by,
  Far happier every one;
More splendid was the sunset sky,
  Brighter the morning sun.
The corn that sprouted to the air,
  How differently it grew!
How green the growing rushes were
  When I was growing too!

. . . . . .

O rarely here the sun doth shine!
  Rarely the moonbeams gleam!
Rare is the cuckoo's voice divine,
  Rare is the diver's scream!
Rarely the northern pike come near,
  The salmon never come;
The silver salmon swims not here,
  He swims beside my home!
I know the place where I was born,
  My mother-country sweet;
I do not know this land forlorn,
  Where Death has set my feet.

About the ceremony of marriage, songs cluster as thick as bees on a bough at swarming time. The bridal feast of the "Kalevala" fills five cantos with these songs, and the "Kanteletar" contains an equally varied collection, including "the Chant of Tears and the Chant of Consolations, both addressed to the bride before marriage; the Chants of Guidance for the bride, the Chants of a Daughter-in-law, the Song of Warning to the Bridegroom, the Bride's Farewell, and the Songs of Welcome and of Badinage, sung upon the bride's arrival at her husband's house." Here is a passage from a Bride's Farewell.

Fare ye well, my native moorlands!
Now I leave the grassy uplands;
Now I leave the shining waters;
Now I leave the sandy beaches!
There the village crone may dabble,
There the shepherd bathe hereafter.
Pools I leave to other bathers,
To the wader leave the marshes,
Leave the hedgerows to the stranger,
Leave the heather to the roamer,
Leave the byeways to the beggar,
Father's meadows to the lynxes,
Father's ploughlands to the reindeer,
Moorlands for the geese to dwell on,
Woodlands for the birds to rest in.

. . . . .

Not a trace of me will linger;
Mother will not hear me crying,
Father will not hear me weeping,
When I weep with tears of anguish
And lament in hours of sorrow.

The lilt of the metre and the structure of the verse at once remind us of the Song of Hiawatha and indeed it was apparently to a German translation of the "Kalevala" that Longfellow was indebted for the rhythmical form of his Indian Edda.

Readers who know Miss Weston's version of "Sir Gawain and the Green Knight" will be glad to learn that she has added another to the series of Arthurian Romances unrepresented in Malory's "Morte d'Arthur."* This is "The Story of Tristan and Iseult," charmingly translated from Gottfried von Strassburg, and, since he died before he completed his work, supplemented and brought to a close from the continuations by Heinrich von Freiberg and Ulrich von Türheim. In a certain sense this Arthurian romance is not unrepresented in the "Morte d' Arthur," but Malory preserved "the latest and most corrupt tradition"; here for the first time in its most beautiful form the finest love-story in literature is made accessible in English.

For those of us who can purloin [illegible] more than a week or two, and whose horizons are steadily rimmed with the blue of English hills, "Our Stolen Summer,"* with a new landscape for each new day and a circuit of the planet as a summing up of adventures, will be found a pleasantly fresh and picturesque book of travel. The author has not troubled herself to look up what has been recorded by her predecessors over the same route; she gives her own impressions in her own way, and the result is a vivacious and amusing narrative, punctuated with an alert shrewdness of observation, too rarely characteristic of tours and voyages. The Artist on his side is equally bright and entertaining, as might very safely be anticipated by any one who knows Mr. Boyd's work in *Punch*, the *Graphic*, and elsewhere. I would have liked, however, to have The Boy's general estimate of those delightful months in strange lands and romantic waters, for the tour must have seemed a splendid progress through enchanted regions, including as it did a glimpse of Ceylon, an introduction to Australia, an unusually extended exploration of New Zealand, visits to islands in the South seas, and a most opportune arrival at Samoa, when shells were flying into Apia and Mataafa and Malietoa, with their White-caps and Red-caps, were settling their dynastic difficulties. Some of us may hope that we too may steal a summer in some fortunate year of the future; few of us, however, can expect to produce a chronicle of our wanderings so piquant to read and so wittily illustrated.

Have you seen "Lighter Moments: from the Notebook of Bishop Walsham How" (Isbister, 2*s.* 6*d.*)? You haven't?—— Well!

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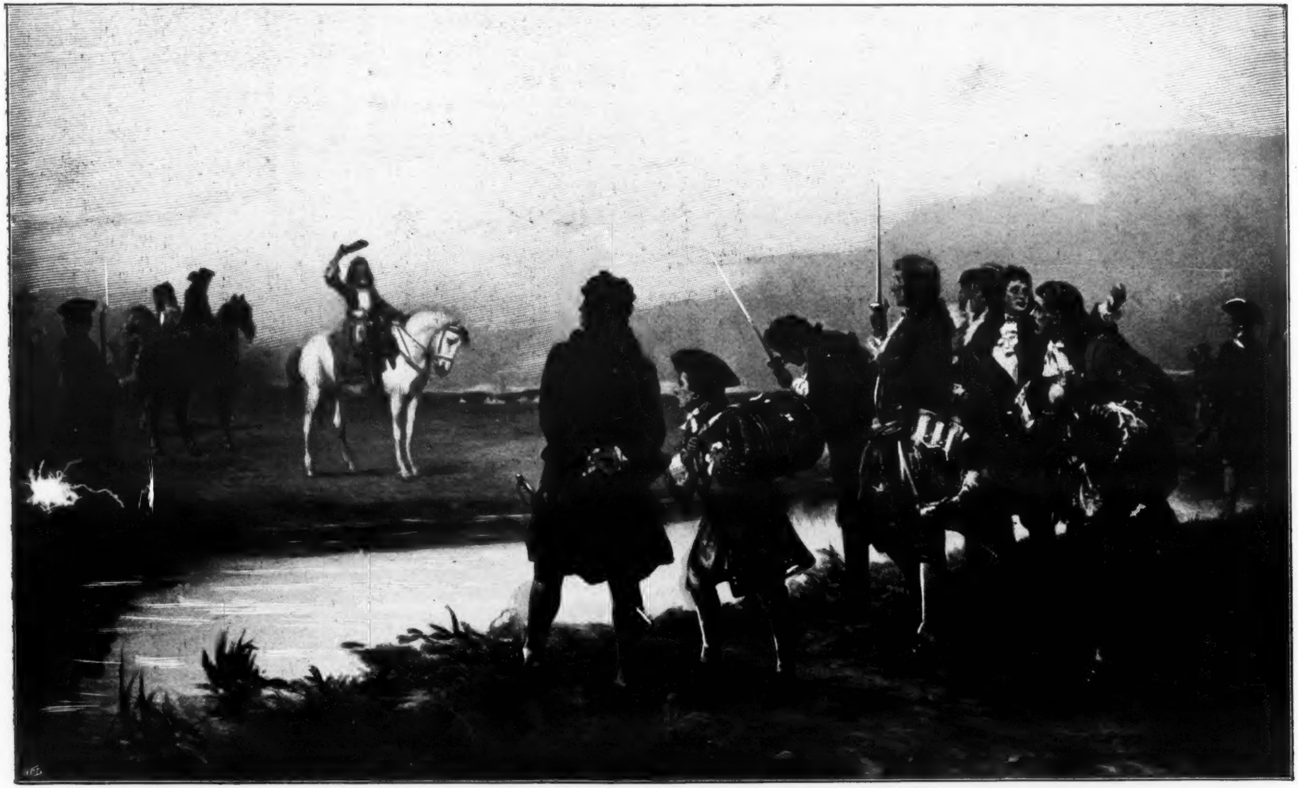
* "The Story of Tristan and Iseult." Rendered into English from the German of Gottfried von Strassburg. By Jessie L. Weston. With designs by Caroline Watts. David Nutt. 2 vols. 4*s.* net.

* "Our Stolen Summer: The Record of a Roundabout Tour." By Mary Stuart Boyd. With one hundred and seventy sketches by A. S. Boyd. William Blackwood & Sons. 18*s.*



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"We knew at once who it was. It was the King. . . . We took off our hats and saluted him"
Esmond, Book III. Chap. II

BY R. HILLINGFORD

THE HALF-HEARTED*

By JOHN BUCHAN, Author of "John Burnet of Barns," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON BROWNE

CHAPTER XX

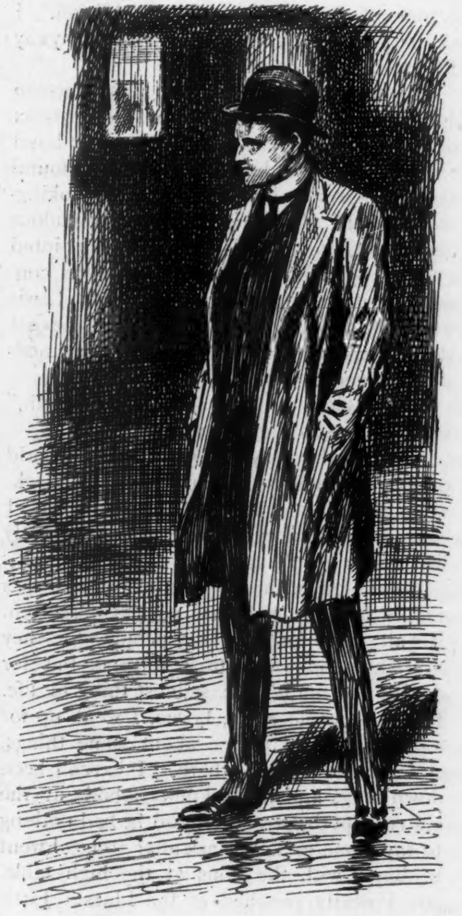
THE EASTERN ROAD

IF you travel abroad at certain seasons you will find that a type predominates among the travellers. From Dover to Calais, from Calais to Paris, there is an unnatural eagerness on faces, an unrest in gait, a disorder in dress which argues worry and haste. And if you inquire further, being of a speculative turn, you will find that there is something in the air. The papers, French and English, have ugly head-lines and mystic leaders. Disquiet is in the atmosphere, each man has a solution or a secret, and far at the back of all sits some body of men who know that a crisis is near and square their backs for it.

The journalist is sick with work and fancied importance; the diplomat's hair whitens with the game which he cannot understand; the statesman, if he be wise, is in fear, knowing the meaning of such movements, while, if he be foolish, he chirps optimistically in his speeches and is applauded in the press. There are grey faces at the seats of the money-changers, for war, the scourge of small cords, seems preparing for the overturning of their tables, and the castigation of their persons.

Lewis and George rang the bell in the Faubourg St. Honoré on a Monday afternoon, and asked for Lord Rideaux. His Lordship was out, but, if they were the English gentlemen who had the appointment with M. Gribton, Monsieur would be with them speedily.

Lewis looked about the heavily furnished ante-room, with its pale yellow walls and thick green curtains, with the air of a man trying to recall a memory. "I came over here with old John Lambert, when his father had the place. That was just after I left Oxford. Gad, I was a happy man then. I thought I could do anything, conquer the world if need be. They put me next to Madame de Ravignet because of my French, and because old Ankerville declared that I ought to know the cleverest woman in Europe. Sèry, the man who was Premier last year, came and wrung my hand afterwards, said my fortune was assured because I had impressed the Ravignet, and no one had ever done it before except Bismarck. Ugh. the place is full of ghosts! Poor old John died a year after, and here am I, far



"Somebody was making a racket in our old rooms" enough, God knows, from my good intentions."

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* Copyright 1899, in the United States of America, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A servant announced "Monsieur Gribton," and a little grizzled man hobbled in, leaning heavily on a stick. He wore a short beard, and in his tanned face two clever grey eyes twinkled sedately. He shook hands gravely when Lewis introduced George, but his eyes immediately returned to the former's face.

"You look a fit pair," he said. "I am instructed to give you all the help in my power, but I should like to know your game. It isn't sport this time, is it Haystoun? Logan is still talking about his week with you. Well, well, we can do things at our leisure. I have letters to write, and then it will be dinner-time, when we can talk. Come to the club at eight, Cercle des Voyageurs, corner of Rue Neuve de St. Michel. I expect you belong, Haystoun; and anyway I'll be there."

He bowed them out with his staccato apologies, and the two, glad of the prospect of a longer interview, returned to their hotel to dress. Two hours later they found Gribton warming his hands in the smoking-room of the Cercle, a fussy and garrulous gentleman, eager for his dinner. He pointed out such people as he knew, and was consumed with curiosity about the others. Lewis wandered about the room before he sat down, shaking hands with several, and nodding to many.

"You seem to know the whole earth," said Gribton as they sat down.

"We used to say at Oxford that a world of acquaintance was the only reward of slackness," Lewis said laughing. "It's a trick I have. I never forget a face, and I honestly like to see people again."

George pulled his long moustaches, "It's simply hideous the way one is forgotten. It's all right for the busy people, for they shift their sets with their fortune, but for drones like me it's the saddest thing in life. Before we came away, Lewie, I went up for a day to Oxford to see about some things, and stopped a night there. I haven't been down long, and yet I knew nobody at the club except the treasurer, and he had nothing to say to me except to ask after you. I went to dinner with the dons at the high table, and I nearly perished of the blues. Little Riddell chirped about my profession, and that bounder Jackson, who was of our year, pretended that he had been your bosom friend. I got so bored, that I left early, and wandered back to the club. Somebody was making a racket in our old rooms in the High, windows open, you know, and singing. I stopped to look at them, and then they started, 'Willie brewed a peck o' maut,' and 'pon my soul, I had to come away. Couldn't stand it. It reminded me so badly of you and Arthur and old John Lambert, and all the honest men that used to be there. It was infernally absurd that I should have got so sentimental, but that wasn't the worst of it. For I met Tony and he made me come round to a dinner, and there I found people I didn't know from Adam drinking the old toasts we started. Gad, they had them all. 'Los Palmas,' 'Montrose, and the remnants of the Old Guard,' 'The Wandering Scot,' 'Charles James Fox, the Prince of Whigs,' and all the others. It made me feel as low as an owl, and when I got back to the club and saw poor old John's photograph on the wall, I tell you I went to bed in the most wretched melancholy."

Lewis stared open-eyed at George, the irrepressible, in this new attitude. He, as the hardened traveller, had had little more than a decent pang of home-sickness. His regret was far deeper and more real than the sentimental article of commerce, and he could afford to be almost gay while George sat in the depths.

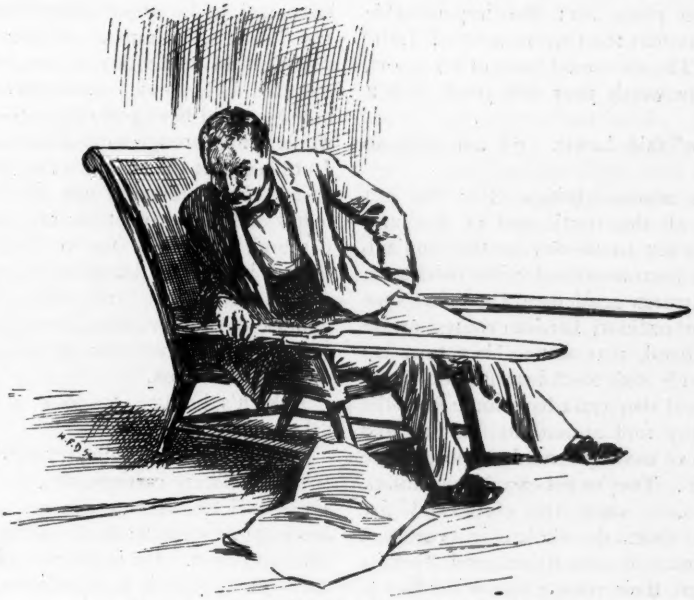
"I'm coming home, and I'm not happy; you young men are going out, and you have got the blues. There's no pleasing weak humanity. I say, Haystoun, who's that old man?" Gribton's jovial looks belied his words.

Lewis mentioned a name for his host's benefit. The room was emptying rapidly for the Cercle dined early.

"Now for business," said Gribton, when a waiter had brought the game course, and they sat in the midst of a desert of linen and velvet. "I have given the thing up, but I spent twenty of my best years at Bardur. So, as I am instructed to do all in my power to aid you, I am ready. First, is it sport?"

"Partly," said George, but Lewis's head gave denial.

"Because, if it is, I am not the best man. Well then, is it geographical? For if it is, there is much to be done."



"I saw the whole thing through a chink in the floor"

"Partly," said Lewis.

"Then I take it that the residue is political. You are following the popular avenue to politics, I suppose. Leave the 'Varsity very raw, knock about in an unintelligent way for three or four years on some frontier, then come home, go into the House, and pose as a specialist in foreign affairs. I should have thought you had too much humour for that."

"Only, you see, I have been there before. I am merely going back upon my tracks to make sure. I go purely as an adventurer, hoping to pick up some valuable knowledge, but prepared to fail."

Gribton helped himself to champagne. "That's better. Now I know your attitude, we can talk like friends. Better go to the small smoking-room. They've got a '51 brandy here which is beyond words. Have some for a liqueur."

In the smoking-room Gribton fussed about coffee and cigars for many minutes ere he settled down. Then, when he could gaze around and see his two guests in deep armchairs, each smoking and comfortable, he returned to his business.

"I don't mind telling you a secret," he said, "or rather it's only a secret here, for once you get out there you will find 'Gribton's view,' as they call it, well enough known and very much laughed at. I've always been held up to ridicule as an alarmist about that Kashmir frontier, and especially about that Bardur country. Take the whole province. It's well garrisoned on the north, but below that it is as empty and open as the Indian desert. The way into the Punjaub is as clear as daylight for a swift force, and the way to the Punjaub is the way to India."

Lewis rose and went to a rack on the wall. "Do you mind if I get down maps? These French ones are very good." He spread a sheet of canvas on the table, thereby confounding all Gribton's hospitable manœuvring.

"There," said Gribton, his eyes now free from drowsiness, and clear and bright, "that's the road I would fear."

"But these three inches are unknown," said Lewis. "I have been up myself as far as these hills."

Gribton looked sharply up. "You don't know the place as I know it. I've never been so far, but I know the sheep-skinned devils who come across from Turkestan. I tell you that place isn't the impenetrable craggy desert that the Government of India thinks it. There's a road there of some sort, and if you're worth your salt you'll find it out."

"I know," said Lewis. "I am going to try."

"There's another thing. For the last three years all that north part of Kashmir, and right away south-west to the Punjaub borders has been honoured with visits from plausible Russian gentlemen who may come down by the ordinary caravan routes, or, on the other hand, may not. They turn up quite suddenly with tooth-brushes and dressing-cases, and they can't have come from the south. They fool around in Bardur, and then go down to Gilgit and, I suppose, on to the Punjaub. They've got excellent manners, and they hang about the clubs and give dinners and charm the whole neighbourhood. Logan is their bosom friend, and Thwaite declares that their society reconciles him to the place. Then they go away, and the place keeps on the randan for weeks after."

"Do you know a man called Marker by any chance?" Lewis asked.

Gribton looked curiously at the speaker. "Have you actually heard about him? Yes, I know him, but not very well, and I can't say I ever cared for him. However, he is easily the most popular man in Bardur, and I daresay is a very good fellow. But you don't call him Russian. I thought he was sort of half a Scotsman."

"Very likely he is," said Lewis. "I happen to have heard a good deal about him. But what ails you at him?"

"Oh, small things," and the man laughed. "You know I am getting elderly and cranky, and I like a man to be very fair and four-square. I confess I never got to the bottom of the chap. He was a capital sportsman, good whist player, head like a rock for liquor, and as generous as they make; but I'm hanged if he didn't seem to me to be playing some sort of game. Another thing, he always seemed to me a terribly cold-blooded devil. He was always slapping people on the back, and calling them 'dear old fellows,' but I happened to see a small interview once between him and one of his servants. Perhaps I ought not to mention it, but the thing struck me unpleasantly. It was below the club verandah, and nobody happened to be about except myself, who was dozing after lunch. Marker was rating a servant in some Border tongue—Chil, it sounded like; and I remember wondering how he could have picked it up. I saw the whole thing through a chink in the floor, and I noticed that the servant's face was as grey as a brown hillman's can be. Then the fellow suddenly caught his arm and twisted it round, the man's face working with pain, though he did not dare to utter a sound. It was an ugly sight, and when I caught a glimpse of Marker's face, 'pon my soul, those straight black eyebrows of his gave him a most devilish look."

"What's he like to look at?" George asked.

"Oh, he's rather tall, very straight, with a sort of military carriage, and he has one of those oval faces that you sometimes see. He has most remarkable black eyes and very neat, thin eyebrows. He is the sort of man you'd turn round to look at if you once passed him in the street; and if you once saw him smile you'd begin to like him. It's the prettiest thing I've ever seen."

"I expect I'll run across him somewhere," said Lewis, "and I want badly to know him. Would you mind giving me an introduction?"

"Charmed!" said Gribton, "shall I write it now?" And sitting down at a table he scribbled a few lines, put them in an envelope, and gave it to Lewis.

"You are pretty certain to know him when you see him, so you can give him that line. You might run across him anywhere from Hyderabad to Rawal Pindi, and in any case you'll hear word of him in Bardur. He's the man for your purpose, only as I say, I never liked him. I suspect a loop somewhere."

"What are Logan and Thwaite like?" Lewis asked.

"Easy-goin good fellows. Believe in God and the English Government, and the inherent goodness of man. I am rather the other way, so they call me a cynic and an alarmist."

"But what do you fear?" said George. "The place is well garrisoned."

"I fear four inches in that map of unknown country," said Gribton shortly. "The people up there call it a 'God-given rock wall,' and of course there is no force to speak of just near it. But a tribe of devils incarnate, who call themselves the Bada-Mawidis, live on its skirts, and there must be a road through it. It isn't the caravan route, which goes much further east and is plain enough. But I know enough of the place to know that every man who comes over the frontier to Bardur does not come by the high road."

"But what would happen? Surely Bardur is strongly garrisoned enough to block any secret raid?"

"It isn't bad in its way, if the people were not so slack and easy. They might rise to the scratch, but, on the other hand, they might not, and once past Bardur you have the open road to India, if you march quick enough."

"Then you have no man sufficiently adventurous there to do a little exploring?"

"None. They care only about shooting, and there happens to be little in those rocks. Besides they trust in God and the Government of India. I didn't, so I became unpopular, and was voted a bore. But the work is waiting for you young men."

Gribton rose, yawned, and stretched himself. "Shall I tell you any more?"

"I don't think so," said Lewis smiling, "I fancy I understand, and I am sure we are obliged to you. Hadn't we better have a game?"

They went to the billiard-room and played two games of a hundred up, both of which George, who had the idler's knack in such matters, won with ease. Gribton played so well that he became excessively good-humoured.

"I almost wish I was going out again if I had you two as company. We don't get the right sort out there. Our globe-trotters all want to show their cleverness, or else they are merely fools. You will find it miserably dull. Nothing but bad claret and cheap champagne at the clubs, a cliquey set of English residents, and the sort of stock sport of which you tire in a month. That's what you may expect our frontier towns to be like."

"And the neighbourhood?" said Lewis, with lifted eyebrows.

"Oh, the neighbourhood is wonderful enough, but our people there are too slack and stale to take advantage of it. It is a peaceful frontier, you know, and men get into a rut as easily there as elsewhere. The country's too fat and wealthy, and people begin to forget the skeleton up among the rocks in the north."

"What are the garrisons like?"

"Good people, but far too few for a serious row, and just sufficiently large to have time hang on their hands. Our friends the Bada-Mawidis now and then wake them up. I see from the *Temps* that a great stirring of the tribes in the Southern Pamirs is reported. I expect that news came overland through Russia. It's the sort of *canard* these gentry are always getting up to justify a massing of troops on the Amu Daria that some new governor may show his strategic skill. I daresay you may find things a little livelier than I found them."

As they went towards the Faubourg St. Honoré a bitter Paris north-easter had begun to drift a fine powdered snow in their eyes. Gribton shivered and turned up the collar of his fur coat. "Ugh, I can't stand this. It makes me sick to be back. Thank your stars that you are going to the sun and heat, and out of this hideous grey weather."

They left him at the Embassy, and turned back to their hotel.

"He's a useful man," said Lewis, "he has given us a cue; life will be pretty well varied out there for you and me, I fancy."

Then, as they entered a boulevard, and the real sweep of the wind met their faces, both men fell strangely silent. To George it was the last word of the north which they were leaving, and his recent home-sickness came back and silenced him. But to Lewis, his mind already busy with his errand, this sting of wind was the harsh disturber, which carried him back to a lonely home in a cold upland valley. It was the wintry weather which was his own, and Alice's face, framed in a cloak, as he had seen it at the Broken Bridge, rose in the gallery of his heart. In a moment he was disillusioned. Success, enterprise, new lands and faces seemed the most dismal vexation of spirit. With a very bitter heart he walked home, and, after the fashion of his silent kind, gave no sign of his sorrow save by a premature and unreasonable retirement to bed.

CHAPTER XXI

IN THE HEART OF THE HILLS

ALL around was stone and scrub, rising in terraces to the foot of sheer cliffs which opened up here and there in nullahs and gave a glimpse of great snow hills behind them. On one of the flat ridge-tops a little village of stunted slatey houses squatted like an ape, with a vigilant eye on twenty gorges. Thin twisting paths led up to it, and before on the more clement slopes some fields of grain were tilled as our Aryan forefathers tilled the soil on the plains of Turkestan. The place was at least 8000 feet above the sea, so the air was highland, clear and pleasant, save for the dryness which the great stone deserts have forced upon the soft south winds. You will not find the place marked in any map, for it is a little beyond even the most recent geographer's ken, but it is none the less a highly important place, for the nameless village is one of the seats of that most active and excellent race of men, the Bada-Mawidi, who are so old that they can afford to look down on their neighbours from a vantage ground of some thousands of years.

It is well known that when God created the earth He first fashioned this tangle of hill land, and set thereon a primitive Bada-Mawidi, the first of the clan, who was the ancestor in the thousandth degree of the excellent Fazir Khan, the present father of the tribe.

The houses clustered on the scarp and enclosed a piece of well-beaten ground and one huge cedar-tree. Sounds came from the near houses, but around the tree itself the more privileged sat in solemn conclave. Food and wine were going the round, for the Maulai Mohammedans have no taboos in eating and drinking. Fazir Khan sat smoking next the tree trunk, a short, sinewy man with a square Aryan face, clear-cut and cruel. His chiefs were around him, all men of the same type, showing curiously fair faces against their oiled black hair. A mullah sat cross-legged, his straggling beard in his lap, talking some crazy charm to himself, and looking every now and again with anxious eyes to the guest who sat on the chief's right hand.

The guest was a long, thin man, clad in the Cossacks' fur-lined military cloak, under which his untanned riding boots showed red in the moonlight. He was still busy eating goat's flesh, cheese and fruits, and drinking deeply from the sweet Hunza wine, like a man who had come far and fast. He ate with the utmost disregard of his company. He might have been a hunter supping alone in the solitary hills for all the notice he took of the fifty odd men around him.

By-and-by he finished, pulled forth a little silver tooth-pick from an inner pocket, and reached a hand for the long cherry-wood pipe which had been placed beside him. He lit it, and blew a few clouds into the calm air.

"Now, Fazir Khan," he said, "I am a new man, and we shall talk. First, have you done my bidding?"

"Thy bidding has been done," said the great man, sulkily. "See, I am here with my chiefs. All the twenty villages of my tribe have been warned, and arms have been got from the fools at Bardur. Also, I have the Yarkand powder I was told of, to give the signals on the hills. The Nazri Pass road, which we alone know, has been widened. What more could man do?"

"That's well," said the other. "It's well for you and your people that you have done this. Your service shall not be forgotten. Otherwise——"

"Otherwise?" said the Fazir Khan, his hand travelling to his belt at the sound of a threat.

The man laughed. "You know the tale," he said. "Doubtless your mother told you it when you clutched at her breast. Some day a great white people from the North will come down and swallow up the disobedient That day is now at hand. You have been wise in time. Therefore I say it is well."

The stranger spoke with perfect coolness. He looked round curiously at the circle of dark faces and laughed quietly to himself. The chief stole one look at him and then said something to a follower.

"I need not speak of the reward," said the stranger. "You are our servants, and duty is duty. But I have authority for saying that we will hold your work in mind when we have settled our business."

"What would ye be without us?" said the chief in sudden temper. "What do ye know of the Nazri gates or the hill country? What is this talk of duty, when ye cannot stir a foot without our aid?"

"You are our servants, as I said before," said the man curtly. "You have taken our gold and our food. Where would you be, outlaws, vagrants that you are, hated of God and man, but for our help? Your bodies would have rotted long ago in the stony hills.

The kites would be feeding on your sons; your women would be in the Bokhara market. We have saved you a dozen times from the vengeance of the English. When they wished to come up and burn you out, we have put them past the project with smooth words. We have fed you in famine, we have killed your enemies, we have given you life. You are freemen indeed in the face of the world, but you are our servants."

Fazir Khan made a gesture of impatience. "That is as God may direct it," he said. "Who are ye but a people of yesterday, while the Bada-Mawidi is as old as the rocks. The English were here before you, and we before the English. It is right that youth should reverence age."

"That is one proverb," said the man, "but there are others, and in especial one to the effect that the man without a sword should bow before his brother who has one. In this game we are the people with the sword, my friends."

The hill man shrugged his shoulders. His men looked on darkly, as if little in love with the stranger's manner of speech.

"It is ill working in the dark," he said at length. "Ye speak of this attack and the aid you expect from us, but we have heard this talk before. One of your people came down with some followers in my father's time, and his words were the same, but lo! nothing has yet happened."

"Since your father's time things have changed, my brother. Then the English were very much on the watch, now they sleep. Then there were no roads or very bad ones, and before an army could reach the plain the whole empire would have been wakened. Now, for their own undoing, they have made roads up to the very foot of yon mountains, and there is a new railway down the Indus through Kohistan waiting to carry us into the heart of the Punjaub. They seek out inventions for others to enjoy, as the Koran says, and in this case we are to be the enjoyers."

"But what if ye fail?" said the chief. "Ye will be penned up in that Hunza valley like sheep, and I, Fazir Khan, will be unable to unlock the door of that sheep-fold."

"We shall not fail. This is no war of rock-pigeons, my brothers. Our agents are in every town and village from Bardur to Lahore. The frontier tribes, you among the rest, are rising in our favour. There is nothing to stop us but isolated garrisons of Ghoorkas and Pathans, with a few overworked English officers at their head. In a week we shall command the north of India and if we hold the north, in another week we shall hold Calcutta and Bombay."

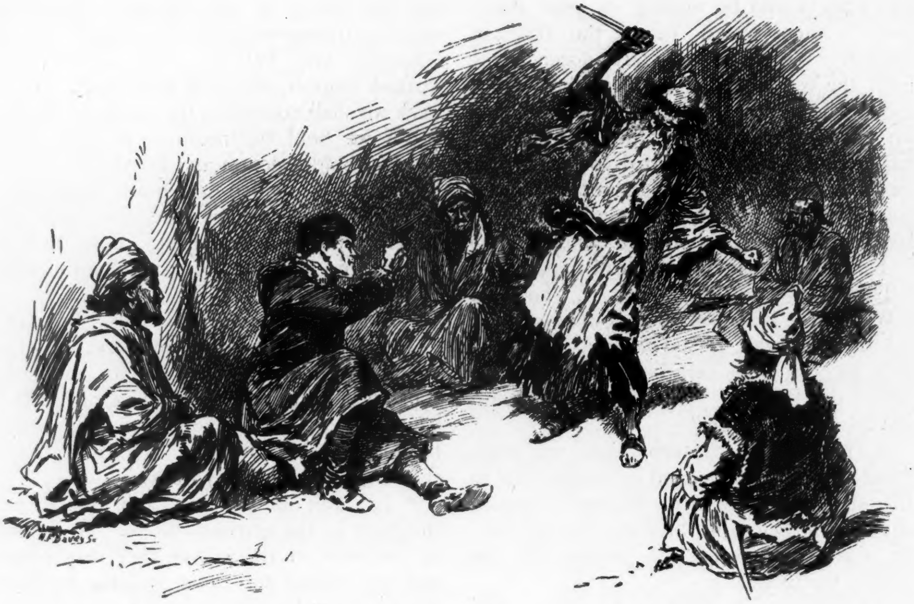
The chief nodded his head. Such far-off schemes pleased his fancy, but only remotely touched his interest. Calcutta was beyond his ken, but he knew Bardur and Gilgit.

"I have little love for the race," he said. "They hanged two of my servants who ventured too near the rifle-room, and they shot my son in the back when we raided the Chitralis. If ye and your friends cross the border I will be with you. But meantime, till that day, what is my duty?"

"To wait in patience, and above all things to let the garrisons alone. If we stir up the hive in the valleys they may come and see things too soon for our success. We must win by secrecy and surprise. All is lost if we cannot reach the railway before the Punjaub is stirring."

The mullah had ceased muttering to himself. He scrambled to his feet, shaking down his rags over his knees, a lean, crazy apparition of a man with deep set, smouldering eyes.

"I will speak," he cried. "Ye listen to the man's words and ye are silent, believing all things. Ye are silent, my children, because ye know not. But I am old and I have seen many things, and these are my words. Ye speak of pushing out the English from the land. Allah knows I love not the breed! I spit upon it, I thirst for the heart of every man, woman, and child, that I might burn them in the sight of all of you. But I have heard this talk before. When I was a young priest at Kufaz, there was word of this pushing out of the foreigner, and I rejoiced, being unwise. Then there was much fighting, and at the end more English came up the valleys and before we knew, we were paying tribute. Since then many of our people have gone down from the mountains with the same thought, and they have never returned. Only the English and the troops have crept nearer. Now this stranger talks of his Czar and how an army will come through the passes, and foreigner will fight with foreigner. This talk, too, I have heard,



"There was a gleam of steel"

Once there came a man with a red beard who spoke thus, and he went down to Bardur, and lo! our men told me that they saw him hanged there for a warning. Let foreigner war on foreigner if they please, but what have we to do in the quarrel, my children? Ye owe nothing to either?"

The stranger regarded the speaker with calm eyes of amusement.

"Nothing," said he, "except that we have fed you and armed you. By your own acts you are the servants of my master."

The mullah was rapidly working himself into a frenzy. He swung his long, bony arms across his breast, and turned his face skywards. "Ye hear that, my children. The free people, the Bada-Mawidi, of whose loins sprang Abraham the prophet, are the servants of some foreign dog in the North. If ye were like your fathers, ye would have long ere this wiped out the taint in blood."

The man sat perfectly composed, save that his right hand had grasped a revolver. He was playing a bold game, but he had played it before. And he knew the man he had to deal with.

"I say again, ye are my master's servants by your own confession. I did not say his slaves. Ye are a free people, but ye will serve a greater in this affair. As for this dog who blasphemes, when we have settled more important matters we will attend to him."

The mullah was scarcely a popular member of his tribe, for no one stirred at the call. The stranger sat watching him with very bright, eager eyes. Suddenly he ceased his genuflexions, there was a gleam of steel among his rags, then something bright flashed in the air. It fell short, because at the very moment of throwing, a revolver had cracked out in the silence, and a bullet had broken two of his fingers. The man flung himself writhing on the ground, howling forth imprecations.

The stranger looked half apologetically at the chief, whose glum demeanour had never relaxed. "Sorry," he said, "it had to be done in self-defence. But I ask your pardon for it."

Fazir Khan nodded carelessly. "He is a disturber of peace, and to one who cannot fight a hand matters little. But by Allah, ye Northerners shoot quick."

The stranger relinquished the cherry-wood pipe, and filled a meerschaum from a pouch which he carried in the pocket of his cloak. He took a long drink from the loving cup of mulled wine which was passing round.

"Your mad priest has method in his folly," he said. "It is true that we are attacking a great people; therefore the more need of wariness for you and me, Fazir Khan. If we fail there will be the devil to pay for you. The English will shift their frontier line beyond the mountains, and there will be no more lifting of women and driving of cattle for the Bada Mawidi. You will be all sent to school, and your guns will be taken from you."

The chief compressed his attractive features into a savage scowl. "That may not be in my lifetime," he said. "Besides, are there no mountains all around? In five hours I shall be in China, and in a little more I might be beyond the Amu. But why talk of this? The accursed English shall not escape us. I swear by the hilt of my sword and the hearts of my fathers."

A subdued murmur of applause ran around the circle.

"Ye are men after my own heart," said the stranger. "Meanwhile, a word in your own ear, Fazir Khan. Dare you come to Bardur with me?"

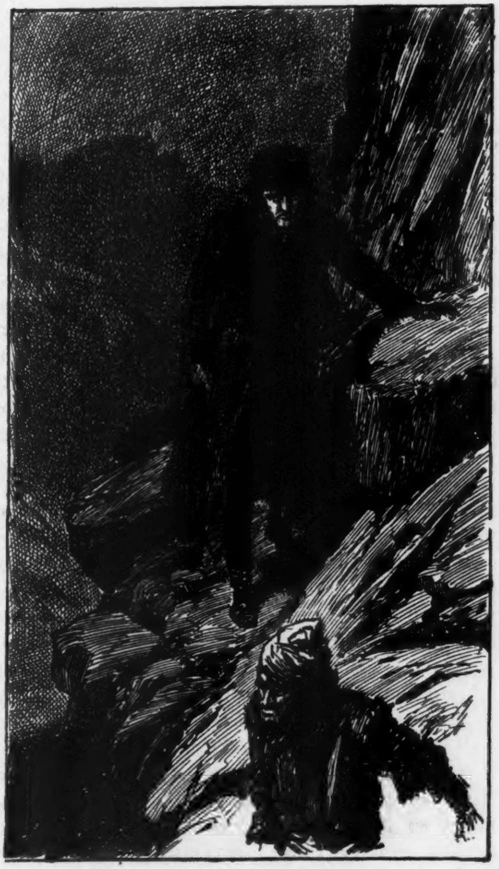
The chief made a gesture of repugnance. "I hate that place of mud and lime. The blood of my people cries on me when I enter the gates. But if it is your counsel I will come with you."

"I wish to assure myself that the place is quiet. Our success depends on the whole country being unsuspicious and asleep. Now if word has got to the South, and worse still to England, there will be questions asked and vague instructions sent up to the frontier. We shall find a stir among the garrisons, and perhaps some visitors in the place. And at the very worst we might find some fool inquiring about the Nazri Pass. There was once a man in Bardur who did, but people laughed at him and he has gone."

"Where?" asked the chief.

"To England. But he was a harmless man, and he is too old to have any vigour."

As the darkness grew over the hills, the fires were brightened, and the curious game of *Khoti* was played in groups of six. The women came to the house-doors to sit and gossip, and listen to the harsh laughter of their lords from beside the fires. A little after midnight, when the stars were picked out in the deep velvet sky, Fazir Khan and the stranger, both muffled to the ears, stole beyond the street and scrambled down the perilous pathways to the south.



"Down the perilous pathways to the South"

COGNOMINAL PUZZLES

By EDWARD WHITAKER

THE perplexing oddities existing among family names have from time to time called forth both here and in America a good deal of comment and speculation. In all probability the Registrar-General's official indexes at Somerset House do not furnish quite so bewildering a multitude of these oddities as do the corresponding records of the American States; for there the flowing together of many different races has supplied conditions favourable to an even greater increase of cognominal riddles than here. At home, however, built up out of a nomenclature that was fundamentally full and varied, these riddles are indeed sufficiently numerous; and if investigation has done much in the way of answering them, the "given up" cases that remain are abundant. It is proposed in what follows to call to mind the forces which have combined to produce these puzzles, and the difficulties which consequently beset those who would attempt to solve them; while in the course of the remarks to be made a few choice specimens will be quoted and commented on.

The more the matter is considered the clearer it becomes that a large proportion of the unintelligible in the mass of our surnames was only to be expected. It may be well to give a reminder here that the original material out of which our family names were shaped consisted of: first, Christian names in use during the later middle ages, including a great variety of appellative forms; secondly, place-names; thirdly, fourthly and fifthly, names of office and occupation, nicknames, and names of trade-signs that were current within the same period. The custom of adding such designations to personal names in order *to distinguish individuals* was, as is well known, very ancient, the addition when it consisted of a second personal (or Christian) name being that of the individual's father or possibly of his mother. In the twelfth century these previously transient designations were among the masses of the English people taking permanent—*i.e.*, hereditary—shape, although not until a much later date did they everywhere assume this lasting form. In 1538, when the greater monasteries were being swept away, Lord Cromwell, presumably recognising the utility of some of the work done in the monastic *scriptoria*, issued his order for a parochial registration of christenings, marriages, and burials. This order represents the first move made towards the keeping of anything like a general record of English surnames, and it was not till the passing of a constitution approved by Queen Elizabeth in 1597 that the Chancellor's project was effectually carried out. It is therefore from the year just named that surnames in England have been recorded with some approach to completeness. But in the sixteenth century as previously, and as indeed has often been the case in much later times, spelling proceeded *by ear*. The results of this upon recorded surnames were exactly such as might have been looked for. Shakespeare's name is found to have been spelt in documents of equal authority in eight different ways,* including *Chacksper* and *Shaxper*, while in his own will it appeared in three forms; and Sir Walter Raleigh's name was much more variously spelt. Thus the door to much artificial multiplication of family denominations must have been pushed wider open than before at the outset of general name-registration four hundred years ago; for each recording clergyman would consult his own ear as to the spelling of a surname, and the foregoing examples are sufficient to show that that organ in different persons, and probably in the same person at different times, would render in precisely similar cases varying orthographical counsel. But on the other hand, when only a few people could write, variations in spelling can hardly have been the potent factor in surname-splitting that they have since become. Current pronunciation must then have gone far to preserve the integrity of surnames in spite of uncertain orthography; whereas later, as the many have become writers, and as frequently the words forming surnames have ceased to possess for them any definite meanings, differently spelt forms of the same names have been tenaciously clung to by those who have come into ownership of them, to the permanent maintenance of false distinctions. It may here be noticed that as in the past sound has doubtless often served to uphold the identity of family names threatened with obscuration by lack of a definite orthography, so it still often supplies a trustworthy clue to name-origin where spelling does not. To take a simple and familiar example: the surname *Pear*—now of saponaceous association—which many people following the spelling pronounce like the name of the fruit, is sounded by its bearers as *pier*, which pronunciation indicates its true source, viz., Pierre, the mediæval saint name which in spite of its unpopularity arising from papal exaction, has become the foundation stone of many other surnames, among them *Parr*, *Pearce*, *Pearson*, *Perkins*, *Perks*, and *Spiers*. It is generally the case with surnames that differences of spelling not materially affecting their sound, which, as some families suppose, separate them by long distances from others, have in fact no such effect. *Leapers* and *Leepers* are alike the descendants of basket-makers, *Readers* and *Reeders* of thatchers with reeds. *Simpsons* and *Simsons* all owe their names to some ancestral Simon. Nevertheless a single consonant affecting pronunciation may suffice at once to relegate a surname from one list of derivatives to another. *Simson*, for instance, with a "*t*" after its first "*s*," is severed from Simon, and connected with a mediæval Stephen; and the same letter introduced after the "*s*" in *Johnson* changes it from a patronymic to a place-name.

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* Lower's "Patronymica Britannica."

But to proceed with the causes which have brought about the unintelligibilities of modern family nomenclature. Notwithstanding the surviving value of sound in tracing the meanings of some surnames, they have always been liable to several varieties of corruption by which that sound has been directly assailed. During the now expiring century the liability has certainly been reduced, though to an unknown extent, first by the introduction in 1837 of a civil system of birth, death, and marriage registration, and secondly by the operation on that system of extended education in general, and of the compulsory Education Act of 1870 in particular. It cannot, however, be said that the corruptions about to be mentioned are even now impossible.

Every one knows how in ordinary language words have been modified by the inclination to save trouble in pronunciation, to shorten endings, assimilate consonants, and substitute the subdued for the sonorous in vowel sounds. This inclination has largely affected surnames. Few would suppose that the not uncommon cognomen *Sparke* is an abbreviation of the mediæval nickname *Sparrowhawk;* not every one would see in the absurd *Hunnybun* a degraded version of *Honeybourne*—a pleasant name commemorating ancestral residence beside some well of sweet waters. But both explanations are true. *Caird* (a tinker) has become *Card* by a like shortening of vowel sound; and *Tassell* includes both a bold contraction and an assimilation of consonants if, as suggested by a well-known authority, it be a condensed form of *Tattersall.*

The surname *Card* will serve to lead on to the consideration of another sort of corruption that befalls surnames, viz., that arising from varieties of local pronunciation. In Somersetshire and some neighbouring counties the sounds *ar* and *or* on the lips of the lower ranks usually change places. The groom asking for *ar*ders about a sick horse suggests that you come into the stable-*yord* to see him. When therefore we find, as we do find, *Cord* among recorded surnames, we trace in it a descendant of *Caird* twice degraded, the second time by means of the provincialism in question. *Rickard*, one of many cognominal forms of the personal name Richard, has been shaped into *Rickord* apparently by the operation of the same peculiarity of local utterance, and an example of the opposite transposition will be given presently. *Varnham* evidently proceeds from a south-western pronunciation of the place-name *Farnham;* and *Noon* when not merely a personal name pointing to birth at "nones" and therefore cognate with the surnames *Mattens*, *Laud*, *Prime*, and *Vesper*, is probably a north-country rendering of *Nunn*. Cockney tricks of utterance have no doubt contributed their quota to cognominal degradation. A collector of surname-oddities who some years ago published his collection in an amusing volume often referred to in the preparation of this paper,* in pointing out that the appellations *Vinegar*, *Vulgar*, and *Viper* sometimes appear as *Winegar*,

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* "English Surnames as Seen in Groups." C. L. Lordan. Houlston & Sons.

Wulgar, and *Wiper*, suggests that this may be owing to the same uncertainty of labial exercise that led Mr. Weller senior to announce in court that his family name was to be "spelt with a *Wee*." *Vest* and *Wenn* are surnames which may be accounted for on the hypothesis that they are merely *West* and *Venn* with initials transposed through similar Cockney indecision. Insensibility as to the aspirate, though certainly a special infirmity among the lower metropolitan ranks, is one by no means confined to the area of the County of London; whether there or elsewhere is uncertain, but *somewhere* it has done large work in the way of name-debasement. Name-*exaltation* we may perhaps say in at least one case, for, ever busy in putting on "*h's*" as well as in taking them off, it has lifted *Evans* which has otherwise grovelled a good deal in the forms of *Ivens*, *Ivins*, *Evins*, &c., to *Heavens*. On the other hand, it of course deprives freely, as in the case of *Hammond*, which, aided by the suppression of the final consonant, it has reduced to *Ammon*. The writer quoted above hints that the surname *Evyeart* may be owing to this infirmity, but admits it to be against the supposition that he can find no cognomen nearer to *Heavyheart* than *Heavisides*.

The kind of surname-degradation, however, that is necessarily most difficult to repair is the *constructive* variety. This process has no doubt largely gone forwards when a cognomen of unfamiliar sound has been newly brought into a town or neighbourhood; for in such a case the tendency among the less cultivated of those to whom the surname is a novelty, is to shape its material into some accustomed word to which in sound it may bear a certain likeness. If the accustomed word suggested by it be one of a sense derogatory or absurd all the more likely is the transformation to take place; for depreciation and ridicule are naturally used by the ignorant when they have to do with strangers and especially with foreigners. Perhaps thus *Shuffle*—a registered surname—may originally have been unjustly bestowed on some perfectly straightforward migrant whose true designation was the not uncommon place-name *Sheffield*, but who could neither write the name nor pronounce it distinctly. And *Hiccup*, another existing surname, may have been sportively foisted on a new settler similarly illiterate, whose actual cognomen was *Hickot*—a diminutive (to be found in directories) of *Hick* which is one of the many familiar forms surviving cognominally of the personal name Isaac. Archbishop Trench gave a good example of the inventiveness of ignorance in interpreting a dark designation, by quoting a gardener's rendering of *Rose des quatre saisons*, viz., Rose of Quarter Sessions![*] From among surnames this may almost be matched by *Argument* from *Aigumont*, and *Tallboy* out of *Taillebois*.

It is well known that migration in England and immigration from abroad, especially the former, did much towards furnishing the original stock of English surnames; for when these appellations were merely personal, a man who left his birth-place to dwell elsewhere did not necessarily carry with him the description by which he had there been distinguished. Hence he often acquired in his new neighbourhood the name of the place he came from, a fact which has introduced into family nomenclature that of nearly every town, village and hamlet in England, immigrant foreigners being designated sometimes in the same way, and sometimes by their nationality, adding to our cognominal list in the latter case such names as *French*, *Gaskin* (*i.e.*, a Gascon), and *Breton*, from which last we have *Britain*, *Britton* and *Brett*. Sometimes the newcomer was distinguished simply *as such*. This we see in the denominations *New*, *Newcome* (probably in part mixed with *Newcombe*, which is of different origin), *Newman*, *Strange*, *Stranger* and *Strangeman*. Very considerable then was the variety as well as the sum of the surnames originally created by *change in places of abode;* and by leading to the kind of corruption last described the same factor has certainly operated in later days in producing a further large and highly diversified accession to their numbers.

It must be remembered, too, that the causes of surname-debasement noted above may act, and doubtless have often acted, *one on the top of another*. It is easy to see how insoluble must be many of the denominational riddles thus created, and melancholy to reflect that fragments of interesting old names have been repeatedly used to build up all sorts of cognominal absurdities. In order to represent clearly what in all probability has repeatedly happened in this way, let us take a short excursion into the region of hypothetical name-history. Our starting-point shall be the surname *Orchard*, familiar in registers and directories. The word is explained as having been originally wyrt-yard, an enclosure for cultivating worts or herbs, but when surnames were taking permanent shape, orchard, appleyard, and applegarth—all represented in modern family names—were synonymous terms. The cognomen points, of course, to a resident in or near the enclosure. It is likely that even now the door to such progressive corruption as we are about to depict is not closed, yet we will imagine the first of the following downward steps to have been taken early in this century, which will allow ample time for all the decadence to be described to have come about before 1885, the earliest date at which the results of compulsory education can have told on civil registration. A Somersetshire residence by some humble bearer of the surname *Orchard* would soon make *Archard* of it; and, indeed, it exists in this form, affording the further example of the local transposition which we undertook to give earlier in this paper. Archard's son seeking employment in the leather trade goes to Bermondsey, among comrades who, accustomed to relieve many words of the burdensome aspirate, have plenty of spare "h's" on hand. The stranger, therefore, becomes *Harchard.* But in the time of the next generation neighbouring mankind have found out that this form of the word is needlessly long and difficult, that the "ars" are oppressive, and that the final "d" is not a comfortable ending. These obstacles to pleasant utterance are accordingly removed, and the mid-century registers show the name as *Hutchert.* The Elementary Education Act is as yet non-existent, when an illiterate Hutchert whose appellative has now been further softened to *Husshert* travels to a distant town for employment, where he wins the affections of a local maiden, and gives notice for banns publication. The name has now come into hands from which it will receive imaginative treatment. The parish clerk taking the notice, sometime a national schoolmaster, is puzzled by the unfamiliar surname, on the orthography of which the illiterate can, of course, throw no light, leaving the former to the conclusion that the last syllable of the name relates to a familiar article of attire, and must be spelt accordingly. Fortunately, however, the grave bent of the clerk's mind, and some vague recollections of historic chivalry, save him from pushing his conviction in a ludicrous or uncomplimentary direction. The reference is, his cultivated imagination assures him, to some shirt or coat of mail, famed of old on account of gallant ownership and exploit. If so, the first part of the word must express the name of the owner. What appellation lies hidden in that slurred syllable? After much exercise of judicial pondering, the clerk decides—*Hugh.* The cognomen celebrates a special achievement by some Hugh of heroic memory. The bearer, having no preference whatever as to the spelling of his name, readily accepts this flattering view. *Hughshirt* is, therefore, the name recorded in the banns-book and church registers, repeated in the entries of the childrens' births, and fastened—a meaningless and unpleasing label—on the backs of future generations of those who ought to be bearing the intelligible and agreeable name *Orchard.* Every step in this hypothetical degradation can be matched in large numbers of actual cases. Only as regards the operation of all the causes of corruption mentioned upon a single name, is the supposititious history exceptional: and such a concentration of forces is by no means impossible. The reader shall decide whether the imaginative deduction of our parish clerk is more daring than must have been those drawn in the cases of the following compounds, mostly culled from the Registrar-General's Official Returns, and all from authentic lists of existing surnames: *Barndoor*, *Bookholding*, *Collarbone*, *Doorbar*, *Eggbeer*, *Evilthrift*, *Feveryear*, *Gatherlegs*, *Halfnight*, *Hardegg*, *Kneebone*, *Manyweathers*, *Porterbeer*, *Strangleman*, *Thousandpound*, *Twoyearold*, *Tortoiseshell*, and *Whalebone*.

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[*] "English Past and Present." 11th ed., p. 560.

This is nothing more than a minute chip out of the huge block of surnominal enigmas; and after what has been said, little wonder will be felt that the existing multitudes or surnames cover or seem to cover most of the areas of human experience. When, indeed, in writing the present article, we are reminded that both *Gammon* and *Spinnage* with the appropriate interjection *Heigho!* are among these appellations; that there are people about us branded *Awkward*, *Greedy*, *Sulkie*, and *Trickey;* that we may any day encounter walking *Grammers*, *Syntaxes*, *Rules*, and *Tenses;* that *Fancy*, *Witt*, and *Memory* may positively be contracting marriages with *Cushions*, *Basons*, and *Pitchforks;* that *Deaths* which are alive, male *Girls*, and female *Husbands* are around, together with healthy representatives of disease from *Palsey* to *Stitch*, embodiments of *Fuss*, *Bother*, and *Worry* doubtless enjoying their share of calm, and abodes of *Rest*, *Peace*, and *Leasure*, where toil and turmoil cannot be quite unknown; finally, that *Varlets*, *Scamps*, *Swindlers*, *Priggs*, and *Poachers* are at large unwatched by the police—when all this is so brought home to us, we grow weary of the endless intrusions and confusions of family nomenclature, its unwarranted trifling with the innocent pleasantries of the nursery, its grossly uncharitable insinuations, its affected adoption of the terms of useful study, its persistent materialisation of lofty mental attributes, its morbid taste for contradiction and paradox, and its habit of scattering throughout the community a number of characters distinctly dangerous to society, until at last we are not sorry to take a practical hint from a surname on the list before us that is, perhaps, as puzzling as any of its neighbours, one consisting of the suggestive dissyllable—*Enough.*

THE TSAR

By Dr. E. J. DILLON

ONE of the most curious books in the world is preserved within the yellow walls of the Winter Palace on the banks of the frost-bound Neva. Its leaves are of the finest parchment, its binding of massive silver artistically ornamented with the coats-of-arms of the house of Romanoff, and the volume is most carefully kept under a glass covering on a table specially made for the purpose. In the Tsar's household it is usually known as the "genealogical book," but it is in reality a good deal more than this. In the first place it serves as a registry of the births and deaths of the Lord's Anointed, from which, however, extracts are never required, and in the second place it contains a very brief account of the deeds and events by which their respective reigns were characterised. So utterly dry, however, are these bones of history, that the great poet Firdousi himself could hardly clothe them with flesh and blood, and breathe into them such breath of immortal life as he once bestowed upon the Persian Book of Kings. The records begin with the first "European" Tsar, Peter the Great, and continue down to the present Emperor; how many more monarchs' living and working will be enshrined therein one cannot foretell. The book is never opened without great ceremony, and when an entry is to be made it has always to be done by express order of the Tsar; the Minister of the Imperial Court must then be present as well as the Adjutant-General on duty at the time, and the chief dignitaries of his Majesty's household. The individual who actually does the writing is always one of the best calligraphers in the Empire. He has a pen of his own choice and black ink of the most durable kind, and with these he indites the paragraphs—which have been carefully drawn up beforehand—in his very best manner without blot, erasure or mistake. The parchment leaves which have been filled up during the past twenty years would probably take first prize at an exhibition of specimens of Russian handwriting.

When the chapter headed "Nikolai II." has been quite finished, it will be time enough to write a life of the present Emperor. He is still a mere youth, and young men are emphatically not fit subjects for biographical sketches. The roots of character are still hidden in the seed plot of the future, the acts by which alone it may be gauged not having yet been performed, guesses must take the place of appreciations. The ridiculously false estimates made of Pope Pius IX. in 1848, and of

Kaiser Wilhelm in 1890, are instructive instances of what premature character-sketches are worth. A man's moral nature is doubtless fixed and unchangeable from the first, but the deeds which make it known to the man's neighbours, and indeed to himself cannot have been numerous nor characteristic enough at the age of thirty-one. The utmost, therefore, that one can hope to effect is to point out certain noteworthy facts illustrative of the first stage in the Tsar's career, some of which may also be possibly indicative of his natural bent. Fortunately, by a large class of readers almost any glimpses they can get into the living and working of a powerful contemporary monarch are hailed with enthusiastic welcome.

(Levitsky, Photographer, St. Petersburg)

THE TSAR AS A CHILD

One of the most striking of these facts is the contrast which the present ruler of Russia presents in *physique*, attainments, and methods of tackling State problems to his late father. Slim, small, shy and frail-looking, he seemed but a dwarf by the side of his Imperial sire. Alexander III. was a broad, burly Hercules who could crush in a solid oaken door with a push from his shoulder, and twist a poker round his knee with an easy movement of his hands, and was withal permeated with that fine feeling for others which imparts delicacy to thought and lends tact to manner. Not having been born to the purple, he donned the monarchic mantle reluctantly and wore it resignedly—with heroism when it threatened to become a Nessus-shirt, and with a simple manly grace during the years of his prayerful labours for peace. Believing that Providence had chosen him for a great work in Europe and the world he entered heartily into the spirit of his *rôle*, courageously shaping his life in accordance with the duties of his mission.

His son and successor despite, or because of, his more careful training for the throne, seems to pursue the same ends by means less difficult of analysis and access. He is more prone to sink his own personality in that of his ministers, and unlimited though his authority be in theory, he is said to exercise less actual power than his constitutional cousin, the German Kaiser. So long as he has confidence in his advisers, he delegates his authority to them, and is not easily moved to condemn their action or suspect their motives. This trust in others has been more than once set down to weakness of will; it might with at least equal reason be attributed to the Tsar's respect for the law of the economy of forces. It is certainly not due to any defect in his education.

The mental training of Nicholas II. was as thorough as the resources of contemporary pedagogy, limited by the manifold demands on the attention of the young pupil, could make it. The late Tsar, whose judgment on the subject was unbiased by theories, sought to have his son educated as a useful military officer and a sound civil administrator, as befits one destined to become chief of the army and head of the State. He, therefore, dispensed him from the study of Greek and Latin, and at the tender age of nine years confided him and

(*Levitsky, Photographer, St. Petersburg*)

THE TSAR, TSARITSA AND THEIR CHILDREN

his younger brother to the care of General Danilovitch, a painstaking officer of solid rather than brilliant parts, who was thenceforth responsible for the bringing up of the Emperor's two sons. The division of the Prince's studies was the same as that which is generally followed in the case of most young Russians of means: eight years being allotted to his general education, corresponding to the eight years of Russian Grammar Schools, and four years being appointed for his special training, as is the case at all Russian Universities. General Leer, the first military authority in the Empire, General Obrutschoff, to whom the Russian army of to-day owes much of its efficiency, and General Dragomiroff, the most intellectual and well read of Russian officers, were among the military preceptors of the Tsarevitch; M. Pobedenosteff, who is fairly well known in Europe, and Professor Bunge, who was thoroughly at home in finances and political economy, were among his civil teachers.

Intellect and culture, like every other gift and attainment, are relative possessions, the great ones of the earth receiving, so to say, much higher marks than their humbler rivals for the same degree of proficiency. Monarchs, indeed, resemble Zulus, Basutos and Hottentots in this, that most people are ever ready to fall into ecstasies and lavish superlatives of praise upon any one of them who happens to be endowed even with common intelligence. The Tsar's inborn qualities and acquired knowledge need to be gauged by no such relative standard. Speaking in the language of sobriety, Nicholas II. is a man of much more than average intelligence, quick of apprehension, keen in investigating, fertile in distinctions, but somewhat slow in reaching definite conclusions, and slower still in drawing practical consequences from them. The two qualities which have heretofore stood him in best stead are his power of observation and his splendid memory. He can take a man's measure in a twinkling, and store it away in his memory for years. His mind, one of his professors told me, is wax to receive and granite to retain impressions. Most people exclaim, when confronted with a face that is not wholly strange: "I have surely seen that face before, somewhere." But the Tsar remarks: "That is X—— whom I met in such a place eight years ago. He had lost two of his front teeth then. They both seem to have sprouted up somehow in the interval."

It is just the same when he reads, and in his boyhood he was always a devourer of books. He learned foreign languages consequently without apparent difficulty. His knowledge of English is such as to enable him to pass as a native Briton, he speaks French with the fluency of a diplomatist and the accent of a Parisian, but his German is that of a Russian born and bred during the period when German and the Germans were exceedingly unpopular in Muscovy. He is acquainted with the language but cannot wield it with anything like the same ease as French. Hence he seldom tries. Danish, strange to say, he can hardly be said to know at all. Before he came to the throne he read with avidity the Russian, French and English classics, learning whole pages off by heart and occasionally making little excursions into the by-ways of these literatures. He is, of course, uncommonly well grounded in Russian letters, very much better indeed than the majority of University graduates, for he has carefully read the classics and many of the best creations of the second and third class writers. Turguenieff's "Tales of a Sportsman," and Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina," were among his favourite works in prose, and Puschkin's "Fountain," and Lermontoff's smaller pieces were compositions which he re-read and relished most in poetry. No translation into a non-Slavic tongue can reveal to the foreigner the exquisite charm of these genial compositions. Few English readers grow enthusiastic over the French classic writers Corneille and Racine, whereas none can withhold their admiration from Molière. But the young Tsarevitch studied them all, and is able even now to repeat long monologues from "Polyeucte," the "Cid" and the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme;" but I suspect, without being able to affirm, that he would much prefer one of Molière's comedies or one of Victor Hugo's poems to the stately tragedies of the two statelier classics.

My authorities for those statements are the Tsar's Professors. They assured me that there is no epoch of our literature with which he is not fairly well acquainted. That a cultivated foreigner should have read "Macbeth," "Hamlet," the "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Childe Harold" and "In Memoriam," is not perhaps surprising; but one is somewhat startled to learn that a Russian who is being trained specially not in philology but in artillery, strategy, and statecraft, should con the "Canterbury Tales," peruse the "Faërie Queene," dip into the "Arcadia" and make a favourite of Marlowe, carrying about a selection from their masterpieces in his brain. Yet this is what Nicholas II. did when Tsarevitch. Of all English literature he prefers the historical plays of Shakespeare, which he has read over and over again. A diplomatist, who is himself a well-known English writer, seriously declared that it is impossible to discover by a wrongly placed accent a foreign idiom or any other token that the Tsar is not an Englishman.

Modern languages the Tsarevitch picked up at play, so to say. The subjects that gave him most trouble were the military sciences, and these he tackled as English boys so often master engineering, practically at first and theoretically afterwards. His experience of the practical side was almost exclusively acquired during the three months of camp life which he spent every summer at Tsarskoye Selo. His knowledge of mathematics just sufficed for technical purposes, and he never can hope to vie with Euler, Laplace, or even Legendre. Neither is he a clever draughtsman, his drawing lessons having been given and taken solely for the purpose of enabling him to discharge his duties as officer in the various regiments

(Levitsky, photographer, St. Petersburg)
THE TSARITSA AND HER DAUGHTERS

(Levitsky, photographer, St. Petersburg)

TSAR NICHOLAS AS BABY

through which he successively passed. But he is said to know well all that he ought to be familiar with, to be able to sketch a room, a fortress or make a map of a district, to be a very fair judge of the value of his officers, finding out their weak points in artillery and other military sciences.

As an officer the Heir Apparent worked conscientiously but by no means enthusiastically. He neither felt nor displayed an overpowering love for a military life as such. But his strong sense of duty pulled him creditably through its difficulties. His progress in artillery, for example, is said to have been very rapid, and I was assured not only by his professors, who may be excusably partial, but by some of his comrades whose judgments are less biased, and whose words are not quite so nicely weighed, that the Tsarevitch accomplished certain feats of gunnery which beat the record at the time, and still form part of the traditions of which his regiment is justly proud. He himself took no pride in anything he did or was. The honour with which he was treated by his companions, the deference with which they conversed with him, and the lack of spontaneity which necessarily ensued, were gall and wormwood to Nikolai Alexandrovitch, who in all his relations was extremely studious of the comfort of others. He missed no opportunity therefore of slipping away from the *régime* of stiffness and ceremony, and of mingling with his fellow officers on terms of full reciprocity, and in conditions which admitted of none other. On these occasions the General in command was on pins and needles, but he had, of course, to put a good face on the matter and watch and wait in silence.

A highly developed sense of duty is said to have been the most noteworthy trait of the young Prince's character during this first stage in his career. It was carried to an uncommonly high degree and manifested in odd ways. Whenever he was given recreation or rest he would never allow himself to be so fully absorbed by his amusements as to lose sight of the limits of the time fixed; and twice or thrice he would leave off playing and run to consult the clock. In this and other ways he developed a very marked sense of responsibility, which led many to believe that in riper years he would be distinguished for great independence of character, rare strength of will and enterprising initiative. This feeling of responsibility, which showed itself in numberless ways, generally combined with other traits which did equal credit to the young man's heart. A personage of somewhat unprepossessing appearance and odd manners was sometimes a guest at the Imperial palace, and the young princes, who felt no sympathy for the visitor, occasionally made fun of him among themselves, in a way that was more ingenious than charitable. But the Tsarevitch, young and spiritful though he too was, put his foot down on the practice and made it cease from that day forth, and this on grounds which, as Kant puts it, might be raised to the level of a universal maxim for human conduct, and had nothing whatever to do with personal likes or dislikes. He told his comrades the following story which is still current in St. Petersburg military circles: "I once spent a most fatiguing day of hard work which before it came to a close made me long to measure my length on a bed or even on the soft grass. But I held out until I got back to Peterhof, and once there, I kicked off my high boots and threw myself full length upon the bed. Just as I was dozing off into sweet unconsciousness, I heard heavy footsteps coming along, and jumping up as if stung by an adder I rushed for my boots. I found one at the foot end of the bed, but I could not for the life of me lay my eyes on the other. There was no time to look for it, and no substitute visible. The steps grew more and more audible, and the feet that took them were clearly making straight for my room. Somebody was evidently coming about something connected with the service. Well, with beating heart and puzzled brain, I did the very best I could: stiffened myself as straight as a poker and filled myself full of the spirit of an officer on guard, just as the door opened. You can picture to yourself my horror when you hear that I found myself face to face with the Tsar, in his regimentals, whereas I was standing in my stocking feet. My sleeplessness vanished in a twinkling. I was never more taken aback, more dismayed, more helpless in my life." He would hardly say as much now that he has borne the burden of empire for several eventful years.

The young Prince's physical training was as carefully looked after as his intellectual, and with at least equal success. Many foreigners affect to believe that he is suffering from some constitutional infirmity, that he is predisposed to be consumptive, and even that he is at death's door. And from time to time paragraphs appear in the newspapers to that effect. They generally amuse the Tsar, always irritate his Ministers and sometimes mislead the public, and the motives for which they are circulated would be more in place as the explanation of a financial operation than of legitimate journalistic enterprise. But they lack even the semblance of truth. I have over and over again made inquiries about the health of the Emperor from persons who have known him intimately since he was a child and from some of his comrades in the Guards. They one and all declare that he is very much stronger than his looks would warrant one in supposing, that he is wholly free from organic ailments, and is endowed with powers of endurance which are considerably above the average. He is a splendid walker, both as regards speed and the length of time he can go on without resting, and on horseback, too, he can hold his own with the best.

Nicholas II. as a sportsman is, I am told, a splendid shot, but he cannot be looked upon as a genuine disciple of St. Humbert. He seldom misses his living target, and when he does he has the courage to lay the blame on himself; but he aims and fires coldly and without a trace of that emotion which characterises the enthusiastic Nimrod throughout the globe. In like manner he cannot be said to be a musician. He professes and displays a moderate liking for music, but it is music which is set to very small measures. He himself used to play the piano indifferently, performing pieces four-handed with his sister the Grand Duchess Xenia. But that was the acme of his progress. Nothing leads one to suppose that he is gifted with a taste for the grand music which swells and rolls over empires and kingdoms, thrilling the souls of peoples.

One day he took part in a forced march across country with his regiment, and having traversed some forty-five versts (about thirty miles) got home. Many of his comrades were as jaded and sleepy as the horse of an all-night cabman by the time the march was over, and the majority of them at once threw themselves on their camp-beds and slept the sleep of the just or the weary. The Tsarevitch, on the contrary, took to amusing himself with the *pas de géants* and other forms of violent motion for over an hour. "He is as wiry as a mannequin," said an officer to me, "and his nerves sometimes seem to be made of Sheffield steel." "He is as sensitive as a woman," one of his professors assured me, "and the number of persons who are aware of this soft side of his nature could be counted on the fingers of one's hands. He never gives way to his feelings before others, no matter how near and dear to him they may be. Nobody ever saw him break down at the time his father died. Yet he did break down and most terribly too, within the four walls of his private room. The Tsar is exceedingly shy and retiring, and his best qualities are unsuspected by the crowd and even by the bulk of his courtiers."

And yet he has travelled quite enough to enable him to shake off shyness and reserve. At first, under the wings of his parents, he visited various parts of Russia, Finland and Denmark, and later on he made an eventful journey round the world in the course of which he nearly lost his life. It was during his travels that most of the untoward events of his existence occurred. Thus at Borki the train in which he was sitting with his father and mother was blown to shreds by a small band of miscreants some eleven years ago, and the escape of the Imperial family seemed as near an approach to a miracle as has ever been made in modern times. Again, during the trip from Aden to Bombay, his brother, the Grand Duke George, wrestling with Prince George of Greece, fell down the stairs leading from the deck to the cabins and hurt his foot, became feverish and ill until he was finally obliged to return home, where he remained a chronic invalid till his death last year. It was during the Tsarevitch's travels in Japan that a criminal fanatic struck him with a sabre on the head, cut through his hat and inflicted a wound which might easily have been mortal ; and it was during his visit to Moscow to be crowned there that the awful disaster of the Khodynka field took place, whereby thousands of peasants crushed each other to death in a wild rush for the imperial largesse during the rejoicings at his coronation. On the other hand, it was not during his travels but while living in St. Petersburg that he first made the acquaintance of the accomplished lady who has since rendered his life unspeakably happy as the partner of his joys and sorrows. But that is a story which deserves a chapter to itself.

(Levitsky, photographer, St. Petersburg)

TSAR NICHOLAS IN HIS REGIMENTALS

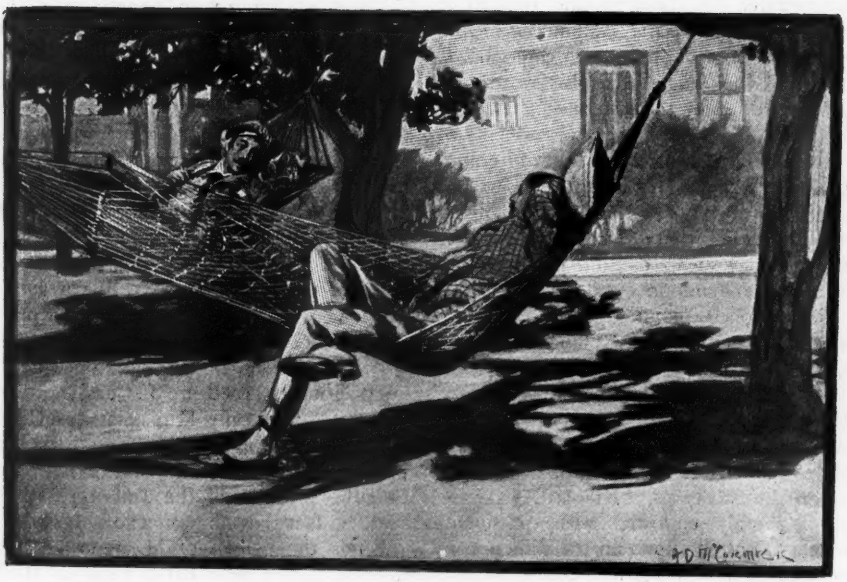
Since that important event Nikolai II. has become the master of 130,000,000 of many-tongued men and women, of a mighty assemblement of tribes and peoples in flux and ferment, the assimilation of whom is a work of a dim and distant future. Since then he has lived on private joys mainly of the domestic kind, which no one will grudge to a young man burdened with the most awful responsibilities that can embitter the life of men. No wonder he is as thoughtful and pensive as Atlas of old, and gives one the impression of an individual over whose looks, acts and whole being some half-hidden, half-choked source of gloomy emotion keeps spreading a sombre tint. Many of his courtiers affirm that he almost always seems to be constrained and sometimes haughty when he is but natural and considerate. His shyness, which is constitutional, is a most disturbing factor for those who endeavour to make an estimate of his character. But some of its other effects are much more serious still. It weakens the force of his personal influence upon his surroundings, empties his language of the emotion which interpenetrates his thoughts, and renders it like the utterances of the Delphic oracle or the remarks of a contemporary diplomatist. Thus, when the Tsar speaks, his words are not accompanied by the concrete light of the soul in his eyes, by picturesque movements of the arms, symbolism in the voice and colour in the emotions, all which combine to put the stamp and seal of a man's warm, living personality upon what he says. Impressive men when they speak call up many images in their hearer's minds besides those which the words evoke—pictures with form, colour, shades, perspective, life. The Tsar is not one of those men. His words are words only, for he uses the algebra, not the poetry, of conversation.

And yet it is by no means for lack of the qualities which make all the difference between the two types. Nikolai Alexandrovitch is richly endowed with passionate sensibility, but it flows in the direction of passive contemplation rather than of fruitful action, and under adverse conditions might impede the growth of the quickening faith which is at once the seed and the fruit of noble and generous actions. Still it would be utterly wrong to assume, as some of his subjects do, that his dreams of those grand achievements which feed the glorious traditions of the human race and enrich the world's Pantheon by a new reformer, are of the vague kind which lose themselves in the mystic languor of inner delight. It is true that with the sole exception of the peace-project they have not yet assumed a visible form; but, bearing in mind the Emperor's age and the difficulties which confronted him from the onset it may seem too early yet to look for a grand new master-idea of life and government which would put it in his power to knead the enormous masses of men and shape them as a potter would his clay.

In his administrative *rôle*, for which he possesses both taste and capacity, the Tsar works exceedingly hard: rising early, pouring for hours over dry documents, signing ukases, listening to reports of Ministers and even sacrificing innocent pleasure and well-earned repose to duties such as these. As a worker he is indefatigable; but his work is what might be termed routine business, not creative endeavour. As a great ruler, an artist who wields men as a poet handles words or a sculptor fashions marble, his future is wholly before him. His activity heretofore contains too few data for a trustworthy judgment; and if conjecture were not rash, his feelings might be characterised as intense, and his aims as vague, the sentiments being seldom precipitated in thought and the ideas rarely made emotion proof.

A knowledge of men is, like a taste for music, a gift which is rather inborn or non-existent. It seems highly probable that the Tsar possesses it, but the data on which this supposition is based are few and not wholly decisive. The only Ministers whom he has heretofore appointed wholly on his own responsibility are the War Minister Kuropotkin and the Minister of the Interior, Sipiaghin. But the fact that he appreciates the work and defends the person of M. Witte, the most successful and most hated Finance Minister Russia has ever had, is to my mind a strong proof of his clear insight into character and his genuine capacity for business.

To sum up, the Tsar is a well educated, cultured and conscientious man. It seems probable, and, if true, is extremely creditable to his modesty, that very little profit would be made by buying him at his real value and selling him at his own estimate. And this is a fair test of the intrinsic worth of most men and monarchs. He has not yet, it is true, done anything to have his name entered in the Book of life of the world's heroes. But some of the most prominent of those whose deeds are recorded therein, began their public work at a much later period of existence than his. The best fire is certainly not that which flares up soonest. It would be eminently unfair therefore to strike a balance of credit and debit in the fifth year of the reign of a youthful monarch who may govern half a century to come and who finds it painfully difficult to keep the consciences of 130,000,000 men. Age may realise more than youth seemed to promise, but even if it achieve only that much and no more, the Tsar and his people may have ample reason to be satisfied.



"'Who or what is the fastidious Phyl?'"

THE FASTIDIOUS PHYL

BY THEODORA E. CLARK

ILLUSTRATED BY A. D. MCCORMICK

I

IT was a hot Sunday in July. Along London streets the pavement seemed to sing with the heat like a kettle on the hob, and men under tall hats sighed for August and the plash of a turning wave.

In what was still a pretty Hampstead garden, despite the tawny brown of the grass, two hammocks swung in the welcome shade of sooty chestnut trees. Cushions overflowed upon bushes and lawn in a manner that betokened no feminine restraint upon the two young men who dozed in the hot silence, against which the distant rumble of Sunday traffic had no disturbing value. Presently one of them yawned and spoke.

"Car," he said, "who or what is the fastidious Phyl?"

No answer from the other hammock, but the big man within it was entirely and swiftly awake. His eyes were still shut, but his mouth corners were braced in quickened intelligence. His first instinct in surprise was silence.

His companion took a superfluous cushion and tossed it carelessly across, repeating his question in a more leading form,

"Car, is Dr. James any good? And what did you make of the fastidious Phyl?"

Harry Carson's eyes were at last open, but his answer was slow, and no answer:

"Where have you come across James?" he said.

"He was at the At Home last night and Mrs. Balloch introduced me as your cousin, and they both sang your praises in an offensive fashion, and I lay low and forebore to give you away."

"That was generous," said Carson, "and then?"

"And then James said that they had met you in Norway, and launched into stories of fishing and climbing, and of hobnobbing like doves; and Mrs. Balloch exclaimed 'What, even the fastidious Phyl!' and went away leaving me to old James."

Carson's steady eyes were fixed on the speaker's face. "How did you get on with him?" he asked. "He is a very good sort. What did you talk about?"

"Oh, I don't know. I made him laugh. I said that the gentleman in question couldn't be very fastidious if he chose your guidance in neck-breaking, for any rough-and-ready method is good enough for you."

"I hope that he stood up for the artistic merit of my climbing," said Dick's cousin.

"He seemed to think you a most trustworthy guide, from which I argue that he and the other fellow must be as rabid as yourself."

"Dr. James is Phyl's uncle," observed Carson tentatively.

"So I found. 'The fastidious Phyl'! It's quite a gorgeous name. Does it stick to him by reason of the alliteration, or is he really a prig? All fastidious people are prigs."

This view of Phyl was new to Carson, and he seemed to consider it in his serious fashion before he answered with slow decision.

"No, you wouldn't think Phyl a prig."

"I very likely should, you know," objected Dick Allan. "Fastidious people do fancy themselves more than a little. I said as much to Dr. James, and he agreed that a good catholic taste helps the world to slide along like butter. But he said that the nephew wasn't so bad, and chuckled over him and referred me to you. And then we began on pictures, and he said——"

But Carson was not listening. He lay back with shut eyelids and a sensitive curve in his firm lips. Under the lids his clear-eyed memory brought sequences of shining fjord, green level and purple crag, all as setting for a lithe girlish figure, a brown head, and eager, mutinous eyes. He heard again the quick, imperious speech, the heady, vehement views, the generous apology and sudden dip into nonsense. He kindled in renewed admiration of the energy of that well-knit young frame, and of the vigorous mind made so attractive by that charm of unexpectedness which duller souls call caprice. But Dick was not to be so easily shelved, his lazy curiosity still smouldered.

"Come," he said, "I've never heard you describe any one in my life. Fire ahead. Begin with this pernickety person."

"Character-sketching is not in my line," answered Carson. "Pose questions, if you like. I'll try to meet them."

"Good! Is he really decent?"

"Absolutely."

"What fervour from a Carson. I suppose that means that he jests in Persian and puns in Chinese! University?"

"Yes, Cambridge."

"That's bad," said the Oxonian complacently. "What's his strong point?"

Carson hesitated. "I fancy that you would call it being a good sort," he said.

"That's a delusive talent, isn't it?" observed Allan. "Translated into Carsonese it runs that he climbs like a maniac, smokes more than yourself, and talks less."

"You're quite out there," answered his cousin, "for he climbs less than I do, talks much more, and doesn't smoke at all."

"Smoking may yet come by the grace of heaven," murmured the younger man piously. "Is he in love?"

This was indeed a hard question for a man to answer who was so fathom deep in love himself and so diffident as Harry Carson. He answered almost irritably,

"I don't know, I never asked."

"Unsympathetic man of stone," said the imperturbable Dick, "now I should have found out at once. Your ignorance concerning the great passion, Car, is a blemish in an otherwise promising disposition."

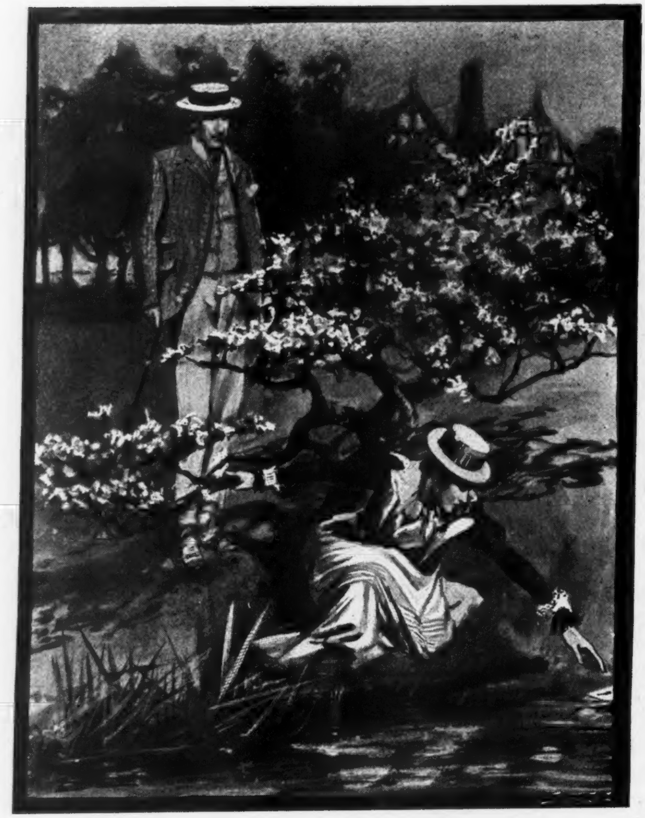
The talk was taking a discouraging tone. Carson would have no more of it. He threw his long legs out of the hammock.

"Come in to tea," he said, "we still have to decide where you are to go to-morrow. Find some corner that promises good walking and good painting, and I'll come down to you as soon as I can get away."

"We'll stick to Somerset," said Dick. "What was that Mendip village that you heard was so pretty?"

"Oh, don't go to Cotbridge," said Carson decidedly, "you wouldn't care for it. Leave that till I come."

The talk drifted into discussion of plans and baggage. The glowing afternoon slid into the starry velvet of a summer night, and the next day Dick Allan left Paddington for the green vales of Somerset, and the



"Fluttered its pages just half an inch beyond the girl's straining and repentant finger-tips."

clear-eyed English cows, whilst his cousin went back to work in the pent-up air of the British Museum. It was not without a pang that he recognised how much his intimacy with the characteristics of five-legged Assyrian bulls had been jarred by the Sunday's chat.

His mind felt dulled and his perceptions blunted. He compared himself with Dick and felt old. There could be no hope, no none; it was an affront even to dream of it. Perhaps he had better not see her for a few months until he had his great desire more in hand. Meanwhile, what had he done, that so hard a task should be set him of banishing from his hopes that bright-voiced personality so invidiously labelled by Dick "the fastidious Phyl!"

II

Cotbridge is a handful of honey-coloured homesteads, tucked into a kindly elbow of the Mendip Hills. Mrs. Appleton's straggling cottage disputed importance with the modest vicarage, but it had no other rival save The Mortal Man, the rose-hedged village inn, which could at a pinch offer a couple of rooms to unexacting wayfarers. Yet the farmhouses were comfortable if not pretentious, and the rich lands were lavish of gold and green.

Phyllis spent part of all her summers here with her Quaker grandmother, and with the shrewd, indefatigable aunt, through whose medium politics and social problems tickled the village complacency and spurred the friendly vicar to an occasional tilt. But this July Miss Appleton was away and for the first time in her eager life Phyllis had found Cotbridge dull. It was nearly a month since her return from Norway. Phyllis, as she sat on the sloping garden at the edge of the rain-fed stream, decided that the month had been long; then as her eyes caught the name on the French novel in her lap, she allowed that the last few days had at least been a diversion.

It was just a week since the landlord of The Mortal Man had gone near to vindicate his hostel's name; and his wife, alarmed by his sickness and an unlooked-for, unwelcome, would-be customer, came in a flurry to Mrs. Appleton.

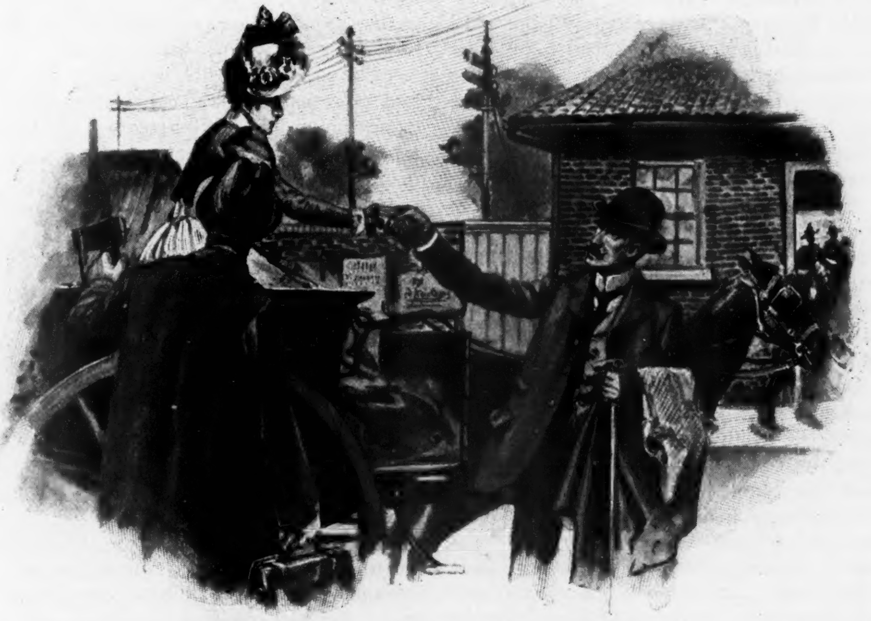
"Thou canst send him to us for the night," said the intrepid old lady, and so Dick Allan turned up in much buoyant gratitude for his good luck, and, won by his frank flatteries, she had bidden him wait over the days of rain, and he was there still. As for that scampish Phyllis, she had behaved badly about him; the very thought of it made her laugh as she sat in ungodly enjoyment there by the stream.

"He thinks that I am pure essence of Cotbridge," she said to her grandmother, "so don't mention Newnham or Uncle John. I said that I had been to the village school, and you know that I did go there for a month. He's simply stodged with Oxford glory, and he shall have everything his own way. Now Aunt Annie couldn't even deceive a professor, but you are quite saintly enough to be wicked, dear little Grannie, and you mustn't betray me."

"Thou art sure to let it out thyself, thou foolish child," said Mrs. Appleton, and Phyl's answer was to twist her face into a gargoyle, expressive of resolution.

So Dick had enjoyed a capital time. He plumed himself on the discovery of a really remarkable girl. He denounced women's colleges in rounder terms than usual. He gave his neophyte sketching lessons and took nine-tenths of the credit for the result. He coaxed her into repeated mimicry of the village folk; he shouted with laughter every time that she pattered in with the fluttered action and trombone voice of the vicar's wife. He fed the chickens with her, and shared her vehement partisanship of the various birds. He could have written a treatise on the cold hypocrisy of the grey hen or the High Church tendencies of the black. He discoursed upon the spirit of Paris, upon the body of London, being urged to higher flights by her merry lapse into dialect as she agreed that they "mun be won'erful voine.' He grew sententious on modern education and didactic on history; he dismissed social questions in the turn of a hand. When she gravely vaunted her knowledge of French to have once included the irregular verbs, he met her level eyes without a quiver. Her smiling fiat "I hate all poetry, even hymns," had dismissed Browning to the depths of his portmanteau. He told her in a hundred indirect ways that he, the Oxford man, found her, the Cotbridge maiden, entirely charming. Phyl blushed as she reached this climax in her reminiscence.

"It must come to an end to-day," she



"'We can find room for him, can't we, Phyl?'"

thought. "Uncle John comes this evening and Mr. Allan goes to The Mortal Man and he may find out the truth from either. It would serve me right if he were angry, but he is such a nice boy." This mature opinion led her to think of men in general, then of a big quiet man who had listened to stories of Cotbridge in the brilliant Norwegian twilight. "*He* cared for me," said Phyl, setting her teeth in vehemence. "*He* cared for me, but he never thought himself worthy to tell me so. I don't suppose he ever will. Why must boys have all the assurance!"

Restless at heart she took up the book that she had purloined from Allan's room and began to read. The reading soon became skipping and the pages turned rapidly, while Phyl's face crumpled in eloquent disgust. At last, in a rage at its nastiness, she flung it from her. Slip it went, slip, slip down the bank into the water, and there fluttered its pages just half an inch beyond the girl's straining and repentant finger-tips. Phyl strove vainly, then in a fresh access of wrath stood up to denounce it, and there at her shoulder waited Dick Allan.

"It's simply vile! Mr. Allan," she said, "simply vile! I'm sorry that I opened it. I didn't mean to throw it in, but I'm glad that it's drowned. How can you keep such stuff? It's not as if there were no Balzac!"

Here Phyllis stopped. Surprise and discomfiture cudgelled each other in Dick's ingenuous face. Phyl's cheeks caught the glow from his, she blushed hotly, laughed, then turned her frank eyes upon him in outspoken confession.

"Yes," she said, "I *can* read French; I'm afraid that you thought I couldn t; I was six months at Fontainebleau. I don't generally live here, but with my uncle in London, and I am what you call a Newnham anomaly. I didn't really tell you any lies, but you were quite content with about a ninth of the truth."

Dick was staggered; he could easily have been angry, but his dignity was not proof against the mirth in the brown eyes.

"How could you make such a fool of me?" he stammered.

"Ah, but you invented the position," cried the girl. "I only accepted it; but—" she added inconsequently, "it was my fault. Still, we can afford to make peace, can't we? See, there is the expiating offering. Horrid thing, I am glad that it's drowned."

"I am glad too," he said shortly, "you are right;" but for the moment he had no other word, and with his fluency well under the thumb of surprise he followed her into the house. "Good heavens, what hadn't he said and done!"

That afternoon Phyllis drove in alone to meet Dr. James. The old horse had long passed the age of hysterics, and he stood with his nose at the station gate, as the dawdling local train drew up; but Phyl's emotions were less placid and were set all agog by the sight of Carson's tall figure making straight for the trap.

"We can find room for him, can't we, Phyl?" said Dr. James, his approving eyes on the girl's kindling face. "He is going to join his cousin at The Mortal Man."

"Yes," said Carson, "I had mentioned Cotbridge to him, but until his letter came yesterday, I did not know that he was here."

"Making havoc of the decorum of Cotbridge," laughed Dr. James, "but if it has survived Phyllis it can withstand him."

In that moment Dick Allan was avenged. "You can't be Mr. Allan's cousin," faltered Phyl in wretched surmise as to the contents of the letter.

The tall scholar saw her flush and, interpreting it all awry, set to work to get comfort out of the ragged philosophy which he had tried to get in order against his great need.

"She couldn't possibly help liking him," he said to himself, "Dick's such a taking fellow."

But philosophy of this colour is not worth a penny, and Dr. James tore it to shreds in his next speech.

"Phyl," he said, "I want Mr. Carson to understand that this is the prettiest valley in England, but he won't believe it unless you show him the view from Crook. You must do the honours of your father's country. I'll take the trap to Cotbridge."

Almost in silence Phyllis slipped down from the trap, quite in silence the two figures turned up the hill-side. Primrose light was in the sky, and the wide fields below lay mapped each from the other by gleaming ditches. The climbing grassy track lost itself along the blue ridge.

"And for them," said the sentimental doctor, "'is the light that never was on sea or land.' She told it all in her eyes, the monkey. Now let me find out Allan and ask his opinion upon 'the fastidious Phyl'!"

"THE LORDS OF COLD"

A STUDY IN STELLAR PERSPECTIVE

By E. WALTER MAUNDER, F.R.A.S.

> Fled far is every bird that loves the heat
> From Europe's clime, wherever more are seen
> The seven bright stars that are the lords of cold.
> PLUMPTRE'S *Dante*, Canzon. xi.

ONE of the most thrilling of the short stories by Edgar Allan Poe, "The Pit and the Pendulum," opens with a description of a man who finds himself in the utter blackness of a cell in the dungeons of the Inquisition. The first action which the writer ascribes to his hero under these circumstances is an effort to obtain an idea of the size of his prison, and there is no doubt that in so doing he has rightly interpreted what would be the first instinct of very many if not most under such circumstances.

It is no dark or narrow cell in which mankind finds itself enclosed, yet the same impulse to measure it, to find out the breadth of its bounds, has proved powerful. Even in the days of Greek astronomy efforts were made, more or less ingenious and successful, not only to measure the size of the world on which we live, but also to determine the distances of at least two of the orbs above us. But Sir William Herschel set on foot a far more ambitious project. Like the Titans of old, he strove to scale the battlements of heaven, and to measure not merely the dimensions of the world on which we tread, but also those of the infinitude which is stretched out overhead. His efforts were general in their scope, and had for their purpose the determination of the broad lines of the structure of the universe. Other astronomers before and after him have contented themselves with a much narrower problem, though still one that has taxed our utmost efforts—the determination of the distance of particular stars. From the first moment that Copernicus brought forth his theory which placed the sun in the centre of the solar system with the earth revolving round it, it was seen that if this theory were true, the stars should seem to shift their places in the sky to correspond with the real motion of the earth from which they are viewed, and it was the strongest objection against the Copernican theory that no such shift of any appreciable amount could be observed. The wonder is an old one now, but though we have grown familiar with it, the wonder still remains none the less marvellous, that with all the increase in power of modern telescopes, with all the increase in delicacy of modern measuring instruments, the change in the position of the earth from one extremity of its orbit to the other, one hundred and eighty-six millions of miles, makes not the slightest appreciable difference in the place of most of the stars—that is to say, were we to observe the earth's orbit from a star, in nearly every instance we should find that this enormous distance of one hundred and eighty-six millions of miles would be an immeasurably small point. That this is no mere theoretical deduction may be seen by remembering that the two components of the twin star Mizar, the Star of the Girdle, though one, inseparably one, in our most powerful telescopes, are yet at least one hundred and forty millions of miles apart, probably much further still.

A "second of arc" may be taken as for many purposes the astronomer's unit of measurement. It is difficult to give a clear idea of the minuteness of this quantity. To really keen sight, the smallest object that can be fairly defined without optical assistance must be fully sixty seconds in breadth. An object of forty seconds may, under specially favourable circumstances, be perceived but not sharply, and long narrow objects like a mast, a rope, or a wire can even be detected when they have a breadth of about eight seconds, though in this case no really defined image is formed in the eye. A second of arc, therefore, is one-eighth of the breadth of the most exiguous line that can in the least affect the retina. It is just the breadth which a halfpenny would appear to have if it were placed on the cross of St. Paul's and were viewed from Primrose Hill or Battersea Park.

So far as we yet know, the "annual parallax," or apparent size of the distance of the earth from the sun as seen from a star, in no single case exceeds three-quarters of a second of arc. In only one case does it greatly exceed half a second of arc. Perhaps forty stars are known with a parallax of over one-tenth of a second, and quantities smaller than this are detected and measured with such difficulty that we can place no real reliance upon them. We know, therefore, the distances, more or less roughly, of some forty stars. Of these we find the nearest to be some twenty-five billions of miles from us, the furthest nearly two hundred billions. The distances of the untold multitude of stars, the parallaxes of which we have failed to determine, defy our efforts and transcend our thoughts.

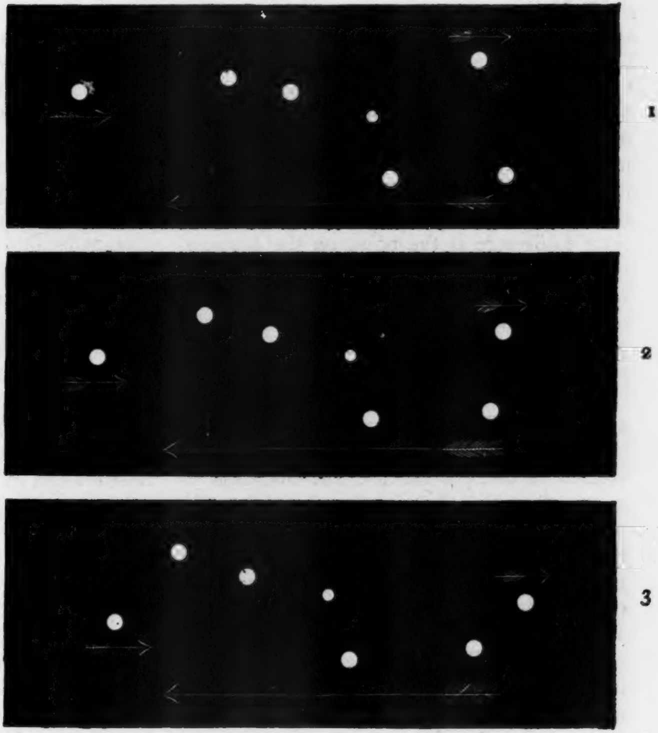
And yet we continually find that men are never content to own that a problem is beyond their power to solve. If it cannot be overcome by direct means they will attempt it by indirect. If a rigid solution is for the time impossible they will try a tentative one. And so the best known of all our constellations has been the subject of a most ingenious attempt to force from the unwilling stars the secrets of their distance.

That constellation is the one to which the eyes of the dwellers in the northern hemisphere have always been turned. For, year in and year out, summer and winter alike, it shines forth perpetually, the guardian of the northern sky. Less brilliant than Orion indeed, but second only to him, and unlike him never leaving our heavens; the Helix of the Greeks, since it always circles round the pole in an unending curve: the Septentriones of the Romans, the seven plough oxen, ever treading the same unseen furrow in the sky; the Lords of Cold of Dante, shining eternally over the frozen regions of the north; the Plough or Charles' Wain of our own peasantry; these seven stars have always claimed the attention of all who have paid any regard to the heavens.

In olden times men conceived of the motion of the heavens as brought about by means of a succession of perfectly transparent spheres. The seven inner spheres carried the "seven planets" respectively, the eighth sphere carried the stars. According to this idea, the stars were all placed at the same distance from us like lights in the roof of a vast dome, and the apparent shape of any constellation necessarily corresponded to its true shape. Now that we know that the stars may be, and indeed are, at almost every conceivable variety of distance from us, it follows that the members of any particular group may only be apparently near each other. Still the impression made by some of the more striking groups, the Pleiades, Orion and the Plough, is strongly that of a real association. And in each of these three cases the evidence is strong that the impression is well founded.

The old idea that the stars were fixed in a crystal sphere carried with it the consequence that they could not alter their relative positions, nor was it possible to observe any alteration with the instruments and methods then in use. But just as we have within the last sixty years been able to measure the annual parallax of certain stars, so we have been able to measure their annual "proper motion." In most cases this is a very small amount indeed, but it can be determined more easily than the parallax because its effect accumulates year after year. If, therefore, we are able to observe a star over a period of fifty, a hundred, or a hundred and fifty years, a very minute annual movement will have brought the star quite an appreciable distance. And it so happens that for something like three thousand stars we have really precise observations which go back nearly a hundred and fifty years. These were the observations made by Bradley, the third Astronomer - Royal, which have been very carefully examined and reduced quite recently by Dr. Auwers, the great German astronomer; and his comparison of them with recent observations gives us by far the fullest and most exact catalogue of proper motions that we possess.

About a quarter of a century ago, Richard Proctor, so well known as perhaps the most lucid and instructive writer on astronomy that we have ever had, drew out a chart of the sky in which he indicated the direction and rate of the motions, as they were then known, of some twelve hundred stars, and it struck him at once that there were companies amongst the stars, groups of stars moving in fellowship together through space, having the same direction and moving at the same rate, and of these companies the most striking was found in the constellation of the Plough.



THE PLOUGH AS SEEN (1) 50,000 YEARS AGO; (2) AT THE PRESENT TIME; (3) 50,000 YEARS HENCE

Not all the seven stars moved together; the first and the last had a different direction, but the other five showed a striking similarity in their paths.

This feature would of itself, as Proctor pointed out, induce us to think that the five stars formed a true brotherhood. But we have further reason for believing this to be the case. Another test of relationship amongst the stars, another indication of "family likeness," is to be found in their spectra; and here again the five middle stars of the Plough were found to resemble each other and to differ from the first and last. This was known five and twenty years ago when Proctor wrote, when what may be called the science of the comparative anatomy of the stars was in its infancy. Only some four types of spectra were recognised then: now we have multiplied these nearly twenty-fold, and our more delicate scrutiny has but lent emphasis to the fact which the first rough glance had revealed.

So far little progress had been made upon what was noticed a quarter of a century ago. More careful examination, more refined instruments and methods, had confirmed the earlier impressions as to the resemblance of the five middle stars of the Plough in constitution and in movement, and as to their difference in both respects from the first and last of the seven. But quite recently a German astronomer, Dr. Höffler, has made a most simple yet ingenious application of our knowledge in order to attack the great problem of stellar distance from a new direction, and to sound as it were the star depths in this particular region. It is an essay in stellar prospective.

A glance at the accompanying diagrams in which the stars of the Plough are shown as they would have appeared if viewed from our standpoint 50,000 years ago, as they appear to-day, and as they will appear 50,000 years hence, will show at once that our five stars appear to move all together—an appearance which would be equally brought about if the five stars were moving in parallel paths and all at the same rate, or if they were stationary, and their apparent motion was due simply to a movement of our own in the opposite direction with the same speed.

A striking illustration of the change in perspective which is caused by movement amongst stationary objects is given by a well-known animatograph exhibited by Mr. Maskelyne at the Egyptian Hall, which was taken from the front of the engine of a railway train in rapid motion. It cannot fail to impress any one who has seen it with the way in which the rails, the telegraph posts, and other objects seem to move apart as the train rushes towards them and to spread themselves to right and left. So as the tunnel through which the train passes is approached the roof of the entrance arch lifts itself from the ground, and finally rises right out of the picture as the train reaches it. Similarly after the rush through the dark the little point of light which at first marks the end of the tunnel widens out until it fills the screen. And we shall notice that the centre from which all these objects seem to diverge is the point on the horizon to which the train is directing its way. So with the stars, if we find them in apparent motion, their paths radiating from a single point, we shall know that this marks the point towards which we ourselves are hasting.

This principle was used nearly a century ago by Sir William Herschel, in order to account for a general tendency in stars to scatter in one part of the heavens, and to approach each other in the opposite part, and he showed clearly that this was due to the real motion of the entire solar system towards the point indicated by the diverging proper motions. But the problem of the five Lords of Cold is a special case of such a relationship. The stars dealt with are few in number, and are all in one part of the sky. There is a further difficulty. As the diagram shows us, four of the five stars lie almost exactly along the same straight line, and the fifth is near it; and the direction of their motion is along this line. In other words, four of the stars are in the same plane with ourselves, and their motion takes place in that plane. The fifth star seems to lie but a little outside this plane. Mizar, the Star of the Girdle, with its telescopic companion, and with Alcor, its visual companion, leads the procession. Merak, the star in the flank of the Great Bear (hence its name Merak = flank), the lower of the two "Pointer" stars, brings up the rear.

Dr. Höffler's method of dealing with the problem which the stars presented was this. Seeing that the five stars are moving almost exactly in the same apparent direction, and at the same apparent speed as viewed from the earth, he has assumed that they are in reality moving in space quite exactly in the same direction, and at the same speed; and that the slight apparent differences in their motions are due to the effect of perspective.

Assuming this—and we must bear in mind that it is an assumption—Dr. Höffler found it possible to make a fairly approximate estimate from the data given by the apparent proper motions of the stars, of the true direction of their movement. And it appears that this motion is not wholly in the line of sight nor wholly at right angles to it, but is inclined to it some fifty degrees. In other words that motion of the stars which we see projected on the celestial vault is only part of their whole motion; part is directed towards us.

So far all that we have learned is the general direction in space in which this great company of stars is moving. No hint is given us as to whether they are near us or very far distant. But just here the spectroscope promises again to come to our help. If we may trust the beautiful photographs of the spectra of these stars, obtained by Professor Vogel at Potsdam, they are approaching us with a speed of about eighteen miles a second; that is to say, about the speed with which the earth moves in her orbit round the sun. But knowing the direction in space of the actual motion of the stars, we know what proportion of that motion is towards us in the line of sight and what proportion is as we see it in angular motion on the sky. We measure this angular motion in seconds of arc, and thus we can tell how many miles correspond to a second of arc at the distance of the stars. In other words we can tell their distance from us. We find, then, that the distance of the sun from the earth—ninety-one millions of miles—would be but one sixtieth of a second of arc if viewed from the standpoint of Mizar and his companions. In other words, one thousand one hundred and sixty billions of miles separate us from them.

It must be borne in mind that this amazing deduction is the result of a first attempt to apply a new method to sounding the star-depths. The actual problem is, as has been already pointed out, made especially difficult by the fact that the stars move in the same plane in which we and they are together placed. We cannot regard, therefore, the determination of the direction of their motion as being at all closely determined. Yet the error would have to be very large in order to make an important alteration in the conceptions which we have to form of this marvellous star company. A more important point is that the spectroscopic method of determining star motions is yet new and involves the most extreme delicacy of measurement. If Professor Vogel's measures of the speed of approach of the Plough stars are, therefore, twice or thrice as large as they should be, our deductions as to the distance of those stars will be as much too large in the same proportion.

With this caution, remembering that we have here but the first attempt at the solution of a most difficult problem, and that the results obtained may hereafter have to be considerably diminished or possibly increased, let us try to form some conception of what is involved in the result as it actually stands.

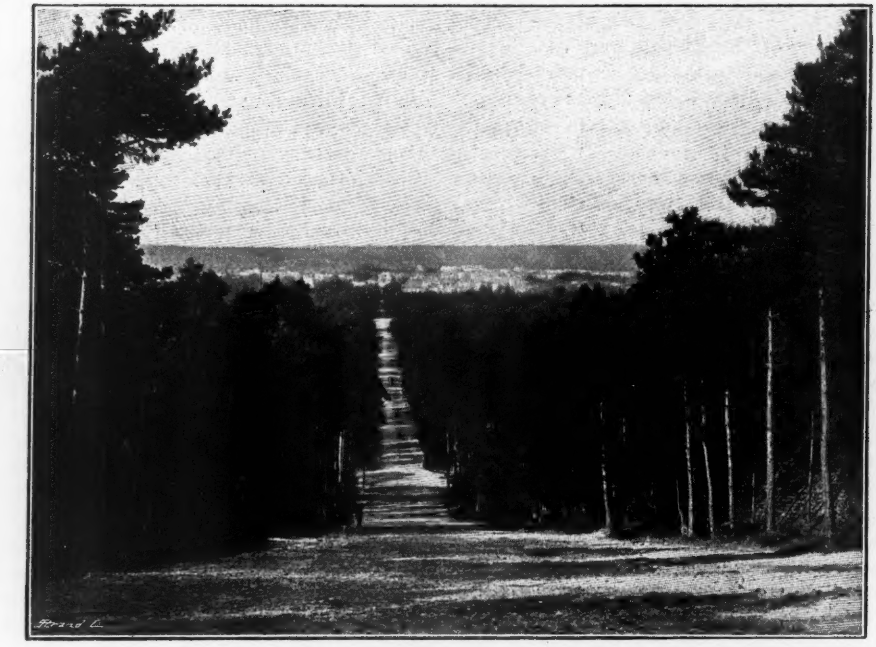
The first fact is the enormous extent of this great star company. Whatever be the distance from Mizar to the earth, then the distance of Mizar from Merak is certainly fully one-third of that amount and it may be more. As the figures stand, some four hundred billions of miles at least stretch between the two stars. We look upon our own sun as being entirely isolated in space, yet we know that our nearest neighbour "Alpha," of the Centaur, is not one sixteenth of this distance from us, and we can count a considerable number of stars that are far closer companions to us than Mizar is to Merak. Indeed of a star so far removed from us we could not by our ordinary methods determine the distance. Yet Sirius, Vega, and α Centauri, distant from us but a mere fraction of the distance of Merak from Mizar, are not members of one family with our sun; they differ from it in stellar rank and constitution and are strangers to its path.

Even if we set entirely on one side the results of the present inquiry, the facts which we arrived at concerning Mizar bring us to substantially the same result. The two members of the twin star are at least one hundred and forty millions of miles apart, and yet no telescope in existence will show them as anything but a single point of light. Merak, on the other hand, shines in the heavens some twenty-one degrees away, and yet move sin the same procession as its leader, Mizar.

These five stars are amongst the brightest in our northern heavens, and yet they are enormously distant from us. In just the same proportions they must be enormously great. They are most of them fully of the second magnitude in brightness. Our sun at a like distance would not even be of the eighth. Little Alcor, so nearly overpowered in Mizar's rays, would outshine it more than twenty times.

The picture presented to us of these five suns, so vastly superior to our own sun in size and brightness, and in the case of Mizar as least embracing within its own sphere so complex a system of connected suns, and the whole five though separated by such infinitudes of space, subject to the same impulse and travelling on the same journey—this picture affords us a hint of methods and systems in the star depths far transcending our own. We may liken our own system and its ruling sun to some little isolated country village, remote from telegraph and rail, where the movement of the great world is hardly felt. Its great man is the little local squire, and the villagers hardly dream that a more important personage exists. His word is their simple law, his decision final, round him as its centre their life revolves.

Yet perchance there filters down to them from time to time some hint or rumour of a greater world without, of greater, more important persons than their squire. They hear of the five great Powers of Europe, of their rulers, of the great statesmen who guide them. They hear of arbitrations and conferences, and of intricate diplomacy, the course of which they find it hard to follow. In something like their perplexity we watch this vast star system of suns so much greater than our own, of systems so much more complicated, of motions on a scale for which we cannot see how gravity can account. And we are like the villagers in another respect. Their news from afar reaches them much after date. The latest European crisis is known to them, it may be a week, it may be two, after the event. Our news from the great Lords of Cold is older still. It has come to us on the wings of light, without hindrance or delay, one hundred and eighty-five thousand miles in every second of time, but it has been two hundred years in the coming. We see them not as they are, nor where they are, but as they were and where they were two hundred years ago.



HENRI IV. AVENUE, FONTAINEBLEAU

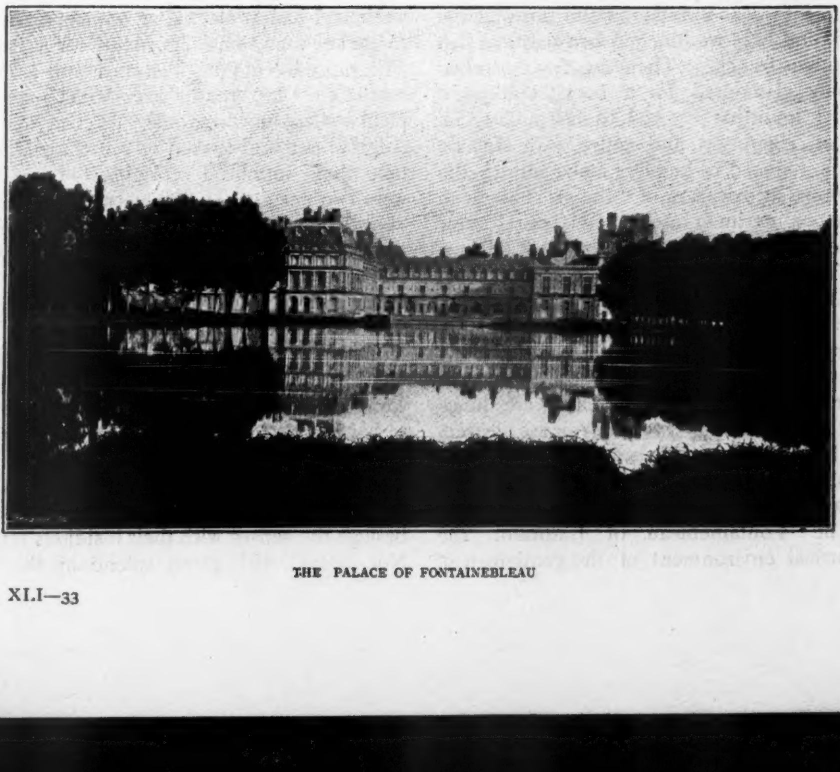
A TRAMP THROUGH THE FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU

By HANNAH LYNCH

A SOLITARY walking tour is not for the genial mind the most alluring of dissipations. It is all very well to proclaim oneself a vagabond, and hobnob with roadside rascals, village innkeepers, slouching peasants and women loaded with baskets, by way of social converse. A walking tour is best enjoyed *à deux*. It is some time now since I have projected a prolonged tramp through the forest of Fontainebleau, but have never been able to carry out my plan, for lack of a comrade. Women may bicycle, but alas! the tramp's vocation is rarely revealed in them. They do not like idle exercise through miles of wood, though they will gladly wear shoe-leather for hours at a stretch on pavements lined with shops. Their general understanding of Fontainebleau is a "Murray" or "Bädeker" superintended visit to the Palace, edifying reflections in the Allée of Madame de Maintenon, a drive at the coachman's will and pleasure to the accepted points of admiration, and an unusually long hotel bill. For the hotels of Fontainebleau are famed purse-unloaders. With this conventional experience I was familiar, and had no mind to renew it. What I yearned for was the experiment of sleep beneath the trees, hours of idle gazing; to break away from the high roads of the forest and, if possible, in spite of blue arrows and rigid instructions on all sides for the wanderer's guidance, to lose myself among the diverse aisles and naves of that cheerful cathedral.

Chance one evening led to my door the ideal comrade: a youth, not so young as to fill me with alarm of spirits and enthusiasm pitched too high for my own more cynical and more sober hour; not so old as to cause misgivings on the score of scandal, propriety, or sentiment. Not in the least literary, though fond of books, and capable of talking of them; nothing of the Bohemian or artist, which I devoutly abhor; able to keep his demeanour of nice and well-mannered young fellow while drowsily lolling under benignant foilage at an African temperature, with hat tilted over eyes, in abandoned shirt-sleeves. In a word, an admirable travelling companion, with temper well in training and courtesy ever on the surface; neither effaced nor aggressive in character; to whose judgment I found it extremely fresh and diverting to relinquish all the details of our excursion. Alexandre, my pleasant young comrade, said at the end that the experiment was very *chic.* I more poetically recalled the wanderings of Consuelo and Joseph Haydn. But Alexandre had not read "Consuelo," and, though he will not admit it, that is his loss. He professes to despise George Sand. You see, he is so young! His god is Wagner, and he would persist of an evening, when the stars were out, and a youth of an earlier generation would have recited poetry and mused upon his lost love, in humming different choruses from *Parsifal* and *Tristan*, till exasperated nerves could no longer stand the test, and I threatened to plant him there and seek refuge in solitude. But no outbreak of mine could ruffle the placidity of his genial temper. He imperturbably regretted my inability to rise to the grandeur of Wagner's choruses as interpreted by him in the forest of Fontainebleau. It is doubtful if Wagner himself would have appreciated the interpretation any more than I did.

Our start was anything but felicitous. A dense tropical downpour fell as if through a million waterspouts. We were to meet at the Gare de Lyon, but instead encountered outside my house, whither Alexandre rushed dripping to propose adjournment of the escapade. An adjourned escapade is an egg without salt. We should reach Fontainebleau by noon, when probably the sun would be shining, and what did it matter if the heaven threatened deluge meanwhile? Like the late Jules Favre, Alexandre did not mind being shot, but he disliked being wet; nevertheless, like the urbane and gallant lad he is, he yielded to my wish, and we began our tramp by the modest train. I proved in the right. By the time we got to Brunoy the rain-clouds were clearing off, and we found the town on the edge of the forest radiant in the tempered brilliance of a restored sun. Here the thing was to find a cheap and clean little inn, where men in blouses were content to feed, for we had



THE PALACE OF FONTAINEBLEAU

settled to pay no more than seven or eight francs a day each for food and shelter. "At the Burgundy Sign" in the Rue de France accomplished our dream. It exceeded it even, for, deeming us illustrious foreigners in disguise, owing to my Britannic metal countenance and Alexandre's grey felt and tan shoes, it awarded us a little dining-room all to our two selves. We may have been taken for bride and bridegroom for anything I know. Anyhow, the *cabinet particulier* (not so very hidden that servants and proprietors could not refresh their sight by constant vision of us, through the glass wall which separated us from kitchen and corridor) was not charged in the bill nor was light upstairs or downstairs. If the woman was rather glum, the man, a jolly Burgundian, made up for it in civility. I wish you could find in any village at home sheets so white, beds so comfortable, rooms so clean as those which Alexandre and I enjoyed "At the Burgundy Sign" for two francs a night. And how we needed those beds with a much more liberal supply of water and larger basins when night found us shut within bedroom walls from the murmuring forest after our twenty-five or thirty kilometres on foot. True we spread out these kilometres over twelve hours, starting at eight A.M. and ending at eight P.M., by several prolonged visits and a siesta. We usually came out somewhere at half-past twelve where there was a restaurant, an inn of some kind, and here we lunched for two-and-a-half or three francs. Then at five parched throats clamoured for a bock, and eight o'clock found us restored to rest, ablutions, dinner, cigarettes, and coffee, with feet on chairs, reduced to helpless imbecility by the excessive intoxication of "the great air."

As an interim in intellectual labour I know of none so refreshing and complete. Your eye is sufficiently exercised by the glowing and varied charms of the forest, whose murmuring fascination is ever new and restful. There is no call on big adjectives, æsthetic attitudes or exhausting reveries. You take your treat in a quiet mood, and are quiescently grateful. Everywhere you are pleased, nowhere surprised. It is a delicate enchantment that seizes you, an idle artistic sense of satisfaction.

The Fontainebleau of tradition, the theatrical environment of the gentleman of the paint-box and white umbrella seems to be a thing of the past, or else to hide itself discreetly from the vagabond's scrutiny. Not a white umbrella did Alexandre and I encounter, not a velvet jacket or blouse, and no slouched felt but his own. Even at Barbizon there was no atmosphere of Bohemia, or midnight revelry, or rustic impropriety. Siron's is quite a refined institution, where you pay eight francs a day for the privilege of sleeping in a tidy brand-new bedroom and where you may gaze at a few daubs on the dining-room walls, understood to be so many strokes of homage to the ancient resort and shelter of art. The landlady assured us, with a look of relief, that the painters had all forsaken Barbizon, and only Marlotte had the misfortune to harbour a stray animal from time to time. The foundations of the artistic colony lie alas! in ruins.

"We," she said arrogantly, "only receive *bourgeoises* families." Opposite us sat at lunch a lady Alexandre was quick to qualify as anything but that accepted article. She and the waiter seemed to be on intimate terms, if that were sufficient indication of her sphere, and she afterwards jingled atrociously on an atrocious piano.

I had approached Barbizon in a flutter remembering Stevenson's charming sketch of the place. I own I was grievously disappointed, and, instead of lingering there a week as I had projected, I nowise regretted to make that same afternoon for Chailly. The sun was dipping westward and a deep scarlet glow lay broadly over Millet's famous plain. One unconsciously listened for the Angelus bell and looked to see the peasants take their immortal attitude. True there were two peasants cutting corn that gleamed like wisps of gold in the ruddy light, and a Philistine was photographing them with barbarous complacency; but they wore too much the self-conscious air of the drama, they were too ostensibly on view to fulfil the requisites of the picturesque. Still the scene was beautiful and impressive: a prolonged panorama of sunset effects and such quietude as belongs to the great plain and the enlarged solemnity of evening.

The long, breezy high road, and the ever varying, ever satisfying charms of woodland besiege the senses with their insidious mirth. Not content with green splendour, the tall trees have swathed their barks in red glamour, and gleam in the softened rays like burnished pillars, and when you wish for a change from the interminable perspective of the columned aisle and sun-flecked shadow, you have the naked grey of rocks and stretches of broad white stone to stumble over or recline against at will. You may, as we did, play at losing your way; but even if you have taken a first prize as imbecile you will not succeed in doing so for half an hour—thanks to the remorseless blue arrows. And then, when tired of nature, you may stretch yourself under the friendly trees and fall asleep. Nobody will heed you, for the artists have vanished, and their successors, the cyclists, will not perceive you.

It is surprising how easily books may be dispensed with when you take to vagabondage. On the other hand, food and liquid refreshment assume quite a disproportionate importance. Alexandre and I, lounging under a tree, miles away from a restaurant, took a gruesome satisfaction in bringing the water of envy to our mouths by talking of the ices and iced drinks we yearned for, and food we should have swallowed uncomplainingly in Paris here seemed to us of intolerable mediocrity. I brought several books with me, and read, I believe, a couple of pages of one without in the least knowing what I read. Tobacco was our chief delight, and it was a melancholy moment when we discovered in the very heart of the forest that we had come to the end of our double supply of cigarettes. It was no consolation, but the reverse, to reflect that the bag I had despatched that morning on to Paris from the inn contained a packet of Havana cigarettes, smuggled a little while before across the Spanish frontier.

We had arranged to follow the long, long Melun road and there catch the night train to Paris. That Melun road I never can forget. The more we advanced the longer it seemed to grow. I had imagined a kilometre to be a small affair and began to regard it as a league. I had tramped that morning since eight, and nine at night still found me trudging senselessly and dinnerless alongside of my unfortunate comrade, whose business it soon became to drag me like baggage suspended from his arm. There was no diligence, no carriage, and the last train for Paris stopped at Melun at half-past ten. A quaint old peasant woman, holding two hideous little girls by the hand, passed us as I lay half dead on an edge of grass-plot to the stupefaction of Alexandre, who saw no way out of the dilemma, since it was physically impossible to carry me the remaining five kilometres. Alexandre is a genial and courteous lad, and began to compliment madame on her charming children. This led to talk, and the old woman, smiling delightfully, was strong in her dissuasion against the continued tramp. It was tempting Providence, she vowed, and we were welcome to a rest in her house and a bowl of bouillon. But I was bound to reach Paris that night, and made a gallant, I may say superhuman effort. By shutting my eyes and clinging to my companion's arm with both hands clasped as a stay, I was able to walk, almost unconsciously, for nearly four kilometres. But the fifth needed an effort beyond my force, and I began to fear tetanus. I had no notion what the mere projecting of one foot beyond the other may mean, how much numbed pain it may contain. Movement became a sort of nightmare, against which I was not even able to cry out. Every power of the body seemed to come to a standstill, speech as well as sight, and I was imperfectly conscious of being alive. What all this implied for poor Alexandre may easily be guessed, but he bore himself as a hero, neither impatient nor complaining, though mightily vexed with himself for encouraging me to neglect the diligence of Barbizon: the result of my defective knowledge of the length of a kilometre. Were ever eyes more gratified than ours by sight of the lights of Melun? Was ever the ugly protection of railway bridge and arch more comfortable assurance in the breathing fragrance of night than those of that station, as we limpingly approached it? Dinner was out of the question, but there was time for Alexandre to dart up the town, as soon as he had left me reposing on railway cushions, for bread and ham, which we devoured in the train, and midnight found us restored to lamplit and noisy Paris.

THE SIEGE OF KIMBERLEY

By a Sergeant in the Town-Guard

FIRST PAPER

PERHAPS you may be interested to hear something of what has happened to us all during four long weary months of siege life—so full of sadness, misery, and to many almost of despair, which no words of mine could ever sufficiently convey or express. I thank God that dear mother has lived through it all; it is marvellous. Here we have been shut up for one hundred and twenty-four days, the greater portion of which without such little delicacies and necessaries so essential to the upkeep of mother's naturally impaired health, and yet she lives. I do hope now that she will have a chance of going home, with sufficient strength to bear the long journey, I am very anxious for her to go, now that there is some talk of Katie going home too, if possible. I am thankful, too, that my little family have pulled through the terrible strain so well; we had no need for a doctor's visit once, and Katie has managed fairly well, too, with her little ones.

The two families laid in a small stock of provisions, &c., sufficient, as we thought, to carry us through two months of besiegement. The very thought of it lasting longer, at the time, was to one and all monstrous. For curiosity's sake, here is my list of goods:

One bag flour (100lbs.), 1 packet white sugar (60lbs.), 1 doz. packets candles, 2 doz. tinned peas, 3 doz. condensed milk, 30lbs. rice, 28lbs. coffee, 1 doz. golden syrup, 6lbs. tea, a few jams and tinned meats, 2 cases of paraffin (20 gallons), and 3000lbs. of wood (fuel).

With very careful use of these we managed to get along for three months well enough; all that we have left is a few pounds of flour, rice, and coffee and about 400lbs. of wood. Although some thought it an unnecessary immediate cash outlay, I am thankful I stuck to my own feelings in the matter. Sugar is what we have felt the need of more than anything else. When things came to the worst, for days I denied myself sugar in order that the little chaps could have even a little. Then we bought sweets and saccharine (pilules and liquid). The whole town was put on "rations" soon after we were cut off—very rightly too—by the authorities, otherwise the wealthy people would have starved out the poorer ones by buying in everything they could put their hands to. Latterly we had to draw our rations.

I shall go on in diary form, which you must read when you feel so inclined, as a long epistle will doubtless be tiresome to you.

September 21.—We were all pleased to welcome detachments of Imperial Troops, consisting of a battalion of the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, Royal Artillery, and Royal Engineers, about 600 strong.

October 3.—Matters looked threatening and our local Volunteers were called out for active service, and the formation of a Town Guard—for defence purposes within a radius of eight miles—from other than the Volunteers. This was well responded to; a very large number were our miners, big, burly, unwieldy-looking men, but they all buckled to with a will, "formed line," "fours right," "fours about," "shoulder arms," "prepare for volley firing," and so on; until, under the able instructorship of non-coms. from the Lancashires, all became fairly efficient and ready for the foe.

October 4.—About midnight the first alarm was given of Boers threatening the town. The alarms were give by our Company's "hooters," a sound somewhat similar to the fog-horns we used to hear from the boats on the Thames at Greenwich. Great excitement and a thrill of terror went through the women and children, and pathetic scenes, as "good-byes" were whispered and each man "fell in" and answered to the roll call. We were about 3000 strong.

We fortunately had three grand searchlights which kept the enemy back, or rather discovered them far enough away to enable the "hooters" to give the warning for us all to "stand to arms."

October 11.—War declared. The Town Guard called out by proclamation of the High Commissioner, Sir Alfred Milner, for active service. I joined No. III. Section, N Co. 4th Division; was made a corporal, a few days after that becoming sergeant of my section. We were stationed at what is called No. 1 Redoubt, Kimberley Mines, a fine large fort overlooking our home at the west end of the town. We command a very good view of the surrounding country.

October 14.—Kimberley cut off from the outer world, the telegraph and railway lines being torn up on all sides of the town at about 10.30 P.M. October 15 (Sunday). The siege of the town began; our armoured train unsuccessfully attacked by the Boers; the "hooters" sounded the second alarm just about 11 o'clock (Kathleen on her way to church and I filling up tubs, tins, and all other receptacles with water, the supply of which had been cut off from the Vaal River by the enemy, who had taken possession of the intermediate pumping station, about seven miles due north).

Martial law proclaimed, streets barricaded with barbed wire and all sorts of obstacles, outposts stationed, of which our Company had to provide three or four.

October 19.—Very sudden and rapid rise in prices of provisions, &c., notably in the case of paraffin, which rose from 15*s*. in the morning to 75*s*. in the evening, per case.

October 20.—A proclamation appears in the paper regulating the price of provisions, &c.

October 24.—The first fight, though we poor Town Guards were merely onlookers, though longing for a "go" at the enemy, who were about five miles out due north; they were driven back with some losses, including their Commandant (Botha), by our Volunteers and some Regulars and Cape Police. Our losses, three killed and about twenty wounded.

November 3.—An alarm sounded, the Boers appeared about three miles out to the west, seen from our fort very distinctly. They took all the cows, oxen, and donkeys (about 800 head) belonging to the town's sanitary contractors, thereby disorganising this work of the Municipality temporarily. The De Beers Company, however, soon came to the rescue with their stock.

November 4.—An alarm sounded, the Boers still showing up at the west. All the families at our end of the town were warned to move to its centre. Katie with hers, and mother, went to rooms near Mr. Hill's C.C. office, getting their meals from a neighbouring hotel, Kathleen and my two little ones going further eastward to her sister's, both families remaining away about a month.

November 7.—Bombardment of Kimberley begun, three guns being placed in position on a ridge about three and a half miles out due west, our fort being one of the first to receive attention. At 6.30 in the morning, two shells struck the trench in front of our sand bags, throwing up the ground, but doing no damage. Several others fell within a radius of fifty yards, and there was much scrambling for pieces of the shells. This was our baptism of shell fire: as the guns shot, we could see the smoke then a few seconds' interval and we heard the whistling sound of the shot, and almost simultaneously a loud report on its bursting on impact. It was a peculiar sensation till one got used to it. During the shelling, which lasted about six hours, a party of us volunteered to go as a covering party to some of our Police, who were out searching Dutch houses. We were all burning for a shot, but had no luck, Mr. "Johnny Boer" not showing himself.

For the next few days things were quiet.

November 8.—Mr. Rhodes, with much foresight, authorised the Refugee Relief Committee to employ 800 destitute persons to make roads, paying whites 4*s*. and coloureds 2*s*. 6*d*. a day. I believe this prevented the inevitable looting of our homes by starving persons.

November 11.—Bombardment continued from the West. A native woman was shattered to death in the centre of the town; several properties damaged. A reconnaissance was made under Colonel Scott-Turner near Ottos Kopje W.N.W. Our men came in touch with the Boers, "dropping" several of them and losing 1 killed and 1 wounded.

Sunday, November 12 (as every other Sunday during the siege), was observed as a day of truce.

November 13, 14, and 15.—Bombardment continued, no injury to life or limbs, but considerable damage to property, including our Parish Church, St. Cyprian's.

November 16.—About this time my section was transferred to a position holding the main road from Barkly (W.N.W.); from there we did not have such a good view of the country as from the Main Redoubt, but it was the furthest outpost on the road.

At daybreak a portion of our troops with a Maxim and artillery had a sharp engagement towards Spytfontein (S.S.W). The rattle of Maxim and musketry was terrific for a short time, and we feared much loss of life; however, we were afterwards relieved to find our loss 1 killed, 9 wounded; the Boers lost over 30 killed and wounded.

November 17.—Another sortie to the South (Alexandersfontein). Firing very brisk, our casualties slight.

November 18.—The farm Kenilworth, lying to the N.E. of the town and entirely fenced, was lent by the De Beers Company to the authorities for cattle grazing purposes. The enemy had been gradually closing in, and on this day fired on our cattle guard, rifle as well as shell fire; fortunately no loss of life.

November 20.—Enemy continue firing on cattle guard, but were silenced by our artillery. Received the good news of the advance of the relief column from the Orange River.

November 21 and 22.—Continued firing on our cattle guard, badly wounding 2 troopers, killing 1 horse and wounding two others. We replied, and several Boers "bit the dust."

November 23.—40th day of the siege; more shelling, all delighted to hear of grand victory of British arms at Belmont.

November 24.—The enemy blew up some railway culverts not far off: fired shrapnel at our armoured train at Dronfield (N.). We returned the fire with shells, I must tell you, which were manufactured by the De Beers Co. at their large workshops. They were a great success. The town would have fared very badly but for the resourcefulness of the Company, as military ordnance was getting very low.

Saturday, November 25.—At daybreak a large force of our troops under Colonel Scott-Turner stormed the enemy's position at the west of the town, where they (the enemy) had planted their nine-pounders, the Boers always taking the precaution to move their guns at night-time some distance back to their laagers. One of the positions was rushed at the point of the bayonet; in fact, our men completely surprised them, and got right in among them before they had almost time to open fire. Thirty-three Boer prisoners were taken in this last redoubt, and a good many rifles with ammunition. Dr. Heberden and two of our local doctors were under fire attending the wounded. For some unaccountable reason the reserve ammunition did not reach the men in time, otherwise they would have rushed the Boer laager, and all felt confident of taking it; but they had to retire from the positions taken, the garrison of the town being too small to allow of a party being left to hold them. One of the objects of the sortie was to take the enemy's guns, but these had been moved back to the laager. We lost 7 killed and 26 wounded, some very severely.

Sunday, November 26.—Impressive funeral of 7 men killed in action on the 25th. Streets lined with mournful people. On this day ('twas a wish of mine) it was my luck, being on the "look out" with one of my guards, to observe in the distance a man coming towards the town carrying a white flag. On getting nearer, we found that he was blindfolded (as is customary in warfare when the enemy enters one's camp) and being brought into town in charge of two of our mounted police who patrol the outskirts of the town. The man conveyed some message or ultimatum to Colonel Kekewich (chief in authority here), and was detained for a while and then sent back.

Tuesday, November 28.—A sad day for us. Colonel Scott-Turner killed in the afternoon about 5.30 P.M. while leading our men against the same positions taken last Saturday, but subsequently abandoned. The attacking party consisted entirely of Kimberley "boys"—with a few mounted Lancashires—the "Kimberley Light Horse," "Diamond Field Horse," and Cape Police. The Colonel gave the word "charge," our men responded splendidly, falling fast, though, poor fellows; thus far all positions were carried, and in charging the last trench poor Turner got shot in the head, which caused confusion among the men, and made them fall back on the last redoubt taken; and here the wretched Boers held them, no man dared to show his head above the trenches, otherwise he was greeted with a hail of lead; and it was only under cover of darkness that our men, one by one, managed to crawl along the ground and thus escape, though dreading the searchlight which every now and then played on the position. In fact, I am afraid it was by the aid of the searchlight that many of our men, who were merely wounded at first, were eventually killed. Out of 70 men who rushed the last trench, only 20 escaped unhurt, 2 or 3 of my friends being among the lucky ones. They say they never wish to see the same sight again, so pitiful was it to see their comrades falling one after the other.

November 29.—A mournful day, burial of the men killed in action yesterday; all the town practically turned out for the funeral.

November 30.—Two more burials of men who were wounded in the last fight, but now succumbed to injuries. Flashlight signals exchanged between Colonel Kekewich and Lord Methuen of the relief column.

December 2.—Mr. Rhodes wrote to the Mayor of the town suggesting that they should take steps to make some provision for dependent relatives of the killed and wounded.

December 5.—The grazing of Kenilworth being finished, our cattle were removed towards Carter's farm (W.S.W.). In the meantime our mounted troops were out engaging the attention of the enemy while 300 natives were digging rifle-pits for the protection of the cattle guard.

December 9.—A portion of our mounted troops with detachments from the Lancashires and Town Guards (the latter chosen from our redoubt) took up a position overlooking Kamfers Dam valley (N.N.W.) where the Boers had two guns. An artillery duel was kept up almost all day. The Boers' fire was very good, and it is marvellous that we lost only 1 killed. Seven were wounded.

December 10.—We heard heavy firing in the direction of Modder River; big naval guns we thought. 'Twas the moving forward of Lord Methuen's column against the enemy at Magersfontein. News received from Colonel Baden-Powell stating that all was well at Mafeking, though the enemy were continuing the bombardment. The body of one of our Sunday-School boys (age 13 or 14), who was shot a few weeks ago by the Boers while heading some horses, was found; the poor little chap should never have gone out there. His body was taken to some building, left unburied and uncared for.

December 11.—We heard distinctly the roar of cannon at Magersfontein, and being told that the shells could be seen bursting over the Boer trenches, from a certain point, I went off on my bicycle, and sure enough there they were, quite within sight. I also saw the captive balloon quite distinctly, now and then it would go up and down. We were afterwards grieved to hear of the disastrous loss to the Highland Brigade, including General Wauchope.

December 14.—We have more news of the great battle at Modder River. How grandly our soldiers fought

On all intervening days, though all is quiet here, we can distinctly hear the sounding and booming of the big guns in desultory firing at Modder River, and this side. Meanwhile the Boers had taken their guns from Carters and Lazareth Ridge (due west), and stationed themselves at Kamfersdam and the intermediate pumping station, and left us alone for many days so far as the big guns were concerned. Information is now being constantly heliographed between us and Modder River, and we have news of the battle of Tugela, and are grieved to hear of General Buller's reverse and loss of ten guns.

December 17.—We hear that General Warren leaves Cape Town northwards followed soon after by his 6th Division. Much relieved, as he knows the country and the Boers well.

December 19 (Katie's Birthday).—We receive news of gallant defence of Mafeking or rather Kuruman on November 13. One of the men at our fort died suddenly.

December 21.—One of our mounted Police non-coms. accidentally shot by one of his own men. He went beyond the line of defence without warning his men, and whilst taking observations with his glasses was mistaken for the enemy and shot (600 yards range).

The death of one of our oldest residents (Mr. E. M. Litkie). He was a popular man and consequently had a long funeral.

December 22, 23, 24.—All passes over quietly, though we hear the booming of the big guns far off.

RUSKIN AND VENICE

By the Rev. ALEXANDER ROBERTSON, D.D., VENICE

MR. RUSKIN'S ROOMS ON THE ZATTERE

MR. RUSKIN, in one of his letters in *Hortus Inclusus*, speaking of eternal life, says, "It is only so far as I lose hold of that hope that anything is ever a trial to me," and then he adds, "but I can't think how I'm to get on in a world with no Venice in it." And this makes one wonder how ever Venice would have got on without him. No other Englishman in any department of life—no painter, no sculptor, no writer—has done for Venice what he did, and few amongst the greatest sons of Venice at any epoch of her history have, single-handed, done for it more. Not a few men at the present time know a great deal about Venice, from an historical, from a religious, from an architectural, from an artistic point of view; they have perhaps travelled further on certain lines of study than Mr. Ruskin ever did, but what would they have known without his inspiring aid? But for him it would have remained to a large extent a closed book. He it was who broke its seals, and threw open its living pages. He it is who has opened the eyes of thousands to see Venice as otherwise they never could have seen it.

Mr. Ruskin first went to Venice in 1835 when he was sixteen years of age, and he last visited it in 1888 when he was sixty-nine. Between these dates he was there about a dozen times, staying sometimes but for a few days, and sometimes for many months. On his very first visit the boy showed himself the father of the man, for he then "deliberately announced to his father and mother" that he "meant to make such a drawing of the Ducal Palace as never had been made before," and this he "proceeded to perform by collecting some hasty memoranda on the spot and finishing the design elaborately out of his head at Treviso." He fulfilled his resolve. There never was such a drawing of it!

Mr. Ruskin's second visit to Venice was in 1841, when he was travelling for his health, having overworked himself whilst reading up for his degree at Oxford. He was then in his twenty-second year. He had spent the winter in the South of Italy with little gain to his health, and he writes: "My own discouragement was great, and the first cautious journeyings back by Terni and Fuligno were sad enough. . . . As we drew northward, however, out of the volcanic country, I recovered heart; the enchanted world of Venice enlarging in front of me. . . . Everything was equally rich in rapture on the morning that brought us in sight of Venice, and the black knot of gondolas in the canal of Mestre are more beautiful to me than a sunrise full of clouds all scarlet and gold. . . . Thank God I am here. It is the Paradise of cities." His next visit was in 1845, when he met Mr. Boxall, Mr. Harding, and Mrs. Jameson—all four lodging at the Hôtel Danieli on the *Riva degli Schiavoni.* They used often to go sightseeing together, and he tells how the three of them extremely embarrassed Mrs. Jameson on these occasions "by looking at everything from our pertinaciously separate corners of an equilateral triangle, she being absolutely without knowledge or instinct of painting, and having no sharpness of insight for anything else." It was at this time that he visited the *Scuola di San Rocco*, and was by Tintoretto "swept away at once into the *mare maggiore* of the schools of painting, which crowned the power and perished in the fall of Venice, so forcing me into the study of the history of Venice itself; and through that into what else I have traced or told of the laws of national strength and virtue." But for this visit to the *Scuola di San Rocco*, he says that he should have written the "Stones of Chamouni" instead of the "Stones of Venice." It was now that he began this work, or at least began his "six hundred quarto pages of notes for it, fairly and closely written." He was again in Venice in 1851 and in 1852. In the former year he wrote the first volume of the "Stones of Venice" all but the last chapters, which, with volumes two and three, were finished at the end of 1852.

In the opening chapter of the first volume of this great work he tells us what he set himself to do, namely, to discover a law which would enable any one to indisputably discern and divide good architecture from bad, for he firmly believed that men are intended, without excessive difficulty, and by use of their general common sense, to know good things from bad ones. All through his "Stones of Venice" he develops and applies this law to everything he invites his readers to look at, churches, palaces, statues, pictures; and he confidently asserts that the careful reading of his works will enable any one thereafter to look at a building, and say whether it is good or bad. All who know his works, I think, will say that he has done this, and much more. For he enables the student of the "Stones of Venice" to tell by looking at a building the epoch in which it was raised, and the character of the men who raised it, and the general tone of society at the time. Italians speak of *pietre morte* and *pietre vivi* (dead stones and living stones). Mr. Ruskin has made the dead stones of Venice to be living ones.

During the period of Mr. Ruskin's visits, from 1835 to 1852, there was no railway to Venice. Before the latter date the line from Milan to Mestre was more or less completed, but the bridge that spans the two miles of lagoon between Mestre and Venice had not been begun. Mr. Ruskin, therefore, always continued to find his "black knot of gondolas" waiting for him at the mainland village, and in the opening paragraphs of the second volume of the "Stones of Venice," his sail to Venice, and his entering "not through towered gate or guarded rampart, but as a deep inlet between two rocks of coral in the Indian Sea," the "untrodden streets" of a "city that owed her existence rather to the rod of

ROOMS OVERLOOKING THE CANAL

the enchanter than the fear of the fugitive." Since the opening of the railway no one now approaches Venice by gondola, although it is by far the more picturesque way, and I believe Mr. Ruskin never abandoned it, for at the close of the first volume he describes his coming again to Venice by gondola when the railway bridge was standing, as he contemptuously says, like "a low and monotonous dockyard wall, with flat arches to let the tide through it."

When staying in Venice Mr. Ruskin preferred to be in private rooms rather than in an hotel (although he went to hotels too at times), and the apartment chiefly associated with him is one on the *Zattere.* The word *Zattere* means raft, and it is the name of a fine stretch of quay that forms one side of the great *Giudecca* Canal that is the highway to the docks. It has a warm southern exposure, and though there are many woodyards and storehouses along it, there are also many private houses and stately palaces. Mr. Ruskin's apartment was not in a palace, but in one of the most unpretentious buildings on the *Zattere*, a small house consisting of a ground-floor and one storey, called the *Calcina.* The building has not, I believe, been materially altered since Ruskin's day, nor has its use been changed. The ground floor is a café, and the upper floor, consisting of some half-dozen rooms, two to the front, and three or four to the back, are let to travellers. Mr. Ruskin had those to the front, which communicate with each other. The one was his sitting-room, the other his bedroom. Both are about fifteen feet square, with rather low ceilings. They are well lighted, each having two windows to the south, and the sitting-room, which is a corner room, also one looking east. He could thus in the early spring see the sun rise out of the Adriatic beyond the Lido, and set in purple glory behind Padua and the Euganean Hills. It was here that he made his longest sojourn in Venice, and prepared his materials for the "Stones of Venice," and also wrote a large part of that work for the press. I have been told that the simple furniture of the *Calcina* rooms has been little altered since Mr. Ruskin dwelt in them, and the small plain flat table at which he sat and worked is still the writing-table of the sitting-room. The present proprietor of the *Calcina* told me that in broad daylight Mr. Ruskin sometimes closed all his shutters, and lit candles, by the light of which he studied and wrote. At such times there must have been some noisy boats' crews at the quay, or some of the puffing steamers he detested in the *Giudecca* Canal, the distraction caused by which he wished to shut out. Now, as the commerce of Venice has increased, there is much more of that kind of thing — steamers unloading daily, and steam-ferries plying every few minutes. Mr. Ruskin's last visit to Venice was in October 1888. He then stayed at the Hôtel Europa, on the Grand Canal; but, as one might suppose, leaving the *piano nobile* and the "chief seats" to others, he sought shelter in some small rooms on the top floor. His stay then was of short duration, and during the first two or three days of it he was not well, and so kept indoors. The rest of it he turned to account visiting St. Mark's Church, the Doge's Palace, and several of the churches he loved so well. He did not, I think, ever go about on foot, but always in a gondola. I saw him on this occasion at his hotel. Among the first words he said to me were those that seemed to breathe the spirit of his whole life. They were not about pictures or palaces or art in any form, but about Him whose he was and whom he served. They were these: "What a blessed thing it is to be able to do anything for the cause of Christ." To those who knew Mr. Ruskin only through certain of his writings, the idea is not unnatural that he was dogmatic and brusque, but in reality he was gentle and unassuming and sympathetic. Canon Liddon has said: "The man who serves (Christ) with the heart cannot indulge in self-assertion"; and this, I feel, was strikingly illustrated in Mr. Ruskin. When I had occasion to refer to the marvellous influence of his work, and in particular mentioned something said of it by the late Professor Drummond, who had been in Venice shortly before, he said: "I am astonished; I feel as if I had only led a selfish, useless life." And when I had further occasion to speak of his work in connection with the pulpit, he stopped, and very solemnly said: "That may be all true, but you must remember that it is not the printed page, but the living voice that reaches the heart of man."

Before ancient buildings in Italy were declared to be by legislation "national monuments," and taken under the direct care of the Government, they were in danger of being allowed to go to wreck and ruin. So much so was this the case with St. Mark's Church that Mr. Ruskin appealed to England for funds to have all its mosaics copied, as he did not know how soon they might be on the floor. Austrian cannon were, during his earlier visits to Venice, stored in the atrium of St. Mark's Church, and Austrian soldiers used to pick the pearls and precious stones out of the crowns on the figures of Christ. In a lecture given at the London Institute, in February 1876, Mr. Ruskin held up before his audience some pieces of alabaster, saying, "These stones of Venice, here in my hand, are rags of the sacred robes of her church, sold and mocked like her Master. They have parted her garments, and cast lots upon her vesture." He was therefore delighted when he learned that the Italian Government now maintains its own school of mosaic workers in the Church, and are spending two thousand pounds a year in its preservation. Speaking of this and of Venice in general, he said, "They are now preserving their things of worth and beauty," and he thought that Venice was improving, and that the influence of English residents in the city, and even of strangers passing through it, contributed to its good. There are not many now living in Venice who personally knew Mr. Ruskin. Signor Pietro Saccardo, the able architect in charge of St. Mark's, is one, and I need not say that he is an ardent admirer of him. Like Mr. Ruskin, he scrupulously studies to preserve old work; he is therefore removing modern mosaics from the Church, and putting up others copied from ancient cartoons, and using old tesseræ. For the same reason he is desirous at this present moment that the old capitals of the columns of the Ducal Palace, which Mr. Ruskin so minutely describes in the second volume of his "Stones of Venice," should be replaced, and the new ones put there within recent years removed.

Another man who knew Mr. Ruskin very well is the intelligent sacristan of the church of the *Madonna del Orto*, for Mr. Ruskin twice engaged him to travel with him throughout Venetia. This man remembers what Mr. Ruskin said about every picture in the *Orto* church, and has many stories to tell of him. Once when they were at Conegliano, Cima's birthplace at the foot of the Dolomites, this sacristan procured for him one of Cima's pictures. What amused him was the care Mr. Ruskin bestowed upon it, never allowing it out of his grasp. Again and again he said, "Let me carry it for you, sir," but Mr. Ruskin tucked it (the picture was not a large one) firmer under his arm, and marched on with it with all the gaiety of a schoolboy bearing off a prize. On these excursions he was full of buoyancy, and kept every one in the best of spirits.

Many Italian newspapers have published obituary notices of Mr. Ruskin's death. The *Gazzetta di Venezia*, after referring to recent losses in the art world, says, "Now another death hastens the decline of Pre-Raphaelitism, and attenuates the already thin line of the chosen defenders of the beautiful, even depriving the school of its first and most eloquent defender, and depriving the religion of the beautiful of its prophet. To-day the loss of Ruskin throws the world into mourning. Probably no man in modern times wielded an influence so wide, so powerful, and so penetrating as Mr. Ruskin. No one else ever succeeded in becoming for his co-nationalists the infallible high priest of the religion of the beautiful, or to follow his scholars everywhere throughout the world, directing by his books all their steps, and their feelings, and their emotions. And probably this extraordinary influence could only be exercised by an Englishman, and Ruskin by his genius was supremely fitted to exercise it. Venice in particular ought to be grateful to him, for he was her fervid worshipper, and he communicated his passion to many others, thus spreading the praise and kindling the love of the beautiful throughout the world."

At a Town Council meeting held recently Councillor Bordiga said, "There died, a few days ago, a man whose life overflowed with such a wide activity of spirit, with such a full employment of all his varied talents, that few have been able to equal him—John Ruskin. He raised the criticism of art to the height of a religion, illuminating it with such stern vigour, and with such gentle simplicity of thought and of form, that England has the right to reckon him as one of the most glorious representatives of modern literature. I desire, also because of the friendship that unites us to Ruskin's native land, that the name of this honoured man shall not be forgotten by the Council of this city, which he loved in its very stones, and in the treasures of its great temple; and which he, with an intensity of desire and affection, made more dear to us Italians, and to strangers, rekindling in it every light of beauty, and increasing its fascination for all who visit it, drawn hither by the sacred love of art. I should be glad, and to me it seems a duty, that the Commune should express these our sentiments to the family of Mr. Ruskin, and that it should mark with an enduring monument the little house on the *Zattere*, *La Calcina*, where he made his longest sojourn amongst us, and where, as he has said, he found repose for his beloved studies in the peace diffused by the silent dawn and the luminous sunset." Both these proposals were heartily accepted, and in due course a slab will be placed upon the house. It is but a small tribute, but it forms another link of brotherhood between Italy and England, and is a reverential acknowledgment of the greatness and goodness of a life that has made not Englishmen and Italians only, but humanity itself its debtor.

THE SOUL'S SURRENDER

If Thou wilt take my heart, O God,
  And mould it to Thy will,
Then through the stormy scenes of life
  I shall be calm and still.

It is not great things Thou dost ask
  Of Thy disciples, Lord,
But what of good they each can do
  By helpful deed or word.

While some bear on the battle-field
  The standard of the Cross,
Some are by humbler offices
  Refined of earthly dross.

The grape is trodden in the press
  To yield the quickening wine,
And souls by sorrow only, win
  The brotherhood Divine.

There is no death save fear of death;
  The soul that once is free
Shall find beyond the veil of Time
  But larger liberty.

Then will I, Lord, await the end
  With no unfilial dread,
And listen for Thy voice to call
  The Living from the Dead.

G. Barnett Smith.

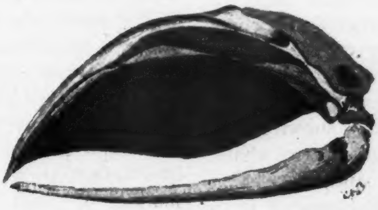
HOW WILD CREATURES FEED

By F. G. AFLALO

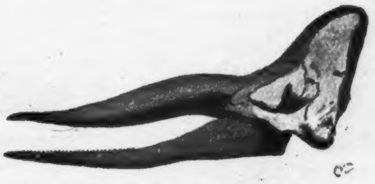
ILLUSTRATED BY C. K. BENNETT

WITH his knives, forks, and spoons, his mincing-machines, graters and sieves, nut-crackers, ovens and kettles, man can command, in spite of his feeble teeth, a bill of fare, animal and vegetable, that might well appal even a hog. The hardest-shelled egg or nut, the toughest flesh, the largest or smallest fruits, these offer no difficulties. By one process or many, according to the needs of the case, he prepares each article to his liking and digestion. In the great world of wild life, however, meals are differently ordered; and animals must find the food for which they are physically fitted—find it or starve. The old fable of the fox and stork, with their flat dish and deep pitcher, illustrates one aspect, but only one, of this difficulty.

Nature is generally equal to the work. The barnacle is an interesting case in point. In its early days the barnacle swims as freely as a fish, seeking its food in the same manner adopted by most animals of that class. When, in middle age, it settles demurely to a more restful existence, even though its home be the skin of a whale, it can no longer go to seek its food. The food must in these circumstances be induced to come to the barnacle, and this is facilitated by the ability of the crustacean to set up tiny currents in the water with the aid of its six pairs of curly feet.

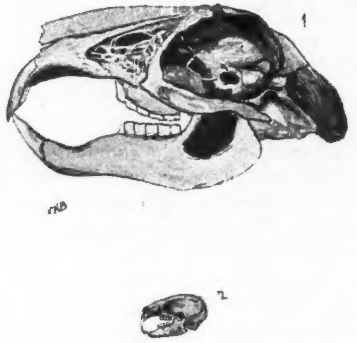


SKULL OF WHALEBONE WHALE, SHOWING BALEEN PLATE



SKULL OF SPERM WHALE, SHOWING TEETH IN LOWER JAW

It must be admitted that we shall not find in Nature's realm many other creatures that feed in this way with their feet, that is to say by kicking the food into their stomach; but a glance round some of the rooms of her workshop will reveal the manner in which the teeth, bill, tongue and claws have been modelled and modified to constitute a perfect food equipment. So closely in some cases have these organs been adapted to the food sought, that it is sometimes possible to tell from a very slight examination of them the diet of the particular animal under notice, an inference particularly allowable in the case of the majority of birds. The head of the kea, that much discussed mutton-eater of New Zealand, illustrates at once the ease and difficulty of accepting such evidence, though it must fairly be confessed that the kea is an exceptional individual. It can scarcely be insisted that its bill, though powerful, points to any predisposition for a meat diet, for many of the cockatoos, pure vegetarians, display (as for instance, the great black cockatoo) far more power in their beak than many of the truly carnivorous and raptorial birds. The kea has, as a matter of fact, the fringed tongue of a honey-eater, and honey it unquestionably must have fed on in the days before certain unforeseen circumstances (in the shape of the colonists and their sheep) intervened and, while destroying the bird's natural sources of food, gave it new tastes and new opportunities of satisfying them. Those who interest themselves closely in evolution will watch with interest (at some future date: the change is as yet too recent to be of use to this generation) for the falling into disuse and final obsolescence of an organ no longer needed. As a better example of Nature's foresight, we



1. SKULL OF RABBIT
2. SKULL OF DORMOUSE

find the nostrils of the gannet at the base of the bill (a converse of the case of the kiwi, in which they are situated almost at the tip), and almost covered by the skin, thanks to which device the bird is able to dive without inconvenience from a great height on the shoals of fish beneath.

The dentition of animals is a somewhat complicated subject for present treatment, but we can without difficulty find one or two plain cases that will illustrate characteristic points of difference.

Looking, for instance, at the skulls of the right and sperm whales we see heads of such different structure as to seem scarcely capable of reference to the same order of mammals. The right, or whalebone, whale has no teeth and feeds only on the minute creatures of different kinds that float (under the collective scientific title of *plankton*), retaining them in the baleen sieve shown in the sectional sketch. The huge sperm whale, or cachalot, on the other hand, has strong teeth in the lower jaw, which enable it to feed on fishes and even on porpoises, smaller members of its own order. Eschricht, a German naturalist, discovered, sunk deep in the gums of young whalebone whales, traces of teeth; and this discovery gives rise to the doubt whether in bygone ages these whalebone whales may not also have possessed teeth when full grown, feeding, like the cachalot, on fish. If so, then did it also possess whalebone, and for what purpose? Dentists tell us that our own jaws are gradually diminishing in length, and Darwin regarded our practice of cooking our food, and thereby giving our teeth less work to do, as responsible for the tendency of the wisdom teeth to disappear.

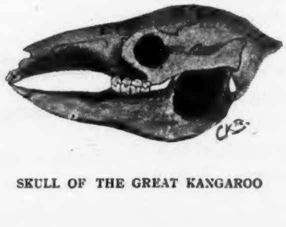
In the rodents we have to consider a very interesting feature in the shape of two incisors strikingly curved and developed in either jaw, the presence of which at once indicates a habit of gnawing vegetable food. These teeth are ever growing, and, should any of the four be broken by accident, the opposing incisor will inevitably grow unchecked into the other jaw and bring about the animal's death from starvation. In the hares and rabbits there is a second smaller pair of incisor teeth in the upper jaw, immediately behind the other two, but of the precise significance of this supplementary pair I do not recollect having read or heard any satisfactory explanation.

In the teeth of grazing animals we shall find the chief practical interest to lie in the comparative damage they do to the grass; and in this connection Sir Walter Gilbey has shown by diagrams in his "Young Race Horses," that the teeth of the horse, which meet, do far more harm to pasture grass than those in the padded mouth of the ox.

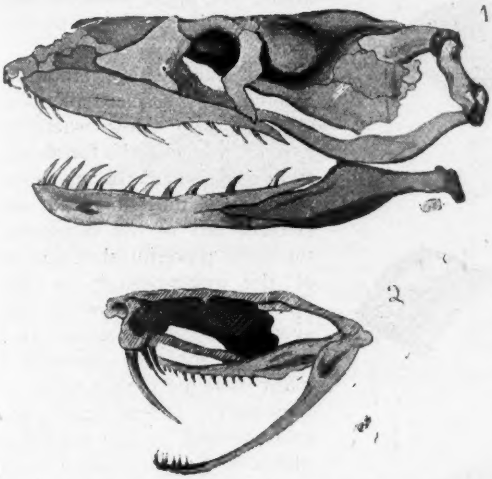
In the kangaroos we find the large incisors in the lower jaw cropping the grass like scissors.

Birds, or those at any rate that exist nowadays outside of paleontological collections, have no teeth, nothing in fact to represent them, unless we so regard the serrated edges of the mandibles in some fish-eating kinds that will be noticed later.

Among the reptiles, which stand a little lower than the birds, we find teeth intended for seizing rather than masticating, for it is the simple practice of snakes and their kind to "bolt" their victims whole, after the manner of fishes. In the dreadful rattlesnake, for instance, the two upper tubular fangs are conspicuous whenever the creature opens its mouth, and it is through these that the venom is infused in the victim's blood.



SKULL OF THE GREAT KANGAROO



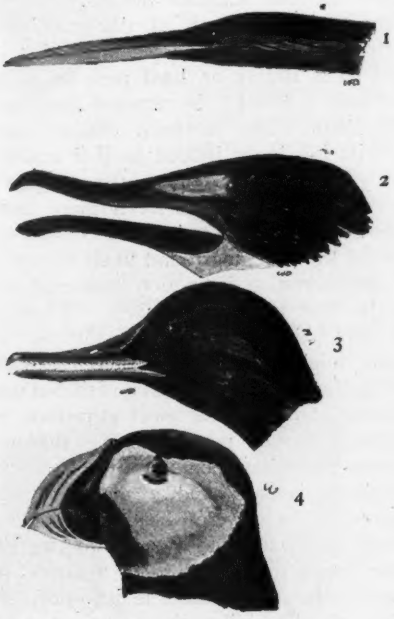
1. INDIAN PYTHON 2. RATTLESNAKE

The pythons and boas show no such long fangs, for they have no venom to inject. In these the teeth lie in two rows in the upper jaw, and in one row only in the lower. These teeth, it will be noticed, point back towards the throat, and it is for this reason that snakes are often unable immediately to relinquish their hold of any prey they may have seized. This, and not greed, as some of the newspapers alleged at the time, accounted for the accident at the Zoological Gardens, when two pythons, working at opposite ends of the same food, met in the middle and the larger had to swallow the smaller.

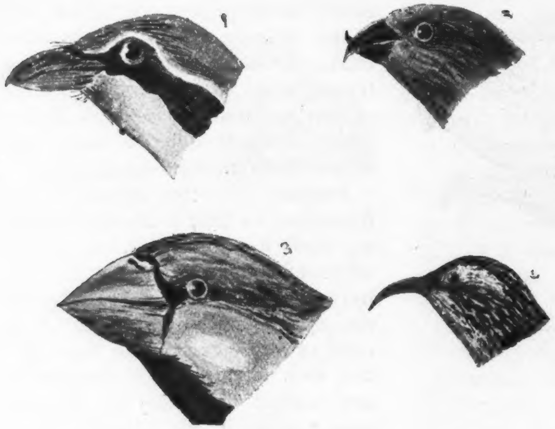
The teeth of fishes cover as a rule not only both jaws, but likewise the tongue and palate. In the sharks and rays we find supplementary rows of teeth ready to replace those in front when use shall have worn them down, or accident rendered them useless; and in some of the rays, notably in the thornback, the teeth of the male are sharp and pointed, while those of the female are blunt and flat. This may or may not indicate that the male feeds on fishes, the female on shellfish; but such at any rate are the respective diets assigned to such types of teeth in the world of waters. In those fish, as the mullets and sturgeons, that eat soft food, the teeth are either quite feeble or altogether wanting.

Coming to the more attractive and familiar bill of birds, we find the interest greater in the present connection than in the table equipment of any other class. From the vast number of even typical beaks, I have collected those of just a dozen species belonging to birds of widely different tastes and equally different manners at table.

Starting with the aforementioned fish-eaters, we have in the accompanying figure four divergent, but equally efficient fish-traps. There is the long bayonet of the darter. This stabs the fish so deftly that there is no need of any provision for holding it fast, such as we notice in the grooved and hooked mandibles of the common cormorant, the notched, almost toothed, bill of the merganser and the short, enormously powerful beak of that parrot-like sea-bird, the puffin. How poor a chance any fish would have, once in the grip of such jaws, is apparent at a glance. I have watched a conger, a fish that can muddle its way out of most awkward situations, writhe vainly in the squeeze of a cormorant's bill, and I have had a puffin lay hold of a landing net, in which I had entertained some vague but



1. DARTER 3. CORMORANT
2 MERGANSER 4. PUFFIN



1. SHRIKE 2 CROSS-BILL
3. HAWFINCH 4. TREE-CREEPER

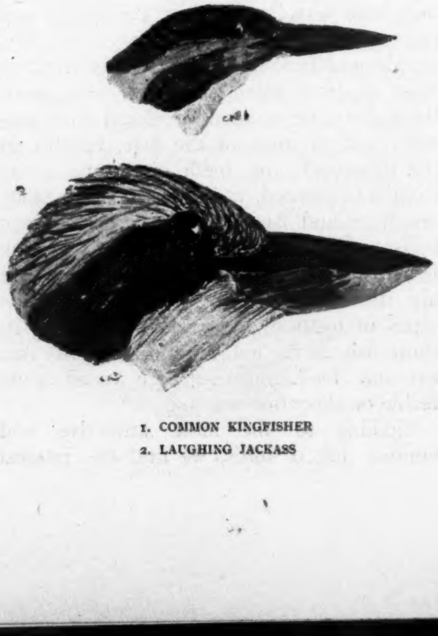
quickly abandoned project of taking it alive, with a fervour that deprived me of all ambition for a closer acquaintance.

The four more or less familiar British wild birds figured above show widely different types of bill. In the shrike or butcher bird, redoubtable executioner of mice and beetles and even small birds, the hooked upper mandible suggests wicked proclivities. The scissor-like beak of the cross-bill is better understood when we know that the bird feeds largely on hard pine seeds and performs wanderings of immense duration to find them. The hawfinch crushes seeds, and its bill looks indeed as if it could as easily crush stones. The little creeper, on the other hand, probes for nothing harder than hidden grubs with a bill conveniently curved for searching round likely corners.

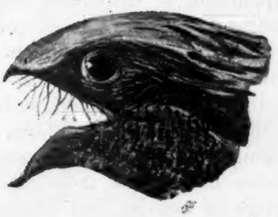
An interesting distinction finds expression in the beak of the kingfishers. There are, in fact, kingfishers and kingfishers, and some might more appropriately be called "king-lizarders," for they eat no fish, but many lizards. Of these the most attractive, and perhaps also the most typical, is that well-known Australian member of the family, the laughing jackass, and a moment's comparison of its powerful head with the more fragile type illustrated by our own kingfisher gives point to Dr. Bowdler Sharpe's suggested separation of the true fish-eaters (with long, slender bills, the upper mandible ridged) and the reptile-eaters (with shorter, stouter bill, upper mandible flat or rounded) as shown in the figure.

The numerically important group of waders, so conspicuous, to those who know where to look for them, on the foreshore, show some singularly ingenious adaptations, the short and serviceable bill of the turnstone, the more powerful shell-opener of the oyster-catcher, or the up-turned bill with which the avocet scoops its minute food from the shallows—these and many more are perfect tools for their work. Indeed, nature has even devised, in the wry-billed plover of New Zealand, a most comically twisted bill, which some have affected to regard as a freak, but which doubtless, if we only knew the truth of it, helps the bird to find its food under some particularly difficult conditions of undergrowth, or in muddy water.

The head of our nightjar, popularly known as the "goatsucker," shows curious bristles on the upper mandible, and these are said to aid the flying bird in the capture of the moths on which it feeds on the wing. The exact manner of the aid rendered by them is not, however, quite apparent, and the process is in some need of confirmation from eye witnesses. Unfortunately, the bird does its silent hunting at an hour when the light is particularly deceptive, and accounts

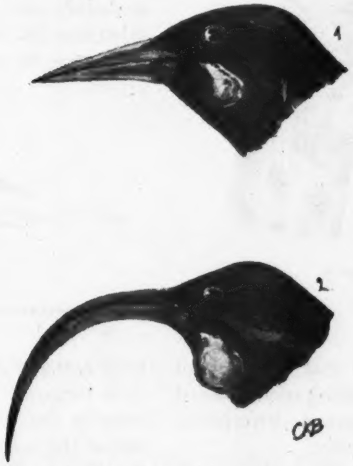


1. COMMON KINGFISHER
2. LAUGHING JACKASS



HEAD OF NIGHTJAR

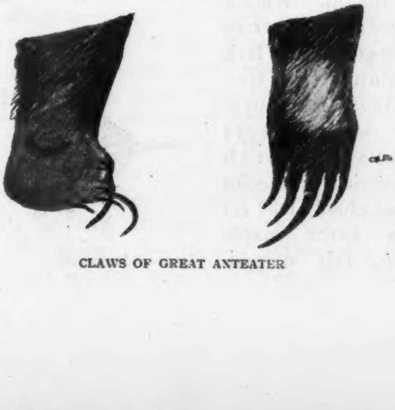
have therefore to be received with some caution. That these bristles might possibly act in the same way as the whiskers of cats. or the barbules in some ground-feeding fishes, and apprise the bird of the close proximity of insects in the half darkness, seems to me a much more acceptable explanation of their utility, and we might then add them to the many cases of such feelers aiding the other organs of sense in animals that feed in darkness. One more bird type only does the available space admit. The heads of the male and female of the huia bird of New Zealand exhibit remarkable sexual differences that may in a measure be compared with those already noticed in the rays.



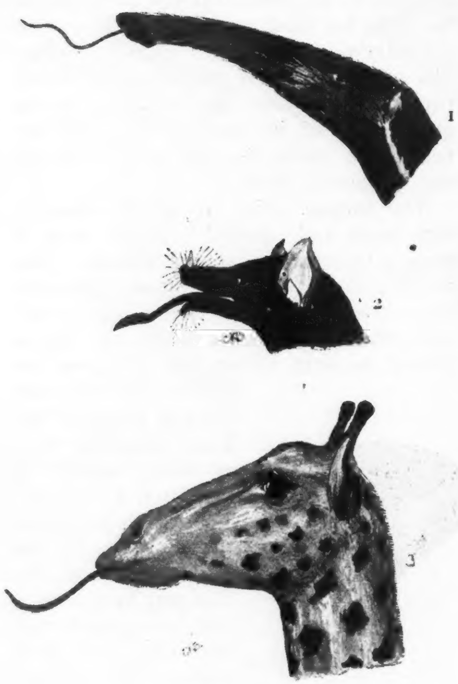
1. MALE HUIA BIRD
2. FEMALE HUIA BIRD

No one seeing specimens, or sketches, for the first time would be likely to refer the two to the same species, for sexual differences in birds are more familiarly associated with their plumage and coloration. But in the huia the bills are so different as to have suggested a collaboration at meal time. The male, it is said, prizes open the decaying timber, like a woodpecker, while the female then extracts the delicate "hu-hu" larva, of which they are both so fond. This is an ingenious inference, but some discredit has been thrown on it by the observations of Sir Walter Buller, to whom naturalists are indebted for so many interesting additions to their knowledge of animal life in New Zealand, to the effect that the lady eats all the grubs her beak can lay hold of, so that the male must either catch his own or starve. Her method of eating the grub is somewhat peculiar. She places one foot firmly on the grub, tears off its hard covering with her beak, then tosses the soft part in the air and swallows it whole.

The tongue, which we chiefly associate with taste and speech, is largely used in feeding by certain classes of animals. Not to any great extent do the quadrupeds avail themselves of its aid, though the great anteater thrusts its long and slimy tongue among the ants, having first torn away the sides of their hills with claws so powerful that Bates regarded them as fully capable of mauling a jaguar. Those who have seen the ant-eaters in the sloth's house at the Zoo may have noticed that these animals walk practically on their heels. The vampire bat, again, uses its rough-tipped tongue in emptying certain fruits of their pulpy contents, and the giraffe uses the same organ in stripping the acacia branches of their leaves. Visitors to menageries, in which the giraffes have an open-air paddock with high trees planted in it, can easily see a kind of "high water mark" on the denuded branches, showing the highest point to which even the tall giraffe could reach.



CLAWS OF GREAT ANTEATER

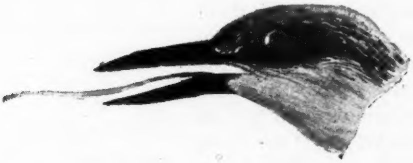


1. GREAT ANTEATER
2. VAMPIRE BAT
3. GIRAFFE

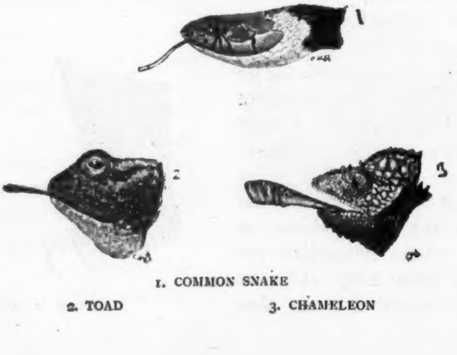
It will usually be found that, as a sort of compensation, mammals having such unusual development of tongue have a correspondingly poor equipment of teeth.

Nor, except in a few groups, is the tongue conspicuously useful in birds. Our own woodpeckers show perhaps the most wonderful piece of mechanism from nature's workshop, a tongue of great length, packed away at the back of the head, coiling and uncoiling with the force of a spiral spring, barbed and sticky at the tip. What a terrible searcher of the grubs that lurk behind the tree bark! In a couple of woodpeckers from North America, species that chiefly feed on the sweet maple sap, this complicated apparatus is dispensed with. The brush tongue of the lories is of course associated with the process of sucking nectar from deep flowers, and I have already remarked on the presence of such a tongue in the kea and on the possibility of its falling, now that it is no longer needed, into disuse.

In fishes the tongue is probably at its lowest stage of activity, but in reptiles, and amphibians on the other hand, it seems to play a more consistently useful part than in animals of any other class. We no longer suspect the forked tongue of poisonous serpents of "stinging," nor do we believe that the pythons lick their victims in order to make them easier to swallow whole. We do, however, assume that the tongue acquaints the snake with the fitness or otherwise for food of the things with which it comes in contact, and the toads and frogs actually capture their insect food with their tongues. Most wonderful of all, however, is the tongue of the chameleon, and one of the most singular sights, of many, at the Zoo is the chameleon on the feed, as, rolling first one eye then the other, grasping its perch more tightly in its strange handlike feet, the chameleon catches the mealworms or blackbeetles presented to it by the keeper with a lightening rapidity that defies all but the fastest shutters in the photographer's outfit. So remarkable is the whole business that visitors forget to look out for the creature's change of colour that they came purposely to see.



WOODPECKER, SHOWING TONGUE FULLY EXTENDED

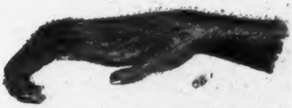


1. COMMON SNAKE
2. TOAD
3. CHAMELEON

The hand is, as might be expected, of less importance

CLAW OF SEA EAGLE

to the lower animals than to man. In the majority of birds, with such exceptions as the parrots and some others, the beak combines the functions of mouth and hands. Few bird claws, however, call for illustration or comment in the present connection. The eagle's claw is a symbol of strength and says a good deal for the character of its owner, while the hand of the ourang-outan, more human and less rapacious looking, is, according to Dr. Wallace, able to tear open the hardest fruits of the Malayan region. Still more remarkable is the "attenuated, wirelike fingers," as Forbes called them, of the gruesome looking aye-aye of Madagascar, with which that singular animal, little known even to the natives of that island, searches the crevices of the trees for insect food.



HAND OF OURANG-OUTAN

* * *

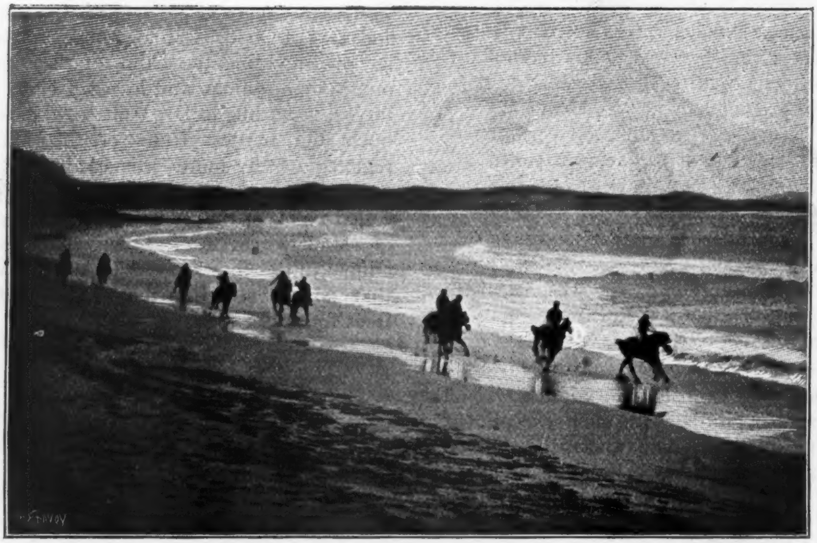
"ORATOR" EXTON

BY F. J. DAVEY

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

THE Wimbriatta River was beginning to emerge out of the pioneer stage, farming was largely taking the place of cedar-getting, and the general character of the settlers had steadily risen, but it was a far-away district, and the Government was slow enough in providing the resources of civilisation. The services of a resident policeman had at last been granted, and once a month the Gungela magistrate visited the place, but there were no roads except the old bullock-tracks made by the cedar-getters. Even the Main North Road, which formed the only communication with other districts, being only an old timber-track, slightly improved by the authorities, and at the place where it should have crossed the river, it simply stopped short at the water's edge, and went on again at the other side, with no communication between. Foot passengers could get across in a small boat, but the river was deep, and vehicles had to go round by the Ford, about nine miles farther up stream—eighteen miles extra journey. For years an agitation had been kept afoot, and numerous petitions for a bridge sent in, but without success, except that once, a long while ago, a surveyor had been sent up; he measured the site, stuck up four posts, to show where the bridge ought to be, and went away again, and nothing more was heard of it.

Three weather-worn letters on each of these posts were perhaps explained by a legend that a Jew pedlar had arrived at the place late one afternoon, and was very angry at not being able to get across; he had camped on the spot, and was gone again



"Several men galloping hot-foot along the beach"

very early next morning, leaving these letters shining out in fresh white paint on the posts—possibly his name was David Abraham Moses, and they may have been intended for his initials.

I had been away from the Wimbriatta on leave of absence—even Civil Servants must take a spell sometimes—and was surprised to see, the morning after I returned, several men galloping hot-foot along the beach. Presently they turned up the track along the river bank, and I lost sight of them. I made sure there was going to be a rush for land at the office, but business was quieter even than usual; after hours I strolled up to the Ferry and found several groups of men lounging and chatting on the roadway. I wondered what the excitement could be, for these settlers, whose farms but a short while before had been an impenetrable jungle which could be cleared away only by the most strenuous work, were usually fully alive to the value of time. On the other hand, when they *do* knock off work, they must sit on a log, lean against a fence, or squat on the ground, but stand they won't, if it's only for five minutes' chat. I approached one of the groups.

"Hullo! what's up?" I asked.

I might have known better. The Australian back-blocksman will never speak of what is uppermost in his mind until he has exhausted every other topic he can think of. If he comes to borrow a spade, he will spend the entire evening talking of every subject in heaven and earth, and then, just as he is going—"Oh, by-the-bye, can you lend me a spade?"

So, instead of answer I got a volley of questions. At last, however, Dick Grantham, a big farmer with a kindly face and an immense beard of which he was very proud, said:

"This river ain't no place for white men now; it ought to be given back to the black fellows, *they* don't want no bridge!"

"What?" I said. "Is there any news about the bridge? Are they going to build it after all?"

"So they sez," put in Jack Silliter, the boatmen at the Ferry. "So they sez! But where, eh?"

"Where?" I echoed. "Why, here at the Ferry, where the road is, I suppose. There's no other place."

"Ain't there? I ken see her Maj'sty's guvament ain't bin suckin' *your* brains!

But there's a chance for you yet. When this here bridge is all built, an' san'papered an' French-polished, the Prymeer o' the Colony is gorn to send search-parties out, an' free drinks all roun' to them as ken find it!"

I appealed to Dick Grantham. "Tell me what he means."

"Look here," he answered—I omit the oaths—"they're gorn to build the bridge up at Ole Mugblossom's Ford, right away to —— where there ain't no road, an' not water enough to drown a—a——"

"Infant caterpillar!" suggested Dick.

"I can't believe it," I said. "It would be too——"

"It's true, though, all the same. Ole Mugblossom owns all the country up aroun' the Ford, you know that well enough. He don't come on the river very often, but Bill Stephens see him an' th' Inspector shenanakin' roun' the Ford a while ago with a three-oglydite, an' they fixed it all up together the way I've bin tellin' you."

"But how do you know? That doesn't prove——"

Joe Grindle, the blacksmith, who had been sitting on a log, fondly admiring his own huge arms, unceremoniously pushed aside a man who stood between himself and me, and said:

"We shouldn't *never* have known, on'y a contractor chap come along yest'day an' as'ed to be showed where the bridge was to be. O' course I brings him here to the Ferry, an' he looks in the water a bit an' then, sez he, 'How tall do they make the chaps hereabouts?' sez he. I tho't as how he were charkin' me, so I sez: ''Bout my size, mos'ly. They find it 'bout right for fightin'. How tall may *you* be, when yer debts is all paid?' sez I. 'Oh,' he sez, 'bust it all, I wasn't meanin' nothin' like that—on'y it looks a bit deepish for a Ford, an' if you chaps ken get through there with yer hair dry——' 'Ford be blistered,' I sez; 'this ain't the Ford, that's eight or nine miles further up.' 'Blamed if I know where it is,' sez he. 'Maybotham's Ford, that's where they're gorn to build the bridge, anyhow!' O' course I told him he were a fool, an' then he whips out a Gungela *Merc'ry*, an' there it was, sure enough, callin' for tenders for a bridge at Maybotham's Ford, Wimbriatta River."

"It seems a scandalous piece of business," I answered. "Can nothing be done to stop it?"

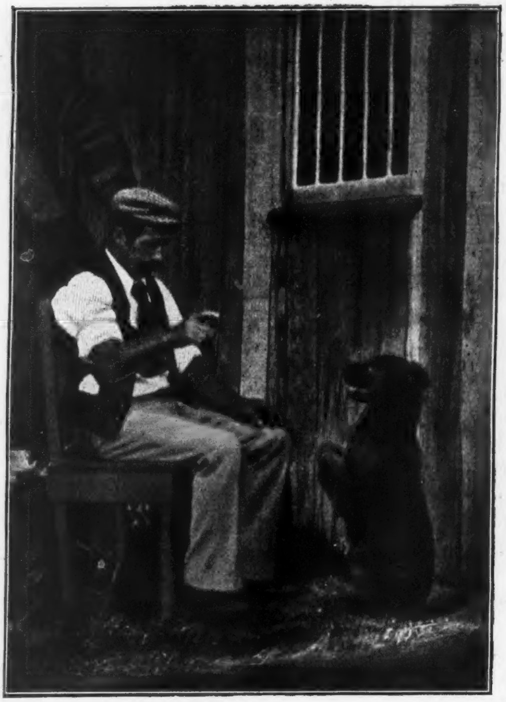
"That's jus' what we bin talkin' of," observed Dick. "The Chief Engineer an' the Roads C'missioners is to be at Gungela nex' Friday, an' we wants to send a depitation if we on'y had some one as could speak like. Johnson's sick an' Tucker's on the spree."

"Couldn't Mitchell go? He can speak fairly well." They all laughed.

"You know Mitchell's dog, Tuppence?" I nodded. "An' a good dog too, Tuppence is. You know Mitchell sez a dog is a noble animal an' all that sort o' talk, an' he can't abide to see a dog doin' tricks. Well, the other Sunday he come along an' there was Barclay had got hold o' Tuppence, an' was teachin' him to sit up an' beg, jus' for a lark. Mitchell o' course gets roarin' mad, an' give Barclay a proper dressin' down an' tore his best shirt, so he summons Mitchell, an' he was fined, but he wouldn't pay, an' the magistrate gave him two weeks' hard labour, so *he* can't go, cos he's in the lock-up!"

"No, he ain't," cut in Jack. "Morton"

"An impenetrable jungle"



"'An' was teachin' him to sit up an' beg'"

(the policeman) "hadn't no hard labour to give him in the lock-up, so he give Mitchell a axe, an' sends him up in the scrub every day, to cut firewood for the p'lice quarters."

"What, by himself?" I asked.

"O' course! Mitchell ain't likely to run away an' leave his farm an' kids. I dessay Morton would let him go to Gungela right enough, an' he could make up the time when he came back, o'ny the magistrate lives there, an' Mitchell might drop acrost him."

A new-comer here joined the group, a loosely built man, with a thoughtful face and deep, earnest-looking eyes.

"Here's Oliver Exton, the very man!" I cried. And I explained to him what was wanted. His face fell.

"I would do it willingly, of course, if I could. But really, the fact is——"

"Come now, you can't refuse! Somebody must go, and there is simply no one else. I'm sure you would know just the right sort of thing to say, too."

"And if I did, it would be all the same, I couldn't say it! I only wish I could! The fact is, I'm so nervous."

But Dick Grantham broke in furiously. "Nervous? You're so nervous! I s'pose you're 'fraid of offendin' Ole Mugblossom! I'm smothered if *we* was nervous the time you was laid up with rheumatism. Didn't we all turn to an' nurse you through, an' plough yer land an' plant yer corn for you till you was on yer legs agen? Nex' time, you better go to yer friend Mugblossom, for blame me if *I*'ll do a han's turn for you! Not that I'ld ever ha' tho't o' *you* for a depitation anyhow, 'speshally as you're so nervous!"

Exton's face was red with a burning shame. Dick was about to begin again, but I interrupted him.

"Dick! Dick! You ought to know better. You have no right—you ought to be ashamed of saying such mean and cowardly things!"

Exton turned on me almost fiercely. "Leave him alone, can't you? What business is it of yours? He's right—quite right! I—I didn't think of it in that way, and I shouldn't like any of you fellows to think I'd forgotten all you did for me."

"That's all right," said Joe Grindle, patting him on the back. "We don't none of us think anything o' the sort, an' Dick don't mean it, neither. An' none of *us* didn't ask you to go—we all knows as you ain't nothin' of a speaker. Why, you're about the silentest man on the river!"

"All the same," said Oliver, "I should like to try, if you will let me. I—I think I could. But you don't know what a terrible thing this nervousness is, and—and—if I *do* break down, don't blame me any more than you can help, that's all I ask."

"All right!" said Dick. "I'll say nothin' more—not another word! O'ny this here bridge business ain't no matter for foolin' with, an' if you *do* break down, you may take your oath I'll——"

"Break down?" cried Jack, encouragingly. "*You* ain't gorn to break down, Oliver! Catch you fancyin' you're a corpse afore you're half dead! No blamed fear! All the same," he went on, speaking to himself in a voice perfectly audible to every one—

'all the same I'ld as soon ha' tho't o' my Liza firin' off a gun as Oliver makin' a speech!"

Close to the Ferry stood a small country-inn, called, somewhat prematurely, the Bridge Hotel, kept by Mrs. Orchard, a widow. By the side of the house a wide patch of grass stretched down to the river; this was the recognised place of public meeting, and here nearly all the settlers in the district assembled next evening. The bridge was a matter of supreme importance to them in their daily business, their sense of justice and fair play was aroused, and they were in deadly earnest that Mr. Maybotham, with all his influence, should not have things all his own way this time. It had always been their settled conviction that public speaking was of no avail without eloquence; they themselves were easily moved by it, and in this instance no one doubted that a finished orator could alone win their case, so that a reserved man like Oliver Exton was by no means their ideal as a "depitation." But there was no one else, that was the rub. Nevertheless, the discussion was becoming excited, when at last two or three men laid their heads together and concocted a resolution, which was moved by Joe Grindle:

"That considerin' Sam Tucker's on the spree, an' Tom Mitchell's in gaol, an' Ole Johnson's fearful bad an' mightn't never recover, Oliver Exton is to go for a depitation, an' Dick Grantham and Harvey is to go likewise, to back him up like."

The resolution was carried.

Half an hour later, Oliver was seated in one of the rooms of the inn, talking to a sweet-faced but delicate looking girl, Nettie, daughter of the landlady.

"Of course I know, dear," Oliver was saying, "that you are not very strong, but that is only another reason why I want you to come to me, so that I can take care of you."

"I wish—oh, how I wish it could be," the girl answered. "Sometimes I think I should be so happy that I should soon get well—but then—when I think of what the doctor said——"

"What doctor, Nettie? What did he say? You never told me."

"I didn't mean to speak of it all, it slipped out——"

"But, Nettie, was that fair to me?"

"What was the good of paining you, Oliver? We shall never be married, dear, an' p'r'aps we shan't be together very long——"

"But you must tell me now."

"It was a travellin' insurance doctor, that was here a few months ago. He examined me, an' I overheard mother talkin' to him. You know mother's way! She said, 'Look here, doctor, I've had five of 'em go off the same way, some sort o' decline, like, an' all the doctors told me, same as you're tellin' me now, while there's life there's hope, an' all that sort o' rubbish. You don't get no guinea out o' me for a lie like that, I could tell it meself for nothin'. So jus' speak out an' earn yer money—or hold yer tongue!' And then he up an' told her the truth; I didn't hear it all, but I heard him say, 'two or three years, I'm 'fraid, at the outside.'"

Oliver got up, strongly agitated, and began pacing the room. "The man was mistaken! Or a humbug! He jus' took the readiest means to earn his guinea! I don't believe——"

The girl leaned back in her chair, with a pained look, and then she smiled, and it was her smile, half sadness, half love, that conquered him more than her words. "Don't let us talk of it any more, Oliver dear; at any rate, not jus' now. I want you to tell me all about this deputation. None of them guess how clever you are, an' what a lot you know. Oh, how I should like to go with you an' hear you speak. I'm sure it'll be splendid!"

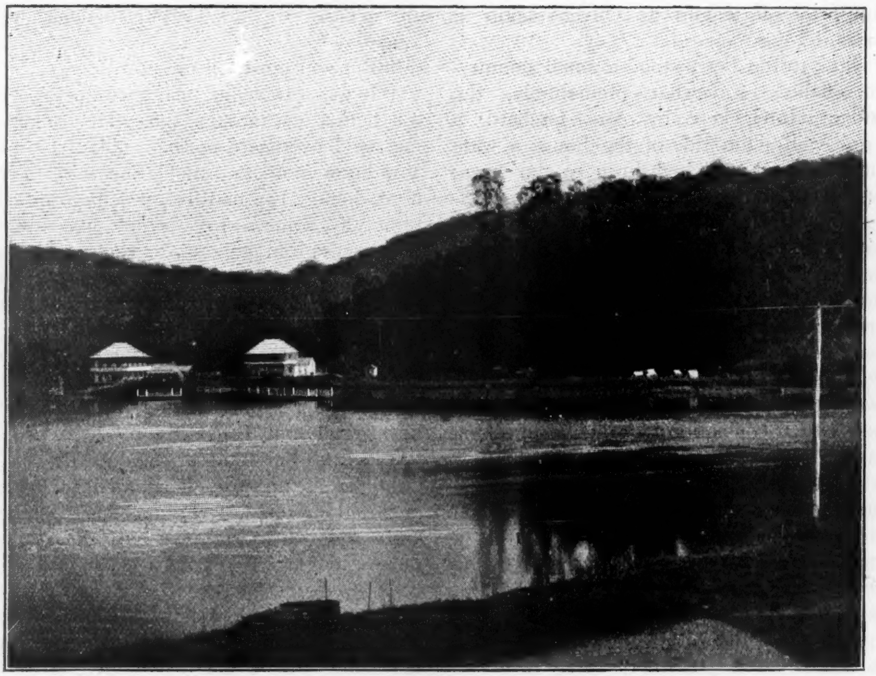
"Oh, Nettie! I can't help thinking—if I should fail."

"But you won't! You *mustn't* fail!" She looked at him wistfully. "Oh, Oliver, think of all you owe to the neighbours—it wouldn't do for you to fail them when they want you to do *them* a good turn."

"Don't I think of it?" he asked, bitterly. "Aye, and I think of other things, too. I don't think I've ever told even you, but it has always been my great desire, my one ambition, to be in some way a champion of the weak against the strong—a bit of a Jack the Giant-killer. An' yet—I know myself too well—if that awful nervousness grips hold of me——"

"Why don't you write out what you are going to say, an' learn it off by heart? Then you couldn't break down."

"Yes, I'm going to do that." He rose up,



"Recognised as the place of public meeting"

and again began pacing the room. "I've made up my mind to conquer myself this time, Nettie! Once before, years ago—but never mind that. I'm not going to distrust myself. I believe that's half the battle. I *will* succeed! Even *you* would despise me if I failed!"

"Don't say that, Oliver. Nothing would ever make me despise you—nothing! But oh, I've set my heart on your succeeding, an' I'm sure you will, an' I shall be so proud of you—of my Jack the Giant-killer!"

Two days before the deputation was to start, I received notice to proceed to Gungela, to relieve the Commissioner's secretary, who had been taken ill. Never before had such a crowd assembled in front of the Bridge Hotel, as the one that "rolled up" that evening to hear Exton recite his speech. Mrs. Orchard was one of many who considered a great mistake had been made in the choice of him as spokesman. Oliver stood on a box on the verandah, and behind him Nettie sat at an open window, her face, usually so pale, now all aglow with the warmth of excitement, while her mother stood at the bar door, a woman who had never leant against a door post, nor anything else all her life, and she now stood, defiantly erect, with folded arms, and a stern not-to-be-pleased expression.

Then came the speech.

And a really good speech it was. Plain, straightforward, and tinged with just the right amount of indignation and remonstrance against the scandalous jobbery of the bridge affair. When it was ended, there was a great burst of applause, and it was evident that all doubts of the speaker's capability had vanished. Dick Grantham climbed up on to the verandah.

"Look here, mates," he shouted. "My father was a Tory, an' he told me to live an' die a Tory, an' that's jus' what I'm gorn to do, so long as things goes right! But when things goes wrong, I gets riled, an' then there ain't no blood-an'-thirstier Radical than me, an' what I say is," turning to Oliver, "blame it all, ain't you gorn to put in nothin' 'bout that ole lan' shark, Mugblossom? Ain't you gorn to show up that there Inspector chap, an' the way him an' Mugblossom's snugged it all up between 'em?"

But Exton firmly declined to do anything of the sort, and the crowd was divided on the question. Then Jack Silliter sang out, "Three cheers for Orator Exton," and the people laughed and cheered until they were hoarse, after which Dick begged so humbly and appealingly for three groans for Ole Mugblossom and three more for the Inspector, that they couldn't refuse to oblige him, by which time their throats were so dry that there was perhaps some excuse if they partook of an extra glass or two before they went away.

In the meantime, Oliver had stolen away, almost unnoticed, to the room where Nettie sat. "Didn't I tell you you could do it?" she cried. "I was sure you would succeed, but even I didn't think you would do as well as that! Jack's quite right! You *are* an orator! Why, you have made me feel quite well, and I feel hopeful too, somehow. Would it help you, dear, if I made you a promise?"

"You don't mean," he began eagerly.

"Yes, I do! I'm so happy and proud of you, I feel I must do something. Now listen! I hereby plight thee my troth that if in six months time my health doesn't get any worse," she paused, and looked in his face with a happy laugh. "Can't you finish it yourself?"

"My darling! Now I am certain all will go well! I shall not fail now!"

They were interrupted by the hard tones of Mrs. Orchard's voice, speaking through the open window. "I don't mind sayin', Oliver, I think you did yer speechifyin' very well consid'rin'. If the bridge is built here, it'll mean a goodish bit extra to the takin's of the house. You an' Nettie seem to ha' got perty snug together without askin' my leave, but I'll go so far as to say, if you gets this bridge business settled proper, you won't find me standin' in yer way. An' now it's gettin' late, an' about time you was thinkin' about goin'."

A start was made early next morning, for it was a long ride to Gungela. Many of the settlers had gathered to see us off, and from every window and verandah they cheered the deputation as we passed, and remained

"They remained watching us"

watching until we were out of sight. Grantham and Harvey rode on quickly. Oliver and I, going more leisurely, were soon left alone. He seemed almost a changed being. I don't suppose his spirits could ever once in his life have been called boisterous, but his usual air of reserve was gone; he was openly, frankly happy, and he told me a whole string of stories with a quaint humour I had never suspected in the man.

"That's a good horse you're riding," I remarked. "A new one, isn't it?"

"Yes," he replied; "I got him from Daly the other day—cheap. He was always breaking into Mrs. Daly's garden, and at last they had to turn him out on the plain. When they got him in again, six months after, Daly couldn't manage him, and now I don't know whether to call him Adam, because he was turned out of the garden, or Jeshurun, because he waxed fat and kicked!"

Further on, he spoke about himself, a thing I had never known him do before. "You see, I've only had just what education I could pick up for myself. I was only at a village school, off and on, for three years, and I think that's what makes me so distrustful of myself. But I was always shy and nervous, even as a child, and all my life, though I've been amongst others, I've generally been lonely somehow. I never had but one friend, a man for whom I was willing, an' more than willing, to give the shirt off my back," he checked himself suddenly, evidently lost in thought, then he went on: "You see, my shirt didn't last him long—he had better ones of his own—and I hadn't another to give."

"But you don't distrust yourself for tomorrow, do you? You spoke so well last night."

"Not a bit! I'm not goin' to break down this time, Nettie told me—promised me—but never mind about that. I've always had a fancy I could speak, if I could only keep control of myself. Sometimes, home on the farm, when there's nobody about, you know, I get thinkin', thinkin', of some subject, p'rhaps when I've got the bullocks at the plough, an' then without knowing it I begin to speak out loud, and on I go, I never can tell how long. An' somehow, when I begin like that, my thoughts seem to come freer, doubtful points I couldn't make out before clear themselves up, all the false lights sink out o' sight, and then I feel, I *know*, that the fighting truth of the matter has possessed me, and I *must* speak it aloud—a whisper's only good enough for a lie. An' then I see the plough lyin' still in the furrow, and all the bullocks starin' round, wonderin' why I don't go on with the work. But with people listening, somehow it's different." Then, after a pause, "I was reading the other day of a cliff-climber on a ledge of rock, an' the rope they let down to him was swayin' around in the wind, sometimes so near he could just touch it, an' then away again, here, there an' ev'rywhere except where his hand could grasp it, an' that's just like what it is with your thoughts—when you see a crowd of faces waitin' an' listenin' to you, they keep out o' reach till your brain goes dull an' dead, an' then—an' then—the man I was reading of just took a header an' was lost."

I looked at him anxiously. "Better not think of all that just now, eh?" But his face re-assured me.

"Excuse me! I didn't mean—if I go on like this you'll think I've been taking you for one of my working bullocks! But I'm not afraid this time—there's money and influence an' a good bit of official obstinacy, all against me, but I'm going to win! I lost the manuscript a while ago, when we had that bit of a canter, but I don't want it, I'd rather do without it."

On our arrival at Gungela, Exton went to the hotel, and I had to report myself, so I did not see him again that evening, At the tea-table he got into conversation with a stout, benevolent looking old gentleman, and they went for a stroll together along the beach afterwards, and did not return till some while after dark. On approaching the hotel, they were suddenly confronted by Dick Grantham and Harvey,

"S'wop me gracious!" shouted Dick. "If it ain't Oliver an' Ole Mugblossom, as thick as thieves!"

"So it is! Oliver an' Ole Mugblossom!" echoed Harvey, adding, on second thoughts, "thick as thieves," by way of originality.

"You will pardon me," remarked the old gentleman, "but my name is not——"

"Oh, bust yer blinded name!" Dick's expressions were rather stronger, but those will do. "I s'pose you've bin squarin' up

Oliver same's you did the bloomin' Inspector!" He turned to Harvey. "It'll be a perty cronk depitation now, strikes me!"

"Oh," said Mr. Maybotham. "I think I understand. I have heard something about a deputation—in connection with the Wimbriatta bridge, I believe. This—ah—gentleman and myself have had a very pleasant chat, but I can assure you the bridge has not been mentioned."

Oliver looked a little crestfallen. "Somehow I'd never met you before, Mr. Maybotham. I didn't know who you were."

"Well," interposed Dick, "now you do know, come along. You don't want no more truck with that ole——"

Maybotham waved his hand towards the hotel, saying, "I should be very pleased to continue what has been a most interesting conversation, with *you*, Mr. —? ah yes, Mr. Exton, but your friend—er—I'm afraid I must decline——"

"Wait till you're as'ed," yelled Dick. "You ole lan' sharkin' poodlecrab! Think I'd—" It was not often that Grantham's supply of language failed him, but it did so now, and he turned away humiliated and disgusted with himself on that account.

The Commissioners for Roads were extremely dignified, not to say pompous, men. They had come to Gungela to hold a Court of Inquiry into the official responsibility for a defective culvert which had caused a fatal coach accident, and it seemed probable that the result would be the dismissal of an engineer high in the service, and his indictment for manslaughter. The inquiry was held in the Court-room, with all the decorous solemnities of a Court of Justice, and at its conclusion, when the Wimbriatta deputation was ushered in, the three dignitaries still wore their severely judicial air, as they sat writing at a table which looked forbiddingly official with its array of documents, books and plans. Two policemen still remained in attendance as orderlies, and a little crowd yet lingered in the space railed off for the public, in expectation of something more which might interest them. Mr. Maybotham had a chair in the body of the Court.

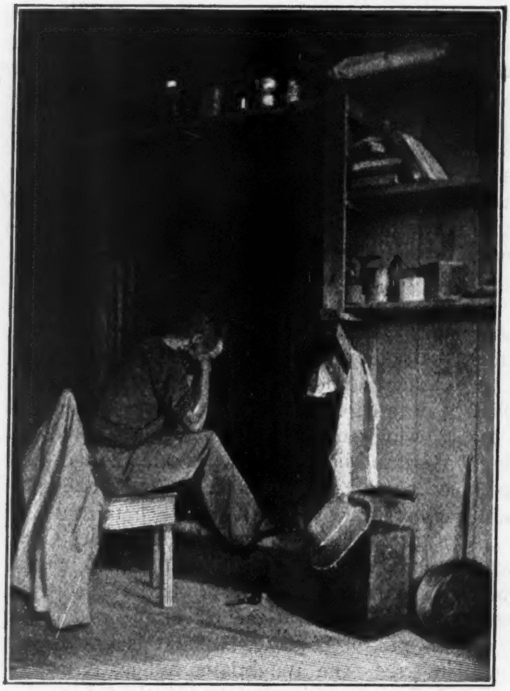
Exton entered the room with an air of quiet confidence which I was glad to see. Grantham wore an injured look, with more than a touch of aggressiveness, while Harvey stared stolidly at the Royal Arms over the Bench, in which a rollicking lion seemed to be extravagantly hilarious, utterly regardless of the agonies evidently suffered by the unicorn from the fearful tightness of his collar. For about half an hour the Commissioners went on writing, taking no notice whatever of the three men, who were left standing awkwardly in the middle of the Court.

The impressive silence in the room, broken only by the scribbling of the Commissioners' pens, the gloomy half-light from the high frosted windows, the solemn ticking of a remorseless-looking clock, the low-voiced whisperings among the crowd, instantly suppressed by the officials, and the general air of stern authority, were gradually producing a decided effect. I could see that Dick was growing reckless, Harvey had lost interest in the jovial lion and was vacantly cowed, and even Oliver had become fidgety and self-conscious.

At last Mr. Hailesbury, the chief Commissioner, laid down his pen, stared hard at the three men as if surprised to see them there, glanced at the clock, and said, "Ah, ah, yes, of course. About this bridge; let me see—the Wimbriatta bridge, is it not? It is getting late, and our time is—ah—somewhat limited. I must request you to be as brief as you can."

That half-hour's suspense had done its work. Oliver came forward, and made a desperate attempt to pull himself together, but his confusion was evident, and he had lost the thread of his written speech; it was painful to watch him as he blundered on for a few minutes, mixing up his facts, and bungling his points in a dazed sort of way, till at last he broke down utterly, and dejectedly left the room. Grantham then tried to make things clear, but he only abused and vilified "Ole Mugblossom" in terms so strong that he was peremptorily ordered to stand down. Then Harvey was asked if he had anything to say, and replied that he had, only he couldn't remember what it was just then.

The deputation, from which so much was expected, was evidently a failure. Mr. Ridgeway, the second Commissioner—a man with a beautiful snow-white beard, and an expressionless face that would have been High Art on the back of a pudding-plate—then lifted up a girlish voice, and said: "Mr. Maybotham, it appears that you are—may I



"A miserable man"

say a factor? in this matter. *Audi alteram partem*, you know! Is there anything you might wish to say on the subject?"

"My dear sir," replied Maybotham, condescendingly, "I certainly have no intention of pleading my case before you. My facts, sir, and my views, have been placed before the Minister; if you wish to know them, I have no objection to your applying for a transcript."

The chief Commissioner turned to me. "You have been stationed on the Wimbriatta, haven't you? Do you know that man—the one that broke down—I mean?"

I said "yes" to both questions.

"Hasn't he an injury to one of his hands? Ah, I thought so. I have been puzzling where it was I had seen him before. I remember now. What sort of fellow do you think he is, Ridgeway?" Mr. Ridgeway looked up with an amused smile. "Not much difficulty in summing *him* up! Nothing more or less than a fool!" he answered.

"Ah," went on Hailesbury, "and yet, Ridgeway, I sometimes think even fools have their uses—eh?"

Ridgeway grew a little red in the face, but did not reply.

"It was down on the Cradlestream," resumed the chief. "A fellow called Blake, who was burning off some ring-barked timber, managed to get in the way when one of the burning trees fell. He lay on the ground, with a broken leg, but otherwise quite uninjured, and a burning branch as thick as one's leg was caught under the tree at one end, and was pinning the man to the ground with the other. There was no lever anywhere at hand, and no time to look for one—the fellow would have been roasted where he lay. This man Exton evidently *was*, as you say, a fool, for he caught hold of the burning limb with his hands, using his hat as a glove, and held on for perhaps a full minute till Blake had slowly dragged himself out of the way; by that time, Exton's hand was burnt to the bone." And then Hailesbury wound up, as he loved to do, with a sententious deliverance. "It is possible, nay, it is even probable, and I'm sure you'll agree with me, my dear Ridgeway, that of the two classes, if a choice became necessary, the world could more easily spare its wise men than its fools." Once more Ridgeway grew red, and said nothing.

So ended the deputation, but not, after all, without effect. The Commissioners fancied they scented a piece of jobbery, and the contract advertisement was at once withdrawn. The question was again allowed to lie dormant for many years, but eventually the bridge was built—at its proper site, the Ferry.

Exton rode home so slowly, avoiding the main track, that Grantham and Harvey arrived at the River many hours earlier than he, and the news of their failure was quickly spread. Oliver's mind, as he rode, was so completely taken up with bitter contempt of himself that he only awoke to a sense of what reception was in store for him, when the first man he met leered into his face, with a spiteful sneer, that struck right home.

"Yah! ye done it blazin' well—blazin'

well! How much did Mugblossom give ye for the job, eh? Orator!"

He went home to his lonely hut, a miserable man, and searched his heart, but comfort there was none. What was the gratitude worth that failed so easily—that collapsed at the mere sight of his fellow men? And he had called himself a giant-killer!

Nettie Orchard lay on the sofa, her eyes full of tears; Oliver stood sadly and humbly by her side. "I know how you must despise me, dear," he said, "though it can't be as much as I despise myself. The whole River has turned against me, scarcely a soul will speak to me, unless it's to call me 'Orator'! They all call me that!"

"I know—I know!" sobbed the girl.

"I could bear all that, for I know I deserve it, but when they taunt me with ingratitude—say I betrayed them to Maybotham, after all their kindness to me, it cuts me like a knife! If only they wouldn't believe *that!*"

"But *I* don't believe it, Oliver."

"No, Nettie, I didn't think you would. But what must you think of me! Even you must—when I set out, I was so full of hope, thinking of your promise—in six months—"

"But I've changed my mind about that."

"I can scarcely blame you, Nettie. And yet——"

"If I was well enough, I said, you know. But that will never be—I shall never be well enough. Oh, Oliver," she cried, throwing her arms around his neck, "you haven't a friend on the River; they are all against you but me, and when I am gone—I mean—I'm 'fraid it won't be for long, but I must be with you while I can. Oliver, we won't wait six months now!"

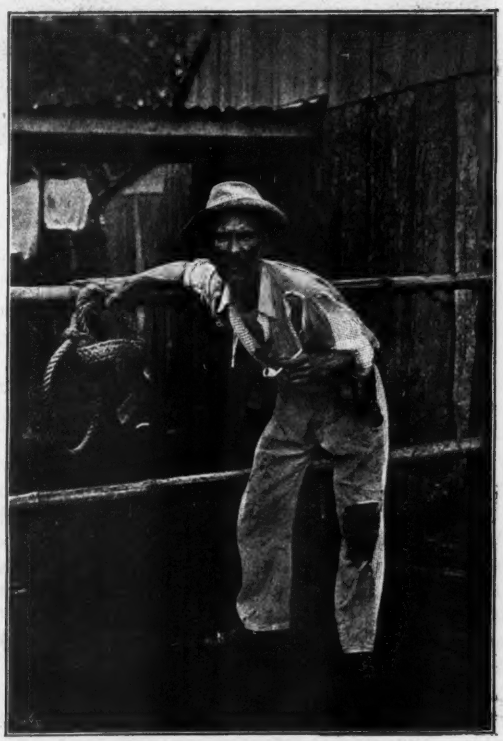
The door opened with a bang, and Mrs. Orchard stormed in. "Now then, Mr. Orator Exton, we don't want none o' Maybotham's sneaks aroun' here, so jus' you take yerself off out o' this, double quick. There's a few men in the bar," she added significantly, "no perticler friends o' yours, an' if I give the word, you might want some more nursin' 'fore long, an' there ain't anybody as I knows of would care to do it!"

Nettie put her hand on Oliver's arm, lifted herself up, and faced her mother, while her pale face grew whiter still.

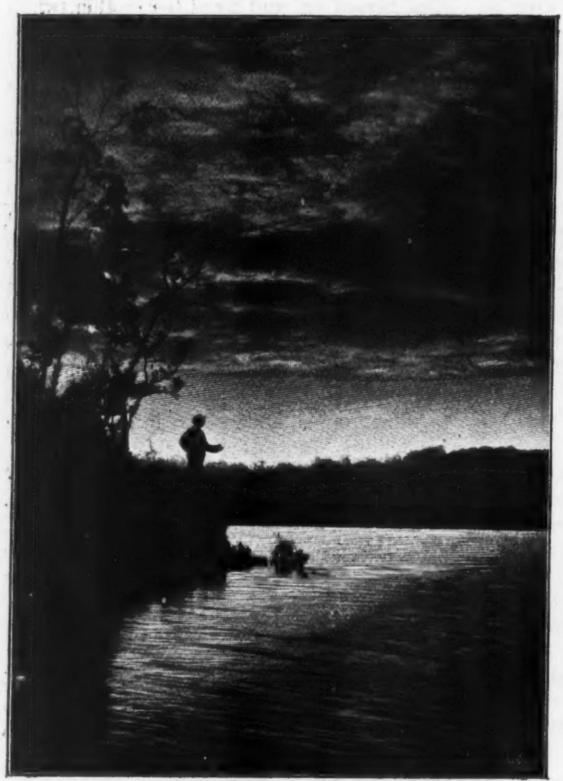
"Yes, there is, mother," she said quietly. "There's one, at any rate. We're goin' to be married nex' week—Oliver and I!"

Exton's farm was situated on the bank of a broad water at some distance from the more populous part of the river, in fact, he had no near neighbours. To this lonely clearing, in the midst of the virgin forest, he betook himself with his new-made wife. After all, many of the settlers did not believe that he had betrayed them, but even those took little pains to hide their contempt, while others never lost an opportunity of calling him "Orator," so he withdrew himself as far as possible from all unnecessary intercourse with his fellows.

A year or so later, it became part of my duty to obtain his signature to a document, and I set out one evening to walk to his place. Even Nature herself seemed helping, with twining fingers, to make a barrier between Exton and his fellow men, for in many places



"'Orator!'"



"He was standing on a little point"

the long branches of shrubs and creepers had interlaced across the little-used track, which ended at the bank of a small creek that flowed past Oliver's farm. I was just going to coo-ee to him to come and ferry me across, when I caught the sound of a voice—Exton's voice—and with a ring in it I had never heard before.

He was standing, facing the broad water, on a little jutting point near the water's edge, his head and shoulders thrown slightly back, one arm extended, and his whole bearing so suggestive that it told me at once, even more than his voice, what he was doing. He was speaking on a subject which at that time was a burning public question—a question in which I was myself so interested that I did not scruple to stop and listen.

The sun had set, and the Western sky was ablaze with a glory of crimson, purple and gold, the long broad ripples swept across the bosom of the stream and broke in soft, low music in the reeds, and the wide solitude seemed to grow more solemn and mysterious every moment as the sadness of evening stole along the water and lay upon the sombre forest hills.

There was no self-consciousness now, as he told his heart to the crimson sky and broad expanse, no nervousness, as he let himself be borne away on the tide of his own fast-flowing thoughts, no hesitation, no missing clues, as he welded together, sentence by sentence, the unbroken sequence of a strong-linked chain of forceful words, leaving each link glowing with the fire of his burning zeal. Sparkling epigram, brilliant wit, flowers of oratory—there were none of these, but just a great strong onward flow of deeply earnest words that would have stirred the minds and roused the hearts of crowds of listening men.

I cannot say how long his eloquence—for such it was—flowed on; the sky grew grey and greyer still, and in time the white mists rose and spread and floated on till the whole broad stream lay softly robed in a feathery cloud of gauze, the rustling leaves grew still in the peaceful calm, and the form of the lone speaker melted away in the gathering gloom and his voice ceased in the quiet night.

Then I stole away, and Oliver never knew that I had been there that night, and I wondered why this man had been endowed with such a gift of speech, yet denied the power to use it. Who can say?

Must Life be ever just escaped which should
Have been enjoyed?—nay, might have been and
would—
Each purpose ordered right!

I doubt if any human ears but mine ever heard this "voice of one, crying in the wilderness," and I am sure that no heart but his own could know the full bitterness of the nickname, "Orator" Exton.

THE MIRACLES OF JESUS

SUNDAY READINGS FOR JULY

By the Rev. COSMO GORDON LANG, M.A.

FIRST SUNDAY

THE NOBLEMAN OF CAPERNAUM

St. John iv. 46–54

"NOTHING more can be done." How often have these words, spoken sadly and deliberately by the physician, baffled after long struggle, quenched the last faint sparks of anxious hope! They had doubtless been spoken in the home of the nobleman at Capernaum. His son was now at the point of death. But there was one last chance. Report came that Jesus the Prophet was returning from Judæa. He was already well known at Capernaum, and returning pilgrims would bring tales of the signs and wonders of healing with which he had been arresting the notice of Jerusalem. Here was a new hope. The father would go to Him, and appeal for His help. No time was to be lost: he hurried out to meet the Prophet on His way. He besought Him—with what urgency we can so well imagine—that He would come down and heal his son. The answer of Jesus was strange and perplexing. "Except ye see signs and wonders ye will not believe." It may be that Jesus felt deeply the contrast between the ready and eager heed paid to His acts and the indifference and denseness that refused the appeal of His words. How little there was in all the excitement of men about Him of any recognition that the Son of God was in their midst with His gift of a new life for the soul! It may be that Jesus wished to test the man himself, to see whether he had any personal faith, or only an anxiety to make use of Him as a last resource; to probe, in fact, the motives that had brought him there. This was often Jesus' way. He sifted men before He answered them; you remember His treatment of the Syro-Phœnician woman and the rich young ruler. It was the man himself He sought for—not his admiration, his gratitude, but himself—the allegiance of his own inward character. This was the meaning of that so strange reserve of Jesus—He withheld the response of His love and kindness till He was sure of a reality of faith to welcome it. In this instance the test was not in vain. It revealed something more in the nobleman than a mere hurrying forth to seize any last chance for his boy's recovery. Had that been all, the rebuff might have disconcerted him. But it only called out the persistence of a true faith. There was a note of simple confidence in the character of Jesus in the reply—so pathetically earnest in its very quietness—"Sir, come down ere my child die." And indeed there was no sign or wonder given. "Jesus saith unto him, go thy way: thy son liveth." There was no hasting forth, no solemn arrival, no authoritative word; only that simple statement—"Thy son liveth." It was another and a more searching test. It was no answer to the plea, "Come down." "Thy son liveth"—and the father had left him stretched helpless, abandoned by hope, at the point of death; and the Prophet would not come to save him! How hard to turn away! Along that road he had hasted with the one hope spurring him on—"I must meet Jesus and bring Him to my child." Could he turn back again, with the vision of the dying boy before him, and the one hope left behind? But his faith was once again equal to the test: it was strong enough to trust the mere word. "The man believed the word that Jesus spake unto him, and he went his way." There must have been long hours of weary travelling and the anguish of anxiety, as the miles lengthened between him and the Healer who would not come with him. But we know the news that reached him on the road. "His servants met him saying that his son lived."

It is not surely hard for any one of us to read in that story some parable of his own life. The earnest wish, brought to our Lord and laid at His feet in prayer—His answers, as it seems, of rebuke or hard testing—the long days and years of the travelling with uncertainty and anxiety as the only companions—in short, the painful discipline of faith. But, somewhere along that far-reaching stretch of the road of life, it may be on the other side of the river of death, the good news is waiting for us, which will show that the mere word of Jesus was worth trusting.

SECOND SUNDAY

THE CRAVING FOR SIGNS AND WONDERS

LET us think for a moment about that sifting rebuke, "Except ye see signs and wonders ye will not—ye will in no wise—believe." Jesus seems to have had in view the readiness of men to acknowledge a Divine Presence in their midst by the evidence of outward displays of power, and their slowness to acknowledge it by the evidence of its appeal to their moral and spiritual nature. He was trying to make the nobleman of Capernaum discern the real basis of his faith —whether it was Jesus Himself or only the wonders which He wrought. This craving for signs and wonders as the proof of the reality of a Divine Presence seems to be natural to the human mind. It trusts its bodily senses rather than its spiritual instincts. The vulgar are convinced only by the obvious. Living as they do in the world of the senses, it is only signs and wonders that can make them believe. Similarly, to the man who lives in the world of mere intellect only what can be demonstrated appeals. But the divine, the infinite, transcends alike the senses and the intellect; it can be apprehended only by the spirit. Its supreme evidence is after all moral and spiritual. It is only the man in whom these elements are strong and active that can discern it. If in viewing the world at large we wait for a proof of the Divine Presence till we have seen some awe-striking portent, some direct break in the custom of things, or till our intellect has met with some irresistible demonstration, we shall probably never find it. Sometimes, indeed, history tells of events whose suddenness and decisiveness seem to argue the direct intervention of a supreme God. Sometimes arguments for His existence may seem unanswerable. But that is not God's normal way of manifesting Himself. We are to see His Presence rather in the region of the spirit. Thus, surely the great proof is just the persistence of the spiritual, the ideal in man. Consider the strength of the temptation to ignore it, and the weakness of any obvious reason to keep it. The flesh is strong, urgent, positive; yet the conscience of man still brands its indulgence with shame. Job's problem of the unequal lot of the righteous and the sinner in the world remains unsolved: the wicked still flourishes as a green bay tree; yet the craving for goodness remains, and there is no happiness when it remains unsatisfied. No voice has ever reached man from beyond the grave: death has been for centuries a plain and final end: yet man holds to the conviction that it is *not.* The growth of civilisation steadily increases the resources of this life and elaborates its possibilities; but still the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing: civilisation leaves still the conviction that here we have no continuing city. We are still travellers: we seek a city to come. The one life that never succeeds is the life of spiritual effort; yet there is that in us which persists in declaring that it is the only life worth living. How is it that mankind has not surrendered to the world? How is it that the spirit has not long since abandoned its seemingly endless struggle? How are we to explain, in short, this persistence of the ideal, the spiritual? It cannot be that mankind when it knows itself to be at its best is the victim of a delusion. It must be that in its midst is the Spirit of God, inspiring, encouraging, sustaining the spirit of man.

So too in the story of my own life. I am ever on the search for signs and wonders to buttress my failing faith. But I do not find them. I have seen no overwhelming vision. I can point perhaps to no marvellous answer to prayer—otherwise inexplicable. I have found no demonstration to which my intellect cannot find a possible reply. But— I am still struggling against my temptations: there is no purpose which I hold more strongly than that I may be found still struggling to the end. I still find myself praying, and knowing that my outpouring of the soul's secret to an unseen heaven lifts, strengthens, quiets me. I know all that argument can say against my faith; but I know that no argument can bind it. In moments when I can escape the distractions of daily life and the pressure of the senses, I am still conscious of a yearning which is at once unsatisfied and sure of its rightness—an instinct of a divine fellowship. I still know that there is no power on earth that can so lay hold of my best self, and satisfy and stimulate it as the thought of One who long ago walked this earth and spoke the words of eternal life and died for love of me His brother. That is the evidence of my faith: it is enough. Not the signs and wonders, not the wind rending the mountains, not the earthquake and the fire, but the still small voice in a man's own soul is the witness of the Presence of God.

THIRD SUNDAY

DISAPPOINTMENTS IN RELIGION

The nobleman of Capernaum had made up his mind to go to Jesus. As he went, he would stay the anxious thoughts which returned to the dying child with reminders of the kindness and the power of the Prophet. He believed in both; he was sure that if Jesus heard the father's plea He would answer it. So he came; and asked, in faith. How chilling, how perplexing that reply—as it seemed, a mere rebuff! We reminded ourselves of two similar cases. The Syro-Phœnician women came to Him in all the faith of a mother's love; and He seemed to repel her with taunts. The rich young ruler, in all the ardour of desire to learn the teacher's lesson, cast himself at His feet, and in words of love and respect—"Good master"—asked his question. And again the first answer was a rebuke; and the last answer the summons to a sacrifice too hard to make.

Well, it may have been just thus in our religious experience. We gave up our carelessness, and offered our lives to God; and we have been troubled with perplexing doubts which never troubled us before. We told Him that our one desire was to be better men; and He seemed to answer us by letting us see as we had never seen before how bad we were. We offered ourselves to do some work for Him: and we found that we could not do it: it failed: we could do nothing with it. We resolved for His sake to make a bold stand for what we believed to be His cause: and we only hindered it. We made up our minds to speak some word to another for his good: and our word was misunderstood: it exasperated, it broke confidence, and with confidence, the power of future influence. We offered Him our love; and we have had long spells of dryness, hardness, depression of spirit.

Now sometimes, as we saw last month, the reason may be some "root of bitterness" in ourselves, some sin not faced and dealt with, some habit still permitted, some sacrifice still grudged. But it is not always so. Sometimes—very often—these seeming rebuffs, these very real disappointments, are God's sending for our good. They are to test the inner motive of our faith, our prayers, our efforts. They are to show us whether in some subtle way we are not after all self-seeking—expecting our own happiness or satisfaction, rather than "God's glory." Is my idea of religion happy feelings rather than strenuous service? Is my desire in work its success or His will? In short, is my motto really "For His sake," or only after all "For my sake"? Our God is a jealous God. He cannot permit a divided allegiance: He asks us to serve Him for His own glory, for what we can give Him, not for what He can give us. And when we think of it, that is a sign, not that He is a hard Task-master, but that He is a God of love. He Himself is the altogether good, the supreme satisfaction of the soul. He knows that nothing short of Himself—His own glory—can really satisfy us; that to seek to please Him and serve Him in everything is the best and happiest thing in the world. So by these rebuffs, and testing disappointments, He warns us off false lines of religion. He pulls us up when He sees as we cannot, that we are setting out on mistaken ways. He brings us back to the starting-point of the true road; and will not let us move away from it in delusive ease till we have finally set our steps the right way. He checks and disappoints until we have learned to say for ourselves, "Man's chief end is to glorify God." Thus only can we "enjoy Him for ever."

FOURTH SUNDAY

THE PERPLEXITIES OF PRAYER

We may be sure that if ever a prayer was sincere and from the heart it was that prayer of the nobleman, that Jesus would come down and heal his son. Yet at first there was no answer at all. He repeated it in words of simple entreaty; and then the answer was quite different from what he had asked. He asked Jesus to come; he was told to go his way. "Sir, come down ere my child die. Jesus saith unto him. Go thy way, thy son liveth." But, as he went, he found that that unexpected answer was really more wonderful, more satisfying than the one for which he had prayed.

I suppose there are few things in the religious life so disquieting as the perplexities of prayer. We make our prayer, earnestly, deliberately; we are sure that what we ask may be in accordance with God's will. Sometimes there seems to be no answer at all. We pray and pray, and the heavens seem to be as brass. Sometimes, if circumstances that occur be the answer, they are strangely different from what we asked or expected. I found the other day the record of a prayer offered solemnly at a supreme moment of life after much thought; a prayer asking for power to do a special act of service. The only answer so far seems to be circumstances which make that service quite impossible. "The one thing I have earnestly prayed for," said a clergyman, a man every inch of him, "is to have influence over working men; they are the one class I seem unable to touch." "Few people," said a true saint of God, "have had more reason to thank God for answers to prayer. Well, the one great difficulty of my life has come; I have prayed about it hard; and the Lord's silence is almost breaking my heart." A great gift of love came to the life of a man devoted to the service of his brother men. He prayed that it might be used to quicken his zeal and drive out the sense of loneliness in his work. It came: it was immediately taken away; and his loneliness was all the greater.

What are we to say? Very often nothing; we can only bow the head, and be silent and wait. Yet there are two thoughts that sometimes help. One is, that often after long years the answer comes, or else we can see that it really came—came with a truer force than our own way could have brought—in the answer that we thought so baffling. It was after many hours upon the road that his servants met the ruler of Capernaum; and they told him that Jesus' answer had really been the boy's life. One of the great surprises, when all the story of our life stands clear before us in the light of the eternal world, will be the discovery of the wonderful and unexpected ways in which our prayers were answered.

It is good sometimes to think of the light of that discovery when darkness for the time surrounds us. "In His light shall we see light."

The other thought is that through these perplexities we may learn the real secret of prayer. We are to pray as men that expect an answer; but we are not to pray for the sake of the answer. The essence of prayer, so to say, is the act, not the answer. It is the communion of the child with the Father. It is the placing of the life—its thoughts and wants and hopes—on the divine will and leaving it there. If no answer seems to come, it is often just to test the reality of our trust in that will of God. When we think that the answer is the end of prayer, we set our mind on *that;* and disturb and distract our life in the impatient expectation of it. When we think that prayer is its own end, we leave the answer to Him; and this trustfulness brings a great calm; and this calm, this sense that all is in God's hands, is the real power that prayer gives to life. The man of the world has his easy sneer—"You pray, and if you get what you wish, you call it an answer to your prayer; if you don't, you say it does not matter. Where, then, is the good of prayer?" But the foolishness of the world is the wisdom of God. When we are perplexed, let these great words of St. John fall upon our ears with their calm strength: "This is the boldness that we have towards Him, that if we ask anything according to His will He heareth us, and if we know that He heareth us whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions which we have asked of Him." That is the secret—"we know He heareth us."

FIFTH SUNDAY

A RULE OF LIFE

"THE man believed the word that Jesus spake unto him, and he went his way." These words of the Evangelist—simple as the trust and obedience of the nobleman—are not less deep than simple: for in truth if we ponder them we shall find them to reveal nothing less than the secret of a sane and happy Christian life. We have been thinking of some of the distresses and disappointments of religion. Well, here is the key put into our hands which can unlock the gate of escape from them. It is—to take Jesus at His word and at once to act as if it were true: to believe the word that Jesus speaks unto us and go our way.

We have the record of the words of Jesus. The progress of criticism has really strengthened the grounds for accepting the Gospels as authentic. But even suppose a man feels bound to admit that some of the words of Jesus have been, in the manner of Eastern writers, put into His mouth by His disciples in the later years of memory and reflection, yet he can hold to others which Jesus and Jesus only can have spoken. They are, in themselves, in the effect they have had on the world's history, the greatest words ever spoken in this planet. They have, in a unique degree, the characteristic of all the great words which have made epochs in the story of man's life—the mark of personality. They come to us straight from His lips—no other account of them is possible. And what words they are! So simple, yet so profound, so majestic in their quiet confidence, in their air of supreme authority. They are living words; the freshness of eternal truth is ever in them; they *find* men still, find them in their deepest need, in their truest instincts. If anywhere there is what the old philosopher longed for, a sure divine word, it is here. The truest wisdom—a wisdom which is ever justified by its results—is to take one's stand by them, to hold them as true.

Yet this is just what Christians are often slow to do. They assent to them, but they do not trust them as true. Take the simplest instance. Jesus revealed the Supreme Being as "Father." That word alone, if taken really as true, is enough to transform life. Yet, when any event occurs to strain their faith in it, men lose it. They will not resolutely hold that the inevitable will of God, when it pains them, is the will of a Father. Or, they cannot resist the appeal of Jesus: *His* love and goodness come home to them; but they will not take His word as true that this is simply the love and goodness of the Most High God. It is quite surprising to find how many Christians seem really to think that there is in God something different from the Love of Jesus. Again and again one discovers in oneself and in others that the real source of religious distresses and disappointments is nothing but a distrust of the plain word of Jesus.

We think it is something much more subtle—shall I say more interesting?—but it is *that*. If we are to believe at all, we had better believe simply and thoroughly. It seems an obvious thing to say; but the secret of success and of failure in the religious life is in it. The root of the matter is to take Jesus at His word.

And then—to go our way. We have taken our stand: we know where we are about the problems of life; we believe the word that Jesus has spoken to us. Then we are, with all simplicity and directness, to shape our daily steps accordingly. We are to take everything that comes—of opportunity, of trial, of sorrow, of happiness—as covered by that first and fundamental truth: to go our way in trust. This is the whole art of Christian living. Let us try to practise it.

FROM ONE POINT OF VIEW

By WILLIAM CANTON

"Towards Pretoria: a Record of the War between Briton and Boer to the hoisting of the British Flag at Bloemfontein." By Julian Ralph, special War Correspondent to the *Daily Mail*. With historical foreword, appendices and map. C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd. 6*s*.

"Ladysmith: the Diary of a Siege." By Henry Nevinson, author of "The Thirty Days' War." With portrait of the author, illustrations, plans and map. Methuen & Co. 6*s*.

"Four Months Besieged: the Story of Ladysmith," being unpublished letters from H. H. S Pearse, the *Daily News* special Correspondent. With maps and illustrations from sketches and photographs made by the author. Macmillan & Co. Ltd. 6*s*.

"Besieged by the Boers: a Diary of Life and Events in Kimberley during the Siege." By E. Oliver Ashe, M.D. Lond., F.R.C.S. Eng., Surgeon to the Kimberley Hospital. With twenty-four illustrations. Hutchinson & Co. 3s. 6d.

I HAVE been looking into some of the "War" books, and, curiously enough, with an interest which has not been blunted by the telegrams in the daily papers. Every one is, of course, familiar with the principal incidents of what has taken place, but the connected narrative possesses in each case a certain freshness of its own, and the individuality of the writers naturally counts for something. I imagine, too, that I have been fortunate in the books that have come my way. Dr. Ashe's is the least to my liking, but it has a special characteristic. Written as a diary for relatives at home and without any thought of publication, it represents, I presume, the views and feelings of the better-class citizens of Kimberley during the ordeal of a four months' siege. It makes no pretence to literary skill, it bears plentiful evidence of a hearty dislike for the Boers, but it tells clearly and frankly the story of the straits, perils, and resolute resistance of the Diamond City from an active civilian's point of view; and, so far as I am aware, it is the only book which does so.

The other three volumes belong to a different category. They are written with the vividness and spirit of the accomplished journalist, and, best of all, they bear the marks of an impartiality and fairness which give the impression that the writers, to whatever political side they may personally belong, have been scrupulously careful to do full justice to facts. Mr. Nevinson and Mr. Pearse tell the story of besieged Ladysmith, and it is interesting to compare their independent chronicles of the long and trying beleaguerment. Mr. Ralph's book takes a wider range. In addition to a narrative of the writer's personal experience in the western field of conflict it gives a general view of the War down to the occupation of Bloemfontein, preceded by a sketch, which strikes one as at once temperate and accurate, of the history of the Dutch in South Africa from the first settlement at the Cape in 1652 to the Ultimatum of October last year, and supplemented by a number of appendices which make the book specially useful for reference.

In speaking of these "War" books, however, I do not purpose to touch on questions on which there is room for difference of opinion, or to dwell on the incidents of heroism, self-sacrifice, and suffering. Most of us have already read more than enough regarding these matters. In these pages I prefer to note some of the aspects of the country, of which, in spite of all that has been written, we have so dim and vague a mental picture, and a few of the curious details which throw an interesting light on the adaptability of human nature and the permanence of character even in the most abnormal conditions and amid the most trying surroundings.

We have learned, of course, in a general way that the South Africa of our military operations is an empty, terraced region of almost illimitable horizons, dusty, littered with boulders and the *débris* of all the sea margins of the world; but when we endeavour to realise in imagination any portion of the landscape we begin to understand the hard lot of the writers of war-stories who have not seen with their own eyes, and who must accordingly take their local colour from travellers and correspondents. Few travellers have the gift of enabling the reader to *see;* and, as a rule, the correspondents are too deeply engrossed in more urgent business to bestow much attention on these particulars. Nevertheless we are occasionally favoured with picturesque glimpses, and these are not easily forgotten.

Take, for example, Mr. Ralph's description of the Karroo Desert, which one crosses on the way to De Aar. It "looks like a rubbish-shooting ground of imperial size"—a vast rolling expanse, framed by great hills and kopjes of baked and stony earth. "The entire country is about equally spotted with small stones and little dry tufts of vegetation, mainly sage brush. These are so bare and dry that they look like roots. The barren watercourses torture little trees to grow beside them, and these also are so bare and brown that they might as well be turned bottom upward." For miles the view is obstructed by nothing save the dance and shimmer of the hot air, and for miles the variety of colour on hill and ridge and bush and boulder is almost uncanny in its loveliness. "There are occasional little herds of goats tended by native children, but they never show until you are close upon them. The Karroo might be a heaven for snakes, lizards, and beetles, but I saw none—nor any living thing except a few goats, a few stately ostriches, a few Kaffirs in rags or blankets, and one small black-and-white bird that would pass for an undersized magpie at home. Silence, solitude, desolation—multiply them a million-fold, and you have the Karroo." And yet this semi-lunar tract has a future before it. A little water tufts and streaks its dreamlike colouring with a vivid emerald, and water is to be had for the trouble of taking it. "In some places the water is thirty feet below the surface; in others fifteen hundred to two thousand feet, but there is always water, and once it bathes the surface it acts like a magician's wand. Whenever you see a railway-station it is in an oasis of green, with willow and eucalyptus trees, flowers and vegetables." Equally strange and impressive is the enormous level yellow Veldt with its absorbing distances and its atmospheric illusions. "Every now and then"—this was on the northern side of the Orange River—"a great cloud of whitish dust would breed upon the surface of the plain, and send a streaming tail of what looked like vapour turning in a funnel-formed cloud toward the sky, or reaching far away in the wind. These sudden apparitions attracted close scrutiny, but in every instance they proved to be clouds of dust raised by moving flocks of sheep. Again the form of a swift-riding horseman would appear from afar, and seem to dart along the veldt. It was sure to be in truth an ostrich stalking with stately slowness. And the reverse of this was equally true, for a man in black clothing, mounted on a grey horse, had all the appearance of a supernatural bird. The rider's body cut the horse's form across, leaving two whitish ends visible, and when the horse galloped these parts of the animal rose and fell like wings." In the distance everything in khaki, guns and men, was merged in the monotony of the sun-browned colour of the veldt; but even comparatively close at hand the land has its strange deceptions. On the great open levels, where concealment seemed impossible, a squadron or a train would suddenly vanish in an indistinguishable dip or fold of the delusive surface. The complaint of our troops, that they were fighting an invisible enemy, might be extended even to the country; in spite of its obtrusive nakedness, desert and veldt alike seem to defy scrutiny.

Mr. Pearse helps us also with a bright little picture of one of the rough kopjes of porphyritic boulders burnt brown by the sun, within the beleaguered area of Ladysmith. "Bushy tangles of wild white jasmine spring from among these boulders, with denser growth of thriving shrubs bearing waxen flowers that blaze in brilliant scarlet and orange, and the coarse grass that begins to show"—it is in the first days of November—"on every patch of earth between the rocks is dotted with clusters like dwarf petunias, or purple bells of trailing convolvulus." From Mr. Nevinson we may glean innumerable little graphic touches—Pretoria, with its "trim bungalow houses, for the most part, spread out among gardens full of roses, honeysuckle, and syringa;" red granite mountain heights covered with flowering plants; great ant-hills on the hill slopes hardened almost to brick; air so clear and lustrous that forty miles away a British camp shows like a child's toy from the peaks; the great mountains on the Basuto border gleaming with snow like the Alps; the "occasional farm with the invariable tin roof and weeping willows of South Africa." In the early dawn one sees beyond Lombard's Kop and Bulwan the line of yellow suddenly shot with red, and the grey night clouds crimsoned on all their hanging edges. "The crimson caught the vultures soaring wide through the air, and then the sun himself came up with that blaze of heat which was to torture us all day long." We have later a second vision of these gruesome aërial scavengers, and remember other flights of carrion-birds on the line of march of Central African expeditions. "Over the valley where we repulsed Thursday's attack the vultures flew as thick as swifts upon the Severn at twilight. *Those were the only signs of war*,—those and the little forts which hid the guns."

It is strange, but I do not recollect to have seen during the War any other reference to the vulture, with the exception of the eerie visitor which alighted in the clump of trees where Mr. Churchill was in hiding after his escape from Pretoria. Another bird, however, figures with a striking effect in one of Mr. Ralph's battle scenes. At half-past three in the morning a flying column of ten thousand of Lord Methuen's troops advanced to the field of Belmont in the shadow of the moonlit hills. They proceeded slowly, with frequent pauses. "At each halt all the officers and men sank upon one knee. The orders to march, to halt, to kneel, and to rise were given by movements of the hands of the commander, no word being spoken." What a weird, mysterious ritual of some unknown religion this huge silent procession would have suggested to a spectator who could have looked down on it from another planet! Here and there a few men whispered, but the whisper of the sharp morning breeze was louder than the hushed breath of these ten thousand. Guns and waggons creaked and jolted on the rocky track, and every sound seemed a threat of betrayal. At last a faint flush kindled in the east at the end of the Boer position; in a few moments more our men would be discovered by the enemy. "And now a golden rim was pushed above the farthest kopje; the wind-rumpled clouds that reached half across the plain took on the hue of blood—the look of curdled blood. The strange little birds called 'dikkopfs,' or thick heads, so abundant here, began their work of shooting up from the veldt twenty feet, and crying 'Hui!' and dropping back again upon the ground. 'Hui! hui!' sounded ever so sadly all over the parched desert, so soon to quaff the blood of hundreds. At that moment we saw our valiant British moving in their lines nearly two miles long. . . . At that moment too there ran along the crest of the great southern kopje quick, vivid jets of fire. . . . It was the flame of a volley from the Boers fired at the nearest British!"

Two more birds. When "Puffing Billy" of Bulwan flung his huge cylinders about, one had to be careful. "In the Gordons," says Mr. Nevinson, "the Hindoo, Purriboo Singh, from Benares, stands on a huge heap of sacks under an umbrella all day and screams when he sees the big gun flash. But in the other camps a sentry gives warning by blowing a whistle. The mocking-bird now sounds that whistle at all times of the day, and, what is more perplexing, he is learning to imitate the scream and buzzle of the shell through the air. He may learn the explosion next." Ornithologists at home look incredulous if you refer to the possibility of certain bird-notes and cadences in particular localities having been derived from the chanting of the ancient monks; this mimic of warning sentries and besieging batteries may stimulate their faith. "Another interesting event in natural history," continues Mr. Nevinson, "occurred a short time ago upon the Port Road. A Bulwan shell, missing the top of Convent Hill, lobbed over and burst at random with its usual din and circumstance. People rushed out to see what damage it had done, but they found only two little dead birds—one with a tiny hole in her breast, the other with an eye knocked out. Ninety-six pounds of iron, brass, and melinite, hurled four miles through the air, at unknown cost, just to deal a true-lovers' death to two sparrows, five of which are sold for one farthing"—which, by-the-way, is a farthing cheaper than the price in St. Luke's time.

Yet another bird; but this leads us to another of the topics on which I purpose to touch. Crossing the Orange River, Mr. Ralph climbed a steep kopje, crowned with a battlement of boulders as high as a man's breast, to watch the progress of one of our patrols in the enemy's country. "While I ranged the valley and plain with my glasses something slipped and stumbled heavily over the loose stones behind me. I turned, thinking to dodge or help a stumbling man, and found myself staring into the great brown eyes of an ostrich six feet tall, and with legs almost as thick as, and longer than my own. 'He came up here some days ago,' said a soldier, 'and he always stays here now. We feed him and fool with him, and he seems very happy.' The ostrich stalked past me and took a position between the major and the captain, when, after appearing to observe that they were very busy scanning the landscape, he too stared at the plain, and remained erect and watchful, the highest typification of a sentry in appearance. He marred this fine effect for just a moment by seizing and swallowing a box of safety-matches. After that he continued his sentry duty with a gleam of satisfaction in his eyes." We feed him and fool with him! A distant hill is crowded with men in khaki; in an hour or two the trains will return with dead and dying, officers and men; in the meanwhile the monotony and horror of war may be lightened with a little fooling. It was much the same at Ladysmith when the shells were flying, and for the first time "Long Tom" tilted his muzzle above the massive earthwork on Pepworth Hill. "I sat on the rocks and watched," writes Mr. Nevinson; "at my side the Gordons on picket duty were playing with two little white kids."

Personal danger seems to have little effect on this interesting trait in human nature. In Ladysmith the steep river banks were honeycombed with caves, where numbers of men, women and children sheltered from sunrise to sunset; and Mr. Pearse observes, "They may be seen trooping away from fragile tin-roofed houses half an hour before daybreak, carrying children in their arms, or a cat, or monkey, or a mongoose, or a cage of pet birds, and they come back similarly laden when the night gets too dim for gunners to go on shooting. There would be a touch of humour in all this if it were not so deeply pathetic in its close association with possible tragedy. One never knows where or at what hour a stray shot or splinter will fall, and it is pitiful sometimes to hear cries for dolly from a prattling mite who may herself be fatherless or motherless to-morrow." One would imagine that a few days under fire would suffice to shatter the nerves of the bravest, and that the selfish cowardice and brutality which so often accompany the first impulse of panic would be the inevitable result of a protracted experience. The story of these sieges amply proves that human nature speedily rallies from the first shock, and learns to steel itself against the worst possibilities. Even the screaming of "Long Tom's" shells fails to set the heart leaping. "In a picturesque, vine-trellised cottage, not fifty yards off," writes Mr. Pearse, "ladies went about their domestic duties as usual, apparently oblivious of all danger. One I saw quietly knitting in the cool shaded stoep, and her busy needles only stopped for one moment when a shell burst in the roadway beyond, then went on again as nimbly as ever." Who can doubt that in many cases it was the sense of overshadowing wings, impervious to the missiles of human violence, which lay at the root of this equanimity? This quiet pursuance of daily tasks is noted everywhere. Dr. Ashe records examples in Kimberley, and Mr. Nevinson mentions two instances in his own characteristic fashion. "Since the siege began," he writes, "one farmer has steadily continued to plough his acres on the plain near the racecourse. He reminded one of the French peasant ploughing at Sedan. His three ploughs went backwards and forwards quite indifferent to unproductive war. But to-day the Boers deliberately shelled him at his work" —and this, of course, is not the "cricket" of civilised belligerents—"the shells following him up and down the field, and ploughing up the earth all wrong. Neither the farmer nor his Kaffir labourers paid the least attention to them. The plough drove on, leaving the furrow behind, just as the world goes forward, no matter how much iron two admirable nations pitch at each other's heads."

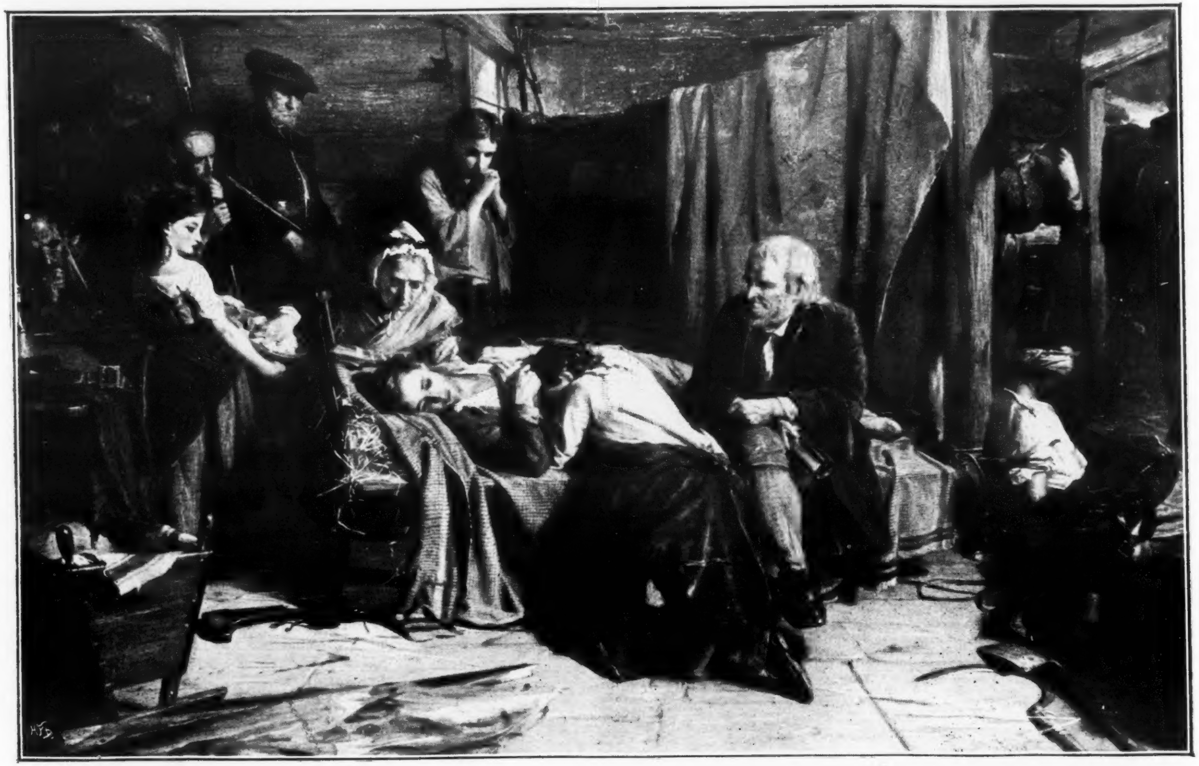
More striking still is the description of a Hindoo funeral. "The grave was dug among the unmarked heaps of the native graveyard on the river bank. It took five hours to make it deep enough, and meantime the dead man lay on a stretcher, wrapped in a clean white sheet. His friends, about twenty of them, squatted round, almost motionless, and quite indifferent to time and space. In their midst a thin grey smoke rose from a brazen jar, in which smouldered scented wood, spices, lavender, and the fresh blossom of one yellow flower like an aster. At intervals of about a minute, one of the Hindoos raised a short, wailing chant, in parts of which the others joined. On the ground in front of him lay a sweetly scented manuscript whose pages he never turned. It was written in the Oriental characters, which seem to tell either of Nirvana or of the nightingale's cry to the rose. At times the other friends tapped gently on three painted drums, hardly bigger than tea-cups. The enemy, seeing from Bulwan the little crowd of us engaged upon a heathen rite, threw shrapnel over our heads. It burst and sprinkled the dusty ground behind us with lead. Not one of the Hindoos looked up or turned his face. That low chant did not pause or vary by a note."

Hitherto I have been looking at things from the human side; let me give one glimpse from the animal side. It is in the last days of December, when forage has become scarce in Ladysmith, and many horses must be left to pick up their own food by grazing under guard. "The old troop-horses, however," writes Mr. Pearse, "break away from their allotted pasturages when feeding-time comes. Perhaps their quick ears catch the familiar bugle-call to Stables sounding afar off. At all events, neither knee-halters nor other devices are of any avail. They get back to the old lines somehow at feeding-time, and it is pitiful to see them standing patiently, in a row, waiting for the corn or chaff that is not for them, trying by a soft whinny to coax a little out of the hands of soldiers who pass them, or sidling up to an old stable-chum who is better fed because better fit for work, in the hope of getting a share of his forage for the sake of auld lang syne. . . . There is no horse sickness yet in the epidemic form, they simply pine for want of nourishment, until, too weak even to nibble the grass about them, they drop and die."

It is, of course, needless to say that all these books contain ample details of the gallant fighting that took place both in the east and in the west, and those who are eager for particulars about the early battles, the brilliant sorties, the great fight on Waggon Hill, or the progress of Lord Methuen's force, will find them vividly set forth. On all this I do not wish to dwell, and yet there is one battle picture, so graphic, so eerie, so unlike the heroic dash and tumult of war that I cannot pass it over. Describing an attempt to dislodge the Boers from a line of low rocky hills about three miles away, early in November, Mr. Nevinson writes: "At our approach the rocks we had so persistently shelled crackled and hammered from end to end with rifle-fire. The Boers had hidden behind the ridge, and now crept back again. Perhaps no infantry could have taken that position only from the front. I watched the Volunteers advance upon it in extended lines across a long green slope studded with ant-hills. I could see the puffs of dust where bullets fell thick round their feet. It was an impossible task. Some got behind a cactus hedge, some lay down and fired, some hid behind ant-hills or little banks. Suddenly that moment came when all is over but the running. The men began shifting uneasily about. A few turned round, then more. At first they walked and kept some sort of line. Then some began to run. Soon they were all running, isolated or in groups of two or three. And all the time those puffs of dust pursued their feet. Sometimes there was no puff of dust, and then a man would spring in the air, or spin round, or just lurch forward with arms outspread, a mere yellowish heap, hardly to be distinguished from an ant-hill. I could see many a poor fellow wandering hither and thither as though lost, as is common in all retreats. A man would walk sideways, then run back a little, look round, fall. Another came by. The first evidently called out and the other gave him a hand. Both stumbled on together, the puffs of dust splashing round them. Then down they fell and were quiet."

One sees it all as in a nightmare. When will it end, when shall we awake and find that it was all an evil dream?

Over against this grim picture let me place one which has not yet been included in a book. It is contained in a Reuter's "special" from Johannesburg, where Lord Roberts had taken up his quarters in a small inn at the sign of the Orange Grove. "The day which marked for the Field-Marshal one of his greatest triumphs had a characteristic ending in a little incident for which I am personally able to vouch. Early in the evening, soon after Lord Roberts reached his quarters, one of the officers of his staff approached him in order to discuss a matter of importance. He found the Field-Marshal with one of the innkeeper's little children on his knee trying to teach the mite to trace the letters of the alphabet with a pencil. When the officer entered the room Lord Roberts looked up with a smile, and said: 'Don't come now; can't you see I'm busy?'"



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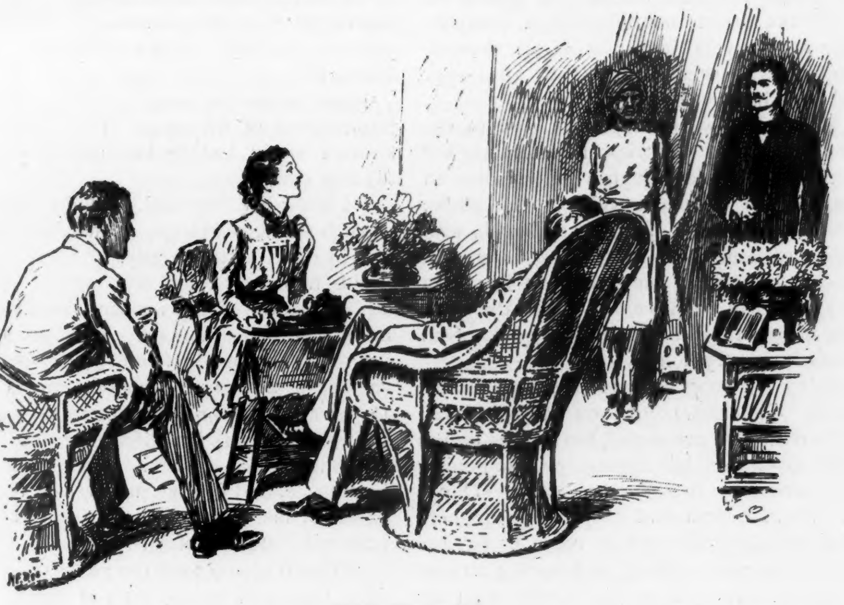
AFTER THE BATTLE

By R. Herdman



"'Mr. Marker!'"

THE HALF-HEARTED*

By JOHN BUCHAN, Author of "John Burnet of Barns," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON BROWNE

CHAPTER XXII

THE OUTPOSTS

TOWARDS the close of a wet afternoon two *tongas* discharged Lewis, George, two native servants and a collection of gun-cases in the courtyard of the one hotel in Bardur. They had made a record journey up country, stopping to present no letters of introduction, which are the thieves of time. Now, as Lewis found himself in the strait valley, with the eternal snows where the sky should be, and sniffed the dry air from the granite walls, he glowed with the pleasure of recollection.

The place was the same as ever. The same medley of races perambulated the streets. Sheep-skinned Central Asians and Mongolian merchants from Yarkhand still displayed their wares and their cunning, Hunza tribesmen, half-clad Chitralis, wild-eyed savages from Yagistan mingled in the narrow stone streets with the civilised Persian and Turcoman from beyond the mountains. Kashmir sepoys, an untidy race, still took their ease in the sun, and soldiers of South India from the Imperial Service Troops showed their odd accoutrements and queer race mixtures. The place looked and smelled like a kind of home, and Lewis, with one eye on the gun-cases and one on the great hills, forgot his heart-sickness and had leisure for the plain joys of expectation.

"I am going to get to work at once," he said, when he had washed the dust out of his eyes and throat. "I shall go and call on the Logans this very minute, and I expect we shall see Thwaite and some of the military people at the club to-night." So George, much against his will, was compelled to don a fresh suit and suffer himself to be conducted to the bungalow of the British Resident.

The Sahib was from home, at Gilgit, but

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the Madame would receive the strangers. So the two found themselves in a drawing-room aggressively English in its air, shaking hands with a small woman with kind eyes and a washed-out complexion.

Mrs. Logan was unaffectedly glad to see them. She had that trick of dominating her surroundings which English ladies seem to bear to the uttermost ends of the globe. There, in that land of snows and rock, with savage tribesmen not thirty miles away, and the British frontier line something less than fifty, she gave them tea and talked the small talk of society with the ease and gusto of an English country home.

"It's the most unfortunate thing in the world," she cried. "If you had only wired Gilbert would have stayed, but as it is he has gone down to Gilgit about some polo-ponies, and won't be back for two days. Things are so humdrum and easy-going up here that one loses interest in one's profession. Poor Gilbert has nothing to do except arrange with the foreman of the coolies who are making roads, and hold stupid courts, and consult with Captain Thwaite and the garrison people. The result is that the poor man has become crazy about golf, and wastes all his spare money on polo-ponies. You can have no idea what a God-send a new face is to us poor people. It is simply delightful to see you again, Mr. Haystoun. You left us about sixteen months ago, didn't you? Did you enjoy going back?"

Lewis said yes, with an absurd sense of the humour of the question. The dear lady talked as if home had been merely an interlude, instead of the crisis of his life.

"And what did you do? And whom did you see? Please tell me, for I am dying for gossip."

"I have been home in Scotland, you know. Looking after my affairs and idling; I stood for Parliament and got beaten."

"Really! How exciting! Where is your home in Scotland, Mr. Haystoun? You told me once, but I have forgotten. You know I have no end of Scotch relatives."

"It's in rather a remote part, a place called Etterick in Glen Avelin."

"Glen Avelin, Glen Avelin," the lady repeated. "That's where the Manorwaters live, isn't it?"

"My uncle," said Lewis.

"I had a letter from a friend who was staying there in the summer. I wonder if you ever met her. A Miss Wishart. Alice Wishart?"

Lewis strove to keep any extraordinary interest out of his eyes. This voice from another world had broken rudely in upon his new composure.

"I knew her," he said, and his tone was of such studied carelessness, that Mrs. Logan looked up at him curiously.

"I hope you liked her, for her mother was a relation of my husband, and when I have been home the small Alice has always been a great friend of mine. I wonder if she has grown pretty. Gilbert and I used to bet about it on different sides. I said she would be very beautiful some day."

"She is very beautiful," said Lewis in a level voice, and George, feeling the thin ice, came to his friend's rescue. He could at least talk naturally of Miss Wishart.

"The Wisharts took the place you know, Mrs. Logan, so we saw a lot of them. The girl was delightful, good sportswoman and all that sort of thing, and capital company. I wonder she never told us about you. She knew we were coming out here, for I told her, and she was very interested."

"Yes, it's odd, for I suppose she had read Mr. Haystoun's book, where my husband comes in a good deal. I shall tell her about seeing you in my next letter. And now tell me your plans."

Lewis's face had begun to burn in a most compromising way. Those last days in Glen Avelin had risen again before the eye of his mind, and old wounds were reopened. The thought that Alice was not yet wholly out of his life, that the new world was not utterly severed from the old, affected him with a miserable delight. Mrs. Logan became invested with an extraordinary interest. He pulled himself together to answer her question.

"Oh, our errand is much the same as last time. We want to get all the sport we can, and if possible to cross the mountains into Turkestan. I am rather keen on geographical work just now, and there's a bit of land up there which wants exploring."

The lady laughed. "That sounds like poor dear Mr. Gribton. I suppose you remember him. He left here in the summer, but when he lived in Bardur he had got that northern Frontier line on the brain. He was a horrible bore, for he would always work the conversation round to it sooner or later. I think it was really Mr. Gibson who made people often lose interest in these questions. They had to assume an indolent attitude in pure opposition to his fussiness."

"When will your husband be home?" Lewis asked.

"In two days, or possibly three. I am so sorry about it. I'll wire at once, but it's a slow journey, especially if he is bringing ponies. Of course you want to see him before you start. It's such a pity, but Bardur is fearfully empty of men just now. Captain Thwaite has gone off after ibex, and though I think he will be back to-morrow, I am afraid he will be too late for my dance. Oh, really, this is lucky. I had forgotten all about it. Of course you two will come. That will make two more men, and we shall be quite a respectable party. We are having a dance to-morrow night, and as the English people here are so few and uncertain in their movements, we can't afford to miss a chance. You *must* come, I've got the Thwaites and the Beresfords and the Waltons, and some of the garrison people who are down on leave. Oh, and there's a man coming whom you must know. A Mr. Marker, a most delightful person. I don't think you met him before, but you must have heard my husband talk about him. He is the very man for your purpose. Gilbert says he knows the hills better than any of the Hunza tribesmen and that he is the best sportsman he ever met. Besides, he is such a charming person socially, very much a man of the world you know, who has been everywhere and knows everybody."

Lewis congratulated himself on his luck. "I should like very much to come to the dance, and I especially want to meet Mr. Marker."

"He is half Scotch too," said the lady. "His mother was a Kirkpatrick or some name like that, and he actually seems to talk English with a kind of Scotch accent. Of course that may be the German part of him. He is a Pomeranian count or something of the sort, and very rich. You might get him to go with you into the hills."

"I wish we could," said Lewis falsely. His curiosity was keenly excited.

"Why does he come up here such a lot?" George asked.

"I suppose because he likes to knock about, as you call it. He is a tremendous traveller. He has been into Thibet and all over Turkestan and Persia. Gilbert says that he is the wonder of the age."

"Is he here just now?"

"No, I don't think so. I know he is coming to-morrow, because he wrote me about it, and promised to come to my dance. But he is a very busy man, so I don't suppose he will arrive till just before. He wrote me from Gilgit, so he may find Gilbert there and bring him up with him."

Marker, Marker. The air seemed full of the strange name. Lewis saw again Wratislaw's wrinkled face when he talked of him, and remembered his words. "You were within an ace of meeting one of the cleverest men living, a cheerful being in whom the Foreign Office is more interested than in any one else in the world." Wratislaw had never been in the habit of talking without good authority. This Marker must be indeed a gentleman of parts.

Then conversation dwindled. Lewis, his mind torn between bitter memories and the pressing contingencies of his mission, lent a stupid ear to Mrs. Logan's mild complaints, her gossip about Bardur, her eager questions about home. George manfully took his place, and by a fortunate clumsiness steered the flow of the lady's talk from Glen Avelin and the Wisharts. Lewis spoke now and then, when appealed to, but he was busy thinking out his own problem. On the morrow night he should meet Marker, and his work would reveal itself. Meanwhile he was in the dark, the flimsiest adventurer on the wildest of errands. This easy, settled place, these Englishmen whose minds held fast by polo and games, these English ladies who had no thought beyond little social devices to relieve the monotony of the Frontier, all seemed to make a mockery of his task. He had fondly imagined himself going to a certainty of toil and danger; to his vexation this certainty seemed to be changing into the most conventional of visits to the most normal of places. But to-morrow he should see Marker; and his hope revived at the prospect.

"It is so pleasant seeing two fresh fellow-countrymen," Mrs. Logan was saying. "Do you know, you two people look quite different from our men up here? They are all so dried up, and tired out. Our complexions are all gone, and our eyes have got that weariness of the sun in them which never goes away even when we go home again. But you two look quite keen and fresh and enthusiastic. You mustn't mind compliments from an old woman, but I wish our own people looked as nice as you. You will make us all homesick."

A native servant entered more noiseless and more dignified than any English footman, and announced another visitor. Lewis lifted his head, and saw the lady rise, smiling, to greet a tall man who had come in with the frankness of a privileged acquaintance. "How do you do, Mr. Marker?" he heard. "I am *so* glad to see you. We didn't dare to expect you till to-morrow. May I introduce two English friends, Mr. Haystoun, and Mr. Winterham?"

And so the meeting came about in the simplest way. Lewis found himself shaking hands cordially with a man who stood upright, quite in the English fashion, and smiled genially on the two strangers. Then he took the vacant chair by Mrs. Logan, and answered the lady's questions with the ease and kindliness of one who knows and likes his fellow creatures. He deplored Logan's absence, grew enthusiastic about the dance, and produced from a pocket certain sweetmeats, not made in Kashmir, for the two children. Then he turned to George and asked pleasantly about the journey. How did they find the roads from Gilgit? He hoped they would get good sport, and if he could be of any service, would they command him? He had heard of Lewis's former visit, and of course he had read his book. The most striking book of travel he had seen for long. Of course he didn't agree with certain things, but each man for his own view; and he should like to talk over the matter with Mr. Haystoun. Were they staying long? At Galetti's of course. By good luck that was also his headquarters. And so he talked pleasingly, in the style of a lady's drawing-room, while Lewis, his mind consumed with interest, sat puzzling out the discords in his face.

"Do you know, Mr. Marker, we were talking about you before you came in. I was telling Mr. Haystoun that I thought you were half Scotch. Mr. Haystoun you know lives in Scotland."

"Do you really? Then I am a thousand times delighted to meet you, for I have many connections with Scotland. My grandmother was a Scotswoman, and though I have never been in your beautiful land, yet, I have known many of your people. And, indeed, I have heard of one of your name who was a friend of my father's—a certain Mr. Haystoun of Etterick."

"My father," said Lewis.

"Ah, I am so pleased to hear. My father and he met often in Paris, when both were attached to their different embassies. My father was in the German service."

"Your mother was Russian, was she not?" Lewis asked tactlessly, impelled by he knew not what motive.

"Ah, how did you know?" Mr. Marker smiled in reply, with the slightest raising of the eyebrows. "I have indeed the blood of many nationalities in my veins. Would that I were equally familiar with all nations, for I know less of Russia than I know of Scotland. We in Germany are their near neighbours, and love them, as you do here, something less than ourselves."

He talked English with that pleasing sincerity which seems inseparable from the speech of foreigners, who use a purer and more formal idiom than ourselves. George looked anxiously towards Lewis, with a question in his eyes, but finding his companion abstracted, he spoke himself.

"I have just arrived," said the other simply, "but it was from a different direction. I have been shooting in the hills, getting cool air into my lungs after the dust of the valleys. Why, Mrs. Logan, I have been down to Rawal Pindi since I saw you last, and have been choked with the sun. We Northerners do not take kindly to glare and dust."

"But you are an old hand here, they tell me. I wish you'd show me the ropes, you know. I'm very keen, but as ignorant as a babe. What sort of rifles do they use here? I wish you'd come and look at my ironmongery." And George plunged into technicalities.

When Lewis rose to leave, following unwillingly the convention which forbids a guest to stay more than five minutes after a new visitor has arrived; Marker crossed the room with them. "If you're not engaged for to-night, Mr. Haystoun, will you do me the honour to dine with me? I am alone, and I think we might manage to find things to talk about." Lewis accepted gladly, and with one of his sweetest smiles, the gentleman returned to Mrs. Logan's side.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE DINNER AT GALETTI'S

"I HAVE heard of you so much," Mr. Marker said, "and it was a lucky chance which brought me to Bardur to meet you." They had taken their cigars out to the verandah, and were drinking the strong Persian coffee, with a prospect before them of twinkling town lights, and a mountain line of rock and snow. Their host had put on evening clothes and wore a braided dinner jacket which gave the faintest touch of the foreigner to his appearance. At dinner he had talked well of a score of things. He had answered George's questions on sport with the readiness of an expert; he had told a dozen good stories, and in an easy pleasant way he had gossiped of books and places, people and politics. His knowledge struck both men as uncanny. Persons of minute significance in Parliament were not unknown to him, and he was ready with a theory or an explanation on the most recondite matters. But coffee and cigars found him a different man. He ceased to be the enthusiast, the omnivorous and versatile inquirer, and relapsed into the ordinary good fellow, who is no cleverer than his neighbours.

"We're confoundedly obliged to you," said George. "Haystoun is keen enough, but when he was out last time he seems to have been very slack about the sport."

"Sort of student of Frontier peoples and politics, as the newspapers call it. I fancy that game is—what you say?—'played out' a little nowadays. It is always a good cry for alarmist newspapers to send up their circulation by, but you and I, my friend, who have mixed with serious politicians, know its value."

George nodded. He liked to be considered a person of importance, and he wanted the conversation to get back to ibex.

"I speak as of a different nationality," Marker said, looking towards Lewis. "But I find the curse of modern times is this mock-seriousness. Some centuries ago men and women were serious about honour and love and religion. Nowadays we are frivolous and sceptical about these things, but we are deadly in earnest about fads. Plans to abolish war, schemes to reform criminals, and raise the condition of woman, and supply the Bada-Mawidi with toothpicks are sure of the most respectful treatment and august patronage."

"I agree," said Lewis. "The Bada-Mawidi live there?" And he pointed to the hill-line.

Marker nodded. He had used the name inadvertently as an illustration, and he had no wish to answer questions on the subject.

"A troublesome tribe, rather?" asked Lewis, noticing the momentary hesitation.

"In the past. Now they are quiet enough."

"But I understood that there was a ferment in the Pamirs. The other side threatened, you know." He had almost said "*your* side," but checked himself.

"Ah, yes, there are rumours of a rising, but that is further west. The Bada-Mawidi are too poor to raise two swords in the whole tribe. You will come across them if you go north, and I can recommend them as excellent beaters."

"Is the north the best shooting quarter?" asked Lewis with sharp eyes. "I am just a little keen on some geographical work, and if I can join both I shall be glad. Due north is the Russian frontier?"

"Due north after some scores of the most precipitous miles in the world. It is a preposterous country. I myself have been on the verge of it, and know it as well as most. The geographical importance, too, is absurdly exaggerated. It has never been mapped because there is nothing about it to map, no passes, no river, no conspicuous mountain, nothing but desolate, unvaried rock. The pass to Yarkhand goes to the east, and the Afghan routes are to the west. But to the north you come to a wall, and if you have wings you may get beyond it. The Bada-Mawidi live in some of the wretched nullahs. There is sport, of course, of a kind, but not perhaps the best. I should recommend you to try the more easterly hills."

The speaker's manner was destitute of all attempt to dissuade, and yet Lewis felt in some remote way that this man was trying to dissuade him. The rock-wall, the Bada-Mawidi, whatever it was, something existed between Bardur and the Russian Frontier which this pleasant gentleman did not wish him to see.

"Our plans are all vague," he said, "and of course we are glad of your advice."

"And I am glad to give it, though in many ways you know the place better than I do. Your book is the work of a very clever and observant man, if you will excuse my saying so. I was thankful to find that you were not the ordinary embryo-publicist who looks at the Frontier hills from Bardur, and then rushes home and talks about invasion."

"You think there is no danger, then?"

"On the contrary, I honestly think that there is danger, but from a different direction. Britain is getting sick, and when she is sick enough, some people who are less sick will overwhelm her. My own opinion is that Russia will be the people."

"But is not that one of the old cries that you object to?" and Lewis smiled.

"It was; now it is ceasing to be a cry, and passing into a fact, or as much a fact as that erroneous form of gratuity, prophecy, can be. Look at Western Europe and you cannot disbelieve the evidence of your own eyes. In France you have anarchy, the vulgarest frivolity and the cheapest scepticism, joined with a sort of dull capacity for routine work. Germany, the very heart of it eaten out with sentiment, either the cheap military or the vague socialist brand. Spain and Italy shadows, Denmark and Sweden farces, Turkey a sinful anachronism."

"And Britain?" George asked.

"My Scotch blood gives me the right to speak my mind," said the man laughing. "Honestly I don't find things much better in Britain. You were always famous for a dogged common sense which was never tricked with catch words, and yet the British people seem to be growing nervose and ingenuous. The cult of abstract ideals, which has been the curse of the world since Adam, is as strong with you as elsewhere. The philosophy of 'gush' is good enough in its place, but it is the devil in politics."

"That is true enough," said Lewis solemnly.

"And then you are losing grip. A belief in sentiment means a disbelief in competence and strength, and that is the last and fatalest heresy. And a belief in sentiment means a foolish scepticism towards the great things of life. There is none of the blood and bone left for honest belief. You hold your religion half-heartedly. Honest fanaticism is a thing intolerable to you. You are all mild rational sentimentalists, and I would not give a ton of it for an ounce of good prejudice."

George and Lewis laughed.

"And Russia?" they asked.

"Ah, there I have hope. You have a great people, uneducated and unspoiled. They are physically strong, and they have been trained by centuries of serfdom to discipline and hardships. Also, there is fire smouldering somewhere. You must remember that Russia is the step-daughter of the East. The people are Northern in the truest sense, but they have a little of Eastern superstition. A rational, sentimental people live in towns or market-gardens, like your English country, but great lonely plains and forests somehow do not agree with that sort of creed. That slow people can still believe freshly and simply, and some day when the leader arrives they will push beyond their boundaries and sweep down on Western Europe, as their ancestors did thirteen hundred years ago. And you have no walls of Rome to resist them, and I do not think you will find a Charlemagne. Good heavens! What can your latter-day philosophic person, who weighs every action and believes only in himself, do against an unwearied people with the fear of God in their hearts? When that day comes, my masters, we shall have a new empire, the Holy Eastern Empire, and this rotten surface civilisation of ours will be swept off. It is always the way. Men get into the habit of believing that they can settle everything by talk and fancy themselves the arbiters of the world, and then suddenly the great man arrives, your Cæsar, or Cromwell, and clears out the talkers."

"I've heard something like this before. In fact, on occasions I have said it myself. It's a pretty idea. How long do you give this *Völkerwanderung* to get started?"

"It will not be in our time," said the man sadly. "I confess I am rather anxious for it to come off. Europe is a dull place at present, given up to Jews and old women.

But I am an irreclaimable wanderer, and it is some time since I have been home. Things may be already changing."

"Scarcely," said Lewis. "And meantime where is this Slav invasion going to begin? I suppose they will start with us here, before they cross the Channel?"

"Undoubtedly. But Britain is the least sick of the crew, so she may be left in peace till the confirmed invalids are destroyed. At the best it will be a difficult work. Our countrymen, you will permit the name, my friends, have unexpected possibilities in their blood. And even this India will be a hard nut to crack. It is assumed that Russia has but to find Britain napping, buy a passage from the more northerly tribes, and sweep down on the Punjaub. I need not tell you how impossible such a land invasion is. It is my opinion that when the time comes the attack will be by sea from some naval base on the Persian gulf. It is a mere matter of time till Persia is the Czar's territory, and then they may begin to think about invasion."

"You think the northern road impossible? I suppose you ought to know."

"I do, and I have some reason for my opinion. I know Afghanistan and Chitral as few Europeans know it."

"But what about Bardur, and this Kashmir Frontier? I can understand the difficulties of the Khyber, but this Kashmir road looks promising."

Marker laughed a great, good-humoured, tolerant, incredulous laugh. "My dear sir, that's the most utter nonsense. How are you to bring an army over a rock wall which a chamois hunter could scarcely climb. An invading army is not a collection of winged fowl. I grant you Bardur is a good starting-point if it were once reached. But you might as well think of a Chinese as of a Russian invasion from the North. It would be a good deal more possible, for there is a road to Yarkhand, and respectable passes to the north-east. But here we are shut off from the Oxus by as difficult a barrier as the Elburz. Go up and see. There is some shooting to be had, and you will see for yourself the sort of country between here and Taghati."

"But people come over here sometimes."

"Yes, from the South, or by Afghanistan."

"Not always. What about the Korabaut Pass into Chitral. Ianoff and the Cossacks came through it."

"That's true," said the man, as if in deep thought. "I had forgotten, but the band was small and the thing was a real adventure."

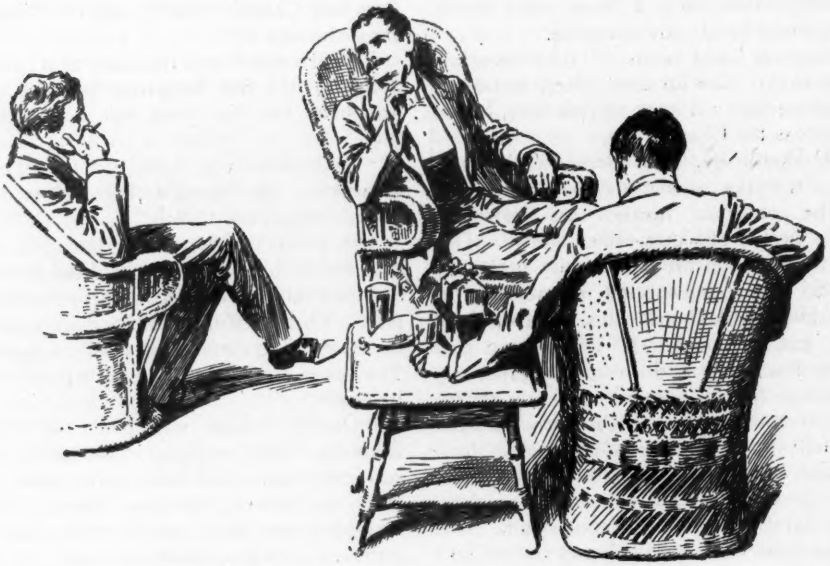
"And then you have Captain Gromchevtsky. He brought his people right down through the Pamirs."

For a second the man's laughing ease deserted him. He leaned his head forward, and for a moment peered keenly into Lewis's face. Then, as if to cover his discomposure, he fell into the extreme of bluff amusement. The exaggeration was plain to both his hearers.

"Oh yes, there was poor old Gromchevtsky. But then you know he was what you call 'daft,' and one never knew how much to believe. He had hatred of the English on the brain, and he went about the northern valleys making all sorts of wild promises on the part of the Czar. A great Russian army was soon to come down from the hills and restore the valleys to their former owners. And then, after he had talked all this nonsense, and actually managed to create some small excitement among the tribesmen, the good fellow disappeared. No man knows where he went. The odd thing is that I believe he has never been heard of again in Russia to this day. Of course his mission, as he loved to call it, was perfectly unauthorised, and the man himself was a creature of farce. He probably came either by the Khyber or the Korabaut Passes, possibly even by the ordinary caravan-route from Yarkhand, but felt it necessary for his mission's sake to pretend he had found some new way through the rock barrier. I am afraid we cannot allow him to be taken seriously."

Lewis yawned and reached out his hand for the cigars. "In any case it is merely a question of speculative interest. We shall not fall just yet, though you think so badly of us."

"You will not fall just yet," said Marker slowly, "but that is not your fault. You British have sold your souls for something less than the conventional mess of pottage. You are ruled in the first place by money-bags, and the faddists whom they support to blind your eyes. If I were a young man in your



"The speaker's manner was destitute of all attempt to dissuade"

country with my future to make, do you know what I would do? I would slave in the Stock Exchange. I would spend my days and nights in the pursuit of fortune, and, by heaven, I would get it. Then I would rule the market and break, crush, quietly and ruthlessly, the whole gang of Jew speculators and vulgarians who would corrupt a great country. Money is power with you, and I should attain it, and use it to crush the leeches who suck our blood."

"Good, man," said George, laughing. "That's my way of thinking. Never heard it better put."

"I have felt the same," said Lewis. "When I read of 'rings' and 'corners' and 'trusts' and the misery and vulgarity of it all, I have often wished to have a try myself, and see whether average brains and clean blood could not beat these fellows on their own ground."

"Then why did you not?" asked Marker. "You were rich enough to make a proper beginning."

"I expect I was too slack. I wanted to try the thing, but there was so much that was repulsive that I never quite got the length of trying. Besides, I have a bad habit of seeing both sides of a question. The ordinary socialist arguments seemed to me weak, though I liked the people, and it was too much fag to work out an attitude for oneself."

Marker looked sharply at Lewis, and George for a moment saw and contrasted the two faces. Lewis's keen, kindly, humourous, cultured, with strong lines ending weakly, a face over-bred, brave and finical; the other's sharp, eager, with the hungry wolf-like air of ambition, every line graven in steel, and the whole transfused, as it were, by the fire of the eyes into a living presentment of human vigour.

It was the eternal contrast of qualities, and for a moment in George's mind there rose a delight that two such goodly pieces of manhood should have found a meeting-ground.

"I think, you know, that we are not quite so bad as you make out," said Lewis quietly. "To an outsider we must appear on the brink of incapacity, but then it is not the first time we have produced that impression. You will still find men who, in all their spiritual sickness have kept something of that restless, hard-bitten Northern energy, and that fierce hunger for righteousness, which is hard to fight with. Scores of people, who can see no truth in the world and are sick with doubt and introspection and all the latter-day devils, have yet something of pride and honour in their soul which will make them show well at the last. If we are going to fall our end will not be quite inglorious. And I personally rather welcome the end if I can hope for the heroic."

Marker laughed and rose. "I am afraid I must leave you now. I have to see my servant, for I am off to-morrow. This has been a delightful meeting. I propose that we drink to its speedy repetition."

They drank, clinking glasses in continental fashion, and the host shook hands and departed.

"Good chap," was George's comment. "Put us up to a wrinkle or two, and seemed pretty sound in his politics. I wish I could get him to come and stop with me at home. Do you think we shall run across him again?"

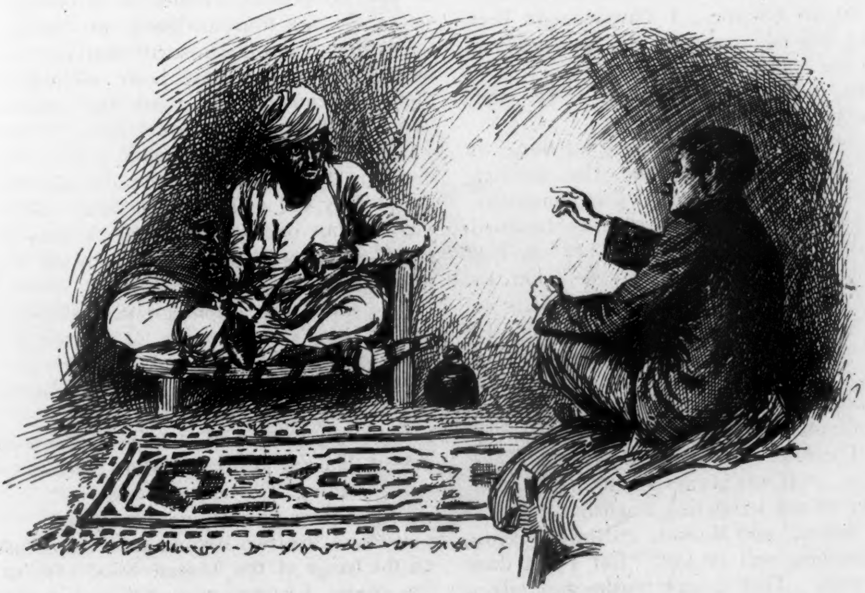
Lewis was looking at the fast vanishing lights of the town. "I should think it highly probable," he said.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE TACTICS OF A CHIEF

THERE is another quarter in Bardur besides the English one. Down by the stream side there are narrow streets built on the scarp of the rock, hovels with deep rock-cellars, and a wonderful amount of cubic space beneath the brushwood thatch. There the trader from Yarkhand who has contraband wares to dispose of may hold a safe market. And if you were to go at nightfall into this quarter, where the foot of the Kashmir policeman rarely penetrates, you might find shaggy tribesmen who have been all their lives outlaws, walking unmolested to visit their friends, and certain Jewish gentlemen, members of the great family who have conquered the world, engaged in the pursuit of their unlawful calling.

Marker speedily left the broader streets of the European quarter, and plunged down a steep alley which led to the stream. Halfway down there was a lane to the left in the line of hovels, and, after stopping a moment to consider, he entered this. It was narrow and dark, but smelt cleanly enough of the dry granite sand. There were little dark apertures in the huts, which might have been either doors or windows, and at one of these he stopped, lit a match, and examined it closely. The result was satisfactory; for the man who had hitherto been crouching, straightened himself up and knocked. The door opened instantaneously, and he bowed



"'Do they suspect?'"

his tall head to enter a narrow passage. This brought him into a miniature courtyard, about thirty feet across, above which gleamed a patch of violet sky, sown with stars. Below a door on the right a light shone, and this he pushed open, and entered a little room.

The place was richly furnished, with low couches and Persian tables, and on the floor a bright matting. The short, square-set man sitting smoking on the divan we have already met at a certain village in the mountains. Fazir Khan, descendant of Abraham, and father and chief of the Bada-Mawidi, has a nervous eye and an uneasy face to-night, for it is a hard thing for a mountaineer, an inhabitant of great spaces, to sit with composure in a trap-like room in the citadel of a foe who has many acts of rape and murder to avenge on his body. To do Fazir Khan justice he strove to conceal his restlessness under the usual impassive calm of his race. He turned his head slightlyas Marker entered, nodded gravely over the bowl of his pipe, and pointed to the seat at the far end of the divan.

"It is a dark night," he said. "I heard you stumbling on the causeway before you entered. And I have many miles to cover before dawn."

Marker nodded. "Then you must make haste, my friend. You must be in the hills by daybreak, for I have some errands I want you to do for me. I have to-night been dining with two strangers, who have come up from the South."

The chief's eyes sparkled. "Do they suspect?"

"Nothing in particular, everything in general. They are English. One was here before and got far up into your mountains. He wrote a clever book when he returned, which made people think. They say their errand is sport, and it may be. On the other hand, I have a doubt. One has not the air of the common sportsman. He thinks too much, and his eyes have a haggard look. It is possible that they are in their Government's services and have come to reconnoitre."

"Then we are lost," said Fazir Khan, sourly. "It was always a fool's plan, at the mercy of any wandering Englishman."

"Not so," said Marker. "Nothing is lost, and nothing will be lost. But I fear these two men. They do not bluster and talk at random like the others. Theyare so very quiet that they may mean danger."

"They must remain here," said the chief. "Give me the word, and I will send one of my men to hough their horses and, if need be, cripple themselves."

Marker laughed. "You are an honest fool, Fazir Khan. That sort of thing is past now. We live in the wrong times and places for it. We cannot keep them here, but we must send them on a goose-chase. Do you understand?"

"I understand nothing. I am a simple man and my ways are simple, and not as yours."

"Then attend to my words, my friend. Our expedition must be changed and made two days sooner. That will give these two Englishmen three days only to checkmate it. Besides, they are ignorant, and to-morrow is lost to them, for they go to a ball at the Logan woman's. Still, I fear them with two days to work in. If they go north, they are clever and suspicious, and they may see or fancy enough to wreck our plans. They may have the way barred, and we know how little would bar the way."

"Ten resolute men," said the chief. "Nay, I myself, with my two sons would hold a force at bay there."

"If that is true, how much need is there to be wary beforehand! Since we cannot prevent these men from meddling, we can give them rope to meddle in small matters. Let us assume that they have been sent out by their Government. They are the common make of Englishmen, worshipping a god which they call their honour. They will do their duty if they can find it out, and if not they will make trouble for us. Now there is but one way, to create a duty for them which will take them out of the way."

The chief was listening with half-closed eyes. He saw new trouble for himself, and was not cheerful.

"Do you know how many men Holm has with him at the Forza camp?"

"A score and a half. Some of my people passed that way yesterday, when the soldiers were parading."

"And there are two more camps?"

"There are two beyond the Nazri Pass, on the fringe of the Doorab hills. We call the places Khautmi-sa and Khautmi-bana, but the English have their own names for them."

Marker nodded.

"I know the places. They are Ghoorka camps. The officers are called Mitchinson and St. John. They will give us little trouble. But the Forza garrison is too near the pass for safety, and yet far enough away for my plans." And for a moment the man's eyes were abstracted, as if in deep thought.

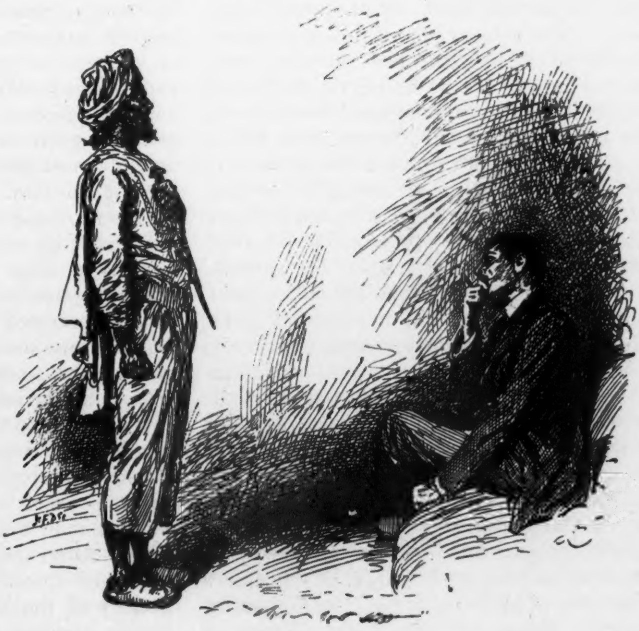
"I have another thing to tell of the Forza camp," the chief interrupted. "The captain, the man whom they call Holm, is sick, so sick that he cannot remain there. He went out shooting and came too near to dangerous places, so a bullet of one of my peoples' guns found his leg. He will be coming to Bardur to-morrow. Is it your wish that he be prevented?"

"Let him come," said Marker. "He will suit my purpose. Now I will tell you your task, Fazir Khan, for it is time that you took the road. You will take a hundred of the Bada-Mawidi and put them in the rocks round the Forza camp. Let them fire a few shots but do no great damage, lest this man Holm dare not leave. If I know the man at all, he will only hurry the quicker when he hears word of trouble, for he has no stomach for danger, if he can get out of it creditably. So he will come down here tomorrow with a tale of the Bada-Mawidi in arms, and find no men in the place to speak of, except these two strangers. I will have already warned them of this intended rising, and if, as I believe, they serve the Government, they will let no grass grow below their feet till they get to Forza. Then on the day after let your tribesmen attack the place, not so as to take it, but so as to make a good show of fight and keep the garrison employed. This will keep these young men quiet; they will think that all rumours they may have heard culminate in this rising of yours, and they will be content, and satisfied that they have done their duty. Then, the day after, while they are idling at Forza, we will slip through the passes, and after that there will be no need for ruses."

The chief rose and pulled himself up to his full height. "After that," he said, "there will be work for men. God! We shall harry the valleys as our forefathers harried them, and we shall suck the juicy plains dry. You will give us a free hand, my lord?"

"Your hand shall be free enough," said Marker. "But see that every word of my bidding is done. We fail utterly unless all is secret and swift. It is the lion attacking the village. If he crosses the trap-gate safely he may ravage at his pleasure, but there is first the trap to cross. And now it is your time to leave."

The mountaineer tightened his girdle, and exchanged his slippers for deer-hide boots. He bowed gravely to the other and slipped out into the darkness of the court. Marker



"'After that there will be work for men'" drew forth some plans and writing materials from his great-coat pocket and spread them before him on the table. It was a thing he had done a hundred times within the last week, and as he made his calculations again and traced his route anew, his action showed the tinge of nervousness to which the strongest natures at times must yield. Then he wrote a letter, and, yawning deeply, he shut up the place and returned to Galetti's.

PRESENT-DAY LEADERS OF SCIENCE

LORD LISTER

By Professor Sir HECTOR C. CAMERON, M.D.

MR. BAYARD, lately American Ambassador in this country, at a recent anniversary dinner of the Royal Society at which I chanced to be a guest, proposed the toast of the Society and its President, Lord Lister; and, towards the close of a speech in which eloquent and appreciative reference was made to the immense importance and beneficent effects of Lord Lister's great life-work, Mr. Bayard addressed him directly in these words: "My Lord, it is not a profession, it is not a nation, it is humanity itself which, with uncovered head, salutes you." No words could better or more concisely express the extent of the debt which the world owes to the author of the antiseptic method of treating wounds, and none could better justify the natural desire which many must feel to know something of the man to whom they are so indebted, as well as something of his work.

Joseph Lister was born at Upton in Essex on April 5, 1827. He probably inherited his love of science as well as his aptitude for scientific inquiry from his father, who, although a merchant in the city, still found time for important investigations, more especially in the subject of optics—investigations which led to such improvements in the manufacture of microscopic lenses as really rendered the microscope the invaluable scientific instrument which it now is.

After being at school at Tottenham, Lister studied at University College, London, and graduated in Arts in the University of London in 1847. In 1852 he became a Bachelor of Medicine of the same University, and a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of England.

After acting as resident assistant in University College Hospital, London, his life entered upon a new and to himself and his friends at that time an unexpected phase. It had been his intention to devote himself to the practice of surgery in London. Circumstances, however, gradually overruled and ultimately entirely altered this early intention.

In the autumn of 1853 he came to Scotland on holiday and brought a letter of introduction from one of his most valued teachers, the distinguished physiologist, Dr. Sharpey, to Professor Syme, then the ablest and most original exponent of the art of surgery in this or, indeed, in any country. He attended with regularity Mr. Syme's hospital practice, and so delighted and impressed was the young surgeon with all he saw that he asked and obtained permission from his father to prolong his visit. The hospital being in vacation so far as the teaching of students was concerned, he had the opportunity of standing in the area of the theatre beside the operating-table instead of sitting in the part usually occupied by visitors and students. But when the session commenced in November and the students resumed their attendance, this advantage could no longer be enjoyed. Mr. Syme, therefore, offered to make him a supernumerary clerk, one of whose privileges was that of being in much closer personal relation to the operating surgeon than the ordinary students in the class. Although, as we have seen, he already possessed Qualifications in Medicine and Surgery of the highest character, and had been a resident assistant in another great hospital under most distinguished clinicians, it is characteristic of the man that he gladly accepted this offer of a humble post in Mr. Syme's clinique. So began his official connection with the Royal Infirmary and Medical School of Edinburgh, and his long and fruitful career in Scotland.

In 1854 he was promoted to be house-surgeon, and he discharged the duties of that office for more than a year. Shortly afterwards he was appointed assistant surgeon, and became an extra-mural lecturer on surgery, attracting, from the beginning, a large number of students by his teaching. He also acted as assistant to Mr. Syme in his private practice.

In 1860 he was appointed Regius Professor of Surgery in the University of Glasgow, and began an entirely new and independent career.

Perhaps I shall best enable my readers to appreciate the value of Lord Lister's work if I refer to the state of matters which existed in surgical practice prior to 1865 or thereby. In 1846 and 1847 ether and chloroform had effected the removal of pain from surgical operations, and a great impetus was thus given to the surgical art. Not only did patients, in their desire to be restored to health, submit more readily to operation, but surgery was enlarged in its scope and extent. Surgeons were emboldened, and many new procedures and operations of value were from time to time introduced. With this increase alike in the number and gravity of surgical wounds there did not come, however, any more certain or reliable method of healing them. No matter how carefully and skilfully an operation was performed, the issue was always so doubtful as to be looked forward to with anxiety and often with dread. And this fact, while quite true under the most favourable circumstances, was especially observable when many wounded persons were congregated together, as in hospital wards. Inflammation and suppuration, following on septic or putrefactive changes in the blood and serum effused, were almost invariable, alike in the wounds caused by injury and in those inflicted by surgical operation. It was only the happy few—and very few they were—which healed at once or, as it is expressed in surgical language, "by first intention," showing no sign either of local inflammation or of constitutional disturbance. When septic inflammation and suppuration occurred pain and fever, on the other hand, were always present; while large numbers of patients so suffering were snatched off to the grave by different destructive occurrences in the wounds themselves, or by various forms of blood-poisoning and contamination of the system for which the condition of the wound was responsible.

This was the state of matters in surgery when Lister came to Glasgow in 1860. Not very long afterwards he was appointed a surgeon to the Glasgow Royal Infirmary. The hospital, although its main surgical building was really a new one, was a hotbed of the diseases to which I have referred. I myself can recall, when I was acting as dresser in his wards in 1864 or thereby, the circumstance of no less than five cases of amputation for injury dying from pyæmia (one form of blood-poisoning caused by septic wounds) in one week in his accident ward, while other instances of the same disease as well as of hospital gangrene lay ill in the same ward. Such an occurrence is to-day, thanks entirely to his work and teaching, an absolute impossibility. The same hospital still stands with the same walls and the same floors, and yet its surgeons obtain to-day the most excellent results with a certainty and a uniformity which scarcely leave anything to be desired. Any alterations which have been made in and around the building itself have not been such as could have possibly caused so remarkable a contrast in the results of treatment.

The effect of such experiences on the mind of one who always felt great sympathy with his patients and was imbued with a great love of his profession, may well be imagined. He was often greatly depressed after making a hospital visit, and I have heard him frequently declare that it was a doubtful privilege to be a hospital surgeon. He tried many expedients to improve if possible the salubrity of the wards. He insisted on very frequent and very scrupulous washing of the hands by all engaged in assisting at operations and in dressing wounds; and the piles of clean towels, which stood on the tables in his wards for the use of the surgeon, his assistants and dressers, were the subject of many good-natured gibes by those engaged in other cliniques in the hospital. Basing his practice on some observations of Professor Polli of Milan, he ordered that a dose of sulphite of potash in solution should be administered several times a day to all patients with wounds from the very day of their admission or operation. But whether used as a preventive or as a remedy after the dreaded symptoms of pyæmia had shown themselves, the effect of this and of other efforts in the same direction was felt ultimately to be entirely disappointing.

Before leaving Edinburgh Lister had engaged in a long and valuable investigation into the subject of inflammation and of certain physiological and pathological questions closely related to it. In this connection he had written various papers which were published in the *Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society.* These were re-issued together and published in London in 1859 under the title of "Contributions to Physiology and Pathology." Very soon after coming to Glasgow he was appointed Croonian Lecturer by the Royal Society, and in June 1863 delivered his lecture "On the Coagulation of the Blood" before the Society, a communication which attracted great attention, both on account of its originality and the evidence it bore of skilful and convincing experiment.

All of this and other allied work in which he had been engaged was an unconscious preparation for the discovery and development of that system of wound treatment which he soon afterwards announced to the surgical world in 1867. To prevent the occurrence of suppuration, with all its attendant risks, was, he well knew, an object highly desirable, but hitherto apparently unattainable, since it seemed hopeless to exclude the oxygen which was universally regarded as the agent by which putrefaction was effected. When he learned, however, from the published researches of Pasteur that the real agents in the process were minute organisms in the air, it occurred to him that decomposition in the injured part might be avoided, without excluding the air, by applying as a dressing some material capable of destroying the life of those floating particles (*Lancet*, 1867, vol. ii. p. 353).

It will thus be seen that it was the then recently published results of the researches of M. Pasteur (who was not, as is often supposed, a member of the medical profession), taken in connection with what he himself had learned by "an extended investigation into the nature of inflammation and the healthy and morbid conditions of the blood in relation to it," which led Lister towards that advance in surgical practice which has proved to be the greatest of any in the whole history of the art of medicine. He over and over again laid stress upon the importance of recognising that the "germ theory of putrefaction" was really the basis of the treatment. The recognition of the principle on which the treatment was based by him who employed it was necessary, as he always insisted, for success; since it was only by strict and intelligent attention to many details and minutiæ in the use of the materials employed that such success could be ensured.

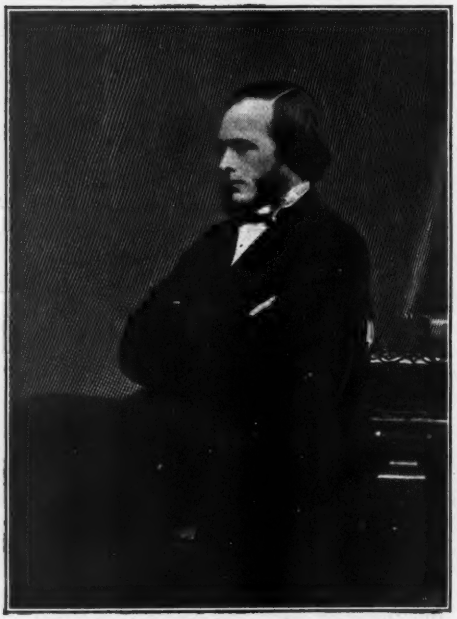
The treatment was first tried by Lister in compound fractures of the limbs, and a consideration of the peculiarities of such injuries will serve better than anything else to make clear the effect of influences introduced into wounds from external sources. When the bones of a limb are broken, the fragments tear, in greater or less degree, the muscles and other soft parts next them, and both from the broken surfaces of the bone and the wounded muscles and other structures a large quantity of blood is poured out into the internal wound thus formed. If we could look into the inside of any limb in which a bone has been broken, we should see that there really is a wound filled with fluid and clotted blood. So long, however, as this putrescible collection of material remains, so to speak, hermetically sealed up and safe against contamination from the outside, the effused blood will undergo no putrefactive or septic fermentation. It remains unchanged and "sweet," and if the broken limb be fixed in suitable apparatus all such effused blood will be absorbed, the internal lacerated wound will heal and the broken bone unite without inflammation, suppuration or fever. This is what is understood by *a simple fracture.* The case is far otherwise, however, if at the time of the accident the skin is cut or burst and the opening thus made communicates with the broken bone, producing what is known as *a compound fracture.* Then it is almost certain that micro-organisms capable of giving rise to septic changes in the effused fluids will find access to the interior and at once the accident will assume a very serious complexion. Inflammation and suppuration will follow with destructive influence both on the broken bone and injured soft parts within the wounded limb, while fever and possibly serious blood-poisoning will result. In former days every such fracture from the moment of its infliction constituted a grave threat to the limb and the life of the injured person, and there was no more fatal form of injury admitted into hospitals. If, however, the wound in the skin was a very small one, having been produced by the sharp end of one of the fragments making a puncture in it, it might be that the blood would clot in and over it, become dry, and form a kind of scab. In such cases, the communication with the outside being at once cut off and luckily no irreparable mischief having been introduced, the case might behave exactly as if it had been a simple fracture from the first. In order to imitate, in a sense, this happy and safe mode of healing even in cases where the wound was too large to be thus readily and at once closed by nature, Lister first washed out the interior of the complicated wound with a watery solution of the chemical antiseptic which he had been led to select as the most suitable for the purpose, viz., carbolic acid. This solution was not so strong as to do any serious injury to the flesh, and at the same time not so weak as to interfere with its germicidal qualities. He also took care that the skin of the limb far and wide around the wound was thoroughly washed and impregnated with the same solution, so that all the living germs adhering to it should be destroyed. The hands of the surgeon and his assistants, as well as all instruments and apparatus used, were similarly treated. An external dressing was then placed over the wound and changed at intervals as was found necessary.

It was essential that this external dressing should fulfil many requirements, and, as his experience grew, Lister varied its form and composition from time to time, until latterly a most satisfactory result was arrived at. In this difficult work he was greatly aided by his accurate knowledge both of chemical and physiological principles, and few know the immense amount of time and labour he spent, in those early days of the development of his treatment, in laboratory experiments, with a view to perfect a reliable and trustworthy external antiseptic dressing for wounds.

In operation wounds made by the surgeon through hitherto unbroken skin the case was different from that of compound fracture and other lacerated wounds which had already been contaminated before coming under surgical treatment. The skin of the part to be operated upon, as well as a wide area around it, was thoroughly purified with the antiseptic solution before the operation was begun, while the hands of the operator and his assistants, the instruments, sponges, ligatures, stitches and everything else which must touch or come near the wounded surface were dealt with in a similar manner. Thus contamination with septic germs was avoided.

A serious difficulty presented itself in regard to the tying of blood-vessels and the consequent staunching of bleeding. Hitherto the substance used for this purpose had been well-waxed strings of purse-silk. After each blood-vessel had been tied the ends of the silk ligature were left hanging out of the wound, and the bunch of threads thus formed maintained, like a seton, a suppurating track for a long time. Ultimately the piece of each blood-vessel included in the knot of a ligature sloughed off and so freed the ligature, which separated and came away. It was not until all had come away that a wound could finally close, while much hazard of renewed bleeding attached to the process. Such a method of staunching hæmorrhage was quite incompatible with the aim which Lister had in view in regard to the treatment of wounds. He therefore devised a ligature made of catgut so treated that it could produce neither septic infection nor mechanical irritation of the wound. These ligatures were cut off short and buried in the wound which healed and enclosed them, the flesh disposing of them entirely by physiological processes which are well understood. This device constituted an immense improvement, and like the development of a suitable dressing entailed upon its author an amount of anxious labour and toilsome investigation and experiment of which very few can have any adequate idea.

During the early period alike of antiseptic treatment and of bacteriological knowledge it was taught strongly by Lister that the air was a main source of the dreaded micro-organisms which wrought such havoc in wounds. This view was based on the laboratory experiments of Pasteur, which proved beyond cavil that from that source were mainly



LORD LISTER, 1868

derived the germs which occasioned the decomposition of organic fluids. It seemed desirable, therefore, to make wounds and to change their dressings, if possible, in an antiseptic atmosphere. For this purpose a fine spray of carbolic acid solution was used so that the ordinary atmosphere surrounding the wound was replaced by one charged and loaded with a finely divided and atomised germicidal solution. The progress of bacteriological science showed, as time passed and knowledge accumulated, that the germs which were the real causes of inflammation and suppuration (pyogenic organisms) were not so much derived from the surrounding atmosphere as from the skin of the patient, the hands of the surgeon and his assistants, and everything else external which came into direct or indirect contact with the wound. If these were rendered "sterile" the atmospheric germs might be regarded as negligible. Lister himself was amongst the first to acknowledge this fact, and in an address delivered at the International Medical Congress held at Berlin in August 1890, he announced that he had during the three previous years abandoned the use of the spray, having recognised that "the floating particles in the air may be disregarded in our surgical work." This being so, he contended, we may dispense, not only with the spray, but with all antiseptic washing and irrigation of the wound after it has been made, "provided always that we can trust ourselves and our assistants to avoid the introduction into the wound of septic defilement from other than atmospheric sources." So striking and conspicuous a novelty as the use of the antiseptic spray led many persons to view it as constituting really the whole essence of the treatment, which was often referred to in conversation as the "carbolic-spray treatment." They spoke when Lister abandoned its use as if he had renounced everything for which he once contended. Nothing could be more erroneous or more clearly indicate ignorance of the subject on the part of those who made the criticism. If he guarded with unnecessary rigour against atmospheric contamination, he did not neglect, in season and out of season, to insist on most scrupulous care being taken against all other sources of defilement. From the very first he laboured the point of how necessary it was carefully to sterilise all hands coming directly or indirectly into relation with the wound, as well as the skin of the patient widely around the situation of the intended operation and all instruments, sponges, ligatures, stitches, &c., about to be used.

In 1869 Lister was transferred from the chair of surgery in Glasgow to that which had been so long adorned by his father-in-law, Mr. Syme—the chair of clinical surgery in Edinburgh; and in 1877 he accepted an invitation to a similar chair in King's College, London, the duties of which he continued to discharge until he retired from active surgical work in 1893. In both of these positions he had ample opportunity of teaching his doctrines and demonstrating his methods to a much wider circle than his own class. Strangers from all parts of the world had been attracted to his clinique from the first in order to see for themselves the results of the new treatment, but in Edinburgh and London they came in increasing numbers.

And yet a long time elapsed before the immense importance of this treatment of wounds was fully recognised in this country.

In Germany, on the other hand, the new

system of treatment was received, at least by the leading surgical authorities, in a very different manner. A new practice, full of so much promise and at the same time based on a scientific theory which was itself both novel and fascinating, seemed at once to attract the German mind. It was with perfect truth that Professor Tillmanns of Leipzig, in an estimate of Lister's eminence communicated by him to *Nature* (May 7, 1896), wrote the following words:

"Lister was many years ago in Leipzig, and I shall never forget the fête we then organised in his honour. How we cheered him on that evening, professors and students, old and young! For was it not in Germany first, rather than in England, that his scientific works met with their earliest recognition and general appreciation? Lister was in his day a prophet, and proclaimed a new doctrine for the healing of wounds. And how often prophets fail to find in their own fatherland, especially in the early stages of their activity, the recognition they so well deserve!"

This recognition has, however, in later years been amply manifested. His doctrines have been accepted and his practice followed in some form throughout the civilised world. Wherever surgery is practised, in war or in peace, every one recognises the enormous saving of life which is effected by the change. No absolute certainty attaches to anything connected with human life, but, nevertheless, we may now practise the art of surgery with a confidence and a sense of security in our results such as no surgeon of thirty-five or forty years ago could possibly feel. An enormous impetus has thus been given to the progress of surgical practice—an impetus greater by far even than that which followed upon the introduction of anæsthetics. A new and brilliant era has arisen, and every day human suffering is safely relieved by operations which could not have been dreamt of in pre-antiseptic days. Lister is not merely, therefore, the author of this new method of wound-treatment. He is truly, what he has been frequently called, the Author of Modern Surgery.

That the unspeakable benefits to mankind which have followed upon his labours have now been recognised throughout the civilised world is amply proved by the honours and distinctions which have been showered upon him from all directions. My friend, Dr. James Finlayson, has lately published, in an article communicated to *Janus*, an international journal of medical history and geography, published in Amsterdam, a list which constitutes a remarkable record.

"The honours which followed his course have been conspicuous, and, in one respect, unprecedented in Britain. He is the first member of the medical profession who has been raised to the peerage; he was created a Baron in 1897, having been previously made a Baronet in 1883. It may be also stated that his is the second peerage in Britain conferred for scientific distinction, the only other being in the case of his Glasgow colleague, Sir William Thomson, now Lord Kelvin. He was appointed, while in Edinburgh, Surgeon to the Queen in Scotland, and is now Surgeon-Extra-

(Elliott & Fry, photographers, 55 Baker Street, W.)

LORD LISTER, PRESENT DAY

ordinary to Her Majesty in England.* The Royal Society of London elected him President in 1896, a post he still holds; and the British Association for the promotion of Science also made him President in 1896. In 1898 the city of Edinburgh, which had so influenced his whole life, presented him with the freedom of the city, an unusual honour for a medical man. At Pasteur's jubilee, December 27, 1892, he had the honour of representing medicine and surgery at this great celebration, when he gave a short address in the French language and himself received a notable ovation.

"Honorary degrees have been showered on him by British and Continental Universities: LL.D, Edin. 1878; LL.D. Glasgow, 1879; M.D. Dublin, 1879; LL.D. Cambridge, 1880; D.C.L. Oxford, 1880; D.Sc. Victoria University, 1898; LL.D. University of Toronto, 1897; LL.D. Montreal, 1897. Würzburg, Bologna and Buda-Pesth also gave him the honorary title of M.D. In addition he was elected a Fellow of the University of London, and also of University College, London. He is an Honorary Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of Ireland, and the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow, although he was on their roll as an ordinary Fellow, recognised his distinction by enrolling him as an Honorary Fellow in 1898.

He has received the following medals: MacDougall Brisbane Medal, Royal Society of Edinburgh, 1875; Cothenius Medal, Imperial Leopold Academy of Natural Science, 1877; Royal Medal of the Royal Society of London, 1880; Albert Medal of the Society of Arts, presented by the Prince of Wales, 1895; the medal of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, 1897; the medal of the Royal Institute of Public Health, 1899. He also received the Cameron Prize of the University of Edinburgh in 1890, and the Gunning or Liston Prize of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh, in 1897. He is likewise Knight Commander of the 1st Class Order of the Danebrog; Knight of the Prussian Order *pour le merite;* Laureate of the French Academy of Science, 1881; Associate Member of the Institute of France; Associate Member of the Académie de Médicine, Paris; and honorary member of the German Surgical Society, and of various other societies in London, Edinburgh, Calcutta, Paris, Munich, Leipzig, Vienna, Buda-Pesth, Dresden, Turin, Amsterdam, St. Petersburg, Constantinople, Finland, &c., also of the Imperial Academy of Sciences, Vienna, and of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. This list indicates the cosmopolitan character of the reputation which he had slowly built up."

But after all, as Mr. Bayard said, it is not a nation nor a profession, but humanity itself which has most cause to do him homage; and that homage humanity will continue to offer so long as the human body remains subject to the wounds of war, of accident, and of surgery.

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* He has lately been appointed Serjeant-Surgeon to the Queen in succession to the late Sir James Paget, Bart.

CAUGHT IN THE GALE

BY G. E. MANSFIELD

I

THE COTTAGE

JOHN ARMSTRONG lashed the tiller, and sprang to the boat to help his son. The smack was scudding along under the night wind. A swell had risen, and the breakers were grinding on the beach. It is a nasty spot, the Yorkshire coast. When a June sun gleams upon the cliffs, the sailor may admire their grandeur. But on November nights, when the tide is running high, when the breeze is from the sea, and he hears the distant rumbling of the storm, then let the mariner beware! Woe to the craft that comes too near these rocks!

"Light the lamp, Bob. Bessie must come down."

Young Armstrong dived into the locker, and a moment later the lantern swung up to the mast.

"They'll not be looking for it, Dad."

"Bessie's got a head. If she's at home she'll see us."

The father was right. A torch soon waved on shore.

"Bless me, lad! We've almost missed the bay. We're a good mile to the south."

Storm and darkness had proved too much for the fisherfolk, and it was well Bessie Armstrong saw the signal.

Guided by his daughter, John Armstrong soon ran the boat into the little harbour among the rocks. Once round the point, the sea was calm. Leaving Bob to see to the smack, his father leapt ashore.

"Well, Bess! And how's your mother?"

"She'll be glad to see you home, Dad."

"Ay, lass, it's going to be a dirty night."

He looked along to where the village lay in the centre of the bay. Scarcely a light was visible. The mist was settling down.

Taking the torch from her hand, John Armstrong picked his way over the rocks until he reached his cottage. He entered the porch; he shook the spray from his oilskins; his finger was on the latch, when he paused as a woman's voice caught his ear.

"Nance, are you there?"

"Ay, Auntie."

"Bring me the Book, lass."

The niece handed the large Bible.

"Eh, how it's coming down! Have you closed the door?"

"Ay, Auntie."

"And shut the skylight?"

"Long ago. Are you no fear't, Auntie?"

"Not much, Nance. I know who's King of the waters. Have you put your master's slippers to the fire?"

"Just enoo'."

"Bring the lamp here. Take your knitting and sit down a wee. When the Spirit of the Lord rides in the whirlwind, I like to read about Him who said 'Peace, be still.'"

The husband's heart warmed as he heard her speak. On sea or land he yearned for her. She was his wife of fifty years. Last Christmas she had taken to her bed. How the strong man loved her!—the more because she was so weak. His face was tanned; his long hair dripped with foam; but a deep joy lit his eye as he entered the kitchen.

"Well, Margaret," he said, coming up to the bed, "how's it with you now?"

"Not so bad, John. You'll be all wet?"

"I might be worse. Were you no fear't, wifie?"

"No more than or'nar'. I read a chapter, John."

"You're my own Margaret," he said, bending to kiss her.

Her face spoke of continual suffering, but there was nothing repulsive about her. The whole apartment had an air of cheerful peace. An eight-day clock ticked in a friendly way. Bright dishes and tin utensils lined the shelves; dresser and floor were spotless. The sick woman wore a clean cap from which her white hair sparkled kindly. On a shelf there stood a jug of roses.

Flash!

The windows seemed ablaze. The room was one sheet of flame.

Bob rushed in hurriedly.

"Come, Dad!" he called. "There's a ship making signals."

"John!"

"Margaret!"

"But you've just come home, John."

She grasped his hand. He bent down over her.

"Would you have me stay, wifie? It's not like you, Margaret, is it?"

She pressed his hand to her lips.

"Go!" she said. "God do so for mine in the hour of danger."

II

FLIGHT

A SCANDALOUS thing had happened.

Letbridge and Goole, the well-known iron merchants, were on the eve of bankruptcy.

As the senior partner walked from Liverpool Street Station to the office on Thursday morning his step was heavy and his brow dark with care.

"Mr. Goole arrived yet?" he asked the clerk.

"No, sir."

Mr. Letbridge passed into the private room, hung up his hat and sat down at his desk, a wretched man. He gazed at the morning letters. Why open them? Of what interest were markets and quotations when to-morrow his failure would be the talk of the Ring?

"If Goole had only been more cautious!" he muttered.

The reproach went no further, for was not his partner also involved in the catastrophe?

"Poor Dick!" he said, determined to be generous. "This will be a sad lesson to him. But he'll recover. He's young yet, and unmarried. Yes, he'll recover! Folks will be light on him. The blame will come on me."

He wondered if Richard Goole would have courage to tell the creditors that it was through his own reckless speculations the mishap had occurred.

"It would never have happened," sighed Mr. Letbridge, "if my wishes had been attended to."

But now disaster was impending. The merchant pulled out his pocket-book, and referred to a cipher memorandum. Balance in bank, £800; bills due, £3600.

"Thursday the thirteenth. They fall due to-day. Well, well, we'll see if Goole has managed to raise the cash."

Mr. Letbridge glanced at the clock.

"Nearly ten! What can be keeping him, I wonder?"

He had not seen his partner for two days. Yesterday Mr. Goole had telegraphed that he was ill.

With a heavy heart James Letbridge proceeded to go through the letters.

"London and Westminster Bank!" he said, breaking a large seal nervously. "As I expected!"

Expected! A looked-for evil seldom makes a man spring from his seat and utter a loud cry.

London and Westminster Bank,
18 Throgmorton Street, E.C.
Nov. 12, 1897.

Messrs. Letbridge and Goole,

Dear Sirs,—We have to advise you that your cheque of yesterday for £1000 leaves your account overdrawn to the extent of £200. Knowing Mr. Goole by sight, our teller cashed the document which he presented without referring to the ledger.

We regret to trouble about the matter, which you will, we know, rectify upon receipt.

Yours faithfully,
Pro Manager,
J. Dunn.

"Did you call, sir?" asked the clerk, coming to the door.

"No, Brown, I think not."

"Nothing the matter, sir, I hope?"

"Admit no one, Brown. I wish to be alone this morning."

Expected!

Who could imagine such a thing?

Goole had absconded.

Mr. Letbridge was almost paralysed.

Dick bolted!—Dick whom he had known since they were boys! whom he would have trusted with his life! Absconded! At such an hour! Guilty! a fugitive . . . thief! It was incredible! Yet there lay the proof, staring him in the face. No business man could doubt it.

What would the public say? The worst construction would be put upon the case. And then . . . the creditors! Could he go to them and say, "Dick Goole has bolted"?

"Where do you join him?" men would sneer, those iron-hearted men who believe in no virtue but the magnet gold.

Yes, he would be compromised. They would say he had connived at it.

He turned pale. He dared not face the situation. Strong man as he was, he cowed before the taunts which would be hurled at him.

Ruin! He could meet that. But shame! crime!

The thought was maddening. Seizing his hat he rushed into the street.

On! and on! and on!

Whither, he knew not. Nor had he at the time a definite thought of flight.

His brain was fevered.

That this should have come to him!—to him of all men! To be called the confederate of a cheat after forty years' fair dealing! That he, James Letbridge, should be involved in a criminal case!—should have to appear in evidence against Dick Goole! Dick Goole, his own partner, whom he had trusted absolutely!

His mind grew black. Fearful thoughts passed through his soul.

Suddenly he found himself close to the Tower Bridge. Had he come so far? Firm and high the massive architecture rose above him. He looked to the river. There were the steamers and the barges, a motley lot.

A wild desire mastered him.

He would escape! He could not live it through! Was he not spotless? Why must he bear the shame?

"Blue Peter" was flying from the mast of the Leith Packet. She was casting off from the wharf.

Frenzied by the torture he had endured, and scarcely knowing what he did, James Letbridge sprang down the steps and leapt on board.

III

THE ROCK

"Are you better, sir?"

"Where am I?"

"You're to lie still."

The patient had risen on his elbow. Nance shook up his pillow, and the weak man was glad to lay down his head. He looked round in amazement. The ceiling was low; the room plainly furnished; the blind drawn. By his bed stood a young girl of sixteen. She was dressed in black.

"Where am I?" he repeated.

"Hush!"

Nance raised her hand as a deep voice began to read in the next room:

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. They rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

"What is it?" Mr. Letbridge asked, again trying to sit up.

Nance quite broke down.

"It's Bob's funeral," she sobbed, covering her face with her hands.

"Where am I? Tell me what has happened?"

The clergyman's deep tones penetrated the thin partition. Once more Nance raised her hand.

"Hush!" she whispered.

Sitting down on a low stool, she drew her apron over her head. The invalid saw that she was weeping.

There was a shuffle of many feet, and then he must have dozed.

When he awoke, the curtains had been opened; sunlight filled the room; a white-haired couple stood by his bed.

"See, John!"

"Ay, Margaret."

"His eyes are opening."

"Where am I, please?"

"Lie still now; you're with friends."

"What, Nance," said Dr. Hendry, entering, "he's awake at last?"

The old practitioner shook hands in silence with John Armstrong and his wife.

"Better?" he said, touching the patient's brow.

"Much better, doctor. Tell me what has happened."

"You remember, surely?"

"My memory comes back. Where am I now?"

"In Robin Hood's Bay, where you have lain three days, my friend. You're in John Armstrong's cottage. You've got to thank him for your life. Yes, him and . . ."

"Bob, sir," said the father, pressing his wife's hand.

But Margaret kept up wonderfully.

She leaned on her husband's arm, weak, yet beautiful. Her soft grey eyes were clear; a wisp of hair stole from beneath her cap; her face had a distant look, the mark of those who have come through great tribulation.

The doctor marvelled at her.

"She bears it well," he whispered to the fisherman.

"Ay, sir. In sorrow the women put us all to shame."

"Margaret," said Dr. Hendry, taking her hand, "it is difficult sometimes to see God's purposes. A father or a mother is struck down, and the children cry for bread. Or see this man Bob saved! Look at him lying there! His flesh burns and his limbs ache in unprofitable agony. Surely man was not made for this, but to serve God with his strength. Yet something must ever be borne, something always endured; for it may happen—indeed, how frequently—that we are purified through pain."

I do not know if Margaret heard it all, but there was one person who did hear it.

As Dr. Hendry turned, he found James Letbridge sitting erect in bed. His memory had returned; he seemed quite strong.

"Can I get up?" he asked.

"No. Not to-day."

"Doctor, I must. I must get back at once. I'm going to face it out."

"When you are better, friend."

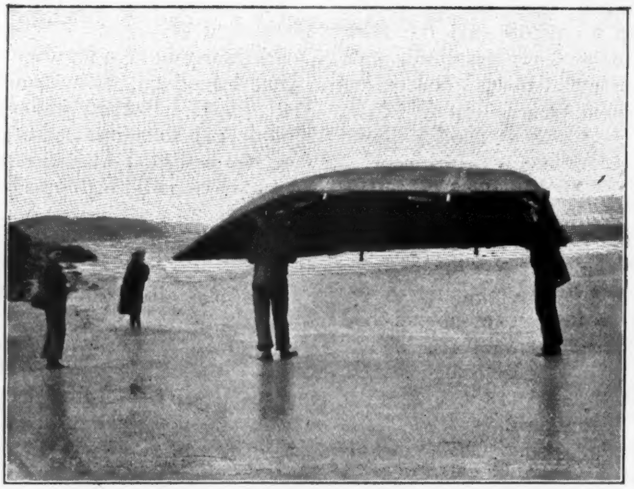
"But the delay! You do not understand. Oh, what a fool I've been!"

"Steady now! You must not talk too much. You'll get excited."

But the merchant looked at the old couple till his eyes grew dim.

"You've given me back my life," he said to John Armstrong, "your wife has taught me to endure. I left London a ruined man, doctor, ruined by—— Well! well! Never mind him! It is hard to see God's purposes at times. You're right! It's hard. I was hopeless, desperate, mad. I left my home—my duty. Doctor, you're right! I'm purified! I'm strong! I'll face it out, doctor! I'm going back! I'm strong!"

In two weeks Mr. Letbridge was able to do so.



(*R. Welch, photographer, Belfast*)

NATIVE BOAT, THE CURRAGH OR CORACLE, MADE OF TARRED CANVAS OR CALICO STRETCHED OVER A WICKER FRAME

AN IRISH EXPERIMENT

By ROSA M. BARRETT

IT is almost incredible, but none the less true, that a way has at last been discovered to benefit the poorest people in various parts of Ireland, giving them aid in the best sort of way, through a special Board that is not eleemosynary, nor governed by red tape, nor yet ruled from a London arm-chair. The local needs of the people are first studied, then common sense is applied to meet those wants without any sort of pauperisation: such is the work and the governing principle of the Congested Districts Board—a Board composed of ten members all of the highest reputation who give their services and time freely in order to benefit their fellow countrymen. Amongst these members are the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour and the Right Hon. Horace Plunkett, M.P. Some account of the work of the Board during the past few months may be of interest; for, except to those on the spot, it is as yet little known, the Board being too hard at work to have time to spare for much description beyond that given in an annual report.

Every one who visits Ireland (and happily the number increases every year) cannot but be struck by the bitter poverty of the people, especially in the west: it is in this part—and especially Connemara and Donegal—amid the most beautiful districts of this lovely island, that the work is chiefly concentrated. It is not possible for the land here to support a family without other help, but the sea around these coasts teems with fish for which there is a never failing demand. But the native boats are small and frail, quite incapable of deep sea fishing or of braving an Atlantic storm. Indeed many of the fishermen never ventured out of sight of land—nor could they be persuaded to for a long time, even in the larger boats provided. The Congested Districts Board promptly set to work to improve matters in this respect and has put a fleet of 104 fishing boats, large and seaworthy, on these coasts. But though the Board originally bought and equipped the vessels, the fishermen themselves are gradually repaying the cost out of their increased earnings—thus of the boats held on the share system, the Donegal fishermen have already repaid nearly half;

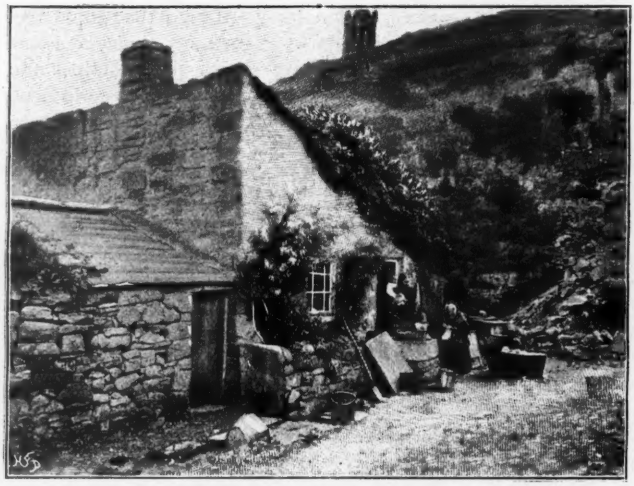
two crews indeed having not only repaid the entire amount, but are already purchasing still larger ones! On many of these boats instructors are employed, who give instruction in catching and curing fish, net-mending, &c., the cost being partially met by the boats' earnings. Up to last year out of £8879 earned by twenty-eight boats, the crews' share amounted to over £5000. In some cases the fishing centres are too far from available markets (at least until such boats as are in use on the North Sea are provided) for the fish to be sold while fresh. For this reason, it has been no uncommon thing to see excellent fish, which would have sold readily in any town, actually used for manuring the land. Here was another opening for work, and now centres have been established where fish such as herrings, mackerel, cod, &c. are cured and sent in this salted condition to market—America, largely. At the ten curing stations last year no less than ten tons of white fish were cured, thus adding largely to the earnings of the district. Much of the curing is done by women, who can earn 14*s.* a week at this work; but an even larger quantity is sold fresh.

The rapid development of these industries has led to other cognate ones, such as barrel-making, net mending, and at several places, boat-building. Many of the people have hardly been able to earn any money at home before: they have grown their potatoes and cabbages for food, but have had to go to Scotland or England for the harvesting to earn money for their rent, and the sale of a pig, or chickens, or the savings sent by relatives in America (an eldorado to many) has had to meet all their other needs, for meal, tea, &c. Meat is hardly ever tasted by the people, bacon is but an occasional treat, while their clothes are to a large extent made from wool woven and spun at home. With these increased earnings, however, new wants will arise; the people will no longer be content with tiny dirty hovels; the pigs will be turned out, and, especially if the latest experiment of the Board (the domestic training classes), prosper among the women, as the fishing has amongst the men, notable improvements will speedily be made in the homes, a matter even more to be desired than mere money.

Already one result of the increased earning power of the people and their greater contentment may be seen in the fact that during the last quarter of 1898 the population of Ireland shows an increase for the

(R. Welch, photographer, Belfast)

MACKEREL CURING IN THE SOUTH OF DONEGAL



(R. Welch, photographer, Belfast)

SPRIGGING AND EMBROIDERY

first time since the terrible famine of 1847! Certainly emigration—which has too long drained the country of its strongest and best workers—is decreasing, and decreasing most in those parts where industries have been most developed. In 1898 the emigrants from Ireland were fewer than in any year since the famine — though still numbering some seven per 1000 of the people —but the number has reached thirty per 1000 in past times.

The work amongst the women—this is also carried on chiefly in Donegal and in parts of county Galway—includes six classes for instruction in lace making, ten for instruction in crochet, six in embroidery and drawn thread work, three in knitting, besides two in domestic training. The lace and crochet work and also the instruction given in weaving were begun by the Irish Industries Association, a body which has done and is still doing much useful work, both in raising the standard of the work, and in finding markets for the homespun and other articles made. It has unfortunately always been hampered for want of funds, but since its formation by the Countess of Aberdeen in 1886, it has been the means of sending some thousands of pounds to Irish cottage workers, and that in the best way, not in charity, but in payment for work. Mrs. Ernest Hart was another pioneer in this movement, and there are many devoted ladies still working in the same direction. The Irish Industries Association still provides a means for placing Irish goods on the market; buying, for example, all or nearly all the lace, crochet and embroidery made in the congested districts (over £3000 worth last year), but the instruction part has been largely taken over by the Congested Districts Board,

(R. Welch, photographer, Belfast)

HOME INDUSTRY. SPINNING (ROSAPENNA)

(R. Welch, photographer, Belfast)

A TYPICAL CONGESTED DISTRICT

who now employ a number of teachers at various centres and a travelling inspector. The people are taught how to meet the varying demands of the market: weaving, dyeing and other things are improved, and for some years a bonus was given on every length of homespun or tweed that came up to a certain standard of good work. Splendid goods are now turned out—and, if bought on the spot, this all-wool homespun, only costs from 1*s.* 10*d.* a yard, though wonderfully good both in texture and colouring.

Results can already be seen, the girls attending the classes are notably neater and brighter than others, and one clergyman in a very poor district writes—"The class here is gradually propagating a spirit of diligence and industry which will do more for the elevation of the people than any amount of money."

Indeed the ready intelligence, the artistic gifts, the nimble fingers are a perfect marvel. How girls who have never learnt even to thread a needle, who have only been used to hard field work, can pick up, as they do in a few short months, the most intricate lace stitches, turning out work from their dark little cottages that is fit for a Princess and that has won many a prize, is as much a mystery as their singular adaptability, eagerness to learn and readiness to be guided is to those who come amongst them with the ordinary idea that the Irish are a worthless, shiftless lot,—while the real truth is that none are so ready and apt to learn, if they only have a chance.

In Donegal there is a custom of engaging both farm hands and servants for six months at hiring fairs, the girls receiving board and only a low wage because their ignorance hitherto has made them only fit for the roughest work.

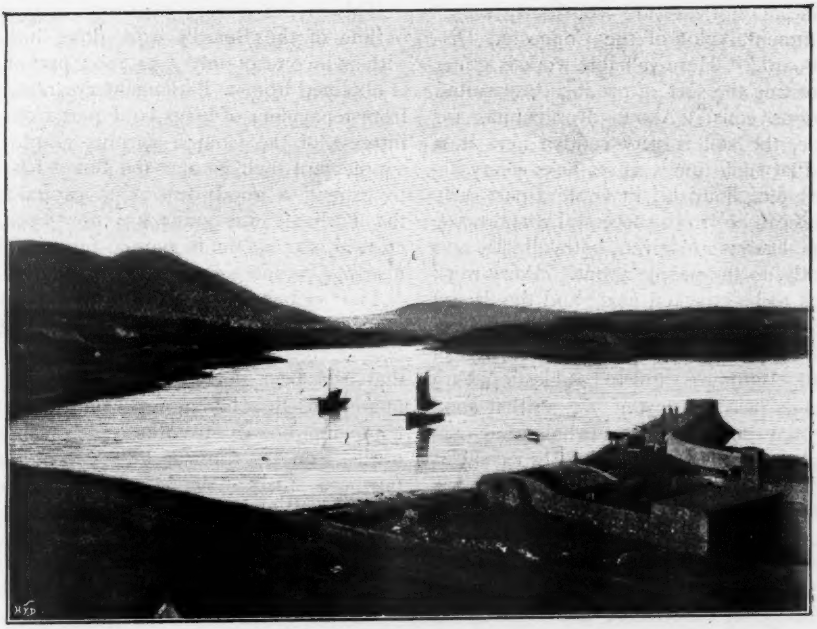
It is, however, more astonishing that girls from these poor little homes should know anything at all about service than that they should be, as some of course are, bad servants. Their own homes have mud floors, windows that do not open, no stairs, hardly any kitchen utensils, no range, the cooking scarcely extends beyond boiling a potato and cooking a griddle cake, how can they know even the names, still less the uses, of the thousand and one things in our houses? How learn to scrub, or sweep, or dust? Yet given a short training (not too late in life) and a good example, there is not a servant the world over to compare with a good Irish servant. She has a heart which is wholly given to her mistress, she never degenerates into a mere machine, and she may be trusted to cling even closer in times of trouble, sickness or poverty than when all goes smoothly. To supply some of the necessary preliminary training the Congested Districts Board has just started the Domestic Training Classes, which are much appreciated and have already proved most successful, although the girls attending them so regularly have often to walk long distances in all weathers. At present this most useful training work is only tentative and on a small scale, but will doubtless be soon extended.

Another excellent branch of work is the giving instruction in bee-keeping, and supplying at a low cost the best hives and all appliances. Donegal honey is the most delicious heather-scented honey possible; and a large firm has contracted for the purchase of all the honey produced in the congested districts. Two hundred hives have been supplied in a single season. This ought to be a source of profit, since an outfit can be bought for 30s., and one hive will produce 60 or more pounds of honey in a season, besides multiplying indefinitely. Another opening for work which English housekeepers will greet with joy, is that connected with poultry and eggs. The best eggs are supplied by the Board from over eighty different depôts to cottagers, in order to improve the breed of fowls, both for laying and for the table: instruction in fattening poultry, &c. is given, and at one place in the north of Donegal—near that delightful health resort, Rosapenna—a regular poultry farm was opened in March last year by an English firm working in harmony with the Board. There is no limit to the demand for fresh eggs, so it is to be hoped that this branch of work will be largely extended. To make it thoroughly successful, however, some cheap method of transport is a *sine quâ non.* Not the least useful part of the work of the Congested Districts Board, by the way, is the starting of steamers for the cheap conveyance of produce, &c. At Rosapenna there is the sea and a deep water pier close by, but in many places there are neither steamers nor trains available. Even where a station is convenient, the farmer is terribly handicapped by the exorbitant price charged for the carriage of goods. Irish railways are notoriously the dearest (but also, perhaps, the safest) in the world. A ton of eggs is brought from Canada to London for 20s.; from Cavan (in Ireland) to London the carriage of a similar quantity costs 70s.! A ton of flax costs *less* to carry from Belgium to Belfast than from Donegal to Belfast! There is improvement in this respect, but the Government might very well have introduced clauses, when aiding the construction of light railways in Ireland, as to the maximum charge for the carriage of goods, more especially of farm produce.

Another branch of the Board's work is in the purchasing of estates for

(R. Welch, photographer, Belfast)

DOWNING'S PIER, ROSAPENNA, WITH CURRAGHS BRINGING HERRINGS FROM TORY ISLAND (WHERE NEITHER RENT NOR TAXES ARE PAID), A CENTRE OF THE C.D. BOARD'S FISHING INDUSTRIES



(R. Welch, photographer, Belfast)

TEELIN HARBOUR AND PIER, SOUTH DONEGAL. A BUSY CENTRE OF THE WORK OF THE C.D. BOARD

the enlargement of holdings, or for transferring to these places holders of land from congested districts, with the prospect that in most cases such holders will become self-supporting. This is a most complicated business, however, as may be judged from the fact that in one case a single small field of one acre was owned by twelve different people, while elsewhere fourteen tenants held land in one hundred and one detached bits. All these separate interests have to be respected, the value apportioned, and then, in putting tenants on the new land, each one has to get a fair share of good, as well as rocky, or boggy land; the rights to seaweed, which is useful both for manufacturing kelp, for manure, and even for food, and to the cutting of turf have to be adjusted; while roads to the holdings, houses, &c., have to be carefully considered and adjusted—a work requiring the wisdom of a Solomon and the tact of a Talleyrand.

In the meantime, the tenants are being employed in draining, making fences, improving houses, &c., while in certain cases loans are made for the purchase of stock, &c. Small loans are also made to very poor holders to encourage them to self-help. A loan of 30s. may be enough to put up outhouses, so that cattle are removed from the house, and a peat yard fenced off. The moral effects of these slight improvements in awakening hope and energy, inducing cleanliness and order, and improving the homes have been astonishing, and progress is being made in districts hitherto thought quite hopeless: the social education is indeed out of all proportion to the small expenditure.

Piers, landing-places, boat-slips, and sea-walls form another useful branch of work. One hundred and eighteen of these have been either built entirely or in part by the Board since its formation in 1891, while help has been given in the making of one hundred and forty-four roads, bridges and other inland improvements. Improved breeds of cattle have also been introduced; but, perhaps, nothing has been more useful than the experimental plots and example holdings worked under the advice of the Board, for the purpose of giving agricultural instruction. On the northern coast of Donegal notices are constantly seen: "Experimental plot of the Congested Districts Board." Here valuable work is going on in testing the sort of produce best suited to various soils. About Rosapenna, for example, the soil is very sandy: here it is found that such things as sea-kale, celery, asparagus, &c., flourish; in another part early potatoes can be grown successfully, and many valuable lessons are given, both directly and indirectly, to the people about. Dairy work is going to be attacked next; and the Board actually expect to be able to teach the people both the possibility and the necessity of absolute cleanliness, and to be able to put up simple dairies at a cost of £3, so that good butter may be made under wholesome conditions. All this is good news, especially as there cannot be a doubt that Ireland will become an increasingly favourite holiday resort, now that travelling facilities are so much increased, and the great variety and beauty of its coast scenery, together with its attractions for fishermen, golfers, &c., are becoming better known. More produce will therefore be needed to meet the demands of visitors, and in most instances visitors, even after they leave Ireland, become new centres for the sale of goods: Irish butter, honey, eggs, fowls, not to mention the more durable homespuns, lace, &c., being unequalled alike in quality and price.*

This is but a very bare and incomplete outline of the Board's work done hitherto with an income of only £51,700; part of this is obtained from a Parliamentary grant, part from repayment of loans, and part from the interest of the Church surplus grant. To supplement their income the Board has had to expend a good deal of its capital; but the Parliamentary grant has now been increased, so that the income in future will be nearly £70,000 a year.

Is it not a record to be proud of?—especially when one remembers the utterly useless erections costing ten times as much that have been put up at various times, with money raised by famine relief funds, or by incompetent Boards of Works—such as hideous obelisks on the tops of hills; roads leading nowhere; piers on dry land, &c. &c. One of these wonderful structures that cost an immense amount of money is the laughing-stock of visitors to Mallaraney on the west coast, where a boat-slip or pier was really badly needed; while the pier put up is absolutely useless from its ill-chosen position.

Verily Ireland has suffered much at the hands both of its friends and of its enemies; but the tide has turned, and, with increasing knowledge, we may confidently expect increasing appreciation and a better understanding between the two nations, whose interests are really so closely bound together, but who are only now beginning to understand and to respect each other.

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* Though not in connection with the Congested Districts Board, I should like to mention an industry lately started at Killybegs, in the south of Donegal, that promises to be very successful—that of carpet-making. The carpets made here by hand and exhibited at the Arts and Crafts Exhibition in Dublin, are excellent in texture and design, and rival the products of Eastern looms. Specimens were purchased by her Majesty the Queen during her recent visit to Ireland. The Scotch firm who started this industry tell me the girls they employ have taken to the work well, and have proved extremely active and intelligent, while the wool grown in the district appears quite suitable in quality for the carpets made. So successful has been the experiment that the factory has already had to be considerably enlarged.

CHIMNEY FLOWERS

ON a wild night three winters ago the wind Euroclydon tore it from the chimney-top, and sent it clattering down the slates. It plunged like a Bulwan shell into a huge laurel bush in the garden, and there we found it in the morning, unbroken, in a litter of snow and shredded branches.

Neither in shape nor in colour was it a pretty specimen of the potter's craft; but it *had been* clay, and all clay appeals to humanity. As I looked at it, it seemed to deserve a better fate than the dustman's cart, so I dug a hole for it in one of the flower-beds that catch a little of the sun, set it on end, and filled it with stones and soil, in which something might be planted. This is nature's way; when she lets her volcanic fires smoulder to ashes she lays out the crater in grass and wild flowers. And this appeared to be the proper way of treating this old retainer which had served so staunchly on the ridge of the roof; which had never plagued us with smoke, whatever the wind or the weather.

I was puzzled what to plant till I recollected London Pride, which is a true roof flower. You find it, no doubt, in gardens little above sea level, but in Kerry, in Spain, its natural place is on the roof of the hills. An "ice-plant," the country people call it, I believe; and that too was appropriate to the hollow of the cylinder through which no fire would ever again send its familiar smoke. Wherefore I planted London Pride in the old chimney pot, and masked its plainness with ferns.

To-day the feathery fronds hide all but the thick blackened rim; behind it a rose-bush trained against the dark paling shows seven crimson buds; in the crater itself the space is filled with green rosettes, and a score of stalks send up stars of pink-and-white blossom.

As I pass it by in my walk I think of all the comfortable fires that have burned on the hearth beneath it, of the murmur of pleasant talk, of the laughter of children, of the sound of music and singing, of the fragrance of tobacco that have floated up to it on the current of warm air. In a way it has shared our joy and our sorrow, our merriment and our cares, and it, too, can thrill with "the sense of tears in human things." I recall especially one March night. The rain from the roof is splashing from the gorged gutters; all are in bed save a restless four-months child—"the Fretful Porcupine," W. V. flippantly calls him—who is asleep in his cradle in a shadow of the room. His little socks are on the fender. About midnight he will awake and cry for food, and I shall take him upstairs. Meanwhile I read and write. Rain-drops fall and hiss on the glowing coal. How long ago it seems!

The other day I saw a blackbird light on the rim of the chimney pot, and make a dab with his yellow beak among the rosettes. In the old time, on the roof, sparrows used to perch there, possibly for the sake of the warmth; so I am glad the blackbird came. I wonder, in an absurd way, whether it misses the wreaths of homely smoke. Perhaps it has forgotten them—it is the nature of clay to forget easily; perhaps it remembers, but is reconciled, feeling dimly (as I do) that flower and leaf are only another and less fleeting form of the old-time smoke and flame and warmth—are indeed the original form, the beautiful form which they wore in the far-off days when the coal murmured and tossed in green forests in the sunshine.

William Canton.

A YEAR OF LOVE

It was a year ago,
Just when the twitt'ring swallows winged their flight
To southern countries, one late autumn night,
Amid the primrose glow
Of moonbeams on thin snow,
The torch of love fell at my feet alight.

I had not marked how fair
Your face was, darling, till the northern breeze
In sudden gust swept through the rustling trees,
And laid your forehead bare
Of clustered golden hair,
And flushed your cheeks with kisses of salt seas.

The months sped on their way,
And early Spring beheld the snowdrops' birth,
The lilies-of-the-valley, till the earth
Had doffed her cloak of grey,
And 'neath the suns of May
Bedeckt herself with rose-leaved crowns of mirth.

And in the blithe sweet Spring,
At dewy morn with all the world aflower,
I sought you, darling, in your woodland bower,
Where, poised on Hope's white wing,
In joy I set the ring
Upon your finger yielding to Love's power.

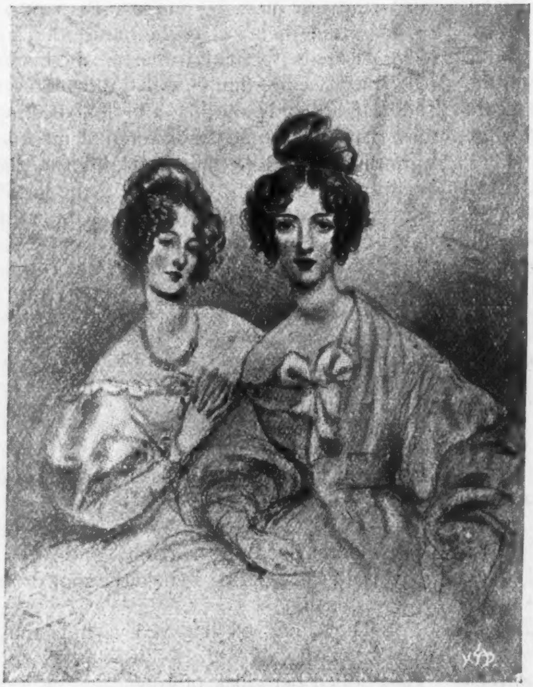
This day in merry chime
Our wedding-bells ring out across the foam
Of storm-vexed northern seas; their echoes roam
In solemn runic rhyme
O'er fields of scented thyme
That lend their fragrance to our mountain home.

W. F. Harvey.

MRS. GLADSTONE AS SEEN FROM NEAR AT HAND

By the Very Rev. E. C. WICKHAM, D.D., Dean of Lincoln

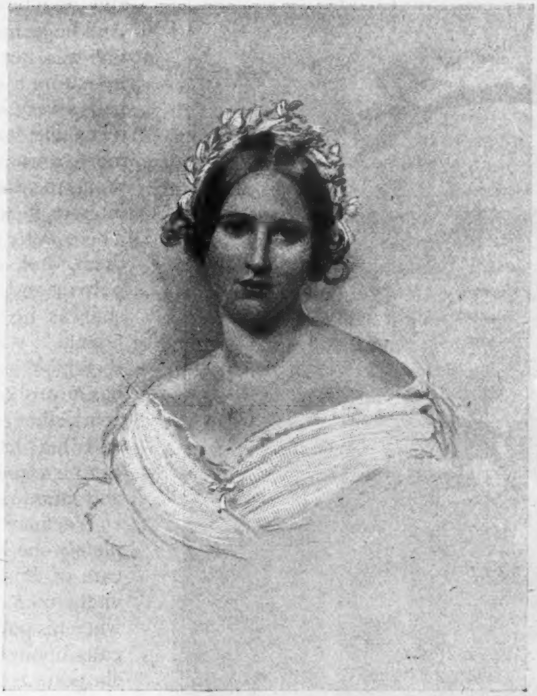
A SKETCH "from near at hand" has not the same meaning when we are speaking of Mrs. Gladstone as when we were speaking of her illustrious husband. There is in her case no distorting medium of political or theological prepossession. Her character, though not essentially simpler than was his to those who judged him simply or who saw him close, was less open to the possibility of misconstruction. A life of wifely devotion and of large-hearted beneficence is attractive, and is intelligible to everybody. But if the world at large could not be mistaken in the nature of the life, those who were nearest knew best the completeness of the devotion and the true warmth and largeness of the heart.



(*From the painting by George Richmond, R.A.*)

THE MISSES GLYNN (MRS. GLADSTONE AND LADY LYTTELTON)

In writing of her it is almost necessary to treat separately the two purposes between which her life was divided; but the most remarkable feature in it was the instinctive skill with which she dovetailed the two into one another, throwing her whole soul into each, and yet never allowing one to mar the completeness of the other. It was interesting to compare her in this respect with Mr. Gladstone. He also lived two very full lives, in public affairs and in study; but though the energy was the same, the way in which it worked was as different as possible. His life was one of the strictest order and method. So far as the exigencies of public business allowed, every five minutes was apportioned. With her, *impulse* took the



MRS. GLADSTONE AT THE TIME OF HER MARRIAGE

place of method. She had even a horror (in every one but in him) of what she would have called "red tape." The framework of her days was given by his needs; but when these were satisfied the rest was a rush of multifarious occupations not laid out before, but growing one out of another. She was indefatigable with her pen. She forgot nobody and nothing in which her sympathy was once enlisted, and she had a genius for making every expedition of charity yield double and treble fruit by kind things got in by this way. Her care of her husband began with their married life. He had already been in Parliament seven years, had been Under Secretary of State, and was within a few months of entering on the apprenticeship at the Board of Trade which determined the chief interest of a large part of his political life. His health which, thanks to her watchfulness and his own temperate and ordered life, stood him in good stead for so many years, was not in the beginning such as to exempt him from the need of considerable care. The beautiful verses have been often quoted in which his friend Sir Francis Doyle drew the picture of what the wife of such a man should be, and it was more than a poet's dream. It would be difficult to say how much he owed in freedom for his proper work, in the peace and strength that come from sympathy, to "his answering spirit-bride." Her efforts were unresting, and rarely unsuccessful, to economise his strength and time by giving him all the comfort of home and none of its worries. It is a touching witness in a small matter, to the master-purpose that in the wanderings of her failing life one of the very last fancies which expressed itself in intelligible words was that a carriage which should have been ready for him was after time. She scolded the nurse and sent urgent messages, and then turning, as she thought, to him, with her old tact changing her voice that he might not guess that there was any

(From a photograph by F. Rowlands, Hawarden)

MRS. GLADSTONE

delay or difficulty, said "Shall you be ready soon to start, darling?" Within his own house and without it, as towards servants, as towards his children, his guests, everything that could burden him was deftly and without his consciousness taken upon her shoulders. She remembered faces better than he did, and could save him sometimes from giving unintended offence. She was his constant companion in society, on visits, at political gatherings, always on the watch to help or shield him, and charming friends, great and humble, by her gracious and cordial manner. In his study at Hawarden (the "Temple of Peace"), and even in his official room in Downing Street when he was alone, she had her own table and was busy silently writing. And he leaned upon her greatly. She was not a great reader, but by nature a politician,* but she had a very keen and quick intelligence, excellent natural memory, a woman's wit in piecing things together, and an absorbing interest in what interested him. There were no secrets between them, and, in spite of the impulsive and sympathetic nature, she was his most discreet confidante. "She has known every secret," we are told he said, "and has never betrayed one." When apart, they corresponded daily, and his letters to her are a complete record of his thoughts and aims.

We may measure how completely she lived for and in her care of him by the collapse of vital force which she showed when his public life with its heavy calls upon her ceased abruptly six years ago. She rallied a good deal as soon as his illness brought back the old preoccupations, but after May 28, 1898, she was never herself again. Her life was over.

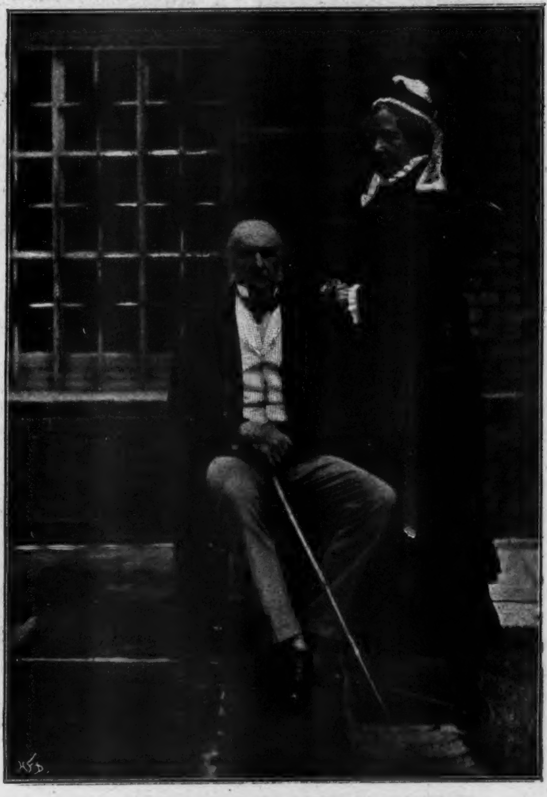
When we speak of her charitable work we naturally think in the first instance of movements for the relief of suffering in which she was a pioneer or gave the first effective impulse. Such was the establishment of the Newport Market Refuge, which was due to her initiation. She got together the committee which found the disused slaughter-houses in Soho in which the Refuge was first established, and partly by means of meetings, at which Mr. Gladstone spoke, partly by endless personal correspondence, and by appeals through *The Times*, she raised the funds both for the start and for the subsequent develop-

* So far as heredity goes she should have had in her the elements of a politician, for her grandmother (Catherine, Lady Braybrooke,) was the sister of one Prime Minister (Lord Grenville), the daughter of another (Mr. Grenville), and the first cousin of a third, the greatest of them (Mr. Pitt).

ments. It was a new departure in the effort to grapple with the problem of the shelterless wanderer at night in the streets of London. At that time only a few of the workhouses had even opened casual wards, and no attempt had been made to distinguish those whom misfortune had made for the moment homeless from the inveterate and professional tramp. It had its marked effect on public opinion and upon the development of Poor Law administration, and it was the precursor of the many other refuges since opened, which aim at helping those who are capable of being really helped.

Another institution, also the first of its kind, which owed its conception and commencement to her, is the Free Convalescent Home so long located at Woodford Hall. That, like the Industrial school attached to the Newport Market Refuge and her own Orphanage for Boys at Hawarden, grew out of the needs of which she had had personal experience in the London Hospital during the great cholera epidemic in 1867. There were two novelties in her scheme: the absence of nomination, payment, &c., and the attachment of the Convalescent Home to a great hospital. As Mrs. Gladstone had been its foundress, so she watched over it, visiting it constantly, and taking the largest part in the labour of raising funds for its support. Till the end of her London life every Monday afternoon saw her on her way to Whitechapel to sit on the committee at the London Hospital, by which cases to be drafted to it were selected.

These institutions—and others might be added—bear witness to the foresight, resource, and energy which she carried into all her works of charity; but by themselves they give an inadequate idea of the warmth and largeness of heart of which they were only one channel. The touching telegram from the Queen, "She was always kind to me," if it says much of the simplicity and true womanliness of the Royal sender, is also a striking testimony to the personality of her of whom it speaks. She had profound reverence (like her husband, a good old-fashioned reverence) for the Queen's high office, and a most affectionate loyalty to her person, but what stood out most in the Queen's own memory was her power of simple human sympathy in the sorrows which do not respect persons. Suffering in any form and in any rank appealed at once to her motherly instinct. In the cholera wards of the London Hospital,* among the distressed operatives in the Lancashire cotton famine, as in any hillside cottage in her own neighbourhood at Hawarden, she was always first to be on the spot where there



MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE AT DOWNING STREET was distress or calamity. She never had a thought of personal risk or trouble or fatigue. It struck no one as anything but what was natural in her that in the first hours after Mr. Gladstone's death she should have driven up the village to comfort the new-made widow of a collier who had been killed that morning in a mining accident.

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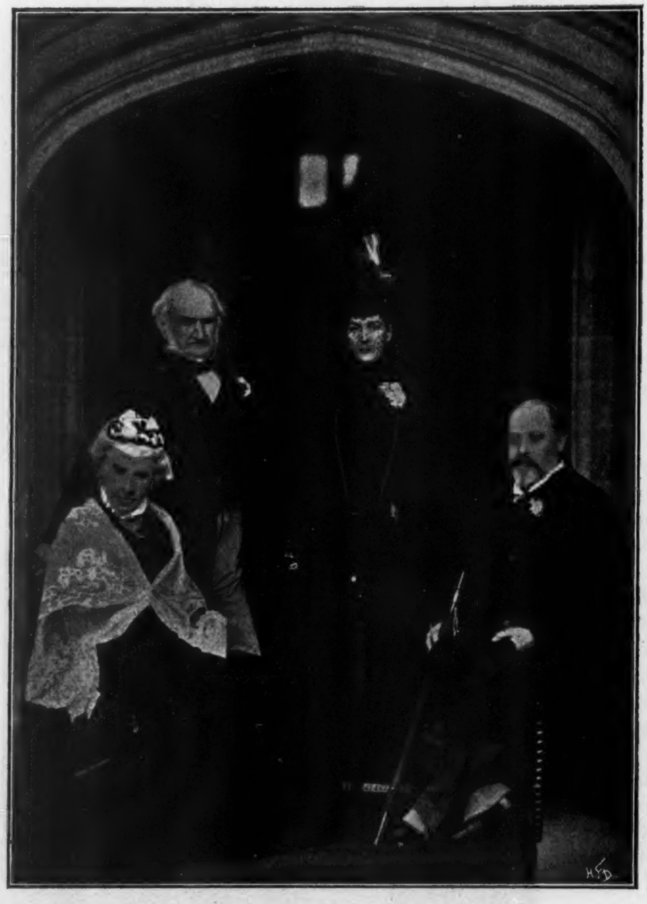
* It was here that she made the acquaintance and learned the worth of her life-long friend and counsellor in good works, Sir Andrew Clark.

She had an untiring and a graphic pen, as relations and friends had reason to know, especially any who were in trouble, or whom she felt would like to be remembered; but the bulk of her large correspondence was on cases of distress put before her. A characteristic story occurs to me, both of her impulsive ways and of the wide net which she cast for objects of charity. She was travelling down to Woodford. The footman had taken her ticket when she started, and she had no money, having left her purse at home, or (as she often did) emptied it. On the way she entered into conversation with a sad-looking young lady in the carriage and learned, by degrees, her trouble—a sick husband whom she was just sending off for a voyage to Australia as a chance for his life, but whom she could not afford to accompany. In the interest of the story she overran her station. As she got out, remembering that she had no money, she borrowed a shilling of her travelling companion, and then gave her her address in St. James's Square and asked her to call, telling her that she would see what could be done for her. The same evening, at a smart dinner, she told the story with such effect that, with her own promised contribution, enough was promised to pay the second passage to Australia. Next morning the young wife came, and with her to the door her husband, who was afraid she might have been hoaxed, but she was warmly received, and the story being fully verified, she was made happy by being enabled to accompany her husband on his voyage.



(G. Watmough Webster, photographer, Chester)

MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE AND THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES IN THE PORCH AT HAWARDEN CASTLE

Even a large and a warm heart are not such uncommon gifts, but they were combined in Mrs. Gladstone with some rare powers of command and of attraction. As a girl she had had her own way. Losing her father in her infancy and with a mother in deepening ill-health, adored by sister and brothers, among whom she was the leading spirit, the idol of humbler neighbours, she started under the conditions which, without the nobler impulses and the great attachment which moulded her life, might have developed a character of mere self-will. She had a great insight into motive and character. In her charitable undertakings she was singularly fortunate in her chief agents, which means, generally, singularly wise in selecting and skilful in handling them. She commanded confidence by her promptness, courage, and unerring instincts. And she was very attractive to people of all ranks and positions. This was partly the result of her perfect manner, her beauty which lasted to the end, her simple exhibition of natural feeling; but there was also something that touched people more closely. It is difficult to define. Though she was a religious woman, it would be scarcely true to say that there was in her that visible sense of another world which to those who saw him close was such a key to Mr. Gladstone's life. But there was a remarkable absence of what we describe often by the term "worldliness." There was not only transparent simplicity of motive and indifference to the world's standards and luxuries and ambitions; there was what is very rare indeed, complete forgetfulness of self. She lived entirely for others. It was a life of continuous self-sacrifice—a life to attract and a life to inspire.

THE SIEGE OF KIMBERLEY

By a Sergeant in the Town-Guard

CONCLUDING PAPER

December 25.—Christmas day. A very quiet and sad one, with none of those little luxuries which one indulges in on this festive day. Kathleen managed to get half a dozen eggs, and with some orange peel, raisins, &c., made up a very nice little plum-pudding for dinner. This is all we had in the shape of luxuries. Beyond this bill of fare was coffee with the smallest drop of milk, very little sugar, no butter, mealie meal porridge, the smallest piece of meat, with no vegetables. By-the-bye, I had had a large bottle of champagne given me twelve months ago, and had it stored away. Well, we all went over to Mother's, and drank "to better times." The townspeople were not forgotten by Sir Alfred Milner, whose Christmas message to us was "Good luck."

December 27.—The town, through the Military Authorities, sends the following message to the Queen. "The inhabitants of Kimberley humbly beg to send your Majesty New Year's Greetings; the troubles they have passed through and are still enduring only tend to intensify their love and loyalty towards your Majesty's throne and person." We hear heavy artillery fire in the direction of Spytfontein.

December 28.—Ina's birthday, where is she? Artillery fire again heard in the same direction as on the previous day. By proclamation the town is put on very short rations, permits being issued for weekly supplies in limited (very) quantities, a declaration at the same time to be made of foodstuffs in our possession.

December 31.—Alfred's birthday. One of our volunteers falls down the Kimberley open mine and gets killed.

January 1, 1900.—The Queenslanders under Colonel Pilcher capture Boer laager at Sunnyside near Douglas. Poor little village of Kuruman has to surrender (the only place which showed fight against the Boers between this and Mafeking).

January 2.—We had forgotten that yesterday was New Year's day (so unlike the season has it all been). A great crush for meat (regulation supply of food) at the military butchery. Much fainting among the women. One, I believe, succumbed to injuries through the crush.

January 3.—The ration of meat was

reduced from half a pound to quarter of a pound for all over twelve (whites) and two ounces for children under twelve per day. All lights to be out at 9.30 P.M. The Boers start shelling us again with a very large Krupp gun at Wimbledon, five miles S.S.W. I had forgotten to tell you that during the bombardment at first when aiming at our redoubt, the Boers dropped a shell in Mother's compound about fifteen yards west of her bedroom. I have a small piece of the shell; about the same day I heard a crash close by, and being off duty at home I made a rush for some of the fragments, and while collecting them a second and then, simultaneously almost, a third shell crashed within ten yards of me. Fortunately both went just behind the house (I was in front) one actually through the roof, so I thought it was time to make myself scarce.

January 4.—We place a body of our men to hold Otto's Kopje 1½ miles west between Carter's or Lazareth Ridge and Kamfersdam; the Boers shelled them without damage.

January 7.—A party of Boers rushed some cattle near Kenilworth; our guard kept quiet and let them get close in, then "peppered" them with Maxim and rifle-fire. The Boers lost some men.

January 8.—Horseflesh served out for the first time, and every owner or person in charge of ox, cow, heifer, bull, calf, sheep, goat or pig, ordered to deliver all or any to the authorities when demanded. Our artillery opened fire on the enemy at Kamfersdam, who replied vigorously for some time. In the afternoon some of our mounted men under Colonel Peakman were reconnoitring, when the enemy fired shrapnel at them from their big gun at Wimbledon. One shell burst within ten yards of them, and it was a miracle that no one was hurt.

January 9.—A friend of mine, Mr. Field, arrived here, having daringly escaped from the Boer prison at Bloemfontein. He had been captured some weeks before by the enemy about five miles out on the Barkly Road, carrying despatches for the Orange River. He was nine days without food and suffered terrible hardships.

January 10.—Our Town Council pass a resolution expressing profound admiration for its splendid defence by Mafeking, and their sympathy with the sufferings and privations caused to the inhabitants by the prolonged siege. The enemy renew the bombardment of the town vigorously, but do little damage.

January 11–17.—Quiet days, although the Boers continue sniping at our cattle guard; but this is an everyday part of the programme.

January 13.—Meat rises in price, beef (when you can get it) 1*s*. per pound, horseflesh, 9*d*., vegetables (carrots, beet, parsnips rarely), 2*d*. per bunch. A few shells exchanged.

January 14.—Some shells fired by the enemy at night.

January 15.—Heavy firing heard in the direction of Magersfontein, shells seen to burst, and many of the enemy's waggons moving about.

January 16.—Heard continual bombardment of Magersfontein. The enemy shelled Otto's Kopje from two sides. Vegetables becoming very scarce, so a soup kitchen is started, which is well patronised. Hon. Mrs. Rochfort Maguire serves out the first pint, the vegetables for the soup are given by the De Beers Company from their garden at Kenilworth.

January 17.—A reconnaisance in force made by our mounted troops towards the enemy's position at Oliphantsfontein (S.E.). Some heavy firing with maxim and shell, no casualties on our side. We were treated to about fifty shells before breakfast from Kamfersdam, Lazareth Ridge and Wimbledon.

January 18.—A doctor (Van Hiekerk) came in from the enemy's camp at Magersfontein under a flag of truce with a letter from General Cronje to Colonel Kekewich, with a request which the latter declined to accede to. It was a request for medical comforts, of which we had none to spare.

January 19.—A large gun (28-pounder) christened "Long Cecil," which was entirely manufactured in our workshops, was tested under the direction of Mr. Labram, who designed it, Mr. Rhodes, Colonel Chamier, and others being present. The gun was a grand success, and now we felt more than a match for the Boer guns.

January 21.—Our Otto's Kopje men made a dash and cut off a Boer despatch rider.

January 23.—"Long Cecil" shelled the intermediate station, say 8000 yards off, (this was the latter's first experience; our other guns being smaller, could not reach this position), and caused a panic there, as it had all along been the enemy's headquarters, and many had their women and children there. There was a general exodus; we afterwards learnt many "made off" without finishing their breakfasts.

January 24.—The heaviest shelling by the Boers during the siege. They had nine guns posted right round the town, and the shelling was terrific, bursting in all parts of the town; one poor young girl was instantly killed whilst dressing, a shell bursting in her room struck her in the spine and broke her back. There were others hurt, and much damage everywhere to property.

January 25.—After shelling nearly all night, the bombardment was continued to-day; from daybreak shells were flying about furiously, one struck a house where a mother and three children were sitting round a table; all were more or less badly injured, the eldest little chap, about four, had part of his face blown away, and died soon after. There were many marvellous escapes, the family of our old Fire Brigade Superintendent were simply smothered in smoke-dust and some wood and iron splinters, but beyond a few bruises and the shock, they were none the worse for a shell going right through their house.

February 1.—The last few days have been long, wearisome and bakingly hot, and we, poor town guardsmen, living day in and day out under canvas felt it dreadfully; a large number in the different camps getting sick, and many stricken with typhoid fever, never pulled through. To-day the Boers sent us some eighteen shells, which fell harmlessly.

February 2.—More shelling, but beyond some narrow escapes to life and limb the day passed by without incidents. All are now beginning to feel the ill effects of the long siege—the supply of food narrowed down to its lowest possible limits, and little ones crying for food which we had not to give them saddened us, and so many could not bring determination to bear on themselves to eat the horse meat. Kathleen shrank at the very thought, while I was determined. At different times I had some fried and grilled meat, and though at first the feeling revolted, I got used to it. Kathleen used to mince it up and make rissoles with oil; butter, dripping, lard, margarine, &c., were things of the past, so we had to use lard oil and sweet oil for frying purposes, &c. Often our breakfasts and teas consisted of porridge, coffee, not enough milk to colour it with, and bread fried in oil, which I am glad to say we managed to get the children to eat, and they got to like it. I managed to get a bottle of anchovy essence, and by way of a change, had this thinly scraped on bread.

February 3.—To-day our searchlight at No. 1 Gear (Barkly Road, N.) came in for much attention from the Boer guns at Kamfersdam, including some shrapnel; our "Long Cecil" was also busy making some fine practice at the enemy's new redoubt at Diebel's Vlei, N.

I forgot to say, "Weather and Boers permitting," there were many concerts given by the combined bands of the Lancashires and our Volunteers, which were very enjoyable, the proceeds going towards the Widows and Orphans Fund.

February 5.—The usual shelling, no loss of life. We get occasional news from the outside world. We hear to-day of Mafeking's stand; how the Boers brutally shell the women's laager, and yet the time will soon come when we shall see white flags raised here, there, and everywhere when the soldiers are among them with sword, lance and bayonet, and they will plead for mercy, which I say emphatically they should not get, since they are responsible for such cruel and merciless deeds as the shelling of harmless women and children, both here and at Mafeking.

February 6.—We are receiving constant helio. news of the war elsewhere. We hear all about the Spion Kop battles to-day, what dreadful loss of life. The usual shelling for a few hours with no loss of life. A young Dutchman whom I saw convicted in October last for "aiding the Queen's enemy" to a years's imprisonment dies in the gaol. We read about the trial of Mr. J. J. Michan (a Dutchman) for high treason—one of our late Town Councillors who stood for Kimberley in the Bond interest for Parliament, unsuccessfully, I am glad to say; a man who had a large practice here as a lawyer (including legal advisership to our company), who addressed the public in a very plausible speech at the opening of our Grand New Town Hall in September last, and at the last moment on the day of communication being cut off, was seen tearing along as fast as his cart and four could go towards the Boers to the west.

These are the sort of conspirators that should be severely dealt with. If one or two of them were publicly shot for high treason it would have a very good effect on this class of treacherous people.

February 7.—This was an eventful day in the history of the siege. The Boers commenced shelling with a six-inch breech-loading gun (carrying a 100-lb. shell) from Kamfersdam—such a death-dealing hissing sound as each time it went hurtling over our redoubt; the feeling was one of intense suspense and anxiety to every married man in the forts as to where the next shell would burst. Each time I could not help feeling thankful when it passed over our two houses, but at the same time one shuddered to think who were to be the next victims. One little girl was badly hurt, one shell burst close to our office, a splinter killing a horse at a farriery hard by. Another large piece was hurled into our office building upstairs through an open window; it struck the side of a safe, ricocheted on to a wall, finally dropping across the room into the fireplace. I happened to be at work this day in the office, and while opening our diamond department door with my latchkey, suddenly I heard this fearful crash behind me, and dashing into the room, now full of dust (adjoining ours on the landing), we found the piece of shell; it weighed 13½lbs. A gentleman was sitting in the room at the time. A young friend of mine got one of the bullets of another large shell through his leg as he was standing at the door of his business house.

February 8.—The Boers start shelling in the afternoon when a young man in a public house was killed, another wounded in the leg, a toddling little girl slightly hurt. Many buildings damaged badly, including the New Theatre, Presbyterian Church, its beautiful organ being struck, and finally a large boot store in the heart of the business portion of the town being set on fire. This place was gutted, and it is marvellous how the fire was kept from spreading to the adjoining store (Store Brothers, the leading drapers), the supply of water being rather limited.

I had forgotten to mention at first that the Waterworks reservoirs soon emptied of their water, and it was De Beers who came to the rescue. They laid piping connecting their own water supply from the new Premier Mine on to the Waterworks, and so served the town during the whole period of the siege.

Friday, *February* 9.—A very sad day for Kimberley, and Kathleen and me personally. The Boers started with their big gun at 5.45 A.M. and kept it up till 6 in the evening. Every time the "look out" men on the forts saw the smoke of the shot a bugle or bell would be sounded for all to get in their "rabbit holes" dug into the earth.

During the morning one of Kathleen's bridesmaids (Miss Edith Scheuble, a very clever and accomplished girl, now Mrs. R. Solomon) was struck by one of these cruel shells. She was with her husband, a little daughter, Gladys, age three, and a babe in arms, sitting in their "rabbit hole." The little girl getting restless ran out, her mother, carrying the baby in her arms, was going out to get her back, when crash came a big shell just as she was leaving the shelter, killing the baby instantly, and so dreadfully injuring Mrs. Solomon, tearing away part of her chest, that she died on the following Saturday morning, and was buried on Sunday; such a sad ending to a bright young life.

Now, perhaps, comes the most tragic part of the siege, for by the last shot from the big gun, Mr. G. Labram, our Company's Chief Engineer, was killed in his room on the top storey of the Grand Hotel; he was terribly torn about. He was the designer of "Long Cecil," our big gun (made out of a huge shaft of steel), which turned out such a great success. He was constantly at the workshops supervising the making of the gun, and to think that out of a population of some 50,000 that he should be taken (without whom we should have been in sore straits) seems passing strange.

February 10.—Some more shelling from the terrifying "Long Tom," damaging property, including the theatre again; and Mr. John Armstrong's house was completely wrecked and set on fire, but it was promptly put out by a native servant. Some Lancashire men were wounded by pieces of shell falling in their camp; one man had his foot taken off. The firing ceased at 9.0 A.M., but was resumed at 4.45 for a short while. There being so many traitors in the town in constant communication with the enemy, it was arranged that Mr. Labram's funeral should not take place in the daytime, as on account of his popularity there was sure to be a large attendance. So he was buried at night, but soon after the procession left the hospital the Boers, getting news of this, actually laid their gun and fired some big shells, but fortunately no one was hurt.

Sunday, February 11.—One of the most trying and hottest days of the summer. Extraordinary rumours of shelling even from midnight by the Boers with four big 100-pounders sent a thrill of terror through the community, and so we started that evening lowering women and children down into the De Beers and Kimberley Mines, into the underground tunnels and shafts, on the following notice from Mr. Cecil Rhodes—"Sunday, I recommend women and children who desire complete shelter to proceed to Kimberley and De Beers shafts, they will be lowered at once into the mines from 8.0 o'clock through the night. Lanterns and guides will be provided. C. J. Rhodes." I was detailed off in charge of the first guard to superintend the lowering of the folk into the Kimberley mine, and I helped to get the first load of terrified women into the cage, and they went down 1500 feet. It was hard continuous work to get them all down, but by about 2.30 or 3.0 A.M. (Monday, 12th) 1050 souls had been lowered into our mine and 1500 into the De Beers mine.

February 12.—The great bombardment did not come off, "Long Tom" being the only gun busy; no bodily injury, but great damage to property.

February 13.—Bombardment resumed from the Lazareth Ridge and "Long Tom;" six persons injured and much damage to property.

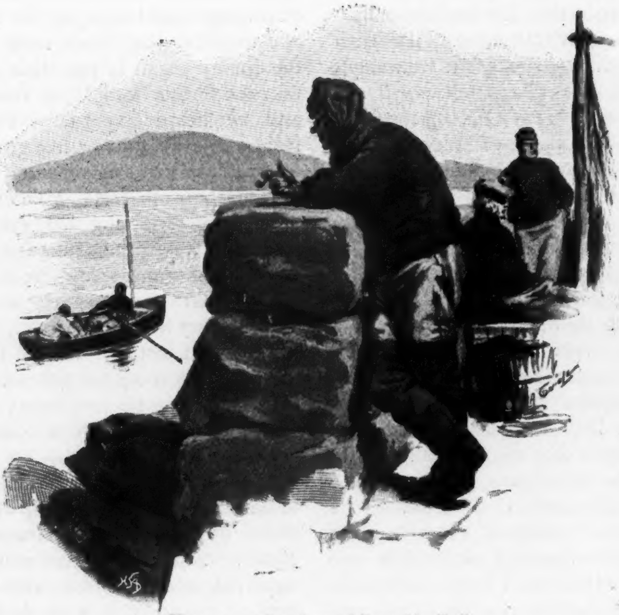
February 14.—More shelling; one man killed, more property damaged.

February 15.—The siege had now lasted four calendar months to the very day—124 days. I was sergeant of the guard for the day, and being on the "look out" with my men all the time, it became my duty to keep the record of the number of shells fired, and I registered (for our redoubt) the six last shots fired from the big gun at Kamfersdam, the parting shot being fired about 11 o'clock A.M.

I forgot to say, on the 11th (Sunday), during the night, we took up a position in a deep furrow about 1500 yards from the big gun (it was doing so much damage to the town) and the Colonel placed there some of the crack shots from the Lancashires for the purpose of sniping at and worrying the Boer gunners, and they did their work well, as every time the enemy began to run their gun into position the former would put volleys into them and we heard eventually that they were responsible for four or five gunners.

What is that movement barely visible towards the south-east? Men with glasses, men without, are straining their eyes to their very utmost. It is approaching fast. The enemy swing their guns round from us and fire a shot or two in that direction, and then "clear" for their very lives. Hurrah! Three cheers. It's relief at last, by General French's flying column; it's the great general and staff with an escort of some 100 men; Lancers, Dragoons, Australians, New Zealanders. He reaches the town at about 8 P.M. We are full of thankfulness and gratitude, for we were in dire distress—now frantic with joy. During the night all our local men went out to attack Kamfersdam and the Intermediate Station at daybreak on the morrow (16th). They were early at it, and soon, with slight loss, became victors of both positions. The Boers had begun to evacuate, and our men following them up, so engaged their attention as they retreated north-east, that before the Boers had realised it, the flying column had come along unobserved from the south-east behind a long ridge with much cover and had all but cut them off at Dronfield. It was a grand sight to see this body of horsemen, 8000 strong with guns, simply tearing over the country—we could see them moving along well from our redoubt, and then engaging the enemy with their guns; we could see every shell bursting, shrapnel after shrapnel; it was splendid to look at. The Boers did not know "where to put their heads." I am sorry we lost sight of the Lancers charging; they got in among the Boers behind the ridges and played havoc with them, a great number being killed.

From October 15 to February 21 I had not slept at home; often and often sleeping on the ground in the open at the different outposts with hardly any shelter, some nights in drizzling rain or thunderstorms, in mud and wet, with no dry spot to lie down on. Yet we all did alike, determined to protect the town and fight to the last for Queen and country and no surrender.



"He contemplated us philosophically"

THE PURPLE FLY

BY THE REV. JOHN SCOULAR THOMSON, M.A.

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR TWIDLE

IT was a day such as the gods send rarely that, about one of the afternoon, we ran the yellow punt down the burning sand and slipped her into cool water. How grateful was the touch of the sea, and sweet the lapping of her ripples!

On land the air rose reeking from the ground, hot as the blast of a furnace-mouth. The shore blazed a painful white. But as we pushed out with oars that twisted queerly in the water, there came a cool stir against our faces and we breathed more lightly. The sea, ever restless as a guilty soul, was rounding herself into long, broad swells, regular as the shining rigs of a hayfield and sloping down to the shore; and now and then rose a great, lazy heave as if the huge beast were moving in her sleep.

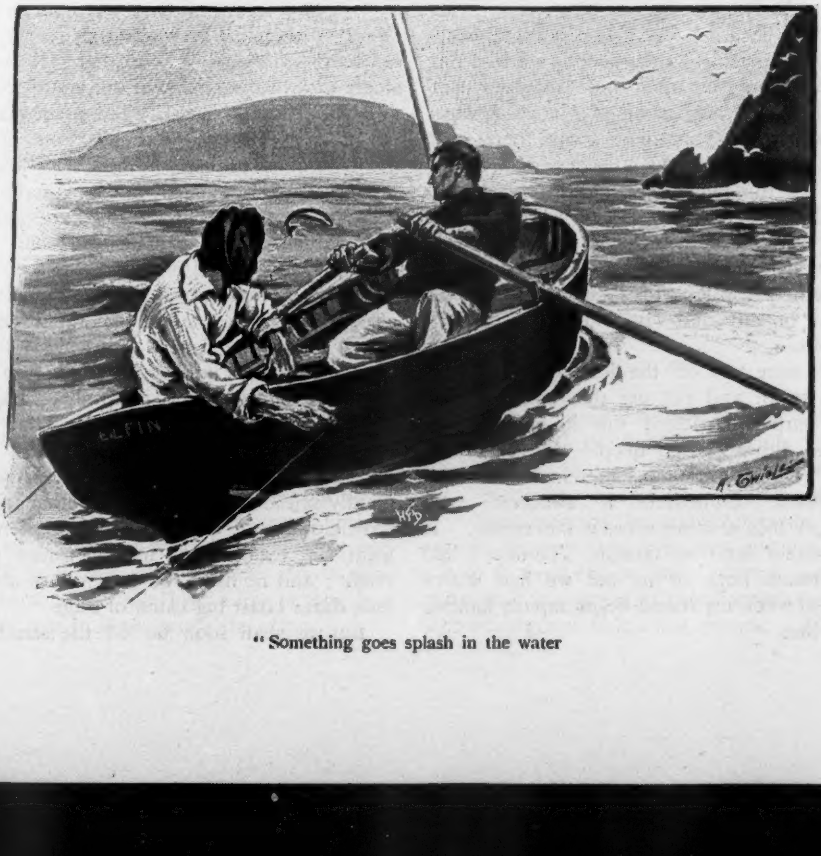
It was a wonderful bit of water, had one but time to scan the shallows, that lay between us and the black depths further out. For half a mile the sandy bottom stretched beneath the oars, brown and distinct, flecked by flickering stripes of gold, where the sun glanced through. If there was naught but sleepy heat on land, out here was life in plenty. This shallow belt of sea quivered and palpitated all over with being; the water was alive. A quick eye could catch the solitary big grey flounder nestle churlishly to the bottom, or scared from its nook scud swift from the descending oar-blade; the flash of a silver whiting strayed in from its shoal and uneasy in the narrow waters; a green-backed crab with ungainly hooked legs crawls painfully along from stone to stone; or a cloud of tiny fish, black as coal and sharp as needles, dart out and in the clusters of olive seaweed.

But your angler is no lover of mere beauty. The fisher loves a murky stream and a dull sea; gloom is the element in which he works best. Sour enough were the looks we cast at the sea, for it was no day for our kind of work. The shameless sun shone out in unclouded glory and blazoned sea and land with abhorrent brightness. It was laughing holiday for the fish, and never a wile of man or angel was like to tempt them bite at black barb, however disguised by feather or worm.

We turned gloomily from the glassy sea to the pile of tackle laid lovingly on the stern of the boat. There were white flies with crimson body and yellow bands; red flies with blue body and white bands; yellow flies with green body and black bands. One great, ugly monster of a Purple Fly with fat, stumpy body and ungainly flaunting wings stared impudently at us out of a malicious eye. But let me not slander him over much. I had bought him in joke; but he was yet to do us good service. We had still more executionary apparatus. Long, thin, white, wriggling rubber worms; flashing spoons that whirled in the water, and the shopman swore were unerring. From under the seat peeped forth an old syrup-can within which in a pleasant compost of water and sand reposed a handful of soft black hairy lugworm.

Even in the deeper water we could still see the holiday crowds of fish which sported beneath the keel and gazed up in open derision as we passed on our foolish errand. It was bad enough to be the jest of the fish; but our hearts went down to zero as we seemed to hear the loud-sounding, inane laughter of our friends. To go home empty-handed meant days of scathing wit and unseemly ridicule. Certain piscatorial boasts, small enough in all conscience of an evening when lamps were lit and pipes going, now rose up and frowned upon us big as mountains. Concrete reality always makes idealistic speculation look blank.

It was no day for an angler. If only the wind would rise! But, alas, away seawards the long lines of white gulls rose and fell easily on the lazy swell. They knew better than to be looking for fish on a day like this. Their continuous krauk-krauk came over the water to us in a sleepy monotone. But our cup was full when as we slipped down by the village, we saw Donald of the Glen, clad for all the heat of the day in heavy red cowl, thick jersey and big grey



"Something goes splash in the water

muffler, lounging over the end of the old stone pier smoking slowly and spitting with solemnity and deliberation into the water. He contemplated us philosophically as we went past, but when his eye caught the tackle in the stern he took the pipe from his mouth and stared. His lips muttered; and we knew just exactly what he was saying. We had spoiled his smoke for the day, and we pulled past quickly, curiously uncomfortable, our eyes grimly held down to the bottom of the boat.

In a dead and dogged silence we reached the fishing-ground. Some hundred yards south of the trim steamboat-pier a low line of red rock began and ran for almost half a mile. Then big masses of black rock and grey stone took up the tale and firmly bound the rugged coast all round past the Heads and some miles to westward. There was but one clean break in the uneven wall of massive rock, and that was the Bay of the Glen. Here the hills, instead of falling clean into the sea, suddenly opened out and sloped back from a soft mead and sandy bay. A solitary spot; it burst upon the coaster with a sweet surprise.

Before you got there the fishing was delightfully uncertain. On an extraordinary day you might get fish anywhere; but as a rule exact ground-knowledge was wanted. Certain El Doradoes were rumoured to exist, but their location was wrapped in mystery. Only the ancient mariner deep in sea-lore and fish-craft could hit upon these streaks. Not that he made any secret of his knowledge. He would tell you freely about them with hands deep in big pockets. You had but to open out this hill or strike out from that rock, and lo, you were in a pot of fish packed so tight that you were lucky to draw your line through them. But never a finger would he lift to help you look for them; and I never heard of any one who found the angler's paradise.

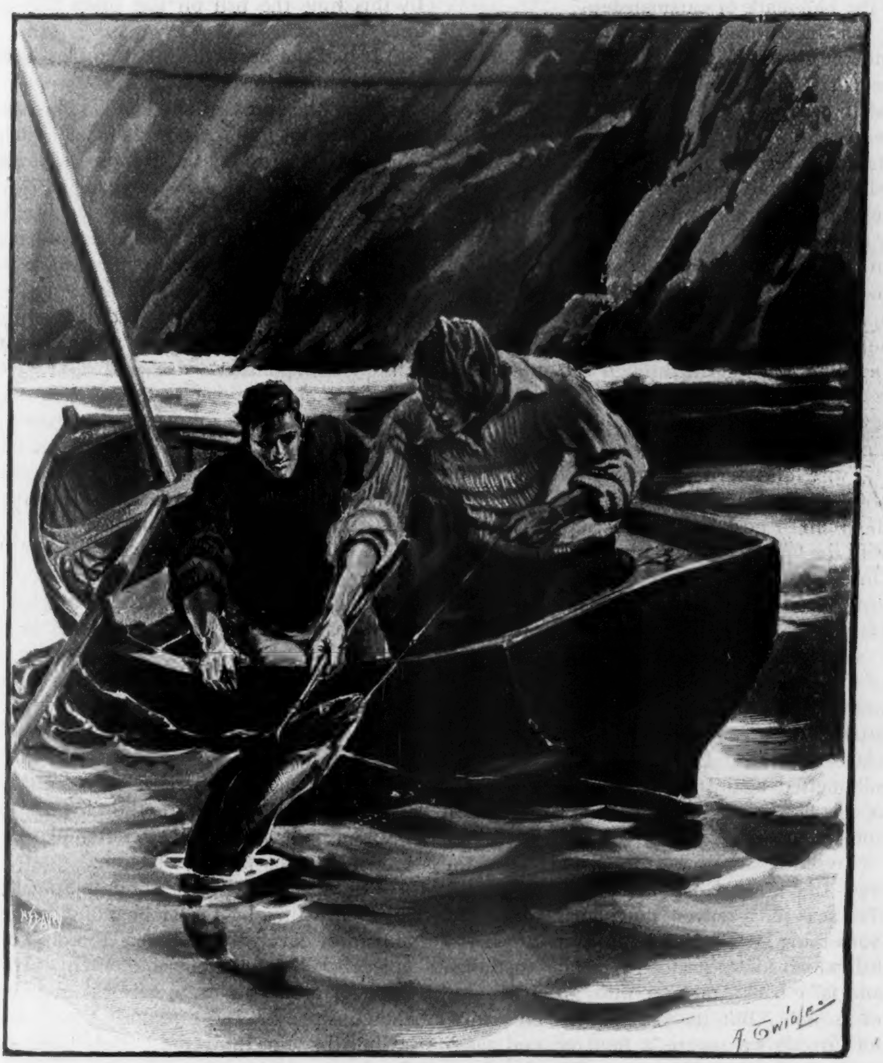
We were now off the Red Rocks. Bob went astern and put out the dark flies, red and purple. A third line he dropped in baited with lug to go deep. As far as the belt of red rock ran, stretched a shallow sandbank. Sometimes it swarmed with hungry fish, at other times it was empty. It was either feast or famine. To-day I had not much hope of it, but we had scarce started when my friend began rapidly hauling at a line.

In it came heavily laden—but not with fish. It was rolled and twisted round and round with long amber strings of seaweed, pretty indeed in the sunshine but unpleasing enough to the unæsthetic angler. Sea-fly fishing has no more annoying obstacle; in shallow water this weed continually fouls one's lines. The fisherman hates and fears it, for weak as seem the thin slender strands, they are a match for the stoutest swimmer. The cold touch of them on your bare arm freezes the very heart's blood. When they get hold of a man, every single string of them suddenly quivers with life and strains eager to drown him. Round and round his limbs and body they twine like greedy serpents till his frantic struggles die away in the ever-tightening folds and he is the hapless prey of the relentless coils. With a look of disgust my friend wrenched the line free from the long slippery tendrils which glowed like gold in the sun, and tossed them wide of the boat.

And now a grim, silent fishing began. The sun was at the hottest. Its rays struck down straight into the water and were thrown back into air. We had not a handbreadth of shelter, and the boat acted as a focus for the impinging shafts of fire. The glistening of the yellow sides smote the eyeballs with pain; the oar-blades gave off flashes of light as they turned in the air, and where they struck, the sea burst into flame. Soon there was not a single inch in the boat that one could bear to touch with foot or hand. The paint swelled up in great blisters. Visions came of delicious coolnesses on shore; trickling streams under a bank where delicate fern and moss grew close; patches of soft deep grass under the thick shade of a great leafy beech. But the fierce sun abated not.

I was pulling away dreamily, almost half-asleep, when there came that rapid tug-tug which thrills the fisher's heart. My friend gave a great start and began pulling in. A splash in the water and in tumble a pair of green-backed, white-bellied fish of fair size. "Saithe," grunts the fisher laconically. On we go under the sweltering sun. Another goodly saithe is caught and another till we have close on a dozen. But the silence is grim as ever. In fishing saithe don't count; and no fisher, be he never so shameless, dares boast big catch of them.

But we shall soon be off the sandbank,



"He was a magnificent fish"

invaded to-day by the despised saithe, and into deeper water. Once we are past the Cove, we will be at the deep black holes close in by the rocks where the big lythe lurk. The Hawk's Neb, a great broken mass of red rock jutting forth piercing and abrupt from the green hillside, stands sentinel here. We may lose a line or two, but what of that! The sport's the thing.

Just as we leave the bank the lug takes a two-pound cod of dull grey colour. Bob gleefully pops it into the basket as a nest-egg. Now for the lurking lythe! Shore rock must now be hugged tenaciously. It wants a keen eye and a wrist of steel to put a boat a few narrow inches from jagged rocks that just show to the sharpest sight a faint white-green below the surface. To do this and neither scrape oar nor snap tackle, is the hall-mark of oarsmanship.

It is hard work to please your keen fisher and yet come off safely. If he is catching well, 'tis all his fine handling. If he is catching ill, 'tis your bad rowing. You try nearer the rocks and wait. The fisher feels his line interrogatively. You smile to yourself. The interrogation becomes an anxious pull, then an indignant wrench. Your smile is now a grin. The line sticks immovable on some submarine obstacle. He looks at you with the air of a King Lear. You stop to ask what is wrong. He shouts on you to pull. You pull. You give a violent heave. One line snaps clean through and the others come in without a single hook. King Lear is now wound up to the highest pitch of madness and speaks in blank verse.

Twist and turn as I may to-day, I am powerless. Not a fish comes up. I circle the Sunk Rock and double the Black Port with the finesse of an accomplished diplomat. Once there is a false alarm and a white fly is lost. Bob looks at me coldly and turns aside his head. I pull away in guilty silence.

After a bit I peep at him out of the tail of my eye. He is gazing ahead at the Cumbrae Light standing out against its background of green hill and grey rock in a blaze of white. The little island is sharply silhouetted against the blue. But the lines of his face are grim and set; his eye stern and relentless.

Presently we round the Point, and in the west the great Goat Fell towers up from the sea in a silver mist, gigantic, grand. Something goes splash in the water. It is a fish which tosses itself sarcastically in the air and falls back laughing with a derisive curl of its tail. But its derision is premature, for directly we secure a fine red cod taken up from the very bottom. The free hook has a bit of fresh-torn seaweed on it.

Now we go up the Bay of the Glen. There is a stretch of deep water close by the long wall of rock that guards the east side of it; but as the sun is beating down fiercely from the hill, not a nibble is got there. I pull across, Bob grimly cleaning his lines of long, clinging tendrils the while. As we go down the west side where the great rocks are casting a black shadow, we hook with both lines at once. He looks at me in dismay.

"Take in the heavier," is my advice.

He brings in two saithe and a small lythe. By this time the fish on the other line are free.

"It had the best fish," he grumbles, dropping the lines back.

I put the boat round and repass the lucky spot but nothing takes.

"We'll need to try the Heads," says Bob decisively.

The Heads was a famous place for big lythe. There the water was so deep that an ocean liner might have run in scatheless as into a dock. It was a black, ugly spot fenced with grim rock. To-day as one looked down into the water whose surface glinted like polished ivory, what shapeless things might not move and have their being down there; great, ghoulish monsters with cold, cruel eyes; black, slippery beasts feeding on the dead in some loathsome cavern with dripping, slimy sides; or even the fabled kraken in its forest of seaweed.

These thoughts do not trouble Bob. He is busy with higher things. He pulls up the big line and removing the limp lug puts on the monstrous Purple Fly. This is a rash move, and I shake my head reprovingly.

The sun had now fallen to the west, and the mists from Goat Fell were veiling its brightness. And presently a faint haze came stealing along the land and settled on the water The Garroch Hole looked uglier and blacker than ever in the gloom. Bob who was not imaginative, contemplated its hideous depths with satisfaction.

Tug-tug-tug went the line. Something heavy this time by the kicking of it. It was a pair of lovely lythe about three pounds apiece. Tug-tug went the other. It had lythe of four pounds, neatly taken in with the gut nearly sawed through.

The big line quivered. Bob grasped it. I saw the red leap into his cheek. "Ouf," said Bob, "it's a whale."

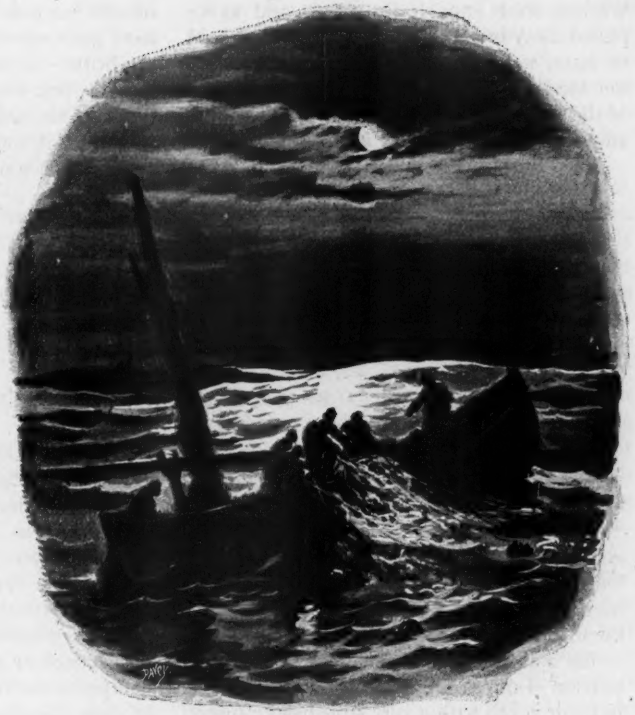
Now for the tug-of-war. He set his teeth and took in a little line. The fish was angry and fighting with the hook. Bob paused warily and held tight. The tension suddenly ceased and the line hung slack. Was it gone? He pulled in rapidly till another fierce plunge almost took the line out of his fingers. When a big lythe is hooked he strikes straight for the bottom, and being a desperately strong fish may snap the gut. If this fails, he runs up with the hook and tries to slip off when the line is slack.

Our fish was properly hooked. That was evident. But would it hold? Another break-away like the last might spoil everything. The sweat was breaking over Bob's brow. The slightest flaw in the gut, the least blemish in the line, would be disaster. But the shopman had been honest after all. The line held.

Then came another slackening and Bob rapidly got in more line. He took in some yards of it and still no fish. We were afraid he was lost when the long-looked-for pull came and Bob cried "Ouf" again. Every move was bringing the fish nearer and nearer the boat; and after two more breaks-away and pulls-in we could see beneath the surface a great yellow mass swirling madly round and round.

I stopped and lay on my oars. Bob was steadily taking the fish in by little inches. When about four feet from the surface the big fellow gave a great plunge and was under the boat in a trice. If he could get the line across the keel, we were done. "Quick!" yelled Bob. I swept the boat round and foiled the dive. Bob got in another foot of line. The big fellow made another rush; I foiled him again. "The gaff!" cried Bob. I dropped my oars and stood ready.

The fish was now just under the surface and within easy striking distance. But such a gallant fight did he make plunging, leaping, darting and diving that for minutes one could not strike. At last Bob took the gaff and cautiously guiding the fish near to the boat, secured him through the gills. We took him in. He was a magnificent fish, some twenty pounds weight and nearly three feet long!



"A silver netful of herring under the moon"

One who has never seen fish save as they lie in rotting heaps in the fish-shop, knows nothing of the bright, living beauty of a fish new from the water. Its colouring, faint and dull in the shop, is vivid and brilliant. A red-spotted trout on the grass, or a silver salmon quivering on grey pebbles, is highly beautiful. But for beauty give me a fine lythe, a gleam of pale gold under water, and as you take it from the sea, a piece of the finest bronze; or a silver netful of herring under the moon.

It is ever a mystery to me why the delights of trouting stream and salmon pool have so oft been sung and not a word of the glories of the sea. Smells the sea not as sweet as the lush meadow by the riverside? Is there no charm in the enchanted lapping of the rising tide among grey rocks as in the wimpling of the burn over its pebbles? Is there less of sport? He who has a brace of lusty mackerel or a great lythe on one thin line needs not complain of lack.

"Home," said Bob. And home it was. We had done enough for glory; and as we pulled away briskly, the thought that pleased us most, was not what the family would say, but the thought of what the face of Donald of the Glen would be like as we went up the admiring village with our fish.

The Purple Fly received his meed of praise that night. An excited auditor offered me half a crown for him; and might have gone another sixpence. But I scorned the bribe. I am sorry now. The big lythe was his first and last victim; as well as the biggest fish had that summer, save a lean stenlock got on a farthing hook which was about a foot longer though not near so heavy.

PETE

By WILLIAM SHIRLAW, Jun.

HE was known as Pete in the levelling atmosphere of the club, Peter to other unfortunates, and Lord Hunton, Baron of Great Britain and Ireland to the world of dinner-parties, balls and receptions, to newspapers and to his visiting card. It was as Pete that I knew him.

He was a typical specimen of a certain portion of our young English aristocracy. A tall, fair youth with a very large head crowned with an uncontrollable shock of sand-coloured hair, which lay upon it always like ripe grain in a rainswept cornfield. A small forehead, watery blue eyes filled with laughter, a very pale waxed moustache and a mouth and chin both deplorably weak, which stamped upon the countenance the seal of a weak nature and even, at times, an air of slight imbecility. Yet from out of this weak nature there flowed a ceaseless stream of good humour, sparkling with laughter, shallow indeed, but always refreshing, so that we all welcomed Pete with a kind of mild enthusiasm, which we could see was plainly appreciated, yet which in reality raised him to a height of happiness that we never dreamed of.

No good man could look at him without experiencing an unconscious desire to give him his protection. He was a faithful friend, his heart rang true; yet was a curious mixture, half-man, half-child, so that at times he would perform an action or offer a suggestion so simple in its childishness, so trusting in its nature, that he touched all our hearts.

Of mind he had none, it belonged to his mother, a leader in that society in which he was such a lamentable recruit. His language in general was that of a society parrot, but he kept better cigars than any man I know. Such was Pete.

Lord Hunton, however, was a totally different person. He was the only living descendant of a noble house. He was the pampered darling of society who clasped him in her fair hypocritical arms and poured over him the stream of her favours—invitations to dinner, to balls, to receptions—which would probably have drowned a man with more wisdom, but which glanced harmlessly off the duck's back of Lord Hunton's nature.

That childish and faithful heart which drew us all to him at the club, his title excused in society. Mothers of marriageable daughters bowed down before him—and his bank account. Daughters of aspiring mothers spread their simpering traps in vain; the bird strode right through them. Cupid's arrows rattled upon his every joint, but Lord Hunton walked with his smiling countenance through the ranks of his beautiful enemy with his simple heart unwounded.

Lord Hunton could not fall in love.

But Pete did. Pete occasionally did very silly things. It is not the custom in society to fall in love with a woman for herself alone, there is generally another attraction — a golden one. The club heard the news one evening as it sat round the smoking room fire in an atmosphere of great silence, newspapers and smoke. Houghton sat smoking a cigar, staring at the fire and shaking his head very gravely. We all knew from his manner that he had news to communicate, and as we were very anxious to hear it, we all smoked most fiercely and buried ourselves in our newspapers as if there existed no such person as Houghton within a hundred miles.

"It's a bad business," said Houghton.

We all looked up surprised. Davies even went so far as to raise his hand in a mute appeal for silence. The effect was instantaneous.

"Pete's in love," Houghton said.

We all sat forward in our chairs, pricked up our ears and said something encouraging.

"With a Miss Walker," Houghton said gloomily. "I suppose some of you fellows know her. She lives down in —— Road with her sisters. A good looking girl too, and would make him an ideal wife, but, you know—" Houghton said, and stared at the fire.

Some one else said: "They haven't got a spare penny to rub on another."

"He met her at a ball a month ago," continued Houghton, "and he proposed last night down —— Road at eleven o'clock, and she accepted him. His lady mother does not know. It's a bad business, you fellows, I am sorry for the girl."

"Who told you?" we chorused softly.

"Pete did," said Houghton.

And Pete himself confirmed the news two nights later.

"I'm engaged, you know, you fellows." And Pete looked at us very seriously.

We all murmured our congratulations. Pete was pleased.

"And we are going to be married soon, you know."

We all murmured again, growlingly.

"Has she got the dollars?"

"I never inquired, don't you know," said Pete.

Certainly Pete was very foolish.

"She's a dear, good girl. We're going to live in Scotland for a time. Pass the cigars round, will you? I call her Mary," said Pete.

Then he looked at his watch and went away rather hurriedly.

We saw very little of him at the club during the next week. Occasionally he would drop in of a morning but his visits were of so morose, silent, and smileless a character that we felt more inclined to pity him than ever. He would sit for hours at the pretence of reading a newspaper; an offer of a cigar would kindle a smile to his thoughtful countenance but it immediately went out again. He even forgot to pass round his own cigar case, so that we all agreed in describing it as a very bad business.

In the evenings we missed him altogether.

But one moonlight night, in Battersea Park, I caught a glimpse of a figure extremely like his, but it was very difficult to recognise as it blended very closely with that of its companion—a lady.

When I came to think it over, I felt very sorry for Pete. I knew him far too well to doubt that his intention to marry this woman was real. I felt almost convinced that the marriage would never take place, and I felt equally convinced that Pete would not be to blame. I was acquainted with his lady mother both by sight and reputation and so it was that I felt very sorry for Pete.

As yet, there had been no sign on her part to indicate that she was aware of her son's foolishness. The first news I had which leant in that direction was a paragraph in the *Morning Post* of two days later, which stated that Lord Hunton accompanied by his mother had left for Scotland. "His stay," the paper said, "would be for an indefinite period."

Her ladyship had come late into the game and she had won it already.

Her next move I heard of a month later when I read in a Society journal the announcement of Lord Hunton's approaching marriage with a million of money and the daughter of an American millionaire. The wedding would be a quiet one, and the paper gave neither the date nor the place of the ceremony.

At which I conjectured that Pete was giving some trouble.

The game closed one black December morning when I happened to pass a certain fashionable London church, and the sight of a long row of gaudy carriages and prancing horses and haughty coachmen and icy, powdered footmen standing like figures in a waxwork, made me feel curious, then suspicious, and then in a moment my suspicions sprung to a certainty as I beheld a glittering, fashionable stream issue from the church door and overflow the space in front.

For I saw him as the bridegroom. He caught my eye before I could draw back, and the look he gave me was so full of an unconscious appeal for help, of agony, of remorse, that I caught my breath sharply and hurried away.

When I looked back from a distance they were pressing round with congratulations.

WEST SIDE OF GEORGE SQUARE, SHOWING SCOTT'S FATHER'S HOUSE, NO. 25, SECOND FROM THE LEFT

MEMORIES OF AN OLD EDINBURGH SQUARE

FIRST PAPER

ALL old times possess their charm, leading the mind back to the misty realms of tradition, and thence through periods of possible historical truth; but the times that are neither so old as to be entirely separated from us, nor yet so recent as to be within our own recollection, inspired as they often are with lingering local associations, possess an attraction peculiar to themselves.

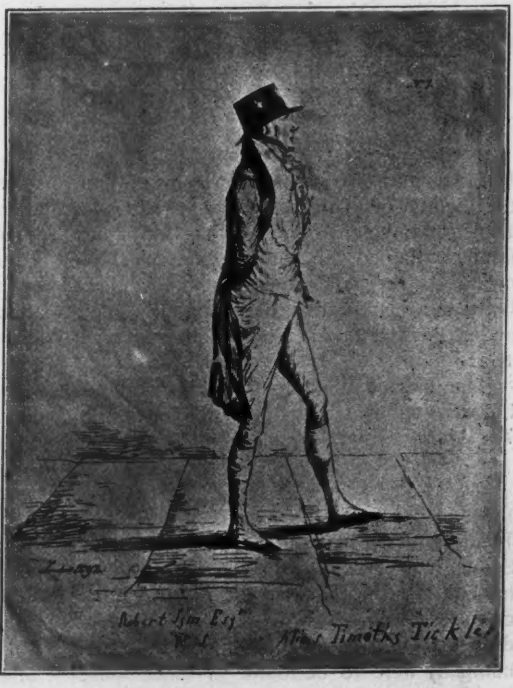
In any of our cities, walking down some old wynd or round some quiet square, through whose houses strange varieties of life must certainly have flowed, one is only sorry that many good stories of the inhabitants lie buried with their dust, and that all that is now left us is to collect together the scattered fragments of those that are left, and endeavour to embalm them.

On a grass-grown square on the south side of Edinburgh, called George, not after the farmer king, but after George Brown, the builder's brother, there hang many such stories connected with those who walked its pavements a hundred years ago. The tourist in Edinburgh finds his way here with some trouble, and stands in awe before No. 25, where he reads from his guide-book that Sir Walter Scott once lived. The information is conveyed in one short line, and after a hurried glance at the windows, he turns his face towards St. Giles and the castle, and the old square is forgotten. If, however, he could meet some one born and bred on the spot he might find that a visit to a few of the other houses would repay him. Scott may well claim the place of honour, as he flitted to No. 25 with his father and mother when he was a year old, and the first thing he did of any note was to push his funny bumpy head through the railings of the staircase, where it would probably have been sticking yet if Mrs. Scott had not happened to find him. Unable to release the captive, she with the resource to be expected in Walter's mother, undressed the embryo author, and soaping well his little skin, squeezed him, with manipulation, through the rails to freedom.

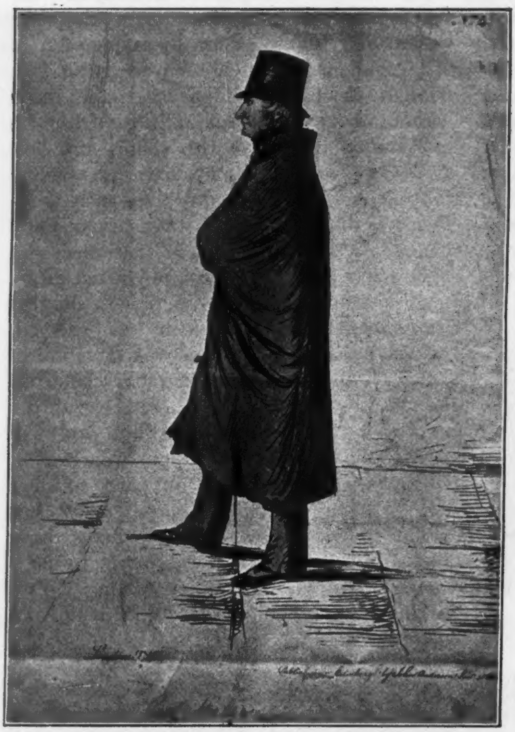
In one of the top rooms looking to the back he has scratched his name on a pane of glass. It was in this room that he spent many weeks as an invalid, and his mother arranged a combination of mirrors to enable the sick child to see from his bed the soldiers pass up and down the meadow walk to and from their drill. It was here also that he wrote his first poem, for after his death a paper was found written in a round hand endorsed by his mother: "My Walter's first lines."

In later years when Scott was growing to manhood he took up the management of the corps of volunteer horse of which he was the quarter-master, and began in a room off the kitchen that wonderful collection of curios and books, afterwards famous as one of the attractions to Abbotsford. Mrs. Campbell of Monzie, who came to No. 30 George Square in 1780, often laughed to see his ungainly figure limp past, the funniest, she said, ever seen in uniform.

Kirkpatrick Campbell Sharpe of Hoddam, visiting Mrs. Campbell, who was his great grand-aunt, also laughed at Walter through the windows of No. 30, saying he was a grotesque spectacle, and nobody thought much of him or his German ballads either. Later on Mr. Sharpe writes of the author: "As to Sir Walter's harmless romances—not harmless as to bad English—they contain nothing; pictures of manners that never were, are or will be; besides ten thousand blunders as to chronology, costume, &c." Again Mr. Sharpe writes: "Of the Abbotsford old curiosity shop, all geese became swans as soon as they alighted on his midden heap. Sir Walter knew nothing of antiquity although he pretended to understand it." Scott writes in his diary: "Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe is a very remarkable man, he has infinite wit, and a great turn for antiquarian lore. My idea is that with his oddities, tastes, satire, and high aristocratic feelings, he resembles Horace Walpole." He was odd enough certainly to have provoked Scott's mirth if the description of those who remember him in his earlier days is at all correct. Sir Walter once excused himself for the time wasted over his collection by saying, "A fit of the sullens was often relieved by an antiquarian discussion, it diverted the mind without occupying it." Sharpe told him he had stuffed his house with shams and lies, and was always being hoaxed into buying rubbish. When the Scotts lived in No. 25, their neighbour in No. 24 was a certain Lady Cuming. Sir Walter writes that she sent once "to beg that the boys might not all be flogged at the same hour, as, though she had no doubt that the punishment was deserved, yet the noise was dreadful." A daughter of Lady Cuming has scratched her name on one of the old windows in No. 24 with the date after, "Ye first of May 1783," and here she and her sisters, for there were six of them, gave many a pleasant party to their neighbours in George Square. A list surviving of well-known names includes those of Lady Don, the last in Edinburgh to use a sedan chair, Dr. Alexander Adam, Rector of the high school, Lady Anne Duff, and



ROBERT SYM, THE TIMOTHY TICKLER OF WILSON'S "NOCTES"



PROFESSOR WILSON

Mrs. Douglas of Cavers, the Pringles of Yair, the Scotts of Thirlston, the Stuarts of Dunearn and many others. This last named family attained an unfortunate celebrity owing to the fatal duel that took place between a son of that house and Sir Alexander Boswell of Auchinleck on March 22, 1822.

The lines of abuse that cost Boswell his life were published by him anonymously in *The Sentinel.* One couplet ran :

There's stote feeder Stuart
Kent for that fat cowherd.

James Stuart, like the Cumings and the Scotts, had been brought up in the square, his father, Dr. Charles Stuart, having a house on the east side—No. 59—famous for its good dinners. But both good food and good company were to be found in other houses besides 59, and the one that combined these two attractions in the highest degree belonged to Robert Sym, the Timothy Tickler of Wilson's "Noctes Ambrosianæ." Here, in No. 20, surviving all his own generation, and living on into another without adopting one of its novelties, this old relic of antiquity attained the great age of ninety-five. Christopher North, who was a nephew of Robert Sym, took James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, to visit his uncle in this house. Hogg writes of his first sight of Timothy: "I was admitted through a triple bolted door into a grand house in George Square, and introduced to its lord, an uncommonly fine-looking old gentleman of about seven feet high and as straight as an arrow. From this time forward during my stay in Edinburgh Mr. Sym's hospitable mansion was the great evening resort of his nephews and me."

Old Sym was, when alone, economical; so grudging indeed was he of fuel that his cat sat without warmth or injury on his fire. He was afraid also of thieves, triple locked his door, as Hogg relates, and had two notices, called his invitation to robbers, placed in his very small back green; they bore the following inscription in large print: "There are man traps and spring guns in these gardens; so that if, after this fair notice, any persons attempting to go over shall be killed or wounded, and so come to a miserable, painful, and untimely death, their blood will be upon their own heads. Persons even attempting to climb over the dykes will also be shot at from the windows." In addition to this advertisement he was often seen from the meadow-walk standing in an old volunteer uniform with a six foot long blunderbuss in his hand ready to point it (for it would not fire) at any villain desperate enough to brave his threatening placards. One of the treasures that he guarded with such care was his violin, and it was the joy of Hogg to make him tune up after supper, and fiddle to the company. Sym promised to leave it to the Ettrick Shepherd in his will, but Hogg died nine years before Timothy, so this old instrument descended to his nephew Robert Sym Wilson along with the invitation to thieves, the volunteer coat, and the old blunderbuss. It may well be imagined that Christopher North and his friends got plenty of fun out of Timothy and his oddities, although they admired him for his energy in work (he was a clerk to the signet) and his activity in amusements, few of them caring to bathe with him at Trinity summer and winter—a practice he continued until after his eightieth year.

He was a very kind old man and encouraged young people to come to his house. On one occasion he gave a dinner party, the hour was four o'clock, the guests were his three nephews John,[*] Robert[†] and James[‡] Wilson, and those three were each to bring a friend, so the party of six was completed by De Quincey, Hogg, and Lockhart. Timothy was getting an oldish man at this time, and his nephews thought that his legs would be warmer encased in trousers instead of in his old knee breeches, so they ordered a pair of shepherd plaid ones to be made. On the night of this dinner party Christopher North exercised all the powers of his persuasive tongue to induce his uncle to put them on, but without success, for Timothy clung to his old knee breeches, saying that he had only once worn trousers and they had just tripped him up. The Wilson brothers, however, determined that somebody should wear their new clothes, awaited with impatience the arrival of De Quincey, and the moment he appeared plunged him into them to the delight of the company, as the fit was not perfect, considering he, De Quincey, was but five feet six whereas old Sym was almost six feet five. During the course of the dinner that followed, a brace of pheasants was placed before the host, and as he proceeded to carve them he told his guests how the game had been a present from his friend Archie Campbell,[*] but desirous to pay some small attention to his neighbour Lady Wedderburn[†] he despatched the birds across to her house, No. 32. Lady Wedderburn, who had an affection for the "Brown lasses,"[‡] sent her maid to leave the pheasants with them at No. 29. The Miss Browns, who wanted to be civil to Sir William Hume Campbell,[§] again altered the address to that of his house, No. 53, and he took them along to No. 59, intending to remain and dine with his friend Willie Mitchell,[||] but finding him from home he carried the

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[*] Afterwards "Christopher North."

[†] Robert Sym Wilson, afterwards cashier of the Royal Bank of Scotland.

[‡] Mr. James Wilson, the eminent naturalist.

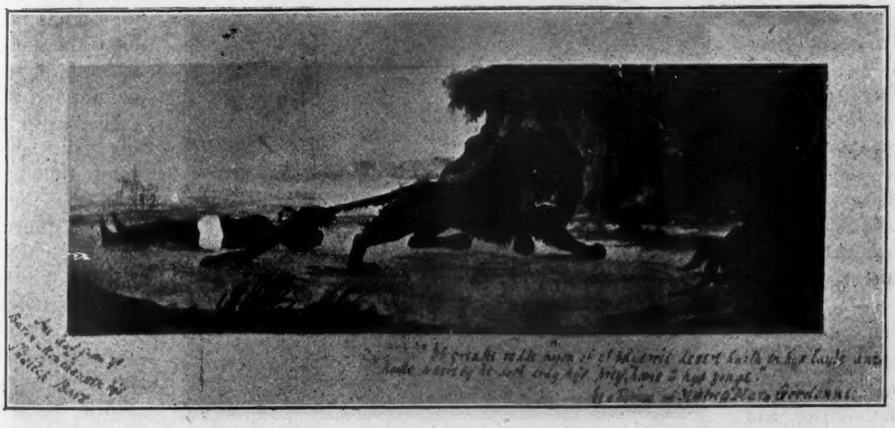
[*] Archibald Campbell, Lord Advocate of Scotland in 1807, assumed the name of Colquhoun on succeeding to the estate of Killermont.

[†] Dame Alexia Wedderburn, formerly Dundas, widow of Sir John Wedderburn.

[‡] Daughters of James Brown of Firth, architect and builder of George Square and Brown Square.

[§] Sir William Purves Hume Campbell of Purves and Marchmont.

[||] William Mitchell, cashier of the Royal Bank afterwards Mitchell Innes of Stow.



"Ye gratte redde Lyon of ye Phyerrie desert hath on his tail ane hooke, wherebye he doth urag his prey home to hys yonge" birds to No. 14 and left them with Miss Dalrymple,* who returned them after this neighbourly flight round the square to Robert Sym, hoping he would accept them with her compliments.

A dinner party with Mr. Sym must certainly have been very pleasant, for the Ettrick Shepherd writes in his "Reminiscences" that he "reflects with the greatest delight on those jovial evenings of his bypast life." He describes Timothy as "such a complete original, his reading boundless with a taste and perception acute beyond those of other men." The guests too were sometimes enlivened by a dramatic representation, given by Christopher North, of the ghost scene in "Hamlet," beginning with the lines "I am thy father's spirit." The audience would then call upon him for a variety entertainment, when he would imitate different people doing that scene, as—

John Wilson as James Hogg. The ghost with a plaid round his shoulders and speaking broad Scotch.

John Wilson as Francis Jeffrey. The ghost this time speaking Princes Street English.

Or John Wilson imitating Timothy Tickler's imitation of "Cockie Hamilton," as Hamlet's father's ghost.

One night a lot of these young fellows held a grave discussion as to whether it were true that a lion concealed a hook within the tassel at the end of his tail. James Wilson, being a naturalist, was appealed to by the others for his opinion, and said that it was quite the case. He then drew a picture of a lion dragging the body of a man hooked on to the tuft in its tail, to show how he brought home his prey. (The sketch is the only thing left of this debate.) De Quincey took it all very seriously; Lockhart and Peter Robertson said it was a lie; Christopher North told them that they had better be silent, as the little they knew, either of them, they had learnt from him, adding that if he were a lion he would find an eye much more useful than a hook at the end of his tail. There was, in fact, nothing too silly for this company to discuss with gravity, or too grave to escape the shafts of their wit. As the evening went on more guests dropped in to supper, the great meal then of the day. The talk, as was the custom, turned upon politics, which at that time ran very high, and one of the party, in order more forcibly to demonstrate his argument, failing to make plain his meaning by words, threw a whiskey rummer at the head of his antagonist. It missed its mark, however, and struck instead the beautiful china figure of a Turk that stood on Timothy's mantelshelf, and the priceless bit of china fell to the ground in fifty pieces. Timothy nearly cried, as, politics all forgotten, he knelt on the rug to pick up his scattered favourite and the whole household was set to collect and mend him. Another piece of china much treasured by Robert Sym was the Dolphin punch-bowl, mentioned with affection in the "Noctes" and much in favour because of the small size which permitted of its being filled any number of times. The blue dolphin had certainly plenty to keep him afloat in those days, but he has paid the penalty of having lived in such stirring times, for the scraping of the spoon has left nothing of him but the extreme tip of his tail. For some time this bowl was kept at 53 Queen Street by Professor Wilson, where it circulated the punch and sustained the wit of those reckless writers of the paper called the

DOLPHIN PUNCH-BOWL

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* Agnes Dalrymple, daughter of Dame Elizabeth Hamilton Dalrymple and aunt of the present Lord Stair.

Chaldee MS. published in the seventh volume of *Blackwood.* This keenly worded satire on well-known Edinburgh men of that day naturally provoked such offence as to make the withdrawal of the article necessary. It excited the most indescribable commotion at the time, nobody knowing from whose hand it came, and even to this day many people are ignorant of the names of those who wrote it. An orthodox pamphlet by "Calvinus" accused the respectable Dr. McCrie (Knox's biographer) and Dr. Andrew Thomson of having a hand in the composition.

The "Ettrick Shepherd," however, told James Ferrier that he, Hogg, was the writer of the first thirty-seven verses of chap. 1, and of two or three sentences besides, so that out of the hundred and eighty verses composing the whole article, the remainder were written between Wilson and Lockhart.

But to return to the Dolphin bowl. Mr. Sym as he mixed the punch for his riotous young guests would chain their attention by tales of former parties, of dinners with Boswell in St. James's Square, recalling his humorous face and powers of "shoving the bottle," or evenings when he used to meet Burns at old Ferrier's house and got from him a copy of his poems with the blanks filled in by Robert's own hand.* In return for these anecdotes old Sym expected to be made acquainted with all the silly jokes among the juniors, and nothing delighted him more than to collect the mischief makers round his table and hear the details of a successfully planned take in.

It is interesting to visit the scene of those festive gatherings in this peaceful square. To stroll round the worn pavement on a calm summer night, and glancing up at the old houses above us, full of quiet sleepers, to think of those who not so very long ago filled their rooms, now sleeping, even more quietly, below us. A revolution has taken place in our century changing all things beyond recognition. Yet what a pleasure it is to let the memory rest for a short space on those old days, recalling with such imperfect material as we have some of the jovial meetings of those well remembered citizens. Eighteen hundred and ninety nine—yes, indeed, as we pass the door of No. 20 we feel we are just a hundred years too late for supper. The fire is out, the toddy cold, the merry-makers have vanished. Yet from one of the upper windows there is surely a placard? Can it be that old Timothy is back again? Alack, this is no advertisement to invite thieves to man-traps, but merely a notice stating the house is To Let: we may as well hurry home, for there will be no supper here to-night.

* Single vol. (of Burns) date 1786. Printed for the author by William Creech. In the possession of Robert Sym Wilson, Seaforth Highlanders.

THE ONLY GUEST

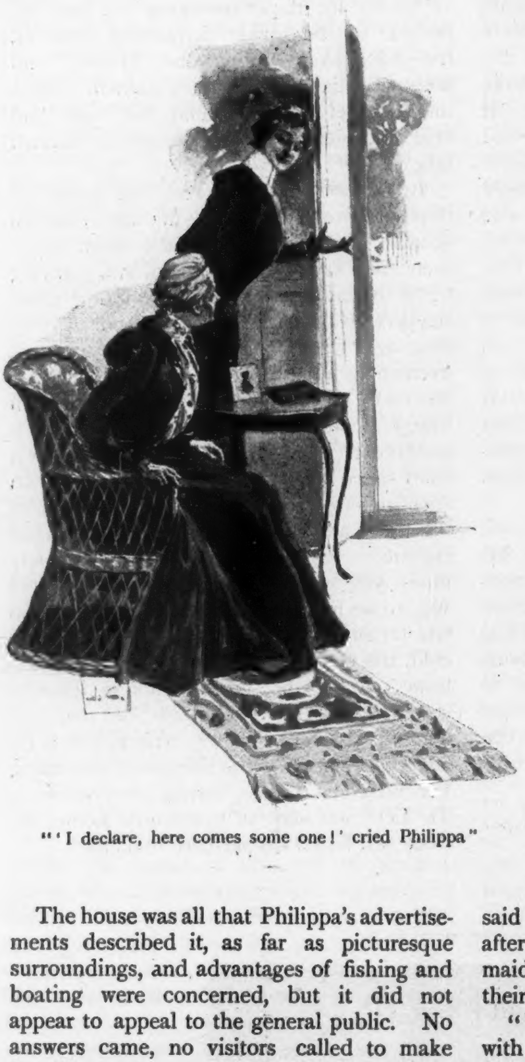
By ISABEL SMITH

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES GREIG

I

IT was a speculation, certainly, but at thirty-one Philippa Brand retained a sanguine disposition which would not brook the suggestion of failure, and a faith in her fellow creatures which was almost pathetic, so that when unexpectedly she became possessed of a comfortable legacy, she took the opportunity of carrying out a long-cherished scheme. This was no less than starting a boarding-house in the neighbourhood of the Suffolk Broads, a somewhat lonely region reclaimed from a pine-wood, which an enterprising builder had made an attempt to develop.

In vain her lawyer remonstrated and relatives threw cold water. Philippa was not to be turned from her purpose, and in the early spring she took up her abode at The Brackens, accompanied by her old friend Mrs. Murchison as housekeeper and companion.



"'I declare, here comes some one!' cried Philippa"

The house was all that Philippa's advertisements described it, as far as picturesque surroundings, and advantages of fishing and boating were concerned, but it did not appear to appeal to the general public. No answers came, no visitors called to make inquiries, and as weeks passed by Philippa began to feel a little disheartened.

Mrs. Murchison too, like the generality of friends, proved herself a Job's comforter at this juncture. The loneliness of the place depressed her, and she sighed and shivered in the big drawing-room where everything looked and smelt so aggressively new.

"A'm afraid it's no good, Philippa," she remarked dismally one grey afternoon, when a soft spring rain was soaking into the sandy soil of the garden outside. "You'll never make it pay, honey."

"Oh don't say that, Murchie. It's got to pay," cried Philippa quickly. "But of course at first it wouldn't. The place must get made known."

Mrs Murchison shook her head. "You're not cut out for business, my woman," she murmured, "and *I* think you look too young and pretty to preside at the table."

"Oh Murchie, don't croak. I am old enough surely."

"Oh—aye—but you don't look your age, honey."

Philippa rearranged the photographs on an occasional table and then walked over to the window. The sombre pine-trees and the gorse bushes, shrouded in mist, did not look cheering. It was a day to damp one's expectations certainly.

All of a sudden the new varnished gate at the end of the drive swung to with a clash. "I declare, here comes some one!" cried Philippa ecstatically.

"Ye'll no say so. In this rain too," exclaimed Mrs. Murchison dropping her knitting. "I wonder who it can be, Philippa?"

But Philippa had rushed out to greet the visitor.

She returned shortly, but all the elation had died out of her countenance. "It wasn't a boarder," she said dolefully; "only a young woman come after Sarah's place." (Sarah was the housemaid who had given warning immediately on their arrival at The Brackens.)

"Will she do?" asked Mrs. Murchison with Celtic composure.

"Oh yes—I think so. She seems strong, and is very tall and not bad-looking, says she can do any kind of work, never knocks up, and (great recommendation) does not mind the country. You know I got her character by post this morning, but the girl thought she would come over and see the place before deciding."

"And you've engaged her, honey?"

"Yes, I have engaged Margaret and trust she will do."

"Marget? Aye, it's a good name, and I'm hoping she'll be a treasure," said Mrs. Murchison."

II

A DAY or two later an answer did come to Philippa's advertisement. A Mr. Trelawney wrote from London, that he fancied from the description The Brackens was just the place for a restful holiday, and, if agreeable, he would come the next day. Philippa wired off at once that everything would be ready for him. She was delighted at the prospect of making a start, and put aside all Mrs. Murchison's suggestions as to references and inquiries. She was sure from his letter he was a gentleman, and quite straightforward.

"Oh aye, honey, but ye're no businesslike, as I've said before. The letter's a' very weel, but he might have got some one else to write it. In my opinion we ought to be cautious,two lone females in this God-forsaken spot."

"Oh Murchie, I wish you wouldn't always be looking out for evils. Besides, what design could any one have on The Brackens?"

"Weel, I'm no sure. There's all your diamonds your uncle left ye—the Babington diamonds, ye ken. I often think it's tempting Providence to keep them in the house."

"Oh nonsense, Murchie! I never give them a thought, and how could an outsider know anything about them. Well, Margaret?" as the new housemaid tapped at the door.

"I've put the last touches to the blue room, Miss," replied the girl, "and I should like you just to see if everything's to your satisfaction."

"Very well, Margaret, I will come," said her mistress; and as soon as the housemaid had departed, Mrs. Murchison went on plaintively:

"He calls himself a *literary* man, but that's rather broad. I should like to know a little more about him, I must say."

"Well, by dinner time this evening we shall, if all's well. I fancy from his writing he is young. Now I must go and pick some violets to put on the dressing-table. I want The Brackens to look its very best for him."

Mr. Trelawney arrived that afternoon. He was a man of about thirty, with dark hair and eyes, large nose and rather thick lips, which his Phœnician origin accounted for, he being, as his name suggested, a Cornishman. His manners were easy and pleasant, and he appeared at home directly. At dinner he talked away on art, literature, and various present-day topics, with much brilliancy.

Philippa listened entranced and almost forgot he was a perfect stranger, so interested was she in his conversation. He had travelled a good deal, and had the art of describing scenes so as to bring them vividly before his hearers.

The meal ended, the ladies left Mr. Trelawney to have a smoke, and Philippa, linking her arm through Mrs. Murchison's, led her into the cool garden.

"How did it go off?" she cried eagerly in the assured tones which only seek for confirmation of impressions.

"Oh, very well," replied her companion calmly.

"Didn't you think Margaret waited nicely?"

"Oh, well enough."

"And Mr. Trelawney is very agreeable, isn't he? I mean he can talk well."

"Oh, he can rattle away, but I'll not say it was all gospel. He might have said less and I'd have been mair pleased."

"Well, I like him so far," cried Philippa valiantly.

"And that's not very far. I'll reserve my judgment," said Mrs. Murchison.

III

MR. TRELAWNEY being the only guest, Philippa and he were naturally thrown together a good deal. There was no one but her to play tennis with him on the sandy, newly made lawn, or accompany his songs of an evening. Consequently in a few days they felt like old friends, with the additional charm of being new ones.

The weather was delightful, the air was full of delicious woody scents, and the nightingales sang by day and night.

Mrs. Murchison had been afraid that the visitor would soon tire of the quiet of The Brackens, but it seemed to be just what he wanted. He had been overworking his brain, and the doctor had ordered change and rest. He thought the neighbourhood charming, and the society of the two ladies all that could be desired.

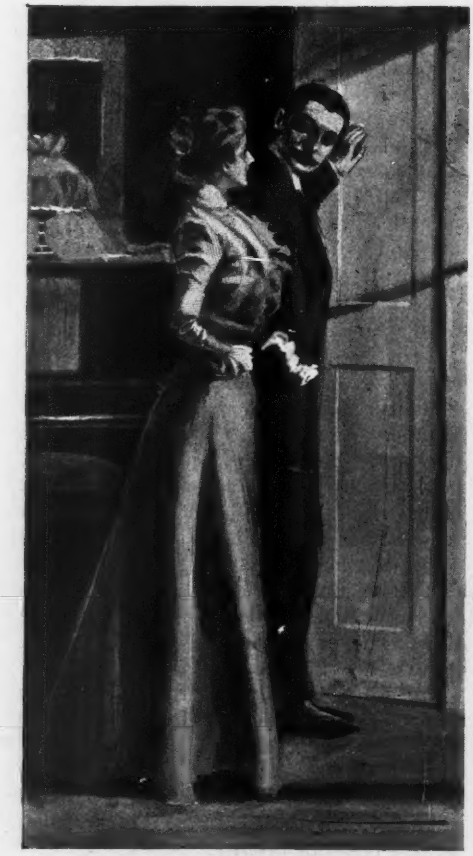
"I am perfectly content," he said one evening as he and Philippa were standing at the open French window, watching the moon rise behind a clump of firs. "If anything, you make me too happy here, Miss Brand."

"I am so glad," cried Philippa heartily, "but it is very good of you to be satisfied with our simple pleasures."

It had been an enjoyable day. They had all three had lunch in the pine-woods, and in the afternoon had sailed on the Broads, and now were feeling comfortably tired from many hours spent in the open air.

Before bed-time, however, a cloud came over the scene. Mrs. Murchison called Philippa into the little sanctum where they did accounts, and planned the meals, &c. She seemed very agitated.

"Shut the door, lassie, shut the door," she said in a low voice.



"'If anything, you make me too happy here, Miss Brand'"

"Why, whatever is the matter, Murchie?" cried Philippa, obeying in astonishment.

"Matter enough. I foolishly left a five-pound note under the blue china vase on the mantelshelf this morning, and now it is gone."

"Gone!"

"Clean gone. I have hunted everywhere and asked the servants, but neither has seen it. They say they have not been in the room all day."

"Well, I suppose no one has but our two selves," said Philippa cheerfully. She felt sure her old friend had put the note away and forgotten where for the moment.

"Aye, but some one else has been in. D'ye recollect just as we were starting this morning, Mr. Trelawney wanted a box of matches, and I, simple like, not thinking, told him there was a box by this mantelshelf. He wasn't a minute gone, but still——"

"Mrs. Murchison—you don't mean to say—" began Philippa indignantly.

"I mean to say, we have been too confiding, taking strangers into our house without any references. My father always used to say, I remember, 'Believe every man to be a rogue till you find out he isn't,' and who's to tell that this glib-tongued stranger isn't equally glib with his fingers?"

"Mrs. Murchison, I won't listen to such a suggestion," retorted Philippa hotly. "I would much rather suspect the servants."

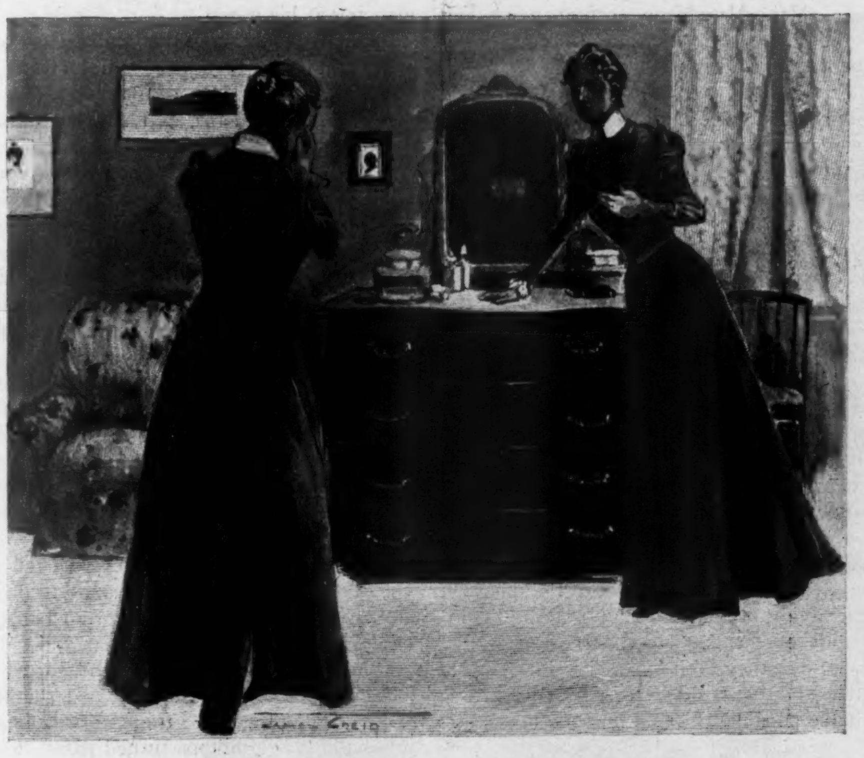
"Surely ye'd not suspect poor old cook who was in your uncle's family so many years, and as for Marget, she's a great lumbering gowk, but as honest as the day, I believe. You know her late mistress said she was a rough diamond, but thoroughly trustworthy."

"Well, don't let us worry any more about it to-night, Murchie," said Philippa, trying to calm her perturbed mind. "Perhaps the morning may throw some light on it."

"Oh—aye—the morning, if we're not murdered in our beds before then," cried Mrs. Murchison tragically. "You must sleep in my room to-night, Philippa."

IV

THE morning, however, only brought fresh disquietude. Philippa, who was rather careless about her possessions, kept most of her jewellery in a leather jewel case in her ward-



"'It is dreadful.' said Philippa aghast"

robe, and the rest in a looking-glass drawer. To satisfy Mrs. Murchison before going down to breakfast, she went to see if it was safe; when, to her dismay, the drawer was empty and the case gone. The two women gazed at each other in blank discomfiture.

"What did I say?" cried Mrs. Murchison subsiding into tears. "We've got a thief in the hoose!"

"It is dreadful," said Philippa aghast. "But there is the breakfast bell. We must try to be calm and appear as if nothing had happened."

"Aye, aye, but how is a body to do that?" said Mrs. Murchison wiping her eyes. "I'm all of a tremble now."

"Don't let us breathe a word about the jewels to any one, Murchie, and directly breakfast is over I will go by train to Gunnercliff and see the superintendent of the police."

"Oh Philippa, I don't like ye going, my woman. I don't like being left in this lonely place."

"I shall be back within an hour. You know it is no distance," said Philippa, and they proceeded to the dining-room.

It was rather hard to meet Mr. Trelawney as if all were as usual, and he in his turn looked and seemed somewhat worried.

"I am afraid, Miss Brand," he said presently, "I shall have to leave this pleasant spot to-morrow. I have had a summons from town this morning on rather urgent business."

It was impossible for Mrs. Murchison not to turn a meaning glance upon Philippa. The latter, however, tried to seem unconcerned, as she expressed polite regrets, but she was conscious that Mr. Trelawney noticed a difference in her manner.

"I should get your shopping done early Philippa," said Mrs. Murchison presently, "for it promises to be a hot day."

Philippa rose accordingly and was soon ready, Mrs. Murchison accompanying her to the gate with murmured injunctions, lamentations and warnings.

Mr. Trelawney wandered about the garden looking depressed, and Mrs. Murchison having settled the commissariat department for the day, and feeling she must keep her eye on the visitor, took her work on to the lawn and sat there like a sentinel, not doing a stitch.

Philippa found them both there on her return shortly afterwards, and asking Mrs. Murchison to come and view her purchases, she conducted her indoors, where, in a few words, she related her interview at the police station and the plan determined on, which was that a private detective should arrive at The Brackens before luncheon as a new boarder, under the name of Major Stafford.

Mrs. Murchison was rather perturbed at the idea of an emissary of the police under the same roof as herself, and Philippa felt miserable to think she had put the bloodhounds of the law upon Mr. Trelawney's track; but they both experienced a sense of relief when the detective with his strong reliable personality came into the house.

V

Before deciding upon The Brackens, Major Stafford wished to be shown over the house. Having examined all the rooms, he expressed himself satisfied and sent for his bag from the station. He appeared to be of a sociable disposition, and chatted away at luncheon, especially to Mr. Trelawney, who seemed rather pleased to have a man to talk to. Philippa was unusually silent, and Mrs. Murchison was so afraid of letting out the identity of the new-comer, that she scarcely spoke a word. Having inquired at what hour the post box outside the gate was cleared, Major Stafford retired to the smoking-room to write some letters. Philippa came to him presently to say it was nearly post time and she would put the letters in. He gave her two, and a few minutes later hurried into the hall, which Margaret was just crossing with a tea-cloth in her hand.

"My good girl," said the Major, producing another letter, "would you just put this in the pillar box. You'll have to run for it," glancing at his watch.

Margaret took the letter and set off at a sharp run down the drive. Major Stafford stood at the door absently watching her.

"Well?" he interrogated as she returned.

"Just in time, sir," said Margaret.

"Ah, that's right. The note was important," said the Major in a tone of satisfaction.

Philippa hardly knew how the afternoon dragged by. The Major wandered about, coming in and out of the house, sometimes by the kitchen entrance, sometimes through the French windows, with as much ease as if he were an old friend of the family.

Mr. Trelawney began to look a little annoyed at the new-comer's coolness, and answered his cheery remarks rather shortly.

Philippa was standing in the dining-room giving a last hasty glance at the dinner-table when the Major appeared at the open window.

"Miss Brand, I wish you would tell me the name of that rose-tree yonder. I am not sure whether it is a rose or an Austrian briar, but it is a lovely colour."

Philippa stepped out into the garden at once, and as soon as they reached the briar Major Stafford said, "I think we are all right, Miss Brand." Philippa turned pale. "And all I have to ask you is that when dinner is over you and Mrs. Murchison retire to the summer-house—and—you won't forget this little particular, please—as you leave the room, just drop your handkerchief."

"Yes?"

"Don't pretend to know you've dropped it, and—don't let Mr. Trelawney see you drop it, you understand."

"Perfectly," replied Philippa, and she went into dinner, feeling utterly wretched and as if she must warn Mr. Trelawney and advise him to go to London at once, instead of waiting till the morning.

She forced herself to talk and laugh during the wretched meal, and as soon as possible she made the move.

"Let us go into the garden, Murchie," she said in a voice which sounded to her unlike her own.

"We will follow you ladies in a moment," said the Major gallantly, and directly they had left the room he rang the bell.

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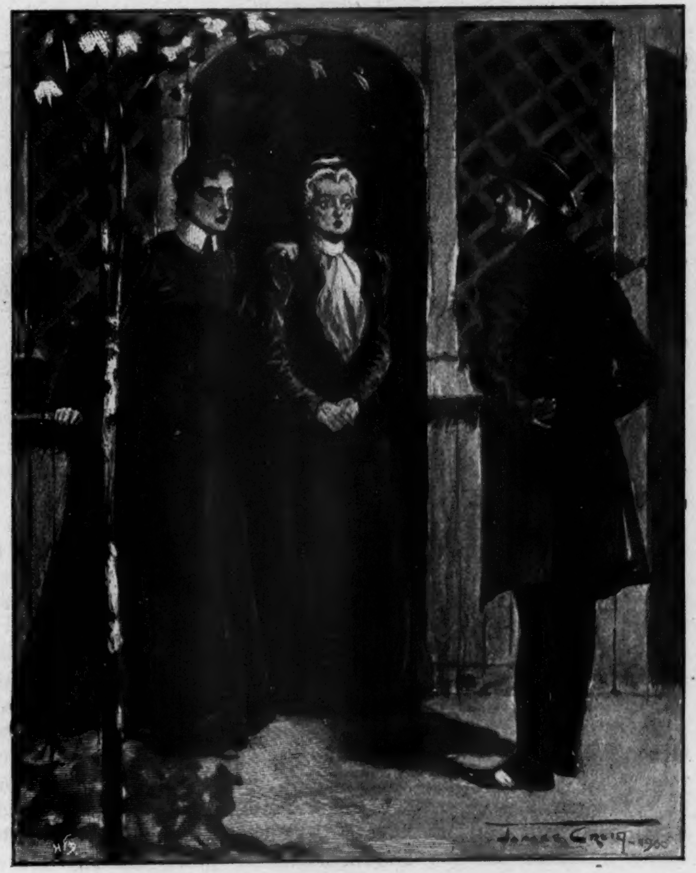
Philippa could not sit still in the summer-house listening to her old friend's ejaculations and oft repeated surmises as to the robbery. She paced up and down outside it, till she suddenly saw the Major approaching.



"'Why Margaret had *all* to do with it,' chuckled the Major"

"Well, Miss Brand, well, madam, we've got him nicely—safe as a church now, handcuffs and all."

Mrs. Murchison exclaimed in satisfaction, but Philippa leant against the trellis-work speechless.

"Yes. It was all managed as quietly as possible. I had not been half an hour in the house before I had my suspicions," went on the Major, "and when I made Margaret run to catch the post this afternoon I was pretty well certain."

"Why, what had Margaret to do with it?" cried Mrs. Murchison.

"Why Margaret had *all* to do with it," chuckled the Major, "or at least the fellow who masqueraded as Margaret. Yes—it is a shock to you, I expect, but I've seen too many disguises to be easily taken in. Well, I had my constable close to the house at dinner, and when Margaret stooped to pick up your handkerchief, Miss Brand, I collared her and whistled to my man. Never suspected Margaret? Ah, madam, gruffness has before now been mistaken for honesty and outspokenness for the having nothing to conceal."

"*Marget a man!*" gasped Mrs. Murchison.

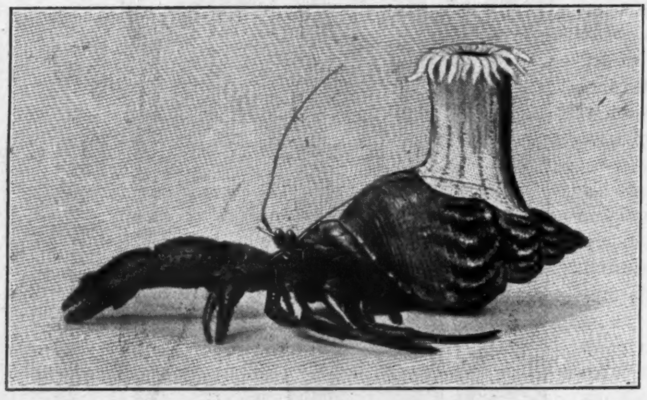
"But Mr. Trelawney!" ejaculated Philippa faintly.

"Was pretty well astonished I can tell you, Miss Brand. I must say, from what I have seen of the gentleman, I am glad you ladies were on a false scent with regard to him."

"And the diamonds, Mr. Detective?" said Mrs. Murchison, returning to the practical.

"Well, I hope we shall recover them. I quite hope so—but of course it is impossible to feel certain."

"Oh, it does not matter a bit about the diamonds," cried Philippa tremulously; and feeling she could not retain her composure any longer under this blessed relief, she hurriedly opened a side gate, and took refuge in the pine-woods.



THE COMMON HERMIT WITH ANEMONE MESSMATE

HERMITS AND THEIR FRIENDS

By EDWARD STEP, F.L.S., Author of "By the Deep Sea," etc.

ONE of the most interesting of the phenomena of natural history is that to which modern science has applied the term Commensalism. Generation after generation, creatures far removed from each other in the tables of affinity agree to become messmates and attach themselves in many cases for life. Many instances are now known, some of them of an exceedingly intimate character, like that of the little Pea Crab (*Pinnotheres*), which is almost always found in the shell of the mussel or some other bivalve mollusk. This particular case, it is true, is no modern discovery, for it was familiar to such antique writers as Pliny, Oppian, Aristotle, and others, though, instead of seeking to understand the reason for the partnership by experiment and observation, they invented a number of absurd romances to account for it. One of these stories represented the minute crab as waiting with a pebble in his hand until the *Pinna* (a species much affected by the Pea Crab) should open its doors, when, like the modern tramp who slips his foot in a partly-open door to prevent its closing before he gets his backsheesh, the *Pinnotheres* would jam his stone between the valves of the shell and, climbing in, would eat up the Pinna at leisure. Another version was much nearer the truth, perhaps, in attributing a business arrangement as the basis of the partnership, though the details are probably not in accordance with the facts of the case. According to this second story there is an understanding between the partners that the Pinna should lie with its shell widely extended until some little fish impelled by curiosity should venture within, when the crab would give the mollusk a gentle nip, a signal for closing the doors with a snap and imprisoning the fish, upon which the conspirators would then dine. It may be said that until naturalists succeed in ascertaining the actual facts of the case these stories are entitled to stand, on the principle of a poor explanation being better than none; but science rightly refuses to admit theories that are opposed to probability unless they have some facts to support them. Probably, the currents set up by the Pinna to bring food and oxygen to it also convey something suitable for the crab's sustenance, and the *Pinnotheres* by his crab-like uneasiness when danger looms may warn the mollusk that it is time to close the valves. This ancient problem must be left just now, for my immediate business is to consider the relations between the Hermit Crabs and certain other creatures.

The Hermits or Soldier Crabs (*Paguridæ*) are a tolerably numerous group, of which no less than eleven species are to be found around the British Islands. Into their names and specific distinctions it is scarcely necessary now to go, as this present writing does not presume to be a monograph of the family. The most striking feature of the Hermit's personal appearance after dragging him from his portable hermitage is the contrast between the stout crust around his limbs and the parchmenty consistency of the integuments surrounding his "chest," the elementary condition of his fourth and fifth pairs of limbs, and the naked softness of his twisted "tail" or *pleon*. It is a moot point whether this unprotected condition of the hinder portion of these crabs has been produced by the habit of hiding it within the shells of mollusks, or whether the habit has been adopted as a necessary consequence of the niggardliness of nature in providing the Hermit's outfit. This point may not be settled at present, but I am inclined to take the view that the soft pleon came first and the mollusk's shell was borrowed as a real protection. The celebrated Cocoa-nut Crab (*Birgus latro*) of Keeling Island is of similar structure to the Hermit Crabs and was at one time included in the same family; but its broad pleon is not twisted, and is protected by dorsal plates of horny or limy character. The original Hermit may have possessed protective plates of this character, but felt that a whelk-shell would afford more satisfactory defensive works, for if he could pull himself well into the doorway he could utilise his bigger pincer-claw as a street door, and thus effectually keep out intruders. If that were so, we can imagine that there was a constant striving to make the pleon curl round and fit the spiral shell. The individuals that could best accomplish this would be those to whom the shell afforded the greatest security, and therefore these would be the most likely to live and transmit a curl-tailed progeny. Colour is given to this supposition by the fact that these Hermits begin life as symmetrical animals, but they soon get the curl in the tail and lose their symmetry, for they have been found with borrowed shells when only one-eighth of an inch in length.

Until the Hermits are about an inch long in the trunk, they may be found in abundance on the shore at low-water or in the rock-pools; but after attaining to this size they appear to have some difficulty in finding their food in-shore, for larger specimens are only to be obtained from deeper water.

How the Hermits obtain possession of these shells is also a moot point. The name of Soldier Crab has been applied to them from a belief that they attack and capture the castles of other warriors. They do, undoubtedly, try to obtain a desirable shell they know their brother to possess, and in the narrow bounds of an aquarium waste a considerable amount of time in dodging each other, one seeking to take advantage of his friend, and he doing his best to protect his own property. But they so rapidly spring back into the shell on the slightest alarm that it is very difficult for one to get the better of another. That they do contrive at times to accomplish their end I can testify from living specimens in my possession. I have not actually seen the transfer, and, therefore, cannot say whether it was accomplished by sheer brute force, by diplomacy, or by fair bargaining; but I have seen the dispossessed Soldier vainly trying to get into a shell that was a couple of sizes too small for him, whilst the other had some little difficulty in hauling about the shell that was too roomy for his immediate requirements. I am very sceptical as to their killing and evicting whelks from their shells. The late Professor Bell, in his "History of British Stalk-eyed Crustacea," believed this "to be true in many if not in most cases; certainly, however, not in all." He further says "it can scarcely be doubted . . . . that it often obtains its habitation by violence. The fishermen on the coast are fully persuaded of this; and an intelligent person of this class at Bognor assured me that the fact has often been observed by himself and others. He stated that the aggressor seizes its victim — the whelk, for instance — immediately behind the head, and thus kills or disables it, then eats it, and finally creeps into and appropriates its vacant shell."

Bell was a trifle too partial to the evidence of fishermen upon matters in which they take little or no interest, and I cannot help thinking his book would have become more permanently valuable if it had contained more records of personal observation and fewer of such stories. To those acquainted with the structure and ways of mollusks the story is not very convincing. A whelk before it is cooked has very soft flesh, and is very quick in withdrawing into its shell and closing the opening with its horny operculum; and the probability is that before the crab had managed to secure a firm hold of the whelk the soft body of the latter would be drawn through the crab's pincers and safely housed. Even should the crab succeed in thus killing the whelk, to clear it out of the shell is an impossibility; for, as every conchologist knows, the whelk has muscular attachment to the shell, and this attachment is not easily broken, save by cooking or decomposition, so that those non-muscular portions towards the apex of the shell must remain to putrify. The crab would, therefore, be unable to make immediate use of the shell, and consequently is not likely to go to such trouble to obtain a house where desirable empty shells of all sizes are lying around.

After several changes of his natural shell, as is customary with all crabs, our Hermit we may suppose is snugly housed in a full-sized whelk-shell. His body is now about five inches long and the hinder portion large and plump, by which token we know that he gets regular rations and those of an abundant character. But as a rule we shall now find that, in addition to the cumbrous whelk-shell he has chosen to drag about, there is perched up on the apex of it a great, pale-brown, solid-looking tower of flesh, three or four inches high, the summit crowned with a wide-spreading circlet of creamy-white tentacles, almost as broad as the column is high. This is the unfortunately-named Parasite Anemone (*Cribrina effoeta*), which is a companion, a messmate, and not a mere sponging hanger-on. Whatever may be the whole truth of this remarkable association of these widely dissimilar organisms, it is fairly certain that it is not a case of parasitism: if the anemone benefits we may feel sure that the Hermit does the same, and there is at least one point in which the Hermit feels the advantage in being the carrier of the anemone, for I am sure no fish, however hungry, would touch the Parasite as food. Most of the members of its class possess a very unpleasant odour, but in the Parasite it is particularly strong and ungrateful, and he who handles the creature must use much soap before he can rid his flesh of the nauseous smell. There is also the probability that the Hermit may get food dropped to him from the Parasite's table, for from his more elevated position and his rapid transit through the waters he may be enabled more easily to obtain tit-bits in the way of small fishes and other creatures. My neighbours, who are fishermen, catch plaice by means of a "spiller"—that is, a long line to which a large number of baited hooks are attached by shorter lines, the whole thing being laid on the sandy bottom, where plaice and other "flats" are known to congregate. Often when they take up these spillers they are annoyed to find that, instead of a good-sized plaice upon every hook, several of the baits have been sucked in by these huge anemones, which get hauled up with whelk-shell and Hermit attached.

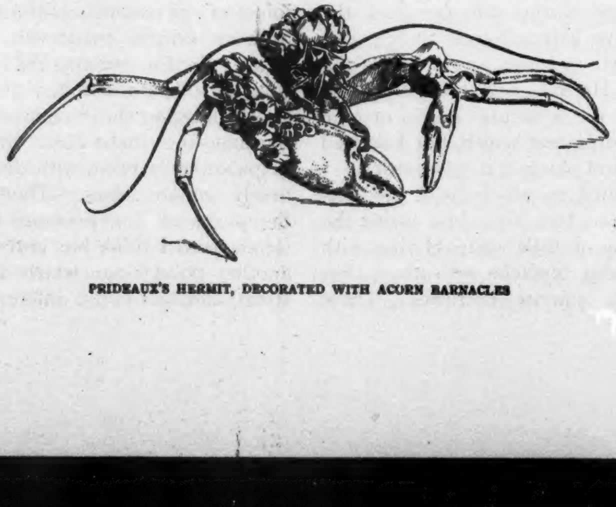
There is one way in which, undoubtedly, the Parasite renders a service to the Hermit—that is, in lightening his load somewhat by reducing the thickness of the whelk-shell. This is a fact I have had many opportunities for testing. Where the Parasite stands the shell becomes very thin, so that the light comes through it and the natural ridges of the shell are obliterated or much rubbed down. Between the anemone's base and the thinned shell there are now several layers of a thin brown-papery substance which, without analysis, I take to be the animal portion of the shell from which the calcium carbonate has been dissolved out by means of some acid excretion from the Parasite's base. When it is considered that often as many as four of the Parasites may be crowded together on one whelk-shell it will be understood that the thinning process must be considerable. Even where there is only one of the anemones, it will be found that he is frequently shifting his perch, and so the thinning goes on slowly and irregularly all over the surface. This observation I will support presently by one of similar import.

That the selection of the Hermit's cell as a coign of vantage by the Parasite is no matter of accident, constantly recurring, is sufficiently attested by the fact that when the Hermit dies or is about to die and quits his cell, the Parasite has no further desire for his perch; he quits his hold and attaches himself to a rock or some other base firmer than an unstable, empty whelk-shell. It is a remarkable thing that when the Hermit dies the Parasite is aware of the fact at once and acts accordingly.

The Parasite is not the only partner in the firm of Bernhardus and Co. As a rule the other member of the firm keeps behind the scenes. His name is *Nereis fucata*, and he is a beautiful marine worm, whose long depressed body is built up of a great number of rings or somites (I have counted from 114 to 130 in different individuals), and each of these segments is provided at each side with a leaf-like horizontal gill, beneath which in each case are bunches of stiff bristles, apparently made of spun glass, which act either as oars or as pushing poles for locomotion. This worm lies in the upper whorls of the whelk-shell, but at times he comes out to take the air—or water—and rambles over the outside of the shell; that is, about seven inches of him comes outside, whilst about an inch of the tail end keeps up communication with the inside and affords the leverage by means of which the main body may rapidly get back into a secure place when danger threatens. Worms of this genus are splendid baits for fishing, so that the Nereis is much more secure in the Hermit's cell than when seeking to elude flat-fishes under sand and stones. It dwells in peace with the Hermit, and may frequently be seen protruding from the whelk-shell and creeping over its partner's head. Its presence in the Hermit's cell is explained, I think, by the fact that it acts as a scavenger, and clears up particles of food and excrement that would otherwise lodge in the apex of the shell and become offensive. But there is not the same personal attachment to the Hermit as characterises the Parasite's partnership, for when the Hermit dies the worm still occupies the shell, and I have kept a Nereis under such conditions for six or seven months after the death of the Hermit, and even then the worm did not die a natural death, or pine away—it was in perfect health, but I desired its dead body and plunged it into spirit.

The same shell in which lived the last-mentioned Nereis had also, just inside the mouth, a colony of little white Hydras with very long slender tentacles with which they captured more minute creatures. These Hydras were the larval forms of a species of jelly-fish. Then both inside and outside there was a great number of contorted tubes of several species of *Serpulæ*—another group of worms, which build for themselves pure white stony tunnels of polished lime in which they can lie secure, and from the mouth of which they cautiously thrust out their heads and unfold glorious spreading crowns of blue, grey, or scarlet rays, retracting them with a sudden snap should a shadow fall across them. Close beside these were acorn barnacles (*Balanus*), for ever opening their trap-like doors, and spreading out their crystal hands to grab a handful of the microscopic contents of the sea-water and take it into their mouths. Then there were many other creatures of a more minute character; and I used sometimes to smile as I thought how the ordinary seaside visitor would spurn a dirty-looking shell like that, though it was a little world in itself, inhabited by most wonderful and beautiful creatures.

The species we have been describing so far is the common Hermit Crab (*Eupagurus bernhardus*), but there is another species of less robust appearance called Prideaux's Hermit Crab (*Eupagurus prideaux*), which was confused with the common species until Prideaux took a number of specimens in Plymouth Sound and sent them to Dr. Leach, by whom it was named after the industrious friend who had supplied him with so many good things. It is not necessary in a popular article to go minutely into the points of difference between these two species, but I may say in a few words that *Eu. bernhardus* has its limbs covered with little tubercles that exhibit a tendency to develop into spines, that its upper crust (what there is of it) has a small "median projection" between the eye-stalks, and that the terminal joints of its second and third pairs of limbs have an evident twist, with spinous upper edges. In *Eu. prideaux* the limbs are simply covered with low rounded granulations with a few tubercles, the "median projection" is wanting, the limbs have but the faintest suspicion of a twist, with deep grooves and nearly smooth edges. Then, size for size, the pleon of *Eu. prideaux* is much more slender and I think less curly. But there is another point upon which I desire to lay stress, and that is the difference in the messmates. The Parasite does not perch upon the shell tenanted by Prideaux, but its place is taken by another anemone to which Gosse gave the popular name of Cloaklet (*Adamsia palliata*), because of its habit of completely investing the shell with its body as with a mantle. This species of Hermit is usually found tenanting the shell of the Painted Top (*Trochus magus*), which is boldly sculptured, and painted with irregular purplish streaks, mostly running obliquely across the shell. It is at least remarkable that the *Adamsia* is marked with a very similar pattern and in the same tints. The reduction of the whelk-shell by the Parasite is emulated in more thorough fashion by the Cloaklet, which renders the entire thick and heavy Top-shell thin and soft, so that the crabbers who find both species in their pots at times distinguish these as Soft-shelled Hermits. Quite recently I had a couple of specimens brought to me which had been found living in holes in the rocks. I do not know if a similar fact has been recorded, but I have not yet heard of such. These specimens were not ensconced in molluscan shells, neither were they invested by the Cloaklet; but the top of the head and certain parts of the legs were covered with Acorn Barnacles, and to me they have far greater interest than the normally disguised forms by reason of the additional light they cast upon this group of crabs. In the various Spider Crabs there is a great tendency to dress up in order to disguise their natural appearance and deceive their natural enemies; and it may yet turn out that *Eu. bernhardus* and *Eu. prideaux* respectively look for young specimens of their favourite anemone and plant it on their borrowed shells, just as *Maia squinado* and other sea-spiders are known to plant sponges and zoophytes on their carapaces. But this thing is certain, that by some means not yet ascertained, *Eu. prideaux* can induce a colony of the acorn barnacle to take up a commanding position on its carapace, and so help it to fill up an inconveniently large doorway to its hole in the rock. Crabs of the more ordinary type of structure that live in holes always resist eviction by pressing their backs against the roof, and appear to know full well that if their enemy can only get behind them they are bound to clear out. How does the Hermit that normally lives in shells know this important fact? This is a matter that requires further investigation. Of course, an isolated instance of this kind, though interesting, would have little value, but in this case there are two specimens living under similar conditions decorated in absolutely the same fashion. How they happened to take to living in rock-holes is, I think, pretty clear, and affords evidence of the resourcefulness of the Hermits. The place where these individuals were found is used by the fishermen for landing, and mooring their boats. Hermits minus cells frequently come in with the boats, having fallen from crab-pots, spiller-lines, nets, etc. These two were thrown over into the "porth," when the boats were cleaned out, and finding no shells they were compelled to seek shelter in the rock-holes, which were too roomy for them. Acorn Barnacles in the larval condition rapidly cover all submerged surfaces between tide-marks, and crabs have to keep themselves well-brushed to be rid of them. Now the idea seems to have occurred to two crabs, living in separate holes and unable to communicate, that by not brushing their heads and certain parts of their legs they could have a growth that would speedily fill up the inconvenient space around them, and keep them in safety.



PRIDEAUX'S HERMIT, DECORATED WITH ACORN BARNACLES

THE MIRACLES OF JESUS

SUNDAY READINGS FOR AUGUST

By the Rev. COSMO GORDON LANG, M.A.

FIRST SUNDAY

THE WATER MADE WINE

St. John ii. 1–11

WE can never cease to be surprised at the simplicity and straightforwardness with which the Gospels put before us the reality of our Lord's human nature. It is not obtruded, or insisted upon; it is simply assumed. This is indeed equally true of their presentment of His divine nature. If we think of it quietly, surely there is something wonderful in what we may call the unconscious audacity of these records—the quiet, almost matter-of-fact way in which they blend together two apparently so opposite conceptions: Jesus as Man and Jesus as God. There is a naturalness about it which seems to make the idea of their authors setting about to illustrate a doctrine a literary impossibility. Their treatment of two ideas so hard to combine in thought seems inconceivable unless they had seen them fused in a real and actual life. Thus in this story of the marriage feast of Cana the natural and the supernatural are blended with a simplicity which is beyond the skill of art.

Consider, then, how real and recognisable is the humanity here portrayed. It is a very homely village feast—in an atmosphere of frank conviviality. Notice the obvious distress when the supply of wine falls short of the demand; the hilarity of the ruler's words to the bridegroom when the good wine unexpectedly appears—perhaps the only words approaching a jest in the whole New Testament. Quite plainly there is no suggestion of constraint, of the presence of anything strange and awful, in the whole scene. Yet one of the guests was the Son of God. "Jesus was bidden, and His disciples, to the marriage." How real and entire must have been the humanity which made such an invitation possible! He was the friend and neighbour of these village folk. For thirty years He had been coming and going among them. Yet they had discerned nothing in Him that would make it strange to invite Him to share the innocent conviviality of their feast. There was nothing in His presence there that would seem to them incongruous. There was nothing in their simple mirth that He would disown. Nay; He used His divine power to help it—to remove a difficulty which might have spoiled it. It was thus, says St. John, that "He manifested His glory." Truly—they are His own words, else we would have shrunk from using them—"the Son of Man came eating and drinking."

The Son of Man—with what surprising simplicity this scene vindicates His title! It brings Him to us in the familiar intimacies of social intercourse. The Christian household is to regard Him as the unseen guest at every meal, the unseen hearer of every conversation. Yet this thought is not to bring any atmosphere of constraint and severity: it is not to check the readiness or cloud the brightness of untainted mirth. The Puritan can never have meditated on this story of the marriage feast at Cana. It teaches us that it is not mirth that His presence banishes, but only the evil—the foolishness or self-indulgence—that corrupts it. Jesus can be with us—let us say it with a reverent boldness—even in our laughter.

Laughter—the laughter that takes us out of ourselves, that spreads its gaiety and lightens the burden of life—and the humour which provokes it are among God's choicest gifts. He who has created and surely rejoices in "the much laughing sea," when the sunlight and the waves dance together, and the mirth of the birds among the trees in the spring morning, will not disown the laughter of His children. There is a time to laugh as well as a time to weep; and the Son of Man, who shared our tears on the way to the grave of Lazarus and the Cross of Calvary, shared also our mirth at the feast of Cana. All the faculties of life are to be, not suspected, but redeemed from evil by the Christian; and one of the richest and happiest is the faculty of mirth. Our duty is, not to check its brightness, but to keep its innocence; and surely in the laughter that is like the laughter of the child, of the sunlight and the birds, God is well pleased.

SECOND SUNDAY

JESUS AND HIS MOTHER

One shadow crosses the brightness of that scene at Cana. There is one touch of gentle severity—Jesus' quiet rebuke of His mother. With a woman's ready insight she had discerned the little failure in household management which threatened to spoil the success of the feast. In the happy days at Nazareth she had doubtless often turned for help to the sympathy of her Son. In ways not revealed to us He had often, doubtless, given her help in her own household cares that recalled the mystery of His birth. So now "when the wine failed the mother of Jesus saith unto Him, 'They have no wine.' Jesus saith unto her, 'Woman, what have I to do with thee? mine hour has not yet come.'" There was no harshness in the words: the appearance of it is due simply to the Greek idiom, which it is difficult to translate into English. But, however gentle and respectful, it was a rebuke. Her words perhaps seemed to imply some mother's right to influence His acts. She must be taught that the old days of "subjection" were over; that He had now to realise the wider aims and deeper purposes of His own divine mission; that His acts were now to be controlled by its supreme necessities. "Mine hour is not yet come." Perhaps there was a trace of presumption in the words or manner of Mary—though one hesitates to use the term—of presuming too far on the rights which her relationship seemed to give her. She must be reminded that between her and Him there was a deep mysterious gulf. "Woman, what is there between me and thee?" Yet who shall venture to explain these glimpses into that wonderful guidance—so gentle, so pathetic—by which the Blessed Mother learned to realise that her Son was also her Lord?

One practical thought for ourselves, however, we may be permitted to gather from this gentle rebuke. It is one of the marks of a wise parent—most sure, yet most difficult of attainment—to discern betimes the period when the child's life must pass beyond the parent's immediate control. The hand of loving care which has guided the child's younger life may, if it linger on him too long and too fondly, thwart and hinder his own development. Every child has its own way to take—a way unknown to the parent, often leading to regions in which the parent is bewildered and ill at ease. The child after all is not so much God's gift as God's loan—an embodiment of a wholly separate purpose of God entrusted for a time to the parent's guidance. It is hard for them to discern, harder still to accept, the moment when that time has reached its limit, and the child must go forth in the way of its own destiny. Yet failure in this discernment is a fruitful cause of family misunderstandings. The father insists on keeping his boy within the lines of some career which he has designed for him; and resents the boy's desire to wander outside of them. The mother expects the growing daughter to share her own ideas and conform to her own customs; and is distressed at the signs of independence. So the living hand of help and guidance becomes the dead hand of mere restraint. The bonds of love become irksome chains. No parent can tie up the life of a child in the limits of his own preconceived desires and ideas. Wise love will not seek to prolong subjection, but to prepare for freedom. The true economy of the nest is to fit the young bird for flight. When the time comes, and the children show in thoughts and ambitions the warning signs that the call of their separate destiny is beginning to reveal itself, the parent must open the door, bid them God-speed, and let them go. After all, that new land is not strange to their Heavenly Father: He will be with them there. The human fatherhood must surrender its trust to the divine. Love reaches its height in sacrifice; and parent's love in the sacrifice of its restraints. But the sacrifice will lose its bitterness when it becomes an offering of the child to the love of God from which he came, and beyond which he cannot wander.

THIRD SUNDAY

THE WATER AND THE WINE OF LIFE

By the supremacy of His Divine Spirit Jesus converted the water into wine. By this "sign," says St. John, He "manifested His glory." The glory was not merely in the display of power, but in the inward meaning of the act. For every act of the Eternal Truth in time was a symbol—the manifestation of an inner divine, eternal glory. So considered this act was a symbol of the whole life of Jesus. It was a symbol of the Incarnation. He took the water of our human life, and by the supremacy of His Spirit converted it into the wine of the divine life. He came down to our fallen humanity, and raised it again to God. By taking our manhood upon Him He "took it unto God." Thus He dignified every part and faculty of it; He stamped it for ever with the pledge of its divine possibility. The flesh is no longer vile, since He wore it. Suffering is no longer merely sad, since He consecrated it. Our sin is no longer hopeless, since He bore it, and by bearing covered it with forgiveness. He converted human life by living it. As was the Master, so is the disciple to be. He has given us His Spirit, and by His Spirit we are the inheritors and associates of His conversion of life. The Spirit of Jesus in us, His members, is to manifest His glory by enabling us always to turn our water into wine.

The wine did not simply come: the water became it. That is the divine method. When Christ came He did not come in a new order of being: He came in the flesh, a man. It was just this real and actual human nature that He made divine. We are to follow that divine method. We are to take the water as we find it and convert it into wine. It may seem in itself most alien to this better use. The water in these jars at Cana must have seemed the very opposite of the wine that was desired. Our lives and circumstances—the world we live in—may seem singularly incapable of fulfilling a divine purpose; yet it is through these and not otherwise that the divine purpose is to be fulfilled. The supremacy of the Spirit of Jesus suffices. The artist, whatever his dreams and ideals of beauty may be, does not quarrel with this world and wait for another. He sets to work with the lines and colours that he finds, and by the supremacy of his artist-spirit realises his ideal through them. It may only be a peasant scything the grass that he sees; but behold just there the rhythm of movement. It may only be the corner of an obscure stream; but behold just there the wonders of light and shadow. The Christian is the true artist of life. He takes what he finds in the lot he shares with ordinary men—of sorrow and joy, of labour and rest, of success and failure, of capacities and incapacities. He does not quarrel with it; he does not change it. But by the supremacy of the spirit which the Lord of Life gives him, he converts it into the sphere of a noble and God-ward life. It is not too much to say that the main business of a Christian life is to go through the world turning its water into wine.

Put quite simply, the true Christian learns to make the best of everything and everybody. Every wise man, whether he calls himself a Christian or not, discerns that there is no other way of making life worth living. He will set himself strenuously to make the best of things as he finds them. Only he is apt to he haunted at times with the thought that perhaps this brave endeavour is after all an illusion. He will not cherish it less ardently, or follow it less perseveringly; but the secret fear will rob it of much of its zest and joy. The Christian knows it is truth, not illusion. He does not try to make the best of things—to wrest good out of evil, joy out of sorrow, life out of death—because it is after all the wisest thing to do; but because it is the truest thing to do. He has the Example of the true life before him—the witness of the Spirit of truth within him. He manifests, not the success of a helpful illusion, but the glory of the Incarnate Christ, when he thus resolutely turns the water into wine. Even if the water be salt—salt with the tears of sorrow or the bitterness of suffering—the spirit of Christ within him will convert it into the wine of closer fellowship with the Cross. If the water be clear and sparkling—the beauty of an autumn day, the invigoration of stimulating work, the companionship of children, the possession of human love—he will convert it into a deeper and more satisfying draught of wine, for he will taste in this the rich wine of the love of God.

FOURTH SUNDAY

THE BEST AT THE LAST

"Every man setteth on first the good wine: and when men have drunk freely, then that which is worse—but thou hast kept the good wine until now." So said the ruler of the feast at Cana to the bridegroom. It was but the jest of an evening; yet, though he little knew it, he was speaking a parable of life. For the words point the contrast between the way of worldly and of God-ward living. First the good wine, then, when men have drunk freely, the worse—that is the way in which the world entertains its friends. They have good wine set before them at the start. They have the joys of childhood—easy conscience, the endless variety of outward things, the surprises of an infinite curiosity, a sunlight where there is no shadow of self. They have the pleasures of youth—when hope is young, and health strong, and all the faculties of sense keen and alert. And they drink freely, for life tastes sweet in these early irresponsible days. At all costs, they will "see life," they will "have a good time." But the good wine soon fails. It draws its flavour from outward things, and only a fresh taste can appreciate it. The taste palls from much indulgence, and outward things lose their power to please. They are not what they were in the brave young days. Cares, customs, inevitable responsibilities, awkward consequences, gradually limit their range. Sensations cease to stimulate—or stimulate without being able to satisfy. Then worse wine must suffice. Sometimes it is but the bitter dregs that remain—to be drunk with remorse and a kindred bitterness of spirit. Or else the same sort of wine is set on—the wine that money buys and the senses like—but it is meagre and faint in its taste: the flavour has gone out of it. Finally, there is nothing which the world can set before its friends but water—cold, comfortless. The mind works slowly, the senses are dull, the body is feeble, and there are no fresh resources in the spirit. The past is irrevocably gone, and the wine that gladdened it; the present has no power to please, and the future is a hollow blank, with the spectre of death haunting it. The world's feast ends pitifully, and Death enters to put out the lights and carry the guests into the outer darkness.

It is far otherwise with the friends of God. For them He keeps the best wine for the last. They too begin with good wine—clear and sparkling in the days of childhood, rich and full in the days of youth. They take the gifts of life gladly, and make good use of them. But their wine is flavoured, not by outward things, but by the inward spirit. They know the great secret which God reveals to *His* guests, that the only source of happiness is within; not in things, but in the spirit which controls them. It is the quality, the disposition of the spirit, of the man's own self, that gives its flavour to outward circumstances. These might seem to the world's guest to have nothing but the taste of water—circumstances hard, uncongenial, marked by suffering or sacrifice. But God's guest finds that the water becomes wine—wine richer and better than that which was set before him when things went well in early days of hope and strength. He falls back upon the inward resources of his spirit, and finds that they do not fail. Sorrow gives him the power of sympathy; difficulty increases the zest of effort; doubt deepens the longing for truth; disappointment turns his thoughts from the transitory to the eternal; sacrifice sets him on the lines of the true life which Jesus lived. All these strengthen the spirit by leading it to find its only stay in God. The water becomes the best wine, filling the soul with chastened strength and tranquil peace. Surely it is—certainly it ought to be—true of God's friends that they grow better as they grow older; their life becomes simpler, sweeter, stronger as the years pass. Contrast St. Peter in the early days, impulsive and unstable, with the strong sober strengthening St. Peter revealed to us in his Epistle. Think of the deep and tranquil possession of the truth which sustained St. John as the old man looked out on the unequal struggle of the Church with the forces of the world. See how St. Paul, from the days of the Epistle to the Thessalonians to the days of the Epistle to the Colossians advances in grasp of the length, height, depth and breadth of the love and wisdom of God. See how some friend of God in your own experience becomes, as the years bow his head, more contented, more charitable, more happy in life and more resigned to death, more thankful for the past, more sure of the future; waiting for the end of life, with something of the glad expectancy with which the child looks out on its beginning. "Thou hast kept the good wine until now"—that is surely their testimony. It will be their voice of praise when "they drink it new in their Father's kingdom," at that ineffable feast where God Himself is to His saints full and everlasting joy.

FROM ONE POINT OF VIEW

By WILLIAM CANTON

I OPEN Mr. Hudson's new book* in a leafy nook among the Surrey Downs. His downland lies in Sussex, a long way further south; and it is delightful to think that if ever I tire of the deep woods and sandy heaths, and long bare chines of upland in my own region, there still remains a hilly tract of wild nature which, if one can believe Mr. Hudson, must be even more fresh and exhilarating. As I read in the wood, a whiff of cool wind tosses the light branches; a thrush breaks into song; a jay darts past screeching; far away the cuckoo calls. Ten to one, when I look away from the page I catch a glimpse of some small furry creature slipping stealthily across the open between one bush and another.

In such surroundings Mr. Hudson's book is peculiarly pleasant reading; but, of course, it is pleasant reading anywhere, for he is gifted with the seeing eye, and the pen of Nasr-eddin, who, according to the legend, when he wrote "bird," saw the word spread its wings and flutter away singing into the sky. And not only is he a keen observer, but he has travelled far, and brings to his task a rare power of comparison and contrast, and—best qualification of all—he is able by his sympathy and love to bring himself into a sort of kinship with the wild nature which he describes. One result of all this is that you can never take up a book of his without coming upon something you never knew before; and a still better result is that as you read you are lifted out of your everyday environment, with its work and worries and monotony, into a clearer and sweeter condition of spirit.

I am eager to see this Sussex downland, if only for the old-world survivals which it contains. "Here," writes Mr. Hudson, "one may see the corn reaped with sickles in the ancient way; and better still, the wheat carried from the field in wains drawn by two or three couples of great long-horned, black oxen." These black oxen, however, are only new comers, introduced from Wales about a century ago, for some unknown reason. A few teams of shapely, long-horned, deep-red oxen may still be seen among the downs, and these are descended from the original breed for which Sussex was once famous. Mr. Hudson quotes an amusing passage from Arthur Young's "Tour" in 1727, which seems to transport one straightway into the Middle Ages: "Here I had a sight, which indeed I never saw in any other part of England, namely, that going to church in a village not far from Lewes, I saw an ancient lady of very good quality drawn to church in her coach with six oxen; nor was it done but out of mere necessity, the way being so stiff and deep that no horses could go in it." Even as late as 1834 almost every farmer in Sussex worked oxen as well as horses. Mr. Hudson makes no reference to the manner of yoking or the method of draught; but if I remember rightly, the yoke-beam rests on the necks of the oxen, and is not adjusted, as it commonly is in France and Germany, to the base of the horns and the massive bone of the brow, where the animal can command the greatest power of draught with the greatest ease. The matter is of little consequence, if Mr. Hudson's regretful anticipations are well founded: "The little rustic village in the deep dene, with its two or three hundred inhabitants, will probably outlast London, or at all events London's greatness; and the solitary shepherd with his dog at his feet will doubtless stand watching his flock on the hillside for some thousands of years to come: but these great, slow, patient oxen cannot go on dragging the plough much longer: the wonder is that they have continued to the present time. One gazes lovingly at them, and on leaving casts many a longing, lingering look behind, fearing that after a little while their place will know them no more for ever."

One of the delights of the downs is the springy carpet of turf which makes walking a joy instead of a weariness, but how few of us have knelt to examine this web of grasses and clovers and sweet creeping herbs, which twine their fibrous roots together underneath and steam with fragrance in the hot afternoon sun. "In a space of one square foot of ground, a dozen or twenty or more species of plants may be counted;" and apparently it takes centuries to make a true turf, just as it takes centuries to make a Homer or a Shakespeare. On the earthworks of the old Roman camps, which crown many of the high downs, turf has grown again, close and rich and elastic, in the long lapse of time since the abandonment of Britain: but the grazing land which was broken up by the plough in 1800, when wheat rose to famine prices, and which was only tilled for a year or two, has not yet recovered its turf. It is of course very different from the patches of soil which have been lying uncultured for ten or twenty years only; indeed "so unlike the barren, thistly, and weedy waste lands and fallows does it look, so harmonious, so natural all that grows upon it, that in some cases you find it hard to believe that the plant life is not native, but has migrated hither, and was only able to take permanent hold of the soil because of the destruction of the turf."

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* "Nature in Downland." By W. H. Hudson, Author of "Birds in London," &c. With illustrations. Longmans, Green and Co. 10s. 6d. net.

In the clear quiet air of these altitudes voices travel far—so far indeed that some of the great cries which ring through the old legends and folk-tales do not seem so incredible after all. On the very high downs between Stanmer and Westmeston, Mr. Hudson found a girl of fifteen shepherding, without a dog, and directing her flock by her voice. "During my rambles among the hills I constantly heard her oft-repeated calls and long piercing cries sounding wonderfully loud and distinct even at a distance of two miles and more away. It was like the shrill echoing cries of some clear-voiced big bird—some great forest fowl, or eagle, or giant ibis, or rail, or courlan, in some far land where great birds with glorious voices have not all been extirpated." More striking still is the immense distance at which the voices of birds may be heard. "The highest notes of the lark on these hills may, I believe, be heard three miles away: that sound carries three times as far on these heights as it does on the level country I am positive; and if this be so the highest notes of all the birds singing on a windless day within a circuit of eighteen miles are audible. Many, probably most, of the birds one hears singing over distant corn-fields; but the fields are too far to be seen, or they are on slopes behind interposing summits and ridges."

To return for a moment to the shepherd-girl. The shepherd had been called away, but had left his dog to assist in tending the flock. The animal, however, had refused to obey, and had raced home as soon as he was freed from the cord. The explanation of this rebellious behaviour is interesting. "My dog," said a young shepherd, "will work as willingly and as well for any one of my sisters when I leave the flock to their care, as he will for me; but he would not stir a foot for any person, man or woman, not of the family." And this, it was added, is the common temper of the Sussex sheep-dog—"faithful above all dogs to their own people, but suspicious of all strangers, and likely at any time to bite the stranger's hand that caresses them."

There are many passages about birds which I should like to quote, but I must be content with one or two of the most characteristic. I do not recollect to have seen attention drawn to the sensitiveness of the swallow's wing, and indeed the observation Mr. Hudson records came to him as a surprise. "It has been observed," he remarks, "that bats flying round in a dimly lighted room were not deceived by the light coming through a pane of glass; but, on the other hand, they would flutter before a keyhole or any other small aperture through which a current of out-door air could come. This exquisite sensitiveness of the bat's wing, which is nerve as well as organ of flight, is a corrective of vision, which is liable in all creatures to deception." Now it chanced that a swallow came tumbling down the chimney of the room in which the author was sitting, and he closed the windows and tried to catch it to put it out. The scared creature flew wildly about the room and he could not get near it. "Now I noticed that although the two well-cleaned windows at the front were in appearance two patches of shining light and open ways to liberty, the bird in all his wild flights about the large dim room never touched them. Almost any other bird would have instantly dashed himself against the glass. Tired of the vain chase, I finally pulled up one sash of a window and sat down: at once the captive, doubtless feeling a way of escape in the more elastic air coming to it from that direction, flew straight from the other side of the room and passed out. Its action appeared to show that the swallow, in spite of its feathery covering, has an almost bat-like sensitiveness to enable it in unusual circumstances to avoid striking against any object in its flight." That gives to think, as the French say. Any one who has watched thistledown or blown bubbles must have been struck by the innumerable capricious currents of air revealed by their sudden dartings this way and that, their pauses and rushes, long slides and sharp twists as the invisible streams of the atmosphere struck them and carried them along. It would be interesting to learn how far these air-currents influence the eccentric flight of the swallow; whether airs of a higher or a lower temperature indicate the presence of insect-food, or whether the direction of a current is a warning of the proximity of some obstacle, just as a ripple in running water may suggest the stone over which it runs without breaking.

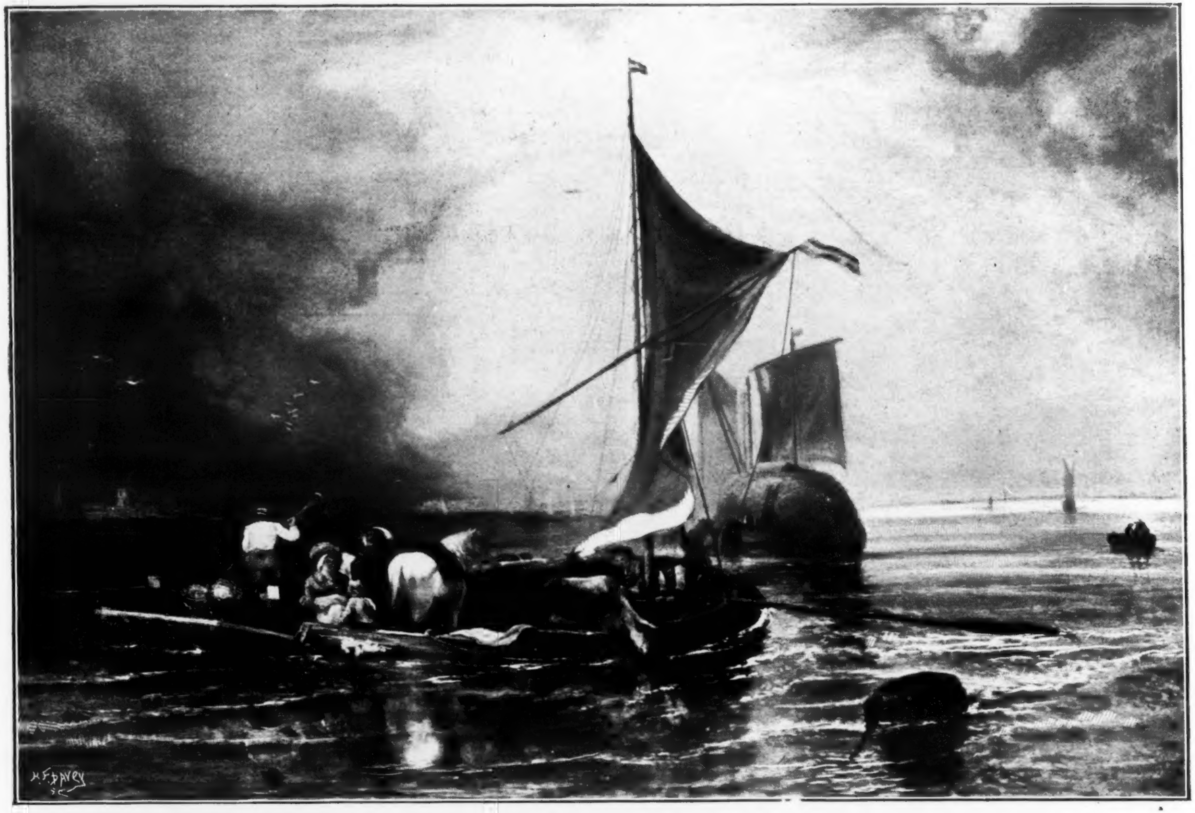
Is it generally known that in the evening, when there are eggs or young in the nest, the male swifts drive their frolicsome mates home, and occasionally find it a difficult task to accomplish? "Once," says Mr. Hudson, "I saw the hen-bird break away four times after being brought to the breeding-hole; but after the fourth time she remained in the nest, and the good zealous husband went away to enjoy himself. A swift chasing his wife home in the evening can easily be distinguished from one swift chasing another swift for fun, or whatever the motive is that keeps them in a perpetual hunt after one another. He follows her closely in all her mad flights and sudden doublings until he has got her face towards home, and then keeping close to her agitates his wings in a peculiar manner, at intervals gliding smoothly, uttering all the time a measured sharp clicking chirp—a sound as of repeated strokes on a piece of metal." An evening or two ago I saw something very closely resembling this procedure, but the birds were sand-martins, and I was unable to follow them with the eye as far as their hole in the deep railway cutting across the heath. So it may not have been a case of wife-driving, though it looked extremely like it, and one of the birds chirped in a sharp peremptory way very like that described by Mr. Hudson.

In any case the sand-martins cannot have the same object in view as the swifts, it seems, may be supposed to have. "The swift question, which interests naturalists at the present time, is the habit of the bird, or of the males when breeding is in progress, of rising up higher and higher in the air at a late hour in the evening until they disappear from sight, and finally cease to be heard." Do they return after dark, or do they sleep sailing in the rare high levels of the atmosphere, and return with the early morning? Or do they mount so high that they can still see something of sunlight all through the brief summer night? Here surely is a possible region of romance for bird lovers. Mr. Hudson tells a delightful little story which he had from a lad who, since he was big enough to run about, had been employed as a bird-scarer on the farm where his father worked. "Talking of swifts he said, 'They screechers be curious birds: did you ever hear, zur, that they be up flying about all night and come back in the marning?' I asked him if some one had told him that, and he said No, he had found it out for himself. Morning after morning he had noticed, just after sunrise, that a number of swifts suddenly made their appearance at the same spot, not far from a field he had to watch. The birds would appear first at a great height, and rush straight down as if falling from the sky, until within a few yards from the earth, when they would dash off in various directions or begin flying about the village." Here is a chance for the light sleepers who love to point a moral with the first worm; let them watch for the return of the morning swifts. This nightly sojourn in the heavens will seem least improbable to those who still believe that a swift when he falls on a flat surface, "falls like Lucifer—never to rise again," and I hardly think that that old belief is quite so obsolete as Mr. Hudson considers it. Mr. Aflalo, in his "Natural History of the British Isles," is apparently of the same opinion, for he mentions that he has caught a few swifts in the act of dusting themselves in Kentish lanes, "from which, in spite of the length of their wings, they can rise without quite so much difficulty as some chroniclers would have us imagine." On the other hand, for a swift to dust himself strikes one as one of the most unexpected habits possible in a swift.

And yet it is hardly as surprising as this feat of the kestrel which Mr. Hudson observed on the northern border of the downs: "It strikes one as curious to see this bird haunting the same slopes day after day, flying about by the hour, pausing at intervals to hover motionless for a minute or so, then dashing down to seize his prey; for you know that no creature as big as the smallest baby mouse exists at the spot. The fact is, he is catching grasshoppers, which are abundant; and the wonder is that all this important strategy, these beautiful evolutions and display of wing-power, should be put in practice for such a purpose. The pipits and larks creeping on the surface capture and swallow their grasshoppers without any trouble. But the kestrel has but one method, and he cannot vary it; he must look for his quarry when at a height of sixty or seventy feet from the surface, even if it be a grasshopper; and must hover long as if to take a sure aim, and finally precipitate himself upon it with as much violence as he uses for a mouse or bird." Yes, but how if these be the conditions on which he is to remain a kestrel and not degenerate into a sort of pipit? I like to think that the kestrel, if he is a bird of prey, is also a conscientious workman, and thinks it no waste of energy to do the same best in the case of a grasshopper as in the case of the tiniest monstrous mouse that runs in field.

Unless there be a stout plate of glass between us, I do not share Mr. Hudson's hilarious joy in adders, and I cannot say that I keep a warm corner in my heart for the mole, but I don't mind reading about him. On some of these downland hills there is no trace of him, on others he is abundant in spite of the absence of the essential element of water. Meeting an old shepherd the author questioned him on this point. "He told me that he had been shepherding on these hills above forty years, and the moles had always been there where they had no water to drink. 'They must drink or die,' said I; 'it is down in the books, and therefore it must be true.' He shook his head at the books and replied that the moles came out at night to lick the grass—the dew was enough for them. 'If that is so,' I said, 'then they must die of thirst in seasons when there is no dew.' 'They *do* die,' he answered; 'in very dry windy summers, when there is no dew, you find a good many moles lying about dead on these hills every morning.' He added that they did not all die; that a year or so after a time of great mortality they became numerous again."

Though I have so far confined myself to birds and beasts, it must not be supposed that "Nature in Downland" is confined to these. On the contrary, there are some memorable and beautiful glimpses of humanity, which Mr. Hudson can depict as skilfully as he depicts the lives of "the lesser brethren." He was much impressed by the many handsome and beautiful faces and figures which he found among the peasantry, and he accounts for this phenomenon by the fact that in downland more than in any other part of Sussex, or perhaps in any other part of the kingdom, the old families that have lost their position in the country have left descendants who bear their names, and are labourers on the lands that once were their ancestors'; and among these the shepherd with his noble features, his intelligence, his placid mind, and content with his lot, appears to have the largest infusion of good blood. One picture I must quote for the sake of the remote times to which the look of a girl's face wafts us back in imagination: "One evening she came in from the orchard, where she had been having a game of romps with the little children on the grass before putting them to bed, and to amuse them had pulled some slender sprays of small-leaved ivy and sewn them round the band of her cloth cap. Forgetting the garland, and flushed and merry, she came in and sat down opposite the west window, through which the level rays of the setting sun streamed full on her face. Looking at it, as it appeared in profile in that dim interior—the classical lines of the face and sunlit hair and ivy crown—the effect was as of something very, very familiar and yet novel and never previously seen. It was in fact a face and head that we are all familiar with in art, now for the first time in my experience seen alive. I vaguely remembered, too, that once upon a time the old Romans had possessed an important settlement close by, perhaps at that very spot; and the thought came to me that perhaps long centuries ago, one summer evening, a Roman maiden of seventeen came in from a merry game with her married sister's little ones on the grass, her shining hair crowned with ivy."



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THE FERRYBOAT

By John Wilson

THE HALF-HEARTED*

By JOHN BUCHAN, Author of "John Burnet of Barns," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON BROWNE

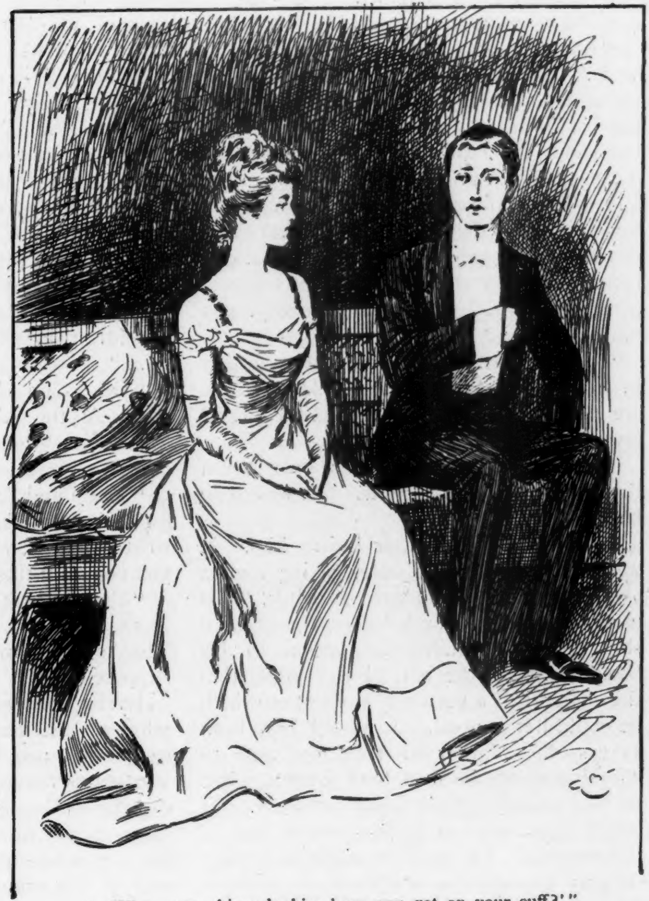
CHAPTER XXV

MRS. LOGAN'S BALL

WHEN Lewis had finished breakfast next morning, and was sitting idly on the verandah watching the busy life of the bazaar at his feet, a letter was brought him by a hotel servant. "It was left for you by Marker Sahib, when he went away this morning. He sent his compliments to the sahibs and regretted that he had to leave too early to speak with them, but he left this note." Lewis broke the envelope and read:

My dear Haystoun,—

When I was thinking over our conversation last night, chance put a piece of information in my way which you may think fit to use. You know that I am more intimate than most people with the hill tribes. Well, let this be the guarantee of my news, but do not ask how I got it, for I cannot betray friends. Your friends, the Bada-Mawidi, are meditating mischief. The Forza camp, which I think you have visited—a place some twenty miles off—is too near these villages to be safe. So to-morrow at latest they have planned to make a general attack upon it, and, unless the garrison were prepared, I should fear for the result, for they are the most cunning scoundrels in the world. What puzzles me is how they have ever screwed up the courage for such a move, for lately they were very much in fear of the Government. It appears as if they looked for backing from over the frontier. You will say that this proves your theory; but to me it merely seems as if some maniac of the Gromchevtsky type had got among them. In any case I wish something could be done. My duties take me away at once, and in a



"'What queer hieroglyphics have you got on your cuff?'"

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* Copyright 1899, in the United States of America, by Howard, Mifflin & Co.

very different direction, but perhaps you could find some means of putting the camp on their guard. I should be sorry to hear of a tragedy; also I should be sorry to see the Bada-Mawidi get into trouble. They are foolish blackguards, but amusing.

Yours most sincerely,
ARTHUR MARKER.

Lewis read the strange letter several times through, then passed it to George. George read it with difficulty, not being accustomed to a flowing frontier hand. "Jolly decent of him, I call it," was his remark.

"I would give a lot to know what to make of it. The man is playing some game, but what the deuce it is I can't fathom."

"I suppose we had better get up to that Forza place as soon as we can."

"I think not," said Lewis.

"The man's honest, surely?"

"But he is also clever. Remember who he is. He may wish to get us out of the way. I don't suppose that he can possibly fear us, but he may want the coast clear from suspicious spectators. Besides, I don't see the good of Forza. It is not the part of the hills I want to explore. There can be no frontier danger there, and at the worst there can be nothing more than a little tribal disturbance. Now what on earth would Russia gain by moving the tribes there, except as a blind?"

"Still, you know, the man admits all that in his letter. And if the people up there are going to be in trouble we ought to go and give them notice."

"I'll take an hour to think over it, and then I'll go and see Thwaite. He was to be back this morning."

Lewis spread the letter before him. It was a simple, friendly note, giving him a chance of doing a good turn to friends. His clear course was to lay it before Thwaite and shift the responsibility for action to his shoulders. But he felt all the while that this letter had a personal application which he could not conceal. It would have been as easy for Marker to send the note to Thwaite, whom he had long known. But he had chosen to warn him privately. It might be a ruse, but he had no glimpse of the meaning. Or, again, it might be a piece of pure friendliness, a chance of unofficial adventure given by one wanderer to another. He puzzled it out, lamenting that he was so deep in the dark, and cursing his indecision. Another man would have made up his mind long ago; it was a ruse, therefore let it be neglected and remain in Bardur with open eyes; it was good faith and a good chance, therefore let him go at once. But to Lewis the possibilities seemed endless, and he could find no solution save the old one of the waverer, to wait for further news.

He found Thwaite at breakfast, just returned from his travels.

"Hullo, Haystoun. I heard you were here. Awfully glad to see you. Sit down, won't you, and have some breakfast." The officer was a long man, with a thin, long face, a reddish moustache and small, blue eyes.

"I came to ask you questions, if you don't mind. I have the regular globe-trotter's trick of wanting information. What's the Forza camp like? Do you think that the Bada-Mawidi, supposing they stir again, would be likely to attack it?"

"Not a bit of it. That was the sort of thing that Gribton was always croaking about. Why man, the Bada-Mawidi haven't a kick left in them. Besides, they are very nearly twenty miles off and the garrison's a very fit lot. They're all right. Trust them to look after themselves."

"But I have been hearing stories of Bada-Mawidi risings which are to come off soon."

"Oh, you'll always hear stories of that sort. All the old women in the neighbourhood purvey them."

"Who are in charge at Forza?"

"Holm and Andover. Don't care much for Holm, but Andy is a good chap. But what's this new interest of yours? Are you going up there?"

"I'm out here to shoot and explore, you know, so Forza comes into my beat. Thanks very much. See you to-night I suppose."

Lewis went away dispirited and out of temper. He had been pitchforked among easy-going people, when all the while mysterious things, dangerous things, seemed to hang in the air. He had not the material for even the first stages of comprehension. No one suspected, every one was satisfied; and at the same time came those broken hints of other things. He felt choked and muffled, wrapped in the cotton-wool of this easy life; and all the afternoon he chafed at his own impotence and the world's stupidity.

When the two travellers presented themselves at the Logans' house that evening, they were immediately seized upon by the hostess and compelled to their amusement to do her bidding. They were her discoveries, her new young men, and, as such, they had their responsibilities. George, who liked dancing, obeyed meekly, but Lewis, being out of temper and seeing before him an endless succession of wearisome partners, soon broke loose, and accompanied the excellent Thwaite to the verandah for a cigar.

The man was ill at ease, and the sight of young faces and the sound of laughter vexed him with a sense of his eccentricity. He could never, like George, take the world as he found it. At home he was the slave of his own incapacity; now he was the slave of memories. He had come out on an errand, with a chance to recover his lost self-respect, and lo! he was as far as ever from attainment. His lost capacity for action was not to be found here, in the midst of this petty diplomacy and inglorious ease.

From the verandah a broad belt of lawn ran down to the edge of the north road. It lay shining in the moonlight like a field of snow with the highway a dark ribbon beyond it. Thwaite and Lewis walked down to the gate talking casually, and at the gate they stopped and looked down on the town. It lay a little to the left, the fort rising black before it, and the road ending in a patch of shade which was the old town-gate. The night was very still, cool airs blew noiselessly from the hills, and a jackal barked hoarsely in some far-off thicket.

The men hung listlessly on the gate, drinking in the cool air and watching the blue cigar smoke wreathe and fade. Suddenly down the road there came the sound of wheels.

"That's a tonga," said Thwaite. "Wonder who it is."

"Do tongas travel this road?" Lewis asked.

"Oh, yes, they go ten miles up to the foot of the rocks. We use them for sending up odds and ends to the garrisons. After that coolies are the only conveyance. Gad, I believe this thing is going to stop."

The thing in question, which was driven by a sepoy in bright yellow pyjamas, stopped at the Logans' gate. A peevish voice was heard giving directions from within.

"It sounds like Holm," said Thwaite, walking up to it, "and upon my soul it is Holm. What on earth are you doing here, my dear fellow?"

"Is that you, Thwaite?" said the voice. "I wish you'd help me out. I want Logan to give me a bed for the night. I'm infernally ill."

Lewis looked within and saw a pale face and bloodshot eyes which did not belie the words.

"What is it?" said Thwaite. "Fever or anything smashed?"

"I've got a bullet in my leg which has got to be cut out. Got it two days ago when I was out shooting. Some natives up in the rocks did it, I fancy. Lord, how it hurts." And the unhappy man groaned as he tried to move.

"That's bad," said Thwaite sympathetically. "The Logans have got a dance on, but we'll look after you all right. How did you leave things in Forza?"

"Bad. I oughtn't to be here, but Andy insisted. He said I would only get worse and crock entirely. Things look a bit wild up there just now. There has been a confounded lot of rifle-stealing, and the Bada-Mawidi are troublesome. However, I hope it's only their fun."

"I hope so," said Thwaite. "You know Haystoun, don't you?"

"Glad to meet you," said the man. "Heard of you. Coming up our way? I hope you will after I get this beastly leg of mine better."

"Thwaite will tell you I have been cross-examining him about your place. I wanted badly to ask you about it, for I got a letter this morning from a man called Marker with some news for you."

"What did he say?" asked Holm sharply.

"He said that he had heard privately that the Bada-Mawidi were planning an attack on you to-morrow or the day after."

"The deuce they are," said Holm peevishly, and Thwaite's face lengthened.

"And he told me to find some way of letting you know."

"Then why didn't you tell me earlier?" said Thwaite. "Marker should know if anybody does. We should have kept Holm up there. Now it's almost too late. Oh, this is the devil!"

Lewis held his peace. He had forgotten the solidity of Marker's reputation.

"What's the chance of the place?" Thwaite was asking. "I know your numbers and all that, but are they anything like prepared?"

"I don't know," said Holm miserably. "They might get on all right, but everybody is pretty slack just now. Andy has a touch of fever, and some of the men may get leave for shooting. I must get back at once."

"*You* can't. Why, man, you couldn't get half-way. And what's more, I can't go. This place wants all the looking after it can get. A row in the hills means a very good possibility of a row in Bardur, and that is too dangerous a game. And besides myself there is scarcely a man in the place who counts. Logan has gone to Gilgit, and there's nobody left but boys."

"If you don't mind I should like to go," said Lewis shamefacedly.

"You," they cried. "Do you know the road?"

"I've been there before, and I remember it perfectly. Besides, it is really my show this time. I got the warning, and I want the credit." And he smiled.

"The road's bound to be risky," said Thwaite thoughtfully. "I don't feel inclined to let you run your neck into danger like this."

Lewis was busy turning over the problem in his mind. The presence of the man Holm seemed the one link of proof he needed. He had his word that there were signs of trouble in the place, and that the Bada-Mawidi were ill at ease. Whatever game Marker was playing, on this matter he seemed to have spoken in good faith. Here was a clear piece of work for him. And even if it was fruitless it would bring him nearer to the frontier; his expedition to the North would be begun.

"Let me go," he said. I came out here to explore the hills and I take all risks on my own head. I can give them Marker's message as well as anybody else."

Thwaite looked at Holm. "I don't see why he shouldn't. You're a wreck, and I can't leave my own place."

"Tell Andy you saw me," cried Holm. "He'll be anxious. And tell him to mind the north gate. If the fools knew how to use gunpowder they might have it down at once. If they attack it can't last long, but then they can't last long either, for they are hard up for arms and unless they have changed since last week they have no ammunition to speak of."

"Marker said it looked as if they were being put up to the job from over the frontier."

"Gad, then it's my turn to look out," said Thwaite. "If it's the gentleman from over the frontier they won't stop at Forza. I hate this frontier business, it's so hideously in the dark. But I think that's all rot. Any tribal row here is sure to be set down to Russian influence. We don't understand the joint possession of an artificial frontier," he added, with an air of quoting from some book.

"Did you get that from Marker?" Holm asked crossly. "He once said the same thing to me." His temper had suffered badly among the hills.

"We'd better get you to bed, my dear fellow," said Thwaite looking down at him. "You look remarkably cheap. Would you mind going in and trying to find Mrs. Logan, Haystoun? I'll carry this chap in. Stop a minute, though. Perhaps he's got something to say to you."

"Mind the north gate . . . tell Andy I'm all right and make him look after himself . . . he's overworking . . . if you want to send a message to the other people you'd better send by Nazri . . . if the Badas mean business they'll shut up the road you go by. That's all. Good luck and thanks very much."

Lewis found Mrs. Logan making a final inspection of the supper-room. She ran to the garden, to find the invalid Holm in Thwaite's arms at the step of the verandah. The sick warrior pulled off an imaginary cap and smiled feebly. "Oh Mr. Holm, I'm so sorry. Of course we can have you. I'll put you in the other end of the house where you won't be so much troubled with the noise. You must have had a dreadful journey." And so forth, with the easy condolences of a kind woman.

When Thwaite had laid down his burden, he returned to Lewis.

"I wish we had another man, Haystoun.

What about your friend Winterham? One's enough to do your work, but if the thing turns out to be serious, there ought to be some means of sending word. Andover will want you to stay, for they are short-handed enough."

"I'll get Winterham to go and wait for me somewhere. If I don't turn up by a certain time, he can come and look for me."

"That will do," said Thwaite, "though it's a stale job for him. Well, good-bye and good luck to you. I expect there won't be much trouble, but I wish you had told us in the morning."

Lewis turned to go and find George. "What a chance I had almost missed," was the word in his heart. The errand might be futile, the message a blind, but it was at least movement, action, a possibility.

CHAPTER XXVI

FRIEND TO FRIEND

HE found George sitting down in the verandah after waltzing. His partner was a sister of Logan's, a dark girl whose husband was Resident somewhere in Lower Kashmir. The lady gave her hand to Lewis and he took the vacant seat on the other side. He apologised for carrying off her companion, escorted her back to the ball-room, and then returned to satisfy the amazed George.

"I want to talk to you. Excuse my rudeness, but I have explained to Mrs. Tracy. I have a good many things I want to say to you."

"Where on earth have you been all night, Lewis? I call it confoundedly mean to go off and leave me to do all the heavy work. I've never been so busy in my life. Lots of girls and far too few men. This is the first breathing-space I've had. What is it that you want?"

"I am going off this very moment up into the hills. That letter Marker sent me this morning has been confirmed. Holm, who commands up at the Forza fort has just come down very sick, and he says that the Bada-Mawidi are looking ugly, and that we should take Marker's word. He wanted to go back himself but he is too ill, and Thwaite can't leave here, so I am going I don't expect there will be much risk, but in case the rising should be serious I want you to do me a favour."

"I suppose I can't come with you," said George ruefully; "I know I promised to let you go your own way before we came out, but I wish you would let me stick by you. What do you want me to do?"

"Nothing desperate," said Lewis laughing. You can stay on here and dance till sunrise if you like. But to-morrow I want you to come up to a certain place at the foot of the hills which I will tell you about, and wait there. It's about half distance between Forza and the two Khautmi forts. If the rising turns out to be a simple affair I'll join you there to-morrow night and we can start our shooting. But if I don't I want you to go up to the Khautmi forts and rouse St. John and Mitchinson and get them to send to Forza. Do you see?"

Lewis had taken out a pencil and began to sketch a rough plan on George's shirt-cuff. "This will give you an idea of the place. You can look up a bigger map in the hotel, and Thwaite or any one will give you directions about the road. There's Forza, and there are the Khautmis about twenty miles west. Half-way between the two is that long Nazri valley, and at the top is a table-land strewn with boulders where you shoot mountain sheep. I've been there, and the road between Khautmi and Forza passes over it. I expect it is a pretty bad road, but apparently you can get a little Kashmir pony to go on it. To the north of that plateau there is said to be nothing but rock and snow for twenty miles to the frontier. That may be so, but if this thing turns out all right we'll look into the matter. Anyway, you have got to pitch your tent to-morrow on that table-land just above the head of the Nazri gully. With luck I should be able to get to you some time in the afternoon. If I don't turn up, you go off to Khautmi next morning at daybreak and give them my message. If I can't come myself I'll find a way to send word; but if you don't hear from me it will be fairly serious, for it will mean that the rising is a formidable thing after all. And that of course will mean trouble for everybody all round. In that case you'd better do what St. John and Mitchinson tell you. You're sure to be wanted."

George's face cleared. "That sounds rather like sport. I'd better bring up the servants. They might turn out useful. And I suppose I'll bring a couple of rifles for you, in case it's all a fraud and we want to go shooting. I thought the place was going to be stale, but it promises pretty well now." And he studied the plan on his shirt-cuff. Then an idea came to him.

"Suppose you find no rising. That will mean that Marker's letter was a blind of some sort. He wanted to get you out of the way or something. What will you do then? Come back here?"

"No–o," said Lewis hesitatingly. "I think Thwaite is good enough, and I should be no manner of use. You and I will wait up there in the hills on the off-chance of picking up some news. I swear I won't come back here to hang about and try and discover things. It's enough to drive a man crazy."

"It *is* rather a ghastly place. Wonder how the Logans thrive here. Odd mixture this. Strauss and hill tribes not twenty miles apart."

Lewis laughed. "I think I prefer the hill tribes. I am not in the humour for Strauss just now. I shall have to be off in an hour, so I am going to change. See you to-morrow, old man."

George retired to the ball-room where he had to endure the reproaches of Mrs. Logan. He was an abstracted and silent partner and in the intervals of dancing he studied his cuff. Miss A. talked to him of polo and Miss B. of home; Miss C. discovered that they had common friends, and Miss D. that she had known his sister. Miss E., who was more observant, saw the cause of his abstraction and asked, "What queer hieroglyphics have you got on your cuff, Mr. Winterham?"

George looked down in a bewildered way at his sleeve. "Where on earth have I been?" he asked in wonder. "That's the worst of being an absent-minded fellow, Miss E. I've been scribbling on my cuff with my programme pencil."

Soon he escaped, and made his way down to the garden gate, where Thwaite was standing smoking. A *sais* held a saddled pony by the road-side. Lewis, in rough shooting clothes, was preparing to mount. From indoors came the jiggling of a waltz tune and the sound of laughter, while far in the north the cliffs of the pass framed a dark blue cleft where the stars shone. George drew in great draughts of the cool fresh air. "I wish I were coming with you," he said wistfully.

"You'll be in time enough to-morrow," said Lewis. "I wish you'd give him all the information you can about the place, Thwaite. He's an ignorant beggar. See that he remembers to bring food and matches. The guns are the only things I can promise he won't forget."

Then he rode off, the little beast bucking excitedly at the patches of moonlight, and the two men walked back to the house.

"Hope he comes back all right," said Thwaite. "He's too good a chap to throw away."

CHAPTER XXVII

THE ROAD TO FORZA

THE road ran in a straight line through the valley of dry rocks, a dull modern road engineered and macadamised up to the edge of the hills. The click of hoofs raised echoes in the silence, for in all the great valley, in the chain of pools in the channel, the acres of sun-dried stone, the granite rocks, the tangle of mountain scrub, there seemed no life of bird or beast. It was a strange deathly stillness, and overhead the purple sky sown with a million globes of light seemed so near and imminent that the glen for the moment was but a vast jewel-lit cavern, and the sky the fretted roof which spanned the mountains.

For the first time Lewis felt the East. Hitherto with his incorrigible weakness he had been unable to see anything in his errand but its futility. A stupider man, with a sharp practical brain, would have taken himself seriously and come to Bardur with an intent and satisfied mind. He would have assumed to himself the air of a diplomatist, have felt the dignity of his mission, and in success and failure have borne himself with self-confidence. But to Lewis the business which loomed serious in England, at Bardur took on the colour of comedy. He felt his impotence, he was touched insensibly by the easy content of the place. Frontier difficulties seemed matters for romance and comic opera; and Bardur resolved itself into an English suburb, all tea-parties and tennis. But at times an austere conscience jogged him to remembrance, and in one such fitful craving for action and enterprise he had found this errand. Now at last, astride the little Kashmir pony, with his face to the Pole-star and the hills, he felt the mystery of a strange world and his work assumed a tinge of the heroic. This was new, he told himself; this was romance. He had his eyes turned to a new land, and the smell of dry mountain sand and scrub, and the vault-like imperial sky were the earnest of his inheritance. This was the East, the gorgeous, the impenetrable. Before him were the hill-deserts, and then the great warm plains, and the wide rivers, and then on and on to the cold north, the steppes, the icy streams, the untrodden forests. To the west, and beyond the mountains were holy mosques, "shady cities of palm trees," great walled towns to which north and west and south brought their merchandise. And to the east were latitudes more wonderful, the uplands of the world, the impassable borders of the oldest of human cultures. Names rang in his head like tunes—Khiva, Bokhara, Samarcand, the goal of many boyish dreams born of clandestine suppers and the Arabian Nights. It was an old fierce world he was on the brink of, and the nervous frontier civilisation fell a thousand miles behind him.

The white road turned to the right with the valley, and the hills crept down to the distance of a gun-shot. The mounting tiers of stone and brawling water caught the moonlight in waves, and now he was in a cold pit of shadow and now in a cool patch of radiant moonshine. It was a world of fantasy, a rousing world of wintry hill winds and sudden gleams of summer. His spirits rose high, and he forgot all else in plain enjoyment. Now at last he had found life, rich, wild, girt with marvels. He was beginning to whistle some air, when his pony shied violently and fell back, and at the same moment a pistol-shot cracked out of a patch of thorn.

He turned the beast and rode straight at the thicket, which was a very little one. The ball had wandered somewhere into the wood, and no harm was done, but he was curious about its owner. Up on the hillside he seemed to see a dark figure scrambling among the cliffs in the fretted moonlight.

It is unpleasant to be shot at in the dark from the wayside, but at the moment the thing pleased this strange young man. It seemed a token that at last he was getting to work. He found a rope stretched taut across the road, which accounted for the pony's stumble. Laughing heartily, he cut it with his knife, and continued, cheerful as before, but somewhat less fantastic. Now he kept a sharp eye on all wayside patches.

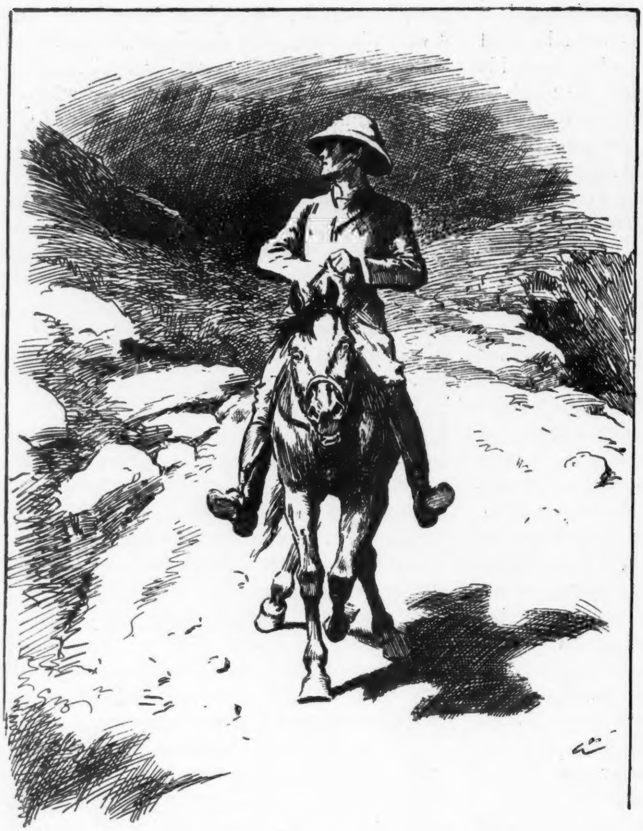
At the head of the valley the waters of the stream forked into two torrents, one flowing from the east in an open glen up which ran the road to Yarkhand, the other descending from the northern hills in a wild gully. At the foot stood a little hut with an apology for stabling, where an old and dirty gentleman of the Hunza race pursued his calling till such time as he should attract the notice of his friends up in the hills and go to Paradise with a slit throat.

Lewis roused the man with a violent knocking at the door. The old ruffian appeared with a sputtering lamp which might have belonged to a cave-man, and a head of matted grey hair which suggested the same origin. He was old and suspicious, but at Lewis's bidding he hobbled forth and pointed out the stabling.

"The pony is to stay here till it is called for. Do you hear? And if Holm Sahib returns and finds that it is not fed he will pay you nothing. So good-night, father. Sound sleep and a good conscience."

He turned to the twisting hill road which ran up from the light into the gloom of the cleft with all the vigour of an old mountaineer who had been long forced to dwell among lowlands. Once a man acquires the art of hill-walking he will always find flat country something of a burden, and the mere ascent of a slope will have something of a tonic's power. The path was good, but perilous at the best, and the proximity of yawning precipices gave a zest to the travel. The road would fringe a pit of shade, black but for the gleam of mica and the scattered foam of the stream. It was no longer a silent world. Hawks screamed at times from the cliffs, and a multitude of bats and owls flickered in the depths. A continuous falling of waters, an infinite sighing of night-winds, the swaying and tossing which is always heard in the midmost mountain solitudes, the crumbling of hill-gravel and the bleat of a goat on some hillside, all made a cheerful accompaniment to the scraping of his boots on the rocky road.

He remembered the way as if he had travelled it yesterday. Soon the gorge would narrow and he would be almost at the water's



"A pistol shot cracked out of a patch of thorn"

edge. Then the path turned to the right and wound into the heart of a side nullah, which at length brought it out on a little plateau of rocks. There the road climbed a long ridge till at last it reached the great plateau, where Forza, set on a small hill-top, watched thirty square miles of primeval desert. The air was growing chilly, for the road climbed steeply and already it was many thousand feet above the sea. The curious salt smell which comes from snow and rock was beginning to greet his nostrils. The blood flowed more freely in his veins, and insensibly he squared his shoulders to drink in the cold hill air. It was of the mountains and yet strangely foreign, an air with something woody and alpine in the heart of it, an air born of pine-woods and snow-clad rock, and not of his own free spaces of heather. But it was hill-born, and this contented him; it was night-born and it refreshed him. In a little the road turned down to the stream side, and he was on the edge of a long dark pool.

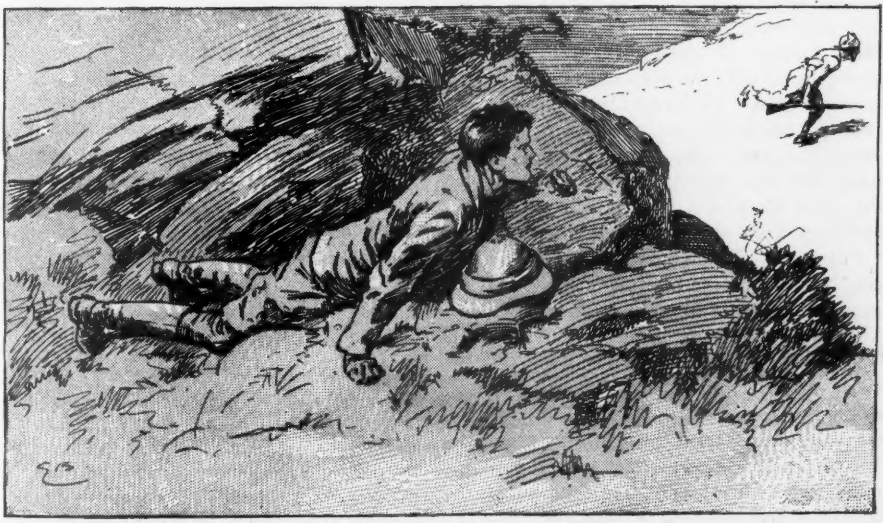
The river, which made a poor show in the broad channel at Bardur, was now in this straitened place a full lipping torrent of clear green water. Lewis bathed his flushed face and drank, and it was as cold as snow. It stung his face to burning, and as he walked the heartsome glow of great physical content began to rise in his heart. He felt fit and ready for any work. Life was quick in his sinews, his brain was a weathercock, his strength was tireless. The great world was at his feet with the purple and fine gold of its rewards. At last he had found a man's work. He had never had a chance before. Life had been too easy and sheltered; he had been coddled like a child; he had never really roughed it except for his own pleasure. Now he was outside this backbone of the world with a task before him, and only his wits for his servant. Eton and Oxford, Eton and Oxford—so it had been for generations—an education sufficient to damn a race. Stocks was right, and he had all along been wrong; but now he was in a fair way to taste the world's iron and salt, and he exulted at the prospect.

It was hard walking in the nullah. In and out of great crevices the road wound itself, on the brink of stupendous waterfalls, or in the heart of a brushwood tangle. Soon a clear vault of sky replaced the outjutting crags, and he came out on a little plateau where a very cold wind was blowing. The smell of snow was in the air, a raw smell like salt when carried on a north wind over miles of granite crags. But on the little table-land the moon was shining clearly. It was green with small cloud-berries and dwarf juniper, and the rooty fragrance was for all the world like an English holt or a Highland pasture. Lewis flung himself prone and buried his face among the small green leaves. Then, still on the ground, he scanned the endless yellow distance. Mountains serrated and cleft as in some giant's play rose on every hand, while through the hollows gleamed the farther snow peaks. This little bare plateau must be naked to any eye on any hillside, and at the thought he got to his feet and advanced.

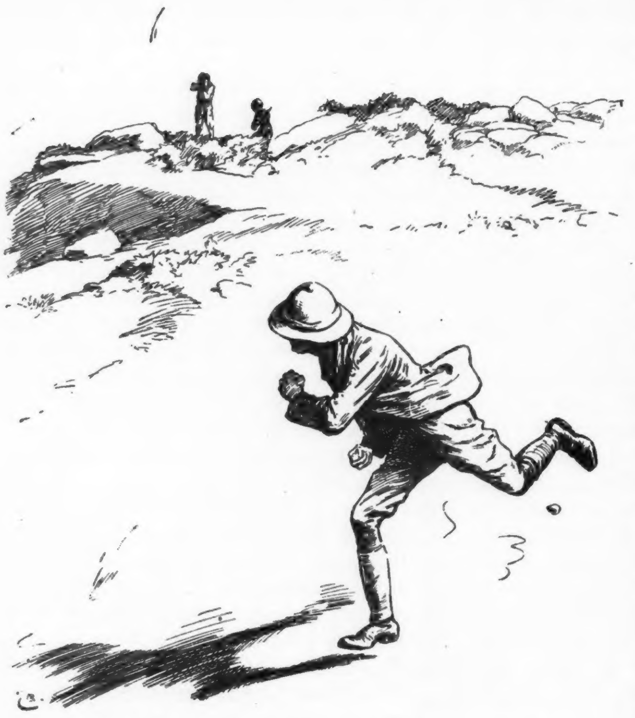
At first sight the place had looked not a mile long, but before he got to the farther slope he found that it was nearer two. The mountain air had given him extraordinary lightness, and he ran the distance, finding the hard sandy soil like a track under his feet. The slope, when he had reached it, proved to be abrupt and boulder-strewn, and the path had an ugly trick of avoiding steepness by skirting horrible precipices. Luckily the moon was bright, and the man was an old mountaineer; otherwise he might have found a grave in the crevices which seamed the hill.

He had not gone far till he began to realise that he was not the only occupant of the mountain-side. A whistle which was not a bird's seemed to catch his ear at times, and once, as he shrank back into the lee of a boulder, there was the sound of naked feet on the road before him. This was news indeed, and he crept very cautiously up the rugged path. Once, when in shelter, he looked out, and for a second, in a patch of moonlight, he saw a man with the loose breeches and tightened girdle of the hillmen. He was running swiftly as if to some arranged place of meeting.

The sight put all doubts out of his head. An attack on Forza was imminent, and this was the side from which least danger would be expected. If the enemy got there before him they would find an easy entrance. The thought made him quicken his pace. These scattered tribesmen must meet before they attacked, and there might still be time for him to get in front. His ears were sharp as a deer's to the slightest sound. A great joy in the game possessed him. When he crouched in the shelter of a granite boulder or sprawled among the scrub while the light footsteps of a tribesman passed on the road he felt that one point was scored to him in a game in which he had no advantages. He blessed his senses trained by years of sport to a keenness beyond a townsman's; his eye which could see distances clear even in the misty moonlight, his ear which could judge



"He was running swiftly"



"Suddenly one lifted a Snider to his shoulder and fired"

the proximity of sounds with a nice exactness. Twice he was on the brink of discovery. A twig snapped as he lay in cover, and he heard footsteps pause, and he knew that a pair of very keen eyes were scanning the brushwood. He blessed his lucky choice in clothes which had made him bring a suit so near the hue of his hiding-place. Then he felt that the eyes were averted, the footsteps died away, and he was safe. Again, as he turned a corner swiftly, he almost came on the back of a man who was swinging along leisurely before him. For a second he stopped, and then he was back round the corner, and had swung himself up to a patch of shadow on the crag-side. He looked down and saw his enemy clearly in the moonlight; a long ferret-faced fellow, with a rifle hung on his back and an ugly crooked knife in his hand. The man looked round, sniffing the air like a stag, and then, satisfied that there was nothing to fear, turned and went on. Lewis, who had been sitting on a sharp jag of rock, swung an aching body to the ground and advanced circumspectly.

In an hour or two he came to the top of the slope and the beginning of the second table-land. A grey dimness was taking the place of the dark, and it had suddenly grown bitterly cold. Dawn in such high latitudes is not a thing of violent changes, but of slow and subtle gradations of light, of sudden, coy flushes of colour, of thin winds and bright fleeting hazes. He lay for a minute in the scrub of cloud-berries, the collar of his coat buttoned round his throat, and the morning wind, fresh from leagues of snow, blowing chill on his face. Behind was the slope alive with men who at any moment might emerge on the plateau. He waited for the sight of a figure, but none came; clearly the muster was not yet complete. A thought grew in his brain, and a sudden clearness in the air translated it into action; for in the hazy distance across the table-land he saw the walls of Forza fort.

The place could not be two miles off, and between it and him there was the smooth benty plateau. He might make a rush for it and cross unobserved. Even now the early sun was beginning to strike it. The yellow-grey walls stood out clear against the far line of mountains, and the wisp of colour which fluttered in the wind was clearly the British flag. The exceeding glory of the morning gave him a new vigour. Why should not he run with any tribesman of the lot? If he could but avoid the risk of a rifle bullet at the outset, he would have no fear of the issue.

He glanced behind him. The place seemed still, though far down there was a tinkle as of little stones falling. He stood up, straightened himself for one moment till he had filled his lungs with the clear air. Then he started to run quickly towards the fort.

The full orb of the sun topped the mountains and the dazzle was in his eyes from the first. If he covered the first half-mile unpursued he would be safe; otherwise he might expect a bullet. It was a comic feeling—the wide green heath, the fresh air, the easy vigour in his stride, the flush of the morning sun, and that awkward, nervous weakness in the small of his back where a bullet might be expected to find a lodgment.

He never looked back till he had gone what seemed to him a proper distance, and then he glanced hurriedly over his shoulder.

Two men had emerged from the scrub and stood on the edge of the slope. They were gazing intently at him, and suddenly one lifted a Snider to his shoulder and fired. The bullet burrowed in the sand to the right of him. Again he looked back and there they were—five of them now—crying out to him. Then with one accord they followed over the plateau.

It was now a clear race for life. He must keep beyond their rifle-shot; otherwise a broken leg might bring him to a standstill. He cursed the deceptive clearness of the hill air which made it impossible for his unpractised eye to judge distances. The fort stood clear in every stone, but it might be miles off though it looked scarcely a thousand yards. Apparently it was still asleep, for no smoke was rising, and, strain his ears as he might, he could hear no sound of a sentry's walk. This looked awkward indeed for him. If the people were not awake to receive him, he would be potted against its wall as surely as a bird in a corner. He grew acutely nervous, and as he drew nearer he made the air hideous with shouts to wake the garrison. A clear race in the open he did not mind; but he had no stomach for a game of hide-and-seek around an unscalable wall with an active enemy.

Apparently the gentry behind him were growing despondent. Two rifle bullets, fired by running men, sang unsteadily in his wake. He was now so near that he could see the rough wooden gate and the pyramidal nails with which it was studded. He could guess the number of paces between him and safety. He was out of breath and a little tired, for the scramble up the nullah had not been a light one. Again he yelled frantically to the dead walls beseeching their inmates to get out of bed and save his life.

There was still no sound from the sleeping fortress. He was barely a hundred yards off, and he saw now that the walls were too high to climb and that nothing remained but the gate. He picked up a stone and flung it against the woodwork. The din echoed through the empty place, but there was no sound of life. Just at the threshold there was a patch of shadow. It was his one way of escape, and as he reached the door and kicked and hammered at the wood, he cowered down in the shade praying that his friends behind might be something less than sharpshooters.

The pursuit saw its chance, and running forward to get within easy range, proceeded to target-practice. Lewis, kicking diligently at the door, was trying to draw himself into the smallest space, and his mind was far from comfortable. It takes good nerves to fill the position of a target with equanimity, and he was too tired to take it in good part. A disagreeable cold sweat stood on his brow, and his heart beat violently. Then a bullet did what all his knocking had failed to do, for it crashed into the woodwork and woke the garrison. He heard feet hurrying across a yard, and then it seemed to him that men were reconnoitring from the top of the wall. A second later—when the third bullet had buried itself in dust a foot beyond his head—the heavy gate was half opened and a man's hand assisted him to crawl inside.

He looked up to see a tall figure in pyjamas standing over him, "Now I wonder who the deuce you are," it was saying.

"My name's Haystoun. H-a-y-s;" then he broke off and laughed. He had fallen into his old trick of spelling his name to the Oxford tradesmen, when he was young and hated to have it garbled. He looked up at the questioner again. "Bless me, Andy, so it's you."

The man gave a yell of delight. "Lewis upon my soul. Who'd have thought it? It is Providence. By gad, I believe I'm just in time to save your life."

CONCERNING "GETTING ON"

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN

BY THE REV. GEORGE JACKSON, B.A.

"WHAT shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" A man might ask that question who did not know the value of the world; a man might ask it who did not know the value of the soul. But He who first asked it knew the value of both. He knew the world's worth, for He made it. He knew the soul's worth, for He not only made it, but died for it; and *He* says that a man may get till he has gained the whole world, but if the price that he pays for it be his own soul—himself—he is the loser. For, after all, the supreme question is not what a man has, but what a man is. I may gather about me all manner of goodly things, but these are not me; the soul cannot eat and drink, and amid all the heaped-up splendours it may starve and die. Report has it that —— is worth £10,000. I beg your pardon, a man may be worth little or much, but whatever it be it is not to be stated in terms of the market. What we have, that is one thing; what we are worth, that is another and wholly different thing. Have ye not read, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth"?

But, first of all, let us clear our minds of cant. There is a fluent depreciation of wealth, and an equally fluent appreciation of poverty, in which some persons, who are in danger of neither, are very apt to indulge. It is time to put an end to these glib insincerities. Poverty is not a blessing but a curse. That some good men have been miserably poor is nothing to the point; it was not their poverty that made them good. "Man shall not live by bread alone," neither can he live without it, and when all his days and hours are consumed in one fierce struggle to obtain it, what wonder if sometimes he grow hard and bitter? We shudder at the coarse, cunning faces that sometimes pass us on the street, but what kind of a look would our faces wear if we had little children at home crying for bread, and for days together we knew not where the next meal was to come from? "Long live hunger! Long live sorrow! Long live pain! In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen." Nay, indeed, it is in His name that we are to fight these things, until He shall have put all His enemies under His feet.

On the other hand, let it also be clearly understood that, often as wealth and worth are severed, wealth may be one of worth's outward and visible signs. The large income of one of our "captains of industry" (as Carlyle used to name them); the increase in the salary of a youth who by his alertness and fidelity has made himself not only useful but indispensable to his employers; the savings of the skilful, thrifty and industrious workman—all of these (though one could wish, by the way, that there were not so great a gap between the income of the capitalist and that of the workman) are not only the just and natural reward of work well done; they are, so far as in their nature they can be, representative of sterling qualities of mind and character. Speaking generally, the lazy, the thriftless, and the dishonest sink down lower and lower, as it is meet and right they should; but the honest, the careful, and the hard-working rise up higher and higher, and this also is meet and right. The difference in the position of the two classes in the scale of social well-being is a roughly accurate index to underlying differences of character.

Let all this, both on the one side and on the other, be admitted and emphasised as it ought to be. Nevertheless, there is no graver peril that menaces our life to-day, either as a nation or as individuals, than the practical materialism which like a dry rot is spreading among all ranks and classes of society.

We must run glittering like a brook
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest:
The wealthiest man among us is the best;
No grandeur now in nature or in book
Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,

This is idolatry, and these we adore.
Plain living and high thinking are no more:
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence
And pure religion breathing household laws.

It is nearly a century since Wordsworth's noble sonnet was written, but the intervening years have only given a sharper point to the poet's warning. A short time ago, it is said, a wealthy South African was dining at a London house, when he was asked by one of the company what was his real ambition in life. "My chief ambition," said he, "is to leave a million to each of my children." There is the disease which is eating, "as doth a canker," at the heart of the whole English-speaking world to-day.

Now do not grow impatient and say that whatever South African millionaires may do, we are not likely to cherish any such wild ambitions; that, indeed, we might as well cry for the moon at once. I am not in the habit, I hope, of preaching to congregations that are not there; and my words just now are not meant for millionaires, but for all young men who may read these pages. Not on the Stock Exchange merely, but on all the walks of life do we need to write up this great searching question: "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" For, alas! the fatal materialising of life is going on everywhere. Instead of praying the wise man's prayer: "Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with the food that is needful for me," we open wide our mouths to snatch at every glittering bait that dangles before us.

Every week the working men and women of this country fling away thousands of pounds out of their hard-earned wages, on the chance that some horse which they never saw, and of which they know absolutely nothing, may be the first to pass the winning-post, or in the hope that by some lucky hit they will secure the first place in a "guessing competition," and that so they will be able to enrich themselves at the expense of others as foolish as they are.

To a true lover of sport—and no man loves his favourite game more than I do mine—what can be more humiliating than to see our great national pastimes degraded into huge money-making concerns? I can well believe that under certain circumstances horse-racing might have been a noble and beautiful sport; as it is the turf is a great gaming-table and (as Lord Beaconsfield once said) a gigantic engine of national demoralisation. And now it seems as if our football clubs are to pass into the hands of syndicates and companies whose chief concern is not good sport but big dividends. I used to watch with a certain natural interest the fortunes of the club belonging to my native town; but what do I care about the performances of a team which, though it keeps the old name, has been bought up from nobody knows where, and will be scattered again as soon as the directors (in the interests of the shareholders) find it expedient to sell out?

Or turn to the world of commerce itself, and say if this is not the security of many a giant wrong that lifts its head among us to-day: that that which a man would never dare to do singly, and in his own name, he will quietly wink at when it is done by a company of which he happens to be a shareholder; until one is sometimes tempted to say in his haste that a company would sell its soul, if it had one, that it might declare a bigger dividend. And over and above all this, which of course may go on without the infringement of a single letter of the law, there are those—the meanest spawn of Mammonism—who prey upon the unwary, and devour widows' houses, and care not who are wronged if they may get. You remember Trooper Peter Halket's soliloquy by night on the African veldt. When he had served his time and the Government had given him a piece of land, he would set about "to make his pile." First, he should have to start a syndicate, called the Peter Halket Gold, or the Peter Halket Iron-mining, or some such name, Syndicate. Peter Halket was not very clear as to how it ought to be stated; but he felt certain that he and some other men would have to take shares. They would not have to pay for them. And then they would get some big man in London to take shares. He need not pay for them; they would give them to him; and then the company would be floated. No one would have to pay anything; it was just the name—"The Peter Halket Gold Mining Company, Limited." It would float in London; and people there who didn't know the country would buy the shares; *they* would have to give ready money for them, of course; perhaps fifteen pounds a share when they were up! And then, when the market was up, he, Peter Halket, would sell out all his shares. If he gave himself only six thousand and sold them each for ten pounds, then he, Peter Halket, would have sixty thousand pounds! And then he would start another company, and another and——

And even when we turn in other directions where we might have hoped for better things, we still come on the trail of the Mammonite. Look, *e.g.*, at some of our modern Socialist programmes. There is not a little in them that is admirable, not a little that we may reasonably expect to see realised. Yet to read some of the Socialist publications you would think that man was only a mouth that needed to be fed, and that in fulness of bread and shortness of hours his millennium is to be found—so utterly material is the gospel which they preach.

Now it is against this universal debasing of the ideals of life, this measuring of all things by the standards of commerce, this idea that there is no true "getting on" which has not its immediate cash equivalent, that "the wealthiest man among us is the best"—it is against this that we need continually to be on our guard.

Think for a moment of some of those who in our own time have governed their life by ideals like these, and who have come almost as near as a man can to gaining the whole world. What have their fabulous fortunes done for them? One of the most painfully interesting biographies of recent years is that of the late Barney Barnato. He did not merely make money to live—most of us have to do that—he lived to make money. "This one thing I do," he might have said, "I make money." Finance was his sole business. "He had to run stocks up and down, to buy and clear out, at what is called the psychological moment." All the higher interests of life were choked by his passion for gold. Politics, literature, art—he cared for none of these things. Life to him was just one huge Stock Exchange, and his fellow creatures only so many share-selling, share-buying bipeds. As for the Kaffirs, he did not count them his fellow creatures — what did they exist for but to enable him to pocket his sixty per cent. dividends? And the end of it all? A coroner's inquest; verdict: Death by drowning while temporarily insane.

One of the ablest of our living journalists used to keep on his office wall the portraits of a number of the most famous millionaires of the day; then as, one after another, they passed away, he noted under their portraits the circumstances of their death. A little time ago he gathered up the results of his observations in a terrible article entitled "The Tragedy of a Millionaire." Here are some of his facts: Mr. Hooley, who bought big concerns for millions, is now a bankrupt. The Duke of Bedford, with his large estates and an income of £300,000, took away his life. Colonel North, after buying his way into "society" by the millions he had coined, dropped dead in the midst of all his busy schemes. Joel, a member of the same South African confraternity as Barnato, was shot dead in his own office. Ferdinand de Lesseps, after piling up a big fortune made out of the forced labour of men whose bones are bleaching by the Suez Canal and the still unpierced Isthmus of Panama, died broken-hearted and disgraced. One New York millionaire, Mr. Russell Sage, has been shot at in his own office. Another, the late Jay Gould, was threatened with being hanged on the nearest lamp-post; his whole life was one incessant grind for money, and he died, worn out, at a comparatively early age. "How happy you must be, Mr. Vanderbilt," said some one to the American Railway King, "with all those millions!" "Happy?" he replied; "why, I have not an hour's happiness in my life. Consider: I cannot eat or drink more than other men, I cannot wear more clothes, I only require one bed to sleep in. All the rest is not only superfluous, it is the cause of perpetual trouble. My millions cause me ceaseless anxiety day and night."

These, with others like them, all lived and died in the faith that a man's life consisteth in the abundance of the things which he possesseth. And even if we forget the bitter fruits it bore for them, what great names rise to silence their shameless creed. Socrates, we are told, held no property, lived on whatever came to hand, and wore the same simple clothes winter and summer. Milton "lived in a small house, supped on olives and cold water, and wore coarse though clean clothing." Who ever thinks how much money Shakespeare made? When Pope

Pius IV. heard of the death of John Calvin he declared that the "heretic's" strength lay in this, that money never had the slightest charm for him. Probably no man has exerted so great an influence in the English-speaking world during the last hundred and fifty years as John Wesley, and to the day of his death Wesley was absolutely indifferent to wealth. One year at Oxford his income was £30; he lived on £28 and gave away the other two. The next year, receiving £60, he still lived on £28 and gave away £32. The third year he received £90, and gave away £62. The fourth year he received £120; still he lived as before on £28, and gave to the poor £92. During the whole of his life, Southey says, Wesley probably gave away not less than £30,000; and when once he composed an epitaph for himself he concluded it with the words, "not leaving, after his debts are paid, ten pounds behind him."

Recent missionary biography has no more beautiful chapter than that of "An Old Missionary," written by Sir William Hunter. For long years he laboured among the hill-men of India, teaching, healing, ministering, remembering the words of the Lord Jesus how that He said, "Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant." Sorrows came upon him; his wife died, his sight failed him. Yet still he held to his post and died at it; and Sir William Hunter tells how when at last the end came, non-Christian tribesmen hurried in under their chiefs, forty miles without a pause for food and water, to do homage to their white father and friend. Yonder he sleeps in his nameless grave, under the Indian sun; what a contrast with the millionaire clutching at his dividends and then perishing miserably by his own hand in mid-Atlantic! And—did you ever think of it?—"the one perfect life that has been lived in this world is the life of Him who owned nothing, and who left nothing but the clothes He wore." The Son of Man had not where to lay His head. How His three-and-thirty years freeze with one rebuke our Mammon-loving age that thinks the wealthiest man among us is the best!

And yet, no, in our hearts we do *not* count the wealthiest man the best. We may join with them that crowd and jostle in the temple of Mammon and that cry unceasingly, "O Mammon, hear us! O Mammon, hear us!" But when we are alone with our better selves, when we go down into that little private chapel where no one goes but ourselves, we know that the Mammon-worshippers are all wrong, we know that we were made for higher things, that a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth, that there is nothing that a man can give in exchange for his soul.

You aim to succeed? You want to get on? You do well. But settle what you mean by success. Remember you may be getting, without getting on; you may be getting and still going down. "It were better," says John Henry Newman, "for the sun and moon to drop from heaven, for the earth to fail, and all the many millions on it to die of starvation in extremest agony, than that one soul should commit one single venial sin, should tell one wilful untruth, or should steal one poor farthing without excuse." We may think the language exaggerated, but, young men, my brothers, you and I are never safe until the conviction is rooted within us, unalterable as the axioms of Euclid, that things material can never be the measure of things moral and spiritual, that worlds cannot outweigh the value of a soul.

Christ has no controversy with us because we are too ambitious, because we aim too high. Rather does He charge it against us that we do not aim high enough, that our ambitions are too paltry. "Seek ye first," He says, "the kingdom of God and His righteousness"; and to that high life He calls us all.

CHERRY-TIME

CHERRY Red-caps, hanging high
  In the azure and the sun,
Now the cuckoo's ceased his cry,
  All his summer song is done.

He with cherries plumped his crop
  Three times—now he calls no more.
We'll be dumb, too, if you'll drop
  Into cap and pinafore!

G. D. C.

PINS AND NEEDLES

BY C. J. PRAETORIUS

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

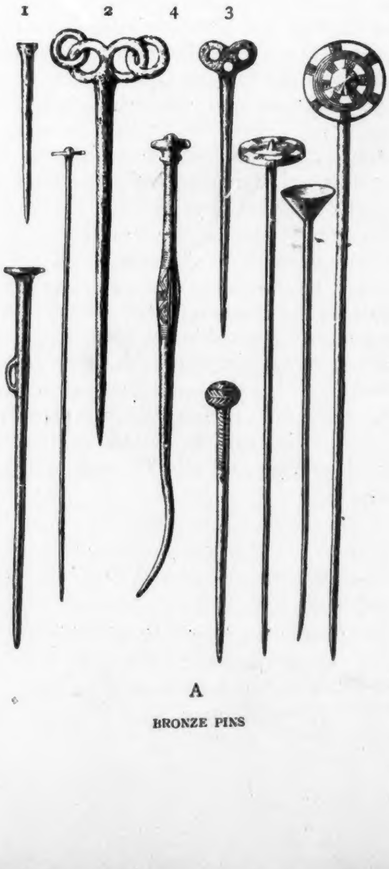
TWO indispensable and familiar objects on which little thought is bestowed are pins and needles. Their origin is remote, and wrapt in obscurity.

When people began to wear clothing, something of the nature of a pin was wanted as a fastening, and a survival of a most primitive fastening is still to be found among the peasant women of Upper Egypt, who secure their dresses with a cactus thorn.

The maker of the first pins and needles would have been proud had he known that, except in point of manufacture, his idea has not been improved upon through so many centuries.

The examples of pins about to be described are but a few of the many antique pins to be found in private and public collections. Many pins are of quite ordinary character, and with the exception of a few of very early date, most have some artistic decoration.

Plate A contains a group of Celtic examples. The first, rather like a nail, was found with several other choice relics in Heathery Burn Cave, Co. Durham. No decoration is to be seen on this pin, the surface of which is much decayed. With this was found a golden earring of great



A

BRONZE PINS

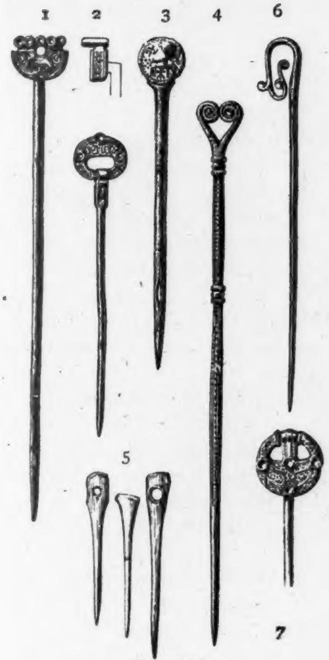


PLATE B

beauty. No. 2 was found with charred bones in a barrow near Everley, evidently in a grave made in the hollow trunk of a tree. This pin is curious as having two movable rings attached to the head. No. 3 was found at Bryn-Crûg, near Carnarvon. No. 4, a large pin seven and three quarter inches in length, was found in the River Thames, near the mouth of the Wandle. The upper part is covered with engraved ornament, and the bulging portion in the centre is pierced, through which a cord or fillet was passed. It is most likely this was worn in the hair and secured by a fillet. The remaining pins on this plate were found in various parts of Great Britain, and are all more or less ornamented.

The pins in Plate B, excepting (3), were all found in Ireland. The three bone pins (5), were found in Ballinderry Lake, West Meath, and are of very early date; there is, however, some doubt if they were used as pins only, there being many objects of similar shape and size, of a late mediæval pattern, used as prickers for making holes.

The pins 1, 2, 4, 6, 7 (Plate B) are all of interest from their elaborate ornamentation; three have settings in which were precious stones; the character of the ornament obviously places these in the best period of Celtic work in Ireland. Pins of such size were most likely used to fasten the cloak on the shoulder, where the beauty of the decoration would be seen to advantage.

The pin (3) (Plate B) with a hole near the point is of Roman period, and was found in London; it has for a head what might be taken to be a coin, showing a bust of a man in armour, and a cross, to which the attention of the helmeted person seems directed. It is not impossible that this was executed in allusion to the well-known story of Constantine seeing a cross in the sky previous to a battle in which he conquered Maxentius; the style of the work and design indicate it to be of the fourth or fifth century of the Christian era. Near the point of the pin is an eye for a fillet to aid in securing the hair, which was wound round the pin at the back of the head, as worn in Italy and Germany.

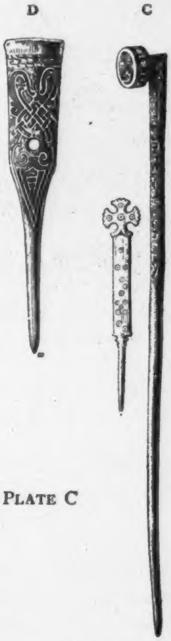
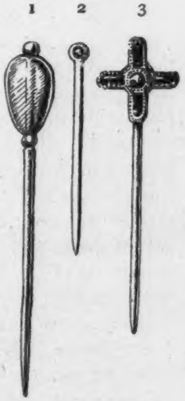


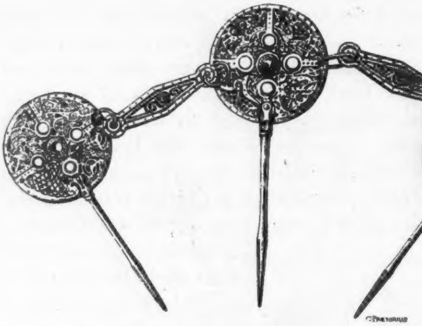
PLATE C

One of the finest silver pins in existence (C, Plate C) of eighth century Celtic work is to be seen in the British Museum. The upper part is deeply engraved, the head being originally filled with enamel. This pin is thirteen and a-half inches in length, and stoutly made. It was roughly used by its owner, having been broken in two places, and subsequently skilfully mended.

By the side of this large example is shown a small Anglo-Saxon bone pin, most likely for the hair. This and the large bone one

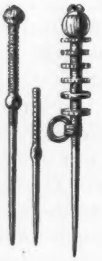


FOUND IN ANGLO-SAXON GRAVES



ANGLO-SAXON PINS AND NEEDLES FOUND IN THE RIVER WITHAM

(D, Plate C) were both found in the River Thames. The larger one is decorated with engraved strap work.



GOLD PINS FROM CYPRUS

Some very fine pins have been found in Anglo-Saxon graves. The first shown was found at Cirencester, Gloucester. It is bronze, and a drilled amethyst forms the head. The second small one is of gold, with a garnet set in the head. The third pin is also of gold, with the head in the form of a cross, composed of four garnets with a central stone. The workmanship of this pin is extremely fine.

Of the choicest design and workmanship are three Anglo-Saxon pins; they were found in the River Witham at Lincoln, and are of the ninth or tenth century.

The pins are made of silver gilt; the heads are flat discs, highly ornamented with interlaced work, intertwined dragons or wyverns. Each of the discs had a jewel in the centre, surrounded by four others; and the general arrangement of decoration appears to be intended to give a cruciform effect similar to the sculptured heads of stone crosses in Wales and Ireland. The discs are linked together by narrow plates, chased with scroll ornament of the same period. This set of pins was probably worn as a breast ornament rather than as a means of securing the garment.

In Cyprus a number of gold pins have been discovered during the excavations at Enkomi, near Salamis. Each pin has a hole or ring for the attachment of a cord to prevent loss.

Two gold pins of early and later Etruscan period are remarkable for their excellent taste in design and goldsmith work.

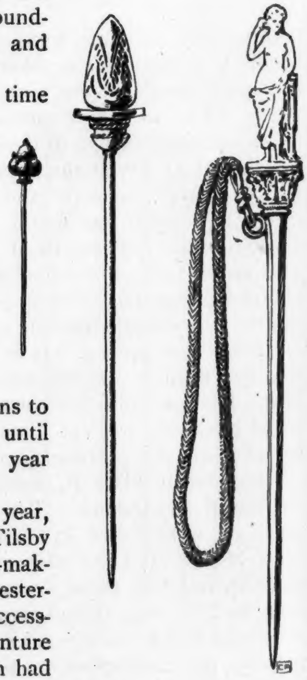
The last pin is of the most artistic work of the finest Roman period. The shaft, which is sexangular, has a small ring at the top, to which is attached a golden chain. The top of the shaft terminates in a Corinthian capital, surmounted by a figure of Venus.

The few examples illustrated are all earlier than the tenth century. After this date the pin became a domestic article; and in the fifteenth century was an article of enough importance in England to attract legislative notice, viz., in 1483, when the importation was prohibited by law.

Queen Catharine obtained pins from France; and, in 1543, an Act was passed: "That no person shall put to sale any pinnes but only such as shall be double-headed and have the heads soldered fast to the shank of the pinnes, well smoothed, the shank well shapen, the points well round-filed, cauted, and sharpened."

At this time most pins were made of brass, but many were also made of iron with a brass surface. France sent a large number of pins to this country until about the year 1626.

In this year, one John Tilsby started pin-making in Gloucestershire. So successful was his venture that he soon had fifteen hundred people working.



GOLD ETRUSCAN PINS

These pins made at Stroud were held in high repute.

In 1636 pin-makers combined and founded a corporation. The industry was carried on at Bristol and Birmingham . the latter becoming the chief centre. In 1775 prizes were offered for the first native-made pins and needles in Carolina : and during the war in 1812 pins fetched enormous prices.

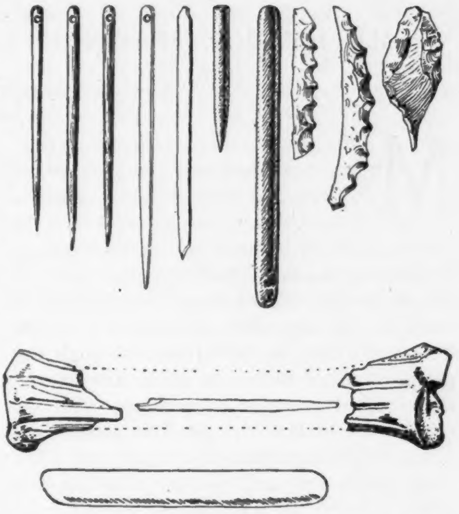
Pins vary from three and a half inches in length to the small gilt entomologists' pin ; 4500 weighing about an ounce.

The tools of one of the earliest needle-makers are still in existence. The men who worked with them were cave-dwellers, and had advanced beyond the earliest stages of culture, as the presence of these bone needles would show.

These caves at Bruniquel on the River Aveyron, France, belonged to the older stone age; remains like these of drift gravel are associated with animals now either extinct or existing only in remote latitudes. These cave-dwellers possessed unusual artistic powers in carving and engraving in bone, stone and wood.

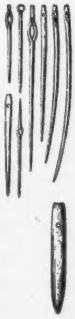
Among the many things found in these caves were these bone needles and the tools with which they were made.

The first process seems to have been to cut a small strip from the leg-bone of some small animal, possibly a marsh swine or roe-buck ; the piece being cut out by two oblique converging cuts. The strip of bone released, the general shape was carved or scraped with a stone scraper ; the eye was made with the sharp flint drill. Shaped, pointed, and drilled, the last operation was to polish away any roughness ; this was done with a smooth stone polisher. The finished needles varied in length from one to four and a half inches.



BONE NEEDLES AND TOOLS OF THE MAMMOTH AND REINDEER PERIOD

A needle of this period and make was found in Kent's Cavern, Weymouth, in 1866. When discovered it was covered with a stalagmitic covering, which scaled off two years after. It was then seen to be the remains of a bone needle seven-eighths of an inch in length ; the point was broken off, the eye circular, and the needle had evidently been made by scraping with a stone implement, as striæ running longitudinally are still visible.



NEEDLES FROM SWISS LAKE DWELLINGS AND SAXON GRAVES

Two bronze needles of Anglo-Saxon period and one made of horn were found in graves. Five others from Nidan were all found among the Swiss lake pile-dwellings, and are of somewhat unusual construction.

A very primitive needle made of bone was found in a barrow on Stourplain Down, near Blandford. The eye is small compared with the thickness of the shank of the needle, and must have been used for some very primitive stitching.

The manufacture of needles in any considerable numbers was introduced into England by one Elias Crouse, a German, in the early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign ; and in Stow's writings there is a record that in Queen Mary's time there flourished a needle-maker, a negro, who produced by a secret process fine Spanish needles and sold them in his shop in Cheapside.

MEMORIES OF AN OLD EDINBURGH SQUARE

CONCLUDING PAPER

MANY readers versed in the important political crises of a hundred years ago welcome the reappearance of familiar names and well-known topics as capable possibly of adding something, however small, to illustrate that period stored with such wealth of unfailing interest. In the last century not a few Scotchmen rose to high places through the power of their brains or their money, but none could compete or compare with the family of Dundas, who for four generations occupied the highest posts as servants of the State, each succeeding heir rivalling his father in the brilliancy of his mental capacities. Connected as they were by marriage and intermarriage with almost every well-known family in Scotland, they reached the pinnacle of their greatness in the person of Henry Dundas, Lord Melville, who reigned a king in the north, holding an unprecedented influence over the political destinies of Scotland, alike the distributor of her patronage and the dispenser of her favours. When he held the post of Treasurer to his Majesty's Navy he lived in George Square (No. 38), and during a temporary unpopularity his house was the scene of an attack which caused much alarm in the vicinity. On the night of June 5, 1792, a neighbour of Mr. Dundas—Mr. Robert Sym—making his way home from a supper-party, was amazed to see a mighty throng of people crowding through Bristo Port in the direction of George Square. The mob carried amongst them a huge figure of rags and straw, which was hung by the neck from a pole and borne aloft above the heads of the people. As Mr. Sym was swept by the crowd along the north side of the square, he was joined by Admiral Duncan* (afterwards Lord Camperdown), who issued from his house, No. 5, stick in hand, and together, much battered, they reached the Dundas's door, to be dragged into shelter by its bewildered inhabitants, amid a perfect flight of dead cats, rotten eggs, stones, &c. Inside the house they found Mrs. Dundas, Dowager of Arniston, Sir Patrick Murray of Octertyre, and Sir James Hall of Dunglas, defending the doors and windows surrounded by the wreckage of broken glass, while, outside, the effigy, that had been set alight, blazed cheerfully among the rioters. As it was necessary to get help speedily, in the consultation that followed one of the party offered to carry news of their misfortune to the Castle, and getting out by the back into a deserted lane made his way easily to the High Street, and very soon a detachment of soldiers (the 53rd Regiment) appeared among the mob as if by magic, the Riot Act was read, shots were fired, and two or three people were unfortunately killed. The cause of all this excitement originated in a false report that Mr. Secretary Dundas was about to bring in a Bill to raise the price of meal. Thirteen years later, in 1805, when Lord Melville was impeached for peculation, along with Mr. Trotter of Dreghorn, George III., on hearing of his misfortune, merely said: "Is that all? I wonder how he slept after it. Bring out my horse." The whole of Scotland, however, rejoiced when a year later he was unanimously acquitted. Chief Baron Dundas,* nephew and son-in-law of Lord Melville, writes from his house, 57 George Square, to his wife: † "June 16, 1806. It would do your heart good to have witnessed what I have done yesterday and to-day, the universal joy of all persons here on your father's acquittal. I really could hardly get along the streets, being stopped by every person I met. . . . Our varlets are at present hanging Mr. Whitbread ‡ in effigy in Mr. Blair's back court." Robert Blair of Avontoun, Lord President of the Court of Session, lived next door to the Dundas's in No. 56. The incidents relating to his death and to that of Lord Melville bear a striking similarity. On the afternoon of May 20, 1811, President Blair had taken his customary walk across the Bruntsfield links before dinner. It was a Monday, and as the Court does not sit on that day it had been a longer round than usual. On re-entering his house to prepare for the afternoon meal he complained of feeling ill, and died of internal cramp within the hour, before medical aid could reach him. The news of his death was brought to the Chief Baron by John Wauchope (21 George Square), who came in just as Mr. Dundas was finishing dinner, soon after four o'clock. Mr. Dundas had met President Blair returning from his walk shortlyafter three that afternoon, and was "struck with terror," to use his own words, on learning that his friend had expired almost immediately after they had parted. When it was settled that the funeral of President Blair was to be a public one, Lord Melville came to his nephew's house in George Square, on Monday the 27th, to attend the funeral of his old friend, which was to take place on the following day. He seemed well and cheerful on the evening of Tuesday, and at his usual hour went to bed, where he was found dead by his servant on the morning of the 29th. Thus were the two old friends lying lifeless with just a wall between them.

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* Admiral Duncan married Henrietta, second daughter of second President Dundas.

* Robert, son of second Lord President Dundas.

† Elizabeth Dundas.

‡ Mr. Whitbread moved a series of resolutions in which Lord Melville was accused of a gross violation of the law and a high breach of duty.

On the table in Lord Melville's bedroom was found a letter of sympathy to President Blair's widow, and it is said that lying beside it was an article, addressed to a member of Government, containing a description of the funeral and of his emotions over the grave of his friend, which he was destined never to see. An eye-witness in the square at the time of President Blair's funeral spoke of it as a marvellous sight. A striking homage was paid to the dead in that most impressive form of reverence—a total silence. Judges, magistrates, clergy, friends old and young, rich and poor, stood uncovered as if they had belonged to the President's own family, and moved slowly after his coffin as it was borne to Old Grey Friars Churchyard, where it now rests. His friend Lord Melville was privately buried at Lasswade.

Statues, modelled by Chantrey, were erected to the memory of both these eminent men, but when the time came to place Lord Melville's in the Parliament House it was so heavy that those in charge were afraid the floor would give way under it. A grave meeting of legal dignitaries assembled to discuss this matter, when Lord Melville's Whig nephew Henry, afterwards Lord Cockburn, arose and proposed that the statue should be hung round the neck by a rope from the rafters.

Mr. Dundas's great rival in the General Assembly debates of the Church of Scotland was the witty Henry Erskine,* and in the short-lived Whig administration of 1783 he succeeded Mr. Dundas as Lord advocate. On the day that the appointment changed hands Erskine met Dundas divested of his official robe and remarked that he, Erskine, must lose no time in ordering his silk one.

"It's hardly worth while," said Dundas, "for the time you'll want it you'd better borrow mine."

Erskine, ever quick with his answer, replied: "From the readiness with which you make the offer, Mr. Dundas, I have no doubt that the gown is made to fit *any party;* but however short my time in office may be, it shall never be said of Henry Erskine that he adopted the *abandoned habits* of his predecessor."

Henry Erskine lived in George Square next door to the Walter Scotts, and his wife was constantly annoyed by little Wattie running in and out of the house. She used to speak of him as "that silly, tiresome boy," because he asked so many questions. The Erskines were among the first people who gave formal dinner parties in Edinburgh, and Chambers relates that those fortunate enough to receive invitations to dine in George Square would stand at the cross half the afternoon to proclaim the fact to their less honoured friends.

Mrs. Erskine, although she did not interest herself in her husband's legal labours, exercised her mind in the deeper questions of domestic management. One night the Lord Advocate after a period of unusually protracted work, was aroused from his much-needed sleep by her anxious questioning voice through the darkness: "Harry, lovey, where's your white waistcoat?" No doubt she wished him to appear to advantage in it at her dinner parties, distinguished as they were for the sobriety of her guests in an age of gross self-indulgence. They were intellectual as well as sociable gatherings, for

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* Hon. Henry Erskine, brother of the Earl of Buchan.

Dr. Adam,* rector of the High school (from No. 39), would here meet Dr. Jamieson (No. 34), fresh from his dictionary, to discuss the all-important meaning of words. One argument over the origin of the root "wynd" has come down to us, Sir John Sinclair holding it meant "wind" because the lane was winding; Henry Erskine knowing it was called "wynd" because such alleys were invariably perfectly straight; Dr. Adam stating it was called a "wynd" because it was a turn or wind from the principal street.

Among the most notable of the many people on whom Henry Erskine lavished kindness was Robert Burns, and it was through him that the poet owed his introduction to the brilliant Duchess of Gordon and her gay set of friends. Mr. Erskine was intimate with Jane Maxwell long before she became a Duchess: indeed he knew her as far back as the day when she made her famous ride down the High Street on a sow, captured for that purpose by her and her sister Betty (afterwards Lady Wallace). In later days the Duchess was the moving spirit in many a wild frolic, leading even the sedate Lord Melville from the cares of State to enjoy with her the delights of an oyster supper.

Her house in George Square faced that which was occupied by the famous Robert Macqueen, Lord Braxfield,† who figures under the name of the Weir of Hermiston in one of our greatest modern novels. He must have had a most unhappy household if there is any truth in the hundred heartless sayings and doings attributed to him. His three-quarter length portrait by Raeburn represents a hard-featured, heavy-lipped, beetle-browed ruffian robed in official ermine, his head covered by a wig.

A contemporary resident in the square marked from his window the return home of the quick stepped judge, and noted the grim look of scorn with which he regarded this world of suffering humanity. Every man is not a judge, but one would think it probable that every judge was a man. Such, however, seems not to have been the case with Braxfield, for any humanity he possessed disappeared at the sight of the trembling criminal. His mental powers indeed were a marvel to those best able to appreciate them and his memory was a source of surprise to himself, for he forgot nothing. When at the bar, he returned to his house early, dined at four, cursing the dinner, and worked dry lipped in his back room till day dawned chilly over the silent meadows. When he rose to the bench he worked as deeply but not with his former regularity, for a whist party at a neighbour's would occasionally break the evening hours. One night, rising from this game after his second bottle of port, and on the losing side, he, stumbling towards the door, tripped over the skirt of Lady Cuming, and swearing fiercely at her, glanced up, recollected his company manners, and apologised by saying he had mistaken her for his wife. Another day his butler complained to him of some extra work Mrs. Macqueen had laid on him. He replied, "Lord, man, is that a'? Ye may thank God yer no married to her."

Two ladies had the inestimable privilege of calling this gentleman husband. His second wife,* cowed by his scornful humour to the veriest slave, was once the sprightly girl who dubbed David Hume saint, and gave the name thereby to one of the streets of Edinburgh. His first father-in-law is said to have been the founder of the famous Hell Fire Club, and Braxfield must have been an ornament there, for he could stand perpendicularly more wine than any man at the bar, then a severe test. After his second bottle he could walk home unaided to George Square, over very uneven ground, and lamps economical of their oil. It was given as a proof of his great courage that he did trust himself, hated and unescorted, in the dark hours. "Afraid," he said with scorn,

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* Dr. Adam (Scott's master) was struck with palsy whilst teaching in his class-room, and on being brought home only survived a few days. Becoming delirious at the end, he imagined himself back in the old school, and leaning forward said, as if dismissing his class, "But it grows dark —you may go boys," and immediately expired.

† Scott by his father's advice dedicated his law thesis to his friend and neighbour, Lord Braxfield, then Lord Justice Clerk

* The second Mrs. Macqueen was the daughter of Chief Baron Orde, who chalked on the door of Hume's new house the words "St. David Street." Hume's servant hurried to tell her master he was being made game of. "Never mind, lassie," replied that philosopher, "many a better man has been made a saint before."

"afraid o' folk that would be muckle the better o' a hanging, no me."

In the famous Muir trial (August 30, 1793), the Justice Clerk was heard to whisper to one of the jury, "Come awa and help us to hang they damned scoundrels." It was said that the jurors were picked for the express purpose of finding Muir guilty, and when the unfortunate prisoner implored for justice, Braxfield brutally swore at him for taking up his time.*

These, and many similar stories, greatly added to the fear in which he was held, but in no way endeared him to the populace.

If Braxfield had been dining far from home he sometimes needed a sedan chair to help him on his way to George Square, and in his drunken mistrust would constantly think the men were taking him the wrong way,* so that in the grey dawn the well-known hanging face would be thrust out, now from one window, now from the other, with strange confusion of curses and legally worded directions. In his facetious moments no joke was too coarse for his hardened digestion, and blanks as a rule discreetly supply the place of speeches reported as his.

Those of us, therefore, who have exhausted our lamentations over the departure of the good old days may be glad, remembering such men as Braxfield, to think that a century lies between us and the time when savage humours, drinking bouts, and rugged ferocity were the fashion of the day.

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* See State Trials, xxiii 136.

* The houses in George Square were not numbered until the year after Braxfield's death, which took place in 1799.

THE GREATEST MUSIC-MASTER IN EUROPE

By J. F. ROWBOTHAM, M.A., Author of "The History of Music"

We are aware of the roses that are showered on Paderewski and the court that is paid him, compared to which the reception given to a popular hero falls short in many respects of genuine enthusiasm. But not Paderewski alone—his master also, Leschetizky of Vienna, is equally the object of such flattering regard, though being somewhat older the expression of the admiration takes a slightly different form. Roses and garlands are the lot of the younger man. The older, who is between sixty and seventy years of age, is the centre of a very bevy of female admirers, who strive to gratify his lightest caprice, to anticipate his every wish, to indulge to the full his often unreasonable inclinations. It may be a question which of the two men, Paderewski or Leschetizky, receives the most perfect homage, and we think the question will surely be decided in favour of the latter. Paderewski, always travelling about, reaps the favour and the applause of utter strangers, whose tribute of respect takes purely conventional forms, which must by now be tiring to the great musician—such as bouquets, hand clappings, waving of handkerchiefs, &c. Leschetizky, on the other hand, settled immutably in one place, and the centre of an ever-increasing court of admirers, receives the more satisfactory, because more substantial, tokens of appreciation, which are the outcome of excessive feminine care, the deepest veneration, the tenderest regard, from those who are always at hand to bestow it—in one word, an attention and a solicitude such as the most doting of mothers might bestow on her darling child, but on no one else in the world.

Leschetizky was the master of Paderewski. Some maintain that the fame of the pupil contributed chiefly to the reputation of the master. But we think not. Even without Paderewski as his Mercury, Leschetizky would have reigned as the Jupiter of the modern pianoforte at his self-selected Olympus in Vienna. He comes of a famous line. His master was the celebrated Carl Czerny, who was likewise the teacher of Liszt, but who is known to the ordinary musical world as the author of those unrivalled studies and exercises for the pianoforte which, under the names of "Etudes de la Vélocité," "Etudes Chromatiques," are familiar to all players. Carl Czerny in his turn boasted a still more noble musical origin. He was one of the very few Viennese who could lay claim to being a pupil of Beethoven's. For some reason we know not, the great composer took an interest in Carl Czerny, and gave him lessons—a favour which wealth often sought in vain. Beethoven in his turn was the pupil of Haydn, and Hadyn was the pupil of Porpora, the great master of art and theory whom princes were proud to call their instructor. By tracing the genealogy downwards through its various degrees, we shall find that the secrets of his art which Porpora transmitted to Haydn were passed thence to Beethoven, from Beethoven to Czerny, and from Czerny at last repose in the breast of Leschetizky to be disseminated by him among the crowds of musical students who at the present moment flock to him for instruction.

We have mentioned Porpora as the prime fount of this esoteric musical knowledge, and a comparison between Porpora and Leschetizky would reveal many points of resemblance. The old Italian master was so crotchety that Haydn, in order to please him, had to black his boots. To the amateur shoeblack Porpora condescended to give that instruction which he denied to the "budding" pupil. We do not say that the pupils of Leschetizky have to go so far as this. Possibly at the present day modern refinement makes it impossible. But they have to use every art to please and to flatter, they have to put up with a thousand things, they have to learn the lesson of complete subservience and servility, in return for the pearls which they may glean by so doing.

I have known several pupils of Leschetizky's, and have heard most conflicting opinions about him.

"He's a bear," said one man to me, a young Scotchman, who had come all the way from the Land o' Cakes to study in remote Vienna. "He's no gentleman, but a grumpy, crusty old music-master—nothing more." I learnt, on inquiry, that what had filled the vials of this young man's wrath against the great pianist was the fact that when he first presented himself for instruction Leschetizky had asked him where he came from, and then how many miles Scotland was away from Vienna. On being informed that it was close on a thousand miles, he said half aloud, "A thousand miles. And this man to come all that distance to learn how to box the piano a little better than he did in Scotland."

This remark gave indelible offence to the young Celt, and so rankled in his heart that he could never bear Leschetizky. But the other pupils have been more fortunate.

"He is an angel," replied one lady to me, when I asked her for her opinion of the great virtuoso. "So kind, so considerate, so gentle with his pupils. Never a harsh word, and never a cross look, never a hasty action."

But this young lady must have been exceptionally fortunate in her relations with Leschetizky, since even his greatest admirers admit that he can scold sometimes and say sharp things if need be. As I knew her to be by no means a specially good player, I set her down as one of these young ladies who had lost their heads, some girls going before the great Jupiter with their heads in such a bewilderment that they see and know nothing of what passes beyond the actual notes they play.

A more just estimate of the man was given me by a gentleman who had studied under him for nearly two years.

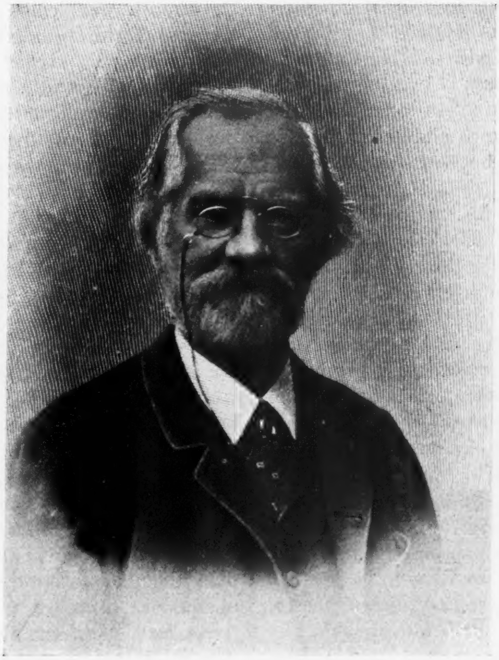
"He is very irritable at times, and most unpleasant. I have heard him say such things to me, I would never have taken from anybody else. But he makes up for them afterwards by remarks that please as much as the other pained. Still it is a strange experience. All would not like it."

"All would like it," asserts another fervent admirer. "These unpleasantnesses and irritabilities are only spots in the sun. The greatness and the glory of the man shine through all the mists that cloud him. How can you expect his delicate sensitive nature not to be irritated sometimes, not to be provoked by the dulness and stupidity of those who come to learn from him? They are many of them dolts, and deserve to be treated as such."

It must be confessed that Leschetizky's character resembles that of Mallett's "Chameleon," described as blue, green, red, and black, and when produced found to be white.

For with regard to the latter designation, all confess that whether he is bearish, irritable, eccentric, or whatever else it be, he is in any case tolerable.

His far-famed system of pianoforte instruction may be characterised, in contrast to others, as "the muscular one." Already in the time of Herz and Kalkbrenner people had grasped the idea that piano gymnastics were becoming so complicated that extraneous means must be found to develop the fingers, irrespective of their mere employment and exercise on the keyboard. Both Herz and Kalkbrenner invented apparatuses for this purpose, and it was with one of these, by-the-bye, that the great composer, Schumann, using it too rashly, sprained the middle finger of his right hand. But Adolph Henselt, likewise, one of the greatest virtuosos of the century, devised a machine for stretching and strengthening the muscles of the hand and fingers, and often during concerts, while the people were applauding him in front, he might have been seen in the artists' room exercising his fingers on this little instrument, for new feats in the succeeding piece.



(Rudolph Krziwanek, photographer, Vienna)

LESCHETIZKY

Leschetizky does not advocate Henselt's instrument nor Herz's. But he believes in the intimate association of the muscles of the forearm with those of the fingers used in pianoforte playing. Accordingly he has devised all sorts of exercises for training and developing the muscles of the arm, which have to be gone through preparatory to or simultaneously with the musical exercises on the piano. Little by little the pupil becomes conscious of higher and increased power, which Leschetizky holds is the last one to come, to play fortissimo and to play pianissimo, of the ability to execute passages with ease and to compass stretches which before were entirely impossible. This power is gained not so much by arduous practice, hammering at the musical instrument, as is the course adopted by most music-masters, as by these skilfully prepared muscular exercises, which are so admirably calculated to achieve the end they have in view.

Strange though it may seem, yet it is a fact that some of Leschetizky's pupils have been trained by the modern Hercules, Eugene Sandow, before they have presented themselves to the "Greatest Music-Master in Europe." Their forearms and their biceps, having received careful development from the champion of the heavy weights and the art of athletics, are then submitted to the delicate treatment of the athletic exponent of the softer graces of sound. Perhaps it may be imagined that this class of pupils may be apt to practise the pugilistic art on the keys of the piano, and excel in the production of crashing and ear-splitting effects. On the contrary, they are the best expositors of the soft and caressing method of playing, which is perhaps more directly the outcome of strength than any other expression on the piano.

If his pupils will carry out the muscular exercises which he has devised for them—and be it known that he devises a fresh set very often for each pupil, it that pupil be of eminence — Leschetizky insists on their sparing themselves as much as possible in their relations to the piano itself, and will never allow them to practise more than five hours a day. The old tales of pianoforte performers who toiled incessantly at their instrument all day long, and then through the watches of the night till they had put together sixteen or seventeen hours of solid pianoforte practice, have been exploded, not in their accuracy, but in respect to their utility, by Leschetizky. He says that a pupil who would do that would in a few months' time ruin all his chances of ever becoming a player. His great objection to Paderewski, when that aspirant presented himself first for instruction, was that he had practised too much.

"You have overworked yourself," he said, "and have advanced to a stage of pieces which you are entirely unfitted to play. You must go back and practise less."

Such advice is surely the exact contrary of all that music-masters ever tell their pupils. But they might learn much by attending a lesson from Leschetizky. He believes in keeping the brain free and fresh, in sitting down to the piano in a state of muscular vigour, in ridding the arms of tension and the fingers of stiffness; and this desirable consummation is only to be reached by cutting down the hours of study to the smallest possible dimensions. "Five hours," says Leschetizky, "even four in some cases. And not after meals, nor before breakfast in the morning. Nor when the pupil arrives tired from a walk. Nor late at night amid clouds of tobacco smoke."

Late practising in the small hours of the morning has always excited the master's strongest animadversion, for he holds that the condition of the body at such a time in the day is such as to lay all the tax on the nerves and none on the muscles. Now the use of the muscles instead of the nerves is the secret of his system. No wonder therefore he so strongly animadverts on this method of study.

In order to spare his pupils the drudgery of practice as much as possible, he constantly counsels them to read music as they would read newspapers, lying on their back on a sofa, or sitting at ease in an armchair, and endeavouring to think while reading how the piece ought to sound.

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Unlike Liszt, who, with a truly regal indifference to money and all its belongings, would often give lesson after lesson to pupils, never know how many he gave, and never ask for a fee—Leschetizky observes the rule that the fee shall be deposited on his piano in cash before the lesson begins. In the room in which he instructs his pupils there are two pianos, one for them and one for him. The pupil is likewise expected to bring two copies of the piece he may have been studying, one for himself and the other for Leschetizky. When placing the copy intended for the master on *his* piano, the pupil is always expected to deposit £1 5*s.* on the music stand along with the piece.

If we add up two lessons a week from Leschetizky at £1 5*s.* a piece, and let us say three or four lessons from the "Trainers" at 3*s.* 8*d.* each, this gives the very respectable total of £3 4*s.* 8*d.* a week for lessons alone, or an annual rate of £150. Let us add to this the cost of living and other incidental expenses, and see what the desire to take lessons from Leschetizky means, when reduced to hard cash.

Vienna is perhaps, except Buda Pesth, the most expensive capital in Europe. Even to get into your own house after nightfall you have to pay a tax, but that is beside the mark. The universal medium of ordinary exchange is the florin (1*s.* 8*d.*), and a florin in Vienna does not go so far as a mark in Berlin or a shilling in London. To live in a *pension* there—and for any person studying music such is the only way—twenty-five florins a week is a price commonly asked. Nay, with respect to young ladies who are in Vienna for the purpose of education by themselves, it would be unwise to seek cheaper quarters. You cannot easily find a really respectable boarding-house at a lower figure, and twenty-five florins is about two guineas a week. The cost of tramways to and fro, the price of amusements, such as concerts which must be attended, the incidental expenses at the *pension* itself, all make a pretty considerable item: and already we are at £5 10*s.* a week, which perhaps by these additions may be increased to £6. Music, which must be bought in large quantities, is by no means cheap, and that most indispensable article—the piano—can scarcely be obtained in Vienna under 15*s.* to £1 per month. This makes a total of considerably over £300 a year for the luxury of taking lessons from Leschetizky. In most cases it must be a luxury, for his theory is that no one can hope to become a really great pianist after his own heart, unless the education commences in early childhood.

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Vienna is perhaps, except Buda Pesth, the most expensive capital in Europe. Even to get into your own house after nightfall you have to pay a tax, but that is beside the mark. The universal medium of ordinary exchange is the florin (1*s.* 8*d.*), and a florin in Vienna does not go so far as a mark in Berlin or a shilling in London. To live in a *pension* there—and for any person studying music such is the only way—twenty-five florins a week is a price commonly asked. Nay, with respect to young ladies who are in Vienna for the purpose of education by themselves, it would be unwise to seek cheaper quarters. You cannot easily find a really respectable boarding-house at a lower figure, and twenty-five florins is about two guineas a week. The cost of tramways to and fro, the price of amusements, such as concerts which must be attended, the incidental expenses at the *pension* itself, all make a pretty considerable item: and already we are at £5 10*s.* a week, which perhaps by these additions may be increased to £6. Music, which must be bought in large quantities, is by no means cheap, and that most indispensable article—the piano—can scarcely be obtained in Vienna under 15*s.* to £1 per month. This makes a total of considerably over £300 a year for the luxury of taking lessons from Leschetizky. In most cases it must be a luxury, for his theory is that no one can hope to become a really great pianist after his own heart, unless the education commences in early childhood.

The ideal pianist, according to Leschetizky, is a being who in the tenderest years has manifested such a genius for music that its parents and all around are struck by its endowments, and are compelled to consider the matter of education and direction from the very first. This marvellously endowed being must at five or six years of age be placed under a competent master, by preference under Leschetizky himself, and study unremittingly for ten years. Hand in hand with this private study the young performer must appear a great deal on the public platform, in order that the sight of an audience may act as a tonic to his nerves, and may cease to discompose him in the slightest; for nervous weakness, according to Leschetizky, is one of the great spoilers of good playing, and is more pernicious in its effects than even insufficient practice or deficiency of genius.

But the ordeal of the ideal pianist is not over yet. After the period of probation just mentioned, he is to be "turned loose" on the world for four or five years, and to play "here, there, and everywhere" throughout Europe, until at the end of about four or five years he is once more to enter the cloister of instruction, and to submit himself to the guidance of Leschetizky and his trainers for three or four years more, at the conclusion of which period he will be pronounced to be perfect.

We have only to consider the fearful expense of this system of training to see that it is quite out of the reach of ordinary people. In addition to which its conditions are such as very few people could ever hope to comply with. And then—at the end of all—the perfect pianist is turned loose to seek engagements. But where? We have met several perfect pianists in Berlin, Vienna, and elsewhere, and among them we have found artists who, let alone engagements, could not get an audience. One lady we remember well, who after studying with Leschetizky came to Berlin to give concerts. The concert agent who undertook the business arrangements for her, charged her twenty pounds for the first concert, in a very small hall, and on a night, "Sylvester Abend," when all the town was enjoying itself at balls and other social functions. The consequence was that the lady played to empty benches. For the next concert, in a somewhat larger hall, he charged her thirty pounds, and to show how profitable it was to her, I may mention that she came to me with a dozen tickets, not that I should buy them or sell them for her, but asking me to give them away to my friends, and tell them they should have as many more as ever they liked if they would only come and hear her. Yet people when tickets are forced on them in this way rarely care to go; and we had the greatest difficulty in filling a few seats in the hall, so that it should not look perfectly empty, when for a second time the "pupil of Leschetizky" mounted the platform.

Leschetizky himself has had a long career of public performance before he settled down to the quiet and homely *rôle* of teacher of the piano. For nearly forty years, we believe—namely, from the age of ten to that of fifty or thereabouts—he appeared regularly as a public player, often making tours and invariably successful. But for many years past now he has devoted himself to teaching, and having travelled through the hemisphere of music is able to fortify his precepts by example. He has been inflexibly severe with himself in the matter of practising, and this justifies him, he thinks, in being inflexibly severe with his pupils. His story of his method of practice, which he tells with an old man's loquacity to every one of his pupils in succession, may be quoted here, to show what pains he took to achieve perfection, and what good reason he has to insist on similar zeal in others.

"It was my method as a youth," he says, "to practise with the most unflinching resolution, over and over again, like Chopin, but I think still more industriously, until I had the piece perfect. I often used to play it so frequently that I forgot the number of times I played it, and my thoughts were so taken up with the music that I had no means of checking myself. Till one day I found six peas in my pocket, and I took them out, and said, 'I will use you to be my arithmetic while I play the piano.' So I placed them on the music-stand before me. I played over the piece without a mistake. I put one pea in my pocket. I played it over a second time without a mistake. I then put another pea in my pocket. The third time I made a mistake. So I put the two peas back on the music-stand, and began with the whole six over again. I played it quite correctly six times now. But had I made a mistake the very last time, I would have taken out all the peas from my pocket, and put them back on the piano, until I had satisfied myself that I could conscientiously transfer them back to my pocket again."

DEGENERATE?

By ROBERT F. HORTON, D.D.

Aetas parentûm, pejor avis, dedit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiorem.—HORACE.

Of old sang Horace in his bantering vein
That every age gives birth to yet a worse;
It was the time when a slow-ripened curse
Brake on the ancient world, and men were fain
To veil with laughter hearts which heaved in pain.
But the new era entered to reverse
That heartless presage, and our England knows
A law more fruitful. In her Abbey fane,
Where she has gathered under one proud roof
The rich memorials of her growing state,
Among the noble dead in serried rows
That line the sacred walls, all laureate,
Stand the three Cannings, as a double proof
That a great sire may boast a son as great.

THE SHADOW OF A CLOUD

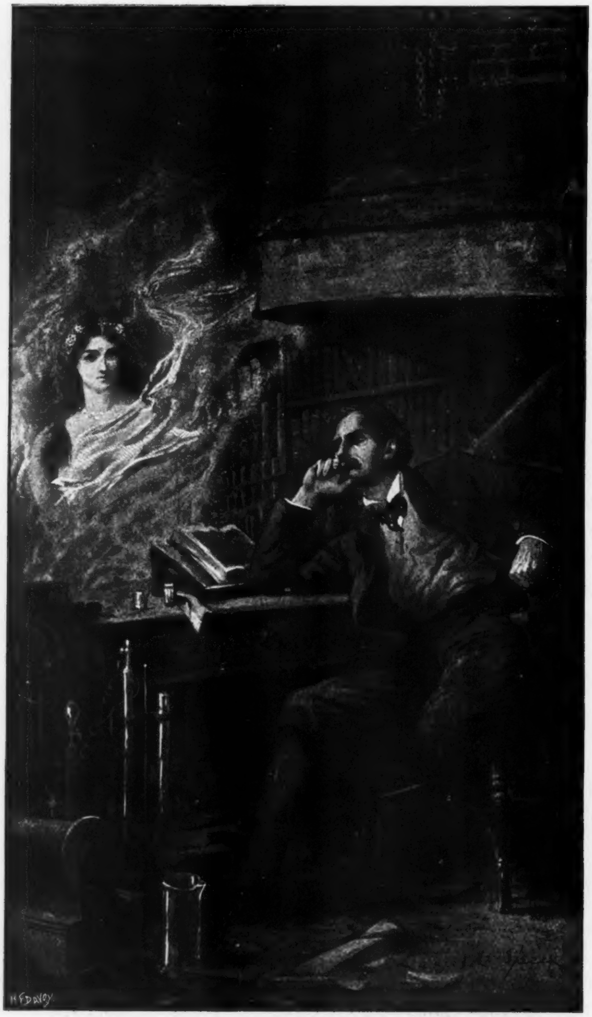
By G CLARKE NUTTALL

ILLUSTRATED BY LANCELOT SPEED

FROM the time that he was quite a little lad until he was a grown man of some twenty-six years, science had been sole mistress of Carl Finden's affections, his one and only love, to whose service his life and strength and all that he had were dedicated. The investigation of Nature in all her moods, a clearer knowledge of her wonderful ways, seemed to him the one thing alone worth living for, and for the advancement of science no task was too arduous, no sacrifice too great. So he became the light of his university and held a professorial chair. But in the spring of his twenty-seventh year science found a rival who crept up so cunningly and so gently into Carl Finden's heart that he never realised it until he found himself one day idly day-dreaming in his laboratory and unable to shut out blue-eyed, sunny-haired Elsa from his thoughts, however hard he tried.

There was nothing remarkable about Elsa that she, and she alone, should have had the power to oust so great a rival from its pre-eminence: she was just a sweet, unsophisticated little maiden who never troubled her head about Nature or Nature's laws, and who looked up at her big lover, whom all the world knew to be so clever, with something of awe in her large blue eyes. She was very much impressed by his rather clumsy attentions and deeply conscious of her inferiority to so superior a being, so when towards the end of the summer he asked her to marry him she acceded with an almost reverential devotion.

Now, before any thought of Elsa had come to disturb the even tenor of his ways that spring, he had arranged with a friend—Max Hellier, a fellow professor—that in the following autumn they would go up into the mountains of the High Alps and there spend



"Idle day-dreaming in his laboratory"

the winter making meteorological observations (for meteorology was the study they were just then engaged upon) in a hut which they had already used in the summer for the same purpose, and which they had planned to strengthen and adapt for a long winter sojourn. It did not occur to Carl Finden that his marriage could make any difference in his plans—his work must not be hindered by merely domestic details—and the observations he hoped to make would be of the utmost importance to a thesis he was writing, so except for a few days almost "wasted" over a honeymoon his preparations went on steadily. Elsa had no near friends to step in and point out the hardship and the isolation which might be entailed upon a girl under such circumstances, and indeed it is likely neither Elsa nor Carl would have paid any attention if they had, for Elsa had implicit faith in all Carl's doings, and Carl thought the arrangements admirable. While the two men were making observations and writing their book, Elsa would be able to look after their creature comforts and cook nice little meals for them, and thus advance the cause of science though in a somewhat indirect way. So the beginning of the winter saw all preparations finished, and the hut warmly lined and well provisioned for the winter both with food for the body and books for the mind.

Then a sad thing happened. The very day before their little expedition was to go up into the mountains Max was sent for to a dying father, and obliged to fall out of their plans. There was no time for Carl to find a new companion in his work, for in a few days the road up to the châlet might be quite impassable, and Carl had no intention of drawing back from his project, so he and Elsa went up to spend the winter alone. They took with them, however, Elsa's great St. Bernard dog Kris, the being which, next to Carl, Elsa loved best in the world

One or two of the students accompanied them up and helped to carry a few precious papers, and they asked Elsa, "Are you not afraid of the long winter here alone?" but she shook her head, smiling, and looked up trustfully at her big, clever husband.

And indeed as Elsa stood on the threshold of her winter home, under the shadow of the great Pitz rock, clinging to her husband's arm and waving adieu to his friends, no thought of fear entered her head at the long, lonely sojourn she was facing among the eternal snows: and when the last cheer from the students died away and they entered their home with Kris at their heels, she felt nothing but elation and contentment; for she would have Carl all to herself, he could not go far from her, and he more than satisfied her demands for society; besides she would have her work, her tale books, and her sweet-toned zither with which to brighten the long winter evenings. Carl too was satisfied. Was he not engaged in the service of science, and would not his researches add to the sum of human knowledge in a subject as yet little understood? His observations and his calculations were more than enough to occupy his mind, and he felt nothing but satisfaction that for four months at least no calls from the outer world could come to distract his attention. And of course the presence of Elsa would add pleasure to his labours.

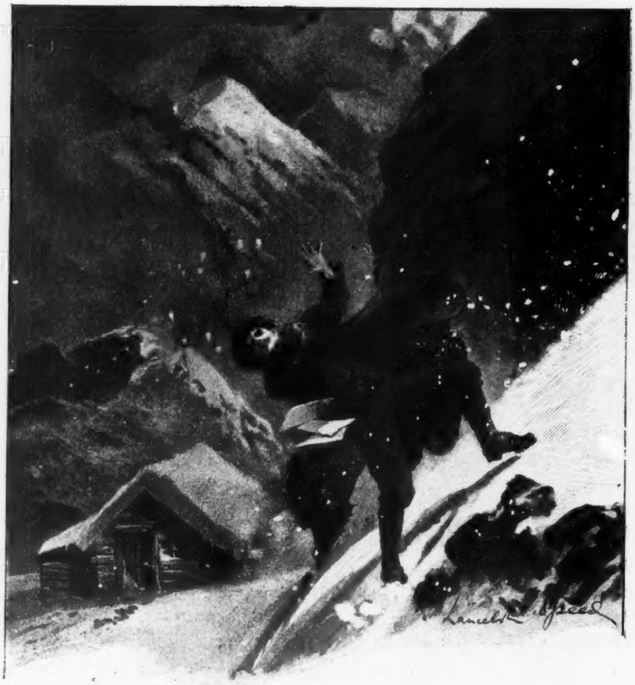
Within two or three days they had settled down to a comfortable existence. First thing in the morning Carl fetched in wood for the fire from the little lean-to outside, and brought in ice to melt for the coffee. After breakfast he recorded the readings of his thermometers and other instruments, made notes of storms, clouds, and so forth, and then while his wife was occupied about the house he worked at his book. At midday, if the weather were fine, they walked on the snow plateau outside, and Kris ran races with them in great glee and with much barking on his part, and much shouting on theirs. On the days that the sun shone they amused themselves, too, with watching the quaint shadows cast by clouds and rocks on the level snow plain, and exercised their fancy in giving names and likenesses to the fantasies of the shadowy forms, and Elsa would chase the shadows with Kris, her bright blue cloak flying out behind her, the only touch of colour for miles in that white waste.

In the bad weather, when the wind howled and the snows came down in thick heavy flakes, the days were not quite as pleasant and both felt the need of exercise and room to move about in, but even then Elsa sat happily by Carl as he wrote, smiling up at him now and then in perfect content, while he got on famously with his book. Even in the long nights when the stillness was broken only by the shriek of the wind and the roar of falling avalanches on either hand, Elsa would sleep on as calmly as a child, feeling absolutely secure as long as her husband was by her side.

But when they were rather more than halfway though their sojourn a great mishap befell. It was a glorious morning, the sun shone with such force that dewdrops even sparkled from the icicles and the surface of the snow became shining and slippery. Carl had been making some observations from the Pitz rock above the châlet, and in turning to come down his foot slipped on the treacherous snow and he fell backwards, his head striking a stone. For a moment he lay stunned, but quickly recovered, finished his work, and returned to the house. To explain his lack of appetite at dinner and his dull headache during the afternoon, he told Elsa about the fall, making light of it, but she, with all her womanly instincts aroused, fussed round him until he went early to bed.

The next day, and the next, his headache continued, while his work became a burden, and not a pleasure as before. Moreover, he felt unaccountably irritable; and though he made a great effort to conceal it, every now and then it escaped him, and first Kris and then Elsa came in for a sharp word. He covered it up at once by a kiss to his wife, but she had seen the change in him and was troubled. As the days passed he grew worse, a low fever came upon him, his head swam, his lips were parched, and the happy light died out of Elsa's eyes, and at times her lips trembled as he curtly refused some dainty she had carefully prepared for him. He dosed himself with such simple medicines as he had brought up with him, remembering sadly how he had scoffed when his friends packed them up for him, for until then neither Elsa nor he had known a day's illness in their lives.

But he began to realise that he was losing ground, and he grew worried and anxious. He was troubled with terrible dreams by night whose sinister influence he could not shake off by day, and his thoughts wandered, he could no longer concentrate his mind on his books. His strength failed, he became nervous, and the everlasting whiteness of the snow preyed upon his nerves. He scarcely ever spoke, and the least noise



"He fell backwards"

set him all ajar, and one day as he went out to his recording instruments, he stumbled over Kris who was lying before the fire. With an oath he gave the dog a savage kick and passed out, his brain on fire, and when he dragged himself wearily back he found Elsa lying along the hearth, her head on Kris's neck, sobbing as if her heart would break, while the dog licked her hand in sympathy. No loving words came to his lips, he could not even force them there, and furious both with himself and her he went into the inner room. When he returned she had dried her eyes and was busy getting tea ready, and as he tried to make some pretence of eating he knew she was looking at him furtively, while a half-frightened look had come into her dim blue eyes and overshadowed the trustful look of old.

That night as the wind howled, and the avalanches fell, and he lay staring out into the blackness a terrible thought came to him. Was he going to die up there without a chance of doctor's skill? Could things go on much longer as they were now? And this thought was followed by a still more terrible one: Was he to live and go mad? This most awful possibility seized upon him like a venomous serpent from whose embrace it was impossible to escape. He pressed his hand to his temples and felt, with a shock, that though his fingers were of icy coldness his brain burnt as fire. Then as he listened to Elsa's gentle breathing by his side his thoughts flew feverishly to wondering what she would do if he died up there and she was left all alone in that wild waste, and how, if he did die, she would bury him, and what she would say, in the spring, when his friends came up and found he had vanished? And the whole thing came upon him with a sense of the ridiculous, and he laughed aloud mirthlessly, which awoke Elsa, who started up to know if anything were the matter.

When he had reassured her and she had fallen asleep again, thoughts began to crowd upon him anew, and the idea of his madness took possession of him, and his brain reeled as he imagined his position—and hers—and then sleep mercifully came to him and ended for a time his misery.

The next day was dull, and the clouds hung heavy and thick above the snow; the wind shrieked like a wild thing shaking ominously the wooden walls of the châlet. For the first time Carl did not rise from his bed, but lay there dozing, and muttering, and drifting at times into dreams of horrid import. His strength seemed to have failed, and he felt the uselessness of further struggle. Elsa sat over the fire heavy-eyed and woebegone, making no effort to do anything. What was the use of preparing food unless he would share it? and further she noticed that he only asked for quiet, and any movement about the house worried him. And to add to her troubles, Kris had disappeared, when and how she could not imagine. He was there the previous night, he was gone in the morning, and without his dumb sympathy Elsa felt her trouble well-nigh unbearable; and a most terrible home-sickness, and a loathing of the white snow, came over her.

All day long the thought that he was surely going mad dwelt with him, but towards evening it left him somewhat, and he even smiled wanly at Elsa when she gave him some tea. As she handed the cup to him she kissed him timidly, murmuring, her eyes brimming over with tears:

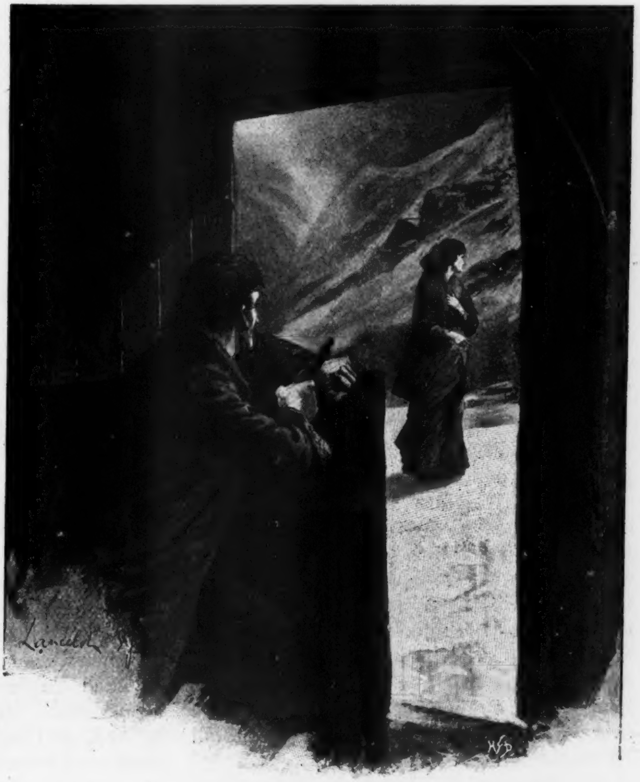
"How I wish it were I, and not you, Carl. It would not have been so dreadful then!"

Her words haunted him. Yes, indeed, it would have been better her than him. What did the future hold in store for her, child as she was, if he died or went mad up in the mountains? And the conviction grew that one or the other was his inevitable fate. He cursed himself over and over again for not foreseeing such contingencies as illness and accident, and was consumed by remorse that, in his pursuit of knowledge, he should have exposed another to the prospect of so terrible a fate—and all that he might gain fame. The highest pinnacle of fame, the wisdom of the universe, would be dearly bought at such a cost.

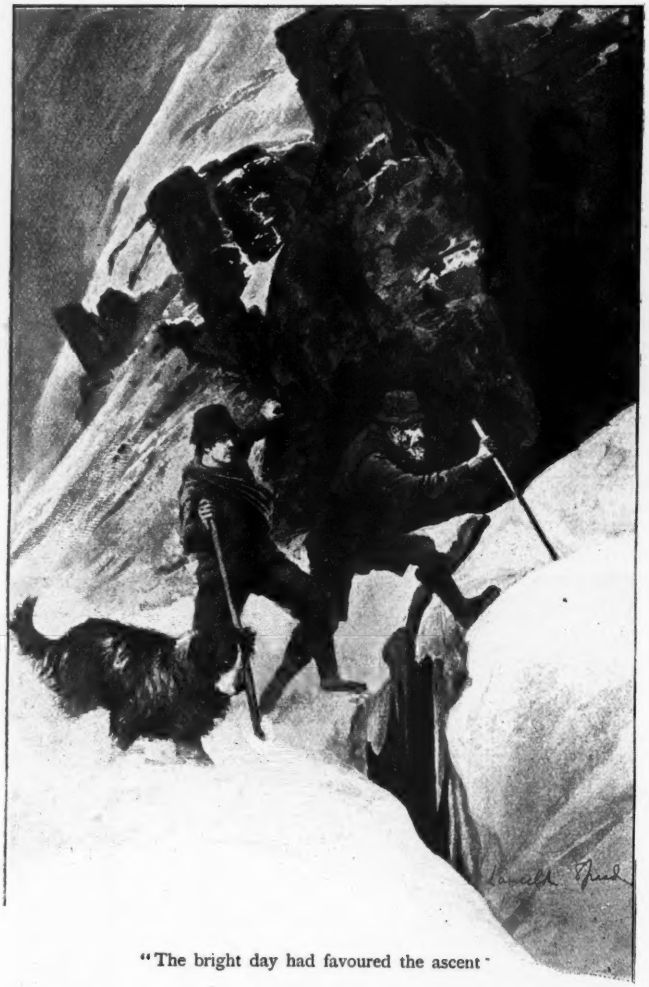
In the dusk that evening a sudden resolve came to Carl. He would kill her. He would shoot her when she was asleep, and then she would be saved from pain and terror, and that awful future. And the thought comforted him.

In the night as she lay asleep, and the moon shone fitfully between the scudding clouds, he got up stealthily and fetched his heavy pistol, which he kept loaded, and crept back again to his bed. As he lay there revolving in a dim and confused way the manner of acting, the moon shone out more brightly, and he bent over her. He touched her forehead with his hot lips, then drew back suddenly, for she stirred in her sleep murmuring, "Carl, sweetheart." His hand dropped nerveless; he could not do that deed.

All through the next morning the struggle went on, an active mental struggle to which the dull throbbing of a half-conscious thought, "Not to leave her alone—not Elsa alone; dear little Elsa," formed a monotonous accompaniment. After Elsa had put away her scarcely tasted dinner, and he had vainly tried to share it, he lay back and closed his eyes. He felt presently that she bent over him, and then moved noiselessly away to the châlet door and passed out. He knew that she thought he was sleeping, and after a few minutes he crept



"He paused to gather up his strength for a greater effort"



"The bright day had favoured the ascent"

out of bed and gazed out of the window, his pistol in his hand.

There in the afternoon sun Elsa was calling, "Kris, Kris!" over the snow and looking longingly in the direction of home; a pathetic little blue figure on a background of dazzling white. It flashed into his mind that now was his time to free her from the future as she stood with her back towards him, all unconscious of his presence. One loud waking of the echoes and all would be over; a second reverberation and he would lie beside her.

He drew the door open, waited on the threshold, and raised his hand. But it shook unsteadily. He paused to gather up his strength for a greater effort; then raised his eyes and hand once more. She still stood quiet as before, but as he aimed, upon the whiteness of the snow a moving shadow fell, a shadow which took form round Elsa and which shaped itself, even as he looked, into a gigantic figure — a figure with hand raised in blessing.

Spellbound, he gazed and saw the form outlined of the Christ, as he remembered it portrayed in the little church of the village of his boyhood. Carl had swamped his religion in his science, but at that moment some recollection came back to him of a faith that had its foundation in the belief of an overruling Providence — a Providence that brooded over all. And as Elsa stood, blue in the sun, it seemed to his heated imagination that the figure blessed her, and then it swiftly vanished, as the shadow cloud passed away from the face of the sun.

A lump rose in his throat, and a great sob broke from him; he clung to the lintel as sob after sob shook him in his weakness. He saw Elsa turn and run towards him over the snow, and something rose before his eyes, and something snapped in his head, and he fell at her feet while a sharp report rang through the still air.

When he next knew anything voices sounded in his ears, and people moved around him. By his bed sat Elsa, pale but smiling, and the look of terror gone. Her arms were round the neck of Kris, and every now and then she kissed the shaggy head and whispered:

"Good Kris. Good Kris. You saved him, Kris."

But it was not for many weeks that he heard the whole story, how the villagers, alarmed by the sudden appearance of Kris in the valley below, and his evident uneasiness, had called a conclave, with the result that two of the most daring and experienced among them, men who had known the mountains all their lives and were expert guides, had volunteered to take their lives in their hands and attempt the ascent to the Pitz rock. The bright day had favoured their ascent, and they arrived just in time to hear the report of the pistol as Carl fell forward. Their rough knowledge of medicine, acquired in a district where doctors were rarities, enabled them to attend to Carl until more efficient help was obtainable, while their mere presence was sufficient to put fresh courage into Elsa.

The memory of those days, though always confused and dim in Carl Finden's mind, was nevertheless a haunting one. The pursuit of science as an absolute good lost much of its fascination for him, and was no longer an absorbing passion to the exclusion of all else; and though, as a professor, he perhaps never attained the height of reputation which at one time seemed within his grasp, yet, as a man, he had learnt wisdom. But it was years before he could bear to recount the story of how nearly his wife by his hand met her death under the Pitz rock, and was only saved by the Shadow of a Cloud.

A GERMAN CHOIR FESTIVAL

By GEORGINA MAX MÜLLER

WHY do so few English now visit Ems? The scenery is just as lovely, the waters are just as efficacious now that they are within twenty-four hours of London, as in the old days which I vaguely recollect, when the Channel steamers were small and slow, and the rest of the journey entailed long and weary hours in a *diligence*, or the slow passage up stream from Rotterdam in a confined Rhine boat. Out of the 10,000 annual visitors to Ems, only about 350 now come from England, though the beautiful little English church speaks of a far higher percentage formerly.

There is much that is interesting in the past of this little place. Though the actual history of Ems only reaches back to the twelfth century, it is certain that the region of the Lahn Valley was occupied by the Romans, as Roman weapons, seals of the Twenty-second Legion, and funeral urns have been found in many places; and the Roman boundary mark, the so-called Pfahlgraben, passed through the centre of the modern town of Ems from south-west to north-east, and can still be traced in places.

In 1172 the hot springs were well known, and in 1355 Ems is mentioned as a bathing-place. In 1438 the Count of Katzenellenbogen, the possessor of the place, built the first bathing-house, which was enlarged and improved in 1538; and in 1750 the Kurhaus, with its high roof and many gables, and balconies of handsome ironwork, was erected by the Prince of Orange-Nassau, and from that time Ems became one of the most popular of the German baths. Though the number of visitors is well maintained, any one returning to Ems now after an interval of some years cannot fail to see that the quality of the guests is changed. No doubt the easy means of communication by railways from all parts of Germany, enable a poorer class of people to benefit by these waters; but when the old Emperor was in the habit of coming here the place swarmed with Ambassadors, Generals, Excellencies, and visitors of the highest rank.

I was here in 1871 and daily saw the "Greise Kaiser" walking up and down the colonnades, surrounded by an almost adoring public, for had he not returned but recently from France? had he not himself taken part in some of those great victories in which his armies had carried all before them?

Only a short eleven months had passed since the fateful meeting in Ems of the King of Prussia and the French Minister Benedetti, but these months had united Germany, and the old hero had been proclaimed German Emperor in the very stronghold of the French monarchy. Night after night I have seen the Emperor standing at his high desk in the open window of his room in the Kurhaus, working by the light of a green-shaded lamp—working hours after his loving subjects had been amusing themselves in the Kurgarten, or gone home to bed, as good Kurgäste should do—working on with that simple devotion to duty which, though he was neither learned nor naturally very clever, had placed him on such a high pinnacle of glory.

But even more exciting was the time, that same year, when the Crown Prince came to Ems, to be with his father. The last regiments were then on the march home from France, and many turned up the Lahn Valley to greet their Kaiser, and "Unser Fritz," as they loved to call their noble Prince, who had slept by their side in the open field, and shared their hardships, and had so often led them to victory. There was one day in particular when one of the leading regiments was expected. The town had provided refreshments, which were served on long tables down the Kurgarten, not then as brilliantly laid out and filled with flowers as it is now. The Kurgäste resolved to do their part, and the ladies provided cigars, which they carried round to the soldiers as they stood about at ease under the shady trees. We naturally talked to them, and heard many interesting tales of their experiences. These were the fortunate ones, who had escaped death and wounds; but the place was already full of invalided and crippled soldiers, sent to Ems at public expense to take the waters, and very touching it was to see them creeping about and talking to their robust comrades. At last we heard the cry "Der Kaiser!" The soldiers, invalids and all, dressed in long lines down the shady walks, and the old soldier, with his brave son and a score of distinguished officers, walked slowly down the ranks, stopping constantly to speak to and shake hands with the men. We saw him go up to one young soldier, who could not salute, for he had lost both arms, and ask him many questions. The looks of fervid devotion and strong personal attachment as "Unser Fritz" came by were unmistakable.

But I am not writing to detail the past glories of Ems, or even to try and induce more English people to come to this most lovely Bad, with its enjoyable walks and drives up the well-wooded hills, its excursions along the Lahn Valley to Nassau, Limburg, and many other places of interest, or up and down the Rhine to many a beautiful spot. What I wish to describe is what happened at Ems during our visit last year, a Choral Fête—which, I could not but feel, might teach us at home some useful lessons.

The Choral Society of Ems, the Concordia, was celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary, in honour of which it invited all the choral societies of the province of Nassau to visit Ems and take part in a musical competition, for which various handsome prizes were offered by Prince George of Prussia, the Commissioners of the Ems Baths, the town of Ems, the Ems metal works, the Ems Gymnasium (Turnverein), the Ems hotel-keepers, and many others. The prizes consisted of silver goblets and drinking-horns and bronze clocks. Free board and lodging were provided for all the guests, and as many of them brought their wives, children, or sweethearts, the demands on the hospitality of the town were considerable: but every householder placed his vacant rooms at the disposal of the reception committee or assisted towards the expenses. The town was beautifully decorated, flags flying from almost every house. The *fête* began with a torchlight procession to the building (one of the great schools) where the meetings were to be held, and the "Concordia" received the congratulations of all the Nassau choral societies from the deputies sent on in advance. Many speeches were made, many songs were sung; but the meeting broke up soon after eleven, as the next day, when the choirs were to arrive, would be one of no little exertion, especially in such tropical heat as we then had.

The next morning from ten o'clock the visitors began to pour in: those who lived in the villages and small towns near came on foot, whilst three special trains brought the rest. They were all received and taken to their various quarters, and after an early dinner began to marshal for the great procession through the town. Forty societies had accepted the invitation, each society numbering from thirty to fifty members. As they assembled before our windows we had time to notice them carefully. Many were evidently small shopkeepers and schoolmasters, but the societies from some of the villages were of even humbler origin, yet such is the influence of the universal military service that they were all smart-looking well-set-up men, very different from English labourers. The small boys of Ems were put in requisition as living signposts, each bearing a small white shield, on a long pole, with the name of one of the choirs written on it. They were placed at regular intervals down the first two streets from the station, each choir thus knowing its place in the procession. The choirs brought their fine large banners, the poles of which were in nearly every instance decorated with silver medals, prizes won at the various Nassau competitions. Some had as many as seven hung round the pole. The members of each choir wore their badges in metal or coloured ribbon.

We drove down later just to look at the Fest Platz, which with swings and merry-go-rounds and booths was like a great fair. The choirs had marched to the Fest Halle, where they were greeted on the part of the town of Ems and of the Ems Concordia in two thoughtful and excellent speeches, and then the real work of the gathering began, the competing choirs meeting in three different places, two of which were devoted to artistic and very elaborate music, and one to national songs. This occupied the choir all the afternoon and early evening, and it was late before they were free to amuse themselves on the Fest Platz, where dancing went on to a late hour. Shortly before ten the Bäderlei, the high wooded hill on the right bank of the Lahn, was beautifully illuminated to its very summit with green and red Bengal fire in honour of the guests.

The next morning it was amusing to see the members of the different choirs strolling about among the Kurguests, tasting all the various waters, listening to the band, and evidently much amused with the humours of the place. At ten o'clock we went to hear the final competition for the first prize—a very fine goblet given by Prince George of Prussia—which was held in the theatre. The place was densely crowded. This was the first division of the highly artistic music. We heard six choirs, one after another. At a signal a choir marched on the stage, coming in on the right, the altos leading, then the tenors, lastly the basses. The same military precision marked their appearance and exit, and they dressed in a half-circle of two or three lines deep, according to the size of the choir. The music they sang (all modern) was exceedingly difficult, and presupposed an amount of hard labour on the part of the conductor and choir that astonished us. Among the points we specially noted were their precision; each part—basses, tenors, and altos—singing as one man: the great sweetness of the alto voices, with very little of the falsetto noticeable that one hears so constantly in English altos, the delicacy of the *piano* passages, the enormous power of the *fortes*, and what, when one remembered *who* the singers were, seemed to us the most remarkable point, the clearness and refinement of the enunciation, so that one could generally hear the words except in very rapid passages. They all seemed absolutely under the control of their conductor, following with perfect precision each indication of change in time or light or shade, like the well-drilled army in which they had all served their time. We did not stay to the end owing to the heat; but there was a scene of great enthusiasm when it was found that the choir from Schierstein had carried off the coveted first prize, which we afterwards saw proudly carried before them to the station. They shouted, they embraced each other, and cheered their conductor to the echo.

It was impossible to listen to the various songs sung without feeling the influence they must have, and we know do have, on the singers and hearers. They were all more or less what we may call patriotic songs inculcating devotion to the Fatherland, and their Kaiser as the appointed ruler of that Fatherland. They spoke of union and freedom, but it was freedom without lawlessness. Deep religious sentiment is apparent in most German patriotic songs, songs free from passion for mere glory, free from hatred and revenge, but breathing self-devotion, deep determination, and a resignation to what is ordained. Such is the famous "Wacht am Rhein," called forth by the war of 1870; and such sentiments found their highest expressions in "Nun danket alle Gott," as sung by thousands round the watchfires after the great victory of Sedan. There is little doubt that the national songs kept alive the longing for German unity, all through the seven decades of this century, for the same songs were sung from the Alps to the Northern Ocean, from the Rhine to the Vistula, through all the many kingdoms and provinces now again united in one empire. Early in the century, when Napoleon overran the Fatherland, we find Körner with his glorious songs, "Vater ich rufe dich; Ahnungs grauend, todesmuthig," and Hauff, the author of "Morgenroth, leuchtest mir zum frühen Tod"—songs which have become as household words throughout Germany, and the same feelings inspired "Deutschland über alles." Uhland has summed up the spirit of German song thus:

> Sie sangen von Lenz und Liebe,
> Von sel'ger gold'ner Zei,
> Von Freiheit, Mannerwürder
> Von Treue und Heiligkiet.
> Sie sangen von allem Süzen
> Was Menschenbrust durchbebt,
> Sie sangen von allem Höhen,
> Das Menschenherz erhebt.

Surely constant contact with such sentiments must tell on the national character.

And now why cannot we in England have such choir festivals, which are not peculiar to the Rhine Provinces, though these provinces are supposed to be especially musical, but are found throughout the length and breadth of Germany? We have good voices in Great Britain, we have many exquisite national airs, though in most cases they might be wedded to loftier words and ideas. It will be urged that Germans have no athletic sports as we have to fill up the few hours of leisure on which a working man can count. That is true, and I should be the last to advocate the abandonment of our village and household cricket clubs, and the matches where rich and poor may be seen playing together. But cricket for the working classes means only the long evenings of summer, and football requires daylight in winter; but would not such choirs as I have described be possible in the long winter evenings? How far preferable would such gatherings be to the nightly visits to the public-house! Much has been done by workmen's rooms and clubs to draw them from the lowering attractions of the alehouse; might not something be done for music in these very clubs and workmen's rooms? It will be urged that it would be difficult in England to find qualified instructors and conductors: difficult, perhaps, but not impossible in these days of Royal and other Schools of Music, where capable teachers must be turned out every year by the dozen, and when they complain that these teachers can find so little emloyment. In almost every village there would be the parish choir as a nucleus; and I have seen in a choir not far from the Berkshire Downs how much may be made in time of the most unpromising materials. This choir some years ago sang with the strongest Berkshire accent, in one uniform and strident *forte*. Thanks to the care of the squire the voices are now pleasantly modulated, the accent is gone, even the aspirates are in their right places. But the church choir should be the nucleus only, round which *all* who have voices and musical feeling must gather irrespective of creeds and opinions. And here, of course, Germans start with an advantage in their national schools, where all persuasions meet and from early childhood join in the same songs, just as later on they all pass through the same military training, which gives them precision and the habit of unquestioning obedience to authority. These advantages we lack in Great Britain; but in Wales the national love of music triumphs over such obstacles, and I have heard Welsh choirs whose singing gave one real enjoyment. In the North of England and in Scotland good musical societies are to be found in many places; but they are few and far between, and it is but seldom that an attempt is made to gather these isolated societies together, and, except in the Welsh Eisteddfods, I know of no competitive singing such as I have described at Ems. Few things would exert a more refining and elevating influence on the character of our people than the diligent study of such music as we there heard, which told of perseverance, self-denial, discipline, and culture, whilst it was impossible not to see the real delight and pride felt by every individual member of each choir. There can be no doubt that these competitions are an immense incentive to careful untiring practice On a smaller scale than the gathering we witnessed, where the choirs of a whole large province came together, such competitions might easily be managed in Great Britain, given first of all choirs that are worth bringing together and worth listening to; and I have already shown that we must not despair of creating such choirs. Might it not be a worthy task for our County Councils to establish competitive choir meetings, thus exciting and keeping up a more general love for and study of music?

Much has been said of late years in the papers about the dulness of village life, and its effects in driving the poor into the towns, where they imagine life will be less monotonous. Would not the very love and practice of music which I have been advocating be of use in counteracting this dulness, and by raising the general intellectual tone give our villagers a taste of those higher interests on which the real enjoyment of life rests, both for rich and poor, rather than on the mere excitement and frivolous amusement almost inseparable from town life?

A VISIT TO PEKING IN 1899

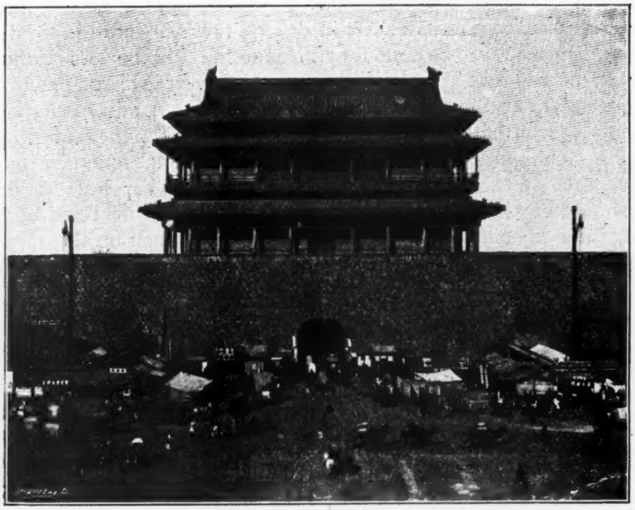
THE SUBSTANCE OF LETTERS TO A FRIEND

BY "DUTHINE"

EARLY in the month of May 1899 I embarked in the steamship *Kingsing* at Shanghai, bound on a long desired visit to the capital of the Chinese Empire. Many were the disquieting assurances that the four days' run to Tientsin would be far worse than the whole of an unfavourable voyage from England; but I was not to be daunted, and, happily, experienced the "exception which proves the rule," for the voyage was accomplished on the calmest of seas, with delightfully blue skies smiling overhead. Arrived at Ta-ku, at the entrance of the Pei-ho River, the most impatient of us were obliged to submit to delay, and that of some hours, caused by anchoring before the bar, the tide not serving to carry the *Kingsing* across it and up the shallow channel of the river. The famous Ta-ku Forts, however, were in sight, and the time passed pleasantly while we inspected them through good field-glasses, and recalled the history of their capture by the British under Lord Elgin in 1860.

Just as all were unwillingly resigned to spending another night on board, word was passed round that the Customs launch was in sight, coming off to fetch the mails. Hope revived, and, by the courtesy of the officer in charge, passage was offered to the few passengers, on condition that all but light hand-baggage should be left behind. In an incredibly short time the *Kingsing* was deserted for the launch, and the captain waved his farewells from the upper deck, as we steamed rapidly away up the river between the Forts. Perhaps some of the ladies thought regretfully of evening gowns which they might never see again, but were well pleased on the whole to be landed at Tongku before the last train of the day had left for Tientsin. A run of about two hours, and Tientsin was reached, too late to proceed to Peking that day. But the forced delay was a gain, as we were able to travel by the next day's mail-train, with its comfortably fitted "postal car" for foreigners, instead of in the ordinary so-called "first-class" carriage, which is devoid of comfort and generally filled with Chinese smokers.

For some distance after leaving Tientsin, one was appalled to see graves, nothing but graves, as far as the eye could reach, on either side of the line. Not such graves as are familiar to us, but conical-shaped mounds of varying sizes, which merely *cover* the coffins, and mark the resting-places of many generations of Chinese. It was a relief to leave the gruesome sight behind; one thought the very air seemed infected and heavy. The railway passes through part of the great plain of Chih-li, hundreds of miles in extent, on



CHI'EN MÊN, PEKING (SOUTH GATE TO TARTAR CITY)

which Peking is situated. The hills which bound it on the west could only be seen in the distance, and the surrounding country, though pretty, is not particularly striking; far-stretching fields of paddy (rice) and other grain, vividly green in their spring growth, with here and there sleepy little villages of mud huts, and long picturesque lines of tall-masted junks lying at anchor on the creeks which wind their way across the plain. The speed of the train was not alarming (twenty miles an hour), and we stopped several times at wayside stations with unpronounceable names. One found a good deal of entertainment in watching the natives, who strolled casually all over the line, offering tea from large teapots, and fruit and eggs to the native passengers; and then, having induced them to buy, they proceeded to bargain fast and furiously, most probably over a single cash.*

As the train drew up at Ma-chia-pu (the terminus for Peking, some two miles southward of the city), a dense crowd of formidable-looking, almost copper-coloured natives filled the platform. In reality they were harmless and orderly enough, though clamouring loudly: some for cash, some for the hire of their blue-hooded carts, drawn up in a space beyond the station, amongst gaily decorated booths and stalls, which seemed like a very picturesque and very noisy fair; others displayed an eagerness to assist with one's baggage, which necessitated a lynx-eyed vigilance to ensure its safety; and all alike were good-humouredly desirous of a glimpse of the foreign lady passenger. The sight of my English friend in the midst of this strange babel and confusion was decidedly a reassuring and a pleasant sight. Unfortunately we were separated shortly after starting for Peking, carried off in different directions, so that the further two hours' journey was achieved alone with the chair-bearers, who, although perfectly trustworthy, were anything but prepossessing in appearance.

I was surrounded and very thoroughly inspected as I passed from the train to the sedan-chair awaiting me, but one soon becomes accustomed to attentions of this kind in China, and, once seated in the chair, the four bearers, two in front and two at the back, took the poles on their shoulders, lifted it up, and started off at an even swinging pace, which they kept up steadily across the sandy plain, under the rays of a scorching Eastern sun.

A long grey line of battlemented wall first showed that we were nearing the city, and, arrived at the Yung Ting Mên,* the central south gate of the Chinese City, we were forced to stop because of the crowds which thronged the entrance. What a marvellous scene met my unaccustomed Western eyes! Stalls of eatables and of all kinds of merchandise clustered under the massive walls and in the gateways. Riders on mules, ponies and donkeys, passengers on foot; mules, rope-harnessed to heavily laden trolley carts stuck fast in the deep dust, floundering helplessly in their efforts to draw them along; "strings" of camels, carts, and sedan-chairs — all mingling together in bewildering confusion, while voices, never musical, were yelling, shouting, screaming their loudest, at the animals, at each other! Truly it was an essentially Eastern scene, and I, the only touch of Western life amongst it all, as I watched with keen interest and perhaps some little trepidation from my chair, tightly wedged between camels on one side and carts on the other. As the crush lessened the bearers moved slowly forward, then through the gate, and an often-talked-of wish was realised. Inside the city of Peking at last!

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* About twenty-four cash equal one penny in value.

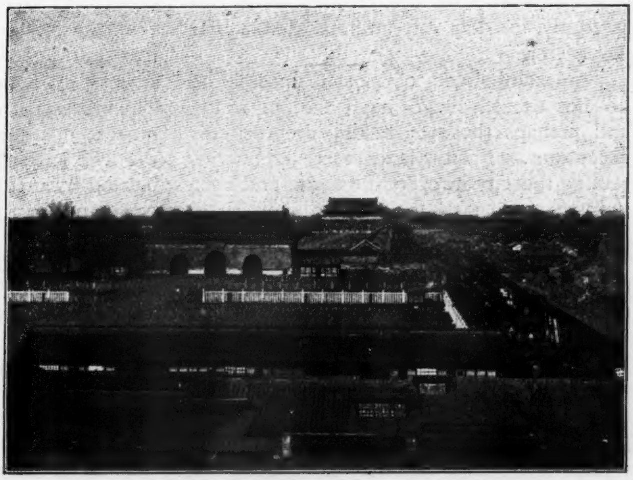
* Mên (pronounced "mun") = gate.

A long broad road leads "straight as a die" from the Yung Ting Mên to the Chi'en Mên, the great south gate of the Tartar City, passing between the Temple of the Altar of Heaven, so worthy of note, on the right, and the Temple of Agriculture on the left, both lying back in extensive park-like enclosures.

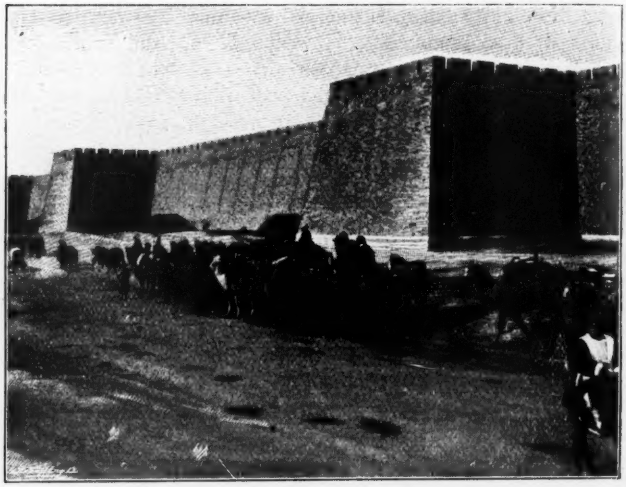
The wall of the Chinese City is imposing as one approaches it, but how much more imposing is that which surrounds the Manchu (Tartar) City, in the very heart of which lie the Forbidden and Imperial Cities, each enclosed within high walls; for there dwells the Son of Heaven, with a vast suite of princes and officials of high degree.

Fifty feet high, and fifty feet broad, a crenelated battlement on the outer, and a parapet on the inner side, the Tartar City wall is further strengthened by massive bastions thrown out at regular intervals of about a hundred feet, but the usual dilapidation marks the guard-house before each one, on the top of the wall. The impressive height and thickness of the wall, the great bastions, and massively constructed corner towers give one the impression of a mighty and impregnable fortress, for it is only on closer inspection that the formidable-looking walls are found to be built of rubble, faced with sun-dried brick, and that the hundreds of cannon which apparently man the imposing towers are only painted shams! There are nine gates in its sixteen miles of length, great archways pierced like tunnels through the wall, fitted with iron-plated double doors, which still, as of old, are closed at sundown, fastened with enormous wooden bolts. Above the archways rise ornamental towers, about one hundred and fifty feet in length and seventy feet high, their shapely roofs glistening with green porcelain tiles. Every gate which leads into the Chinese and Tartar Cities has a semi-circular fortification wall thrown out from it, having one or more gateways, with towers or guard-houses above them.

It is indeed a striking view of Peking that is obtained from the south wall of the Tartar City. On the one hand, the Chinese City, with its low, grey-roofed houses, and the Temple of the Altar of Heaven conspicuous in the distance; on the other hand, the Tartar, Forbidden, and Imperial Cities. There, the well-grown trees so thickly planted in the courtyards and other open spaces have the appearance of a great park, and glistening amongst the trees with very beautiful effect are the variously coloured



GREAT PURE GATE. THE FIRST OF SEVERAL GATEWAYS LEADING TO THE IMPERIAL PALACE



THE TARTAR CITY WALL

roofs of glazed porcelain tiles, yellow, blue and green, of the Imperial Palace buildings, temples and residences of princes and high officials. Beyond and around on all sides rise the strikingly picturesque towers of the gates.

The new-comer to Peking will not be long in the city before he is forcibly reminded of the many tales told of dread smells and ugly sights to be encountered in its streets. It seemed to me at first that these had been exaggerated; but a residence of several weeks within the walls, and of going and coming at all times (more especially towards evening, when the roads are "watered" with the contents of ditch-like drains existing at the roadsides), convinced me that my conclusions had been premature. And yet, notwithstanding much which is unquestionably offensive to Western senses, who, having once passed through its streets, has not felt the fascination of the unique experience, even though thumped and bumped along in the wooden-hooded, springless carts over roads which are so bad as utterly to defy any attempt at adequate description?

The main streets of most Chinese cities do not exceed six or eight feet in width, and perhaps those of Peking are the only exceptions. Narrow lanes there are, intersecting the city in every direction, and most uninteresting, with their long blank walls, broken only by gateways into the courtyards on to which the houses open; but the main thoroughfares are of noble width, some even one hundred feet wide. Many of the shops are tawdry and sordid looking, but many have handsomely carved and gilded façades. The merchandise being mostly kept at the back, shop signs, quaint, brightly coloured, and mostly enigmatical to the uninitiated foreigner, proclaim what may be found within. Piles of wood and stacks of bricks may be seen blocking the pathway, serving as excellent advertisements for the owners as well as saving space on their premises. This may be inconvenient to passers-by, but no one seems to object—probably no one has any objection; they might possibly wish to do the same thing themselves, so the wood and the bricks remain.

A stationary funeral of sordid magnificence and of great length, occupying the entire width of the roadway, is by no means an uncommon sight, and great was my amazement at the first one I saw. The coffin was resting on a bier or catafalque of scarlet and gold, of such size and weight that at least forty men were required to lift it. The procession was waiting while "life-sized" models of the dead man's furniture and wordly goods, beautifully constructed, were blazing away into ascending smoke, to the crash and clang of gongs and cymbals, and the howls of hired mourners. This, that he may be fully provided for in the next world.

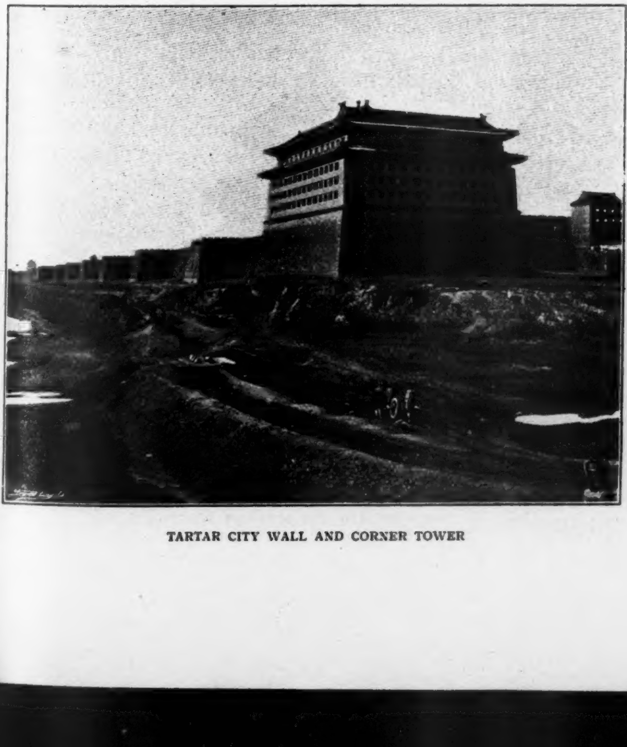
The road being unavailable for ordinary traffic, there is nothing for the many who wish to pass but to get in some one else's way by turning on to the footpaths, which fortunately are fairly wide, but blocks frequently occur as the result.

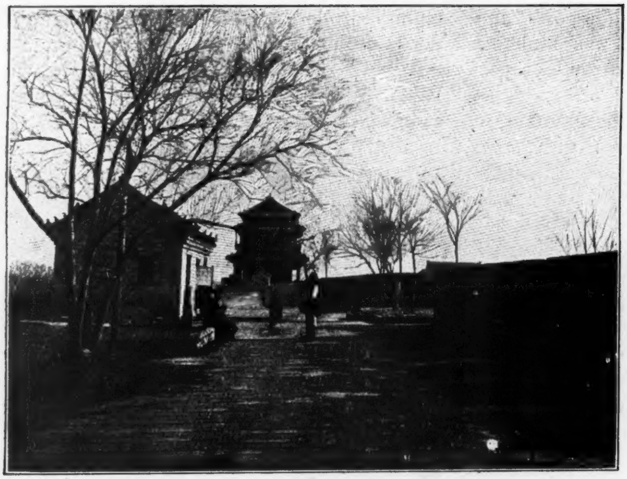
I speak from experience, for the *shên-si* or mule-litter in which I was travelling on my way to the Great Wall, got locked fast at a corner between some shop-posts and carts, when shopmen, carters, the muleteer in charge of the litter, and stray foot passengers with nothing to do, all suddenly began to yell and scream at each other, at the top of their harsh voices, with strict impartiality, and delightful disregard of the funeral procession so close by. The difficulty over, and the *shên-si* released, all was as suddenly quiet and peace reigned again.

From sunrise to sunset these remarkable streets are strangely bewitching scenes of varying life and colour, moving ceaselessly hither and thither, streaming in and streaming out of those mighty gates. The blue-hooded cart with its humble occupants lumbers leisurely along; peacock-feathered mandarins ride or drive in tawdry state; and princes, gorgeously apparalled, are carried in sedan-chairs or driven in glorified editions of the common cart, preceded and followed by their retinues mounted on buff-coloured, long-tailed Mongolian ponies, kicking up the dust in stifling clouds. Gaily dressed riders on mules with brightly coloured saddle-cloths are constantly passing one by; the more sombrely blue-clad figures jogging contentedly along on donkeys with collars of merrily jingling bells. Then one sees the quaint wheelbarrow, with its "inevitable squeak," the clumsy trolley cart, herds of swine and flocks of long-haired sheep, and continuous "strings" of two-humped camels, heavily laden, sailing along with their slow stately motion, or lying in groups by the wayside to rest. And especially attractive amongst the crowds of foot passengers is the striking figure of the long-robed Manchu woman, moving with dignity and freedom on her unbound feet, and resplendent in her brilliant rainbow-coloured head-dress.

Truly Peking is a marvellous city, and exercises an indefinable charm over those who have the time and opportunity to become thoroughly acquainted with it. With its splendid palaces and temples—too often falling to decay—ancient monuments, time-honoured systems, and old-world quaintness, Peking holds a unique position amongst the most important cities of the world. One felt that it was scarcely surprising that the Chinese should resent the approach of Western civilisation, which must of necessity bring changes with it, but one could clearly see that Western influence was beginning to tell, though oddly combined with the still more apparent ancient conservatism and intense hatred of the foreigner.

Foreign possessions were proudly displayed, and articles of Birmingham manufacture were spread out with strange incongruity on the stalls within the gates (even the Empress has six pianos in the palace—in a deplorable condition—and a steam launch—which refuses to steam—on the lake of the summer palace), and one was continually hearing of determined study of the English language. Early in August I passed through the streets for the last time, jolted and jarred over the terribly rough roads in the springless cart, with its iron-tyred wheels, the object of universal, and obviously disapproving, if not insolent remarks. Especially was this the case in passing the Manchu


TARTAR CITY WALL AND CORNER TOWER



VIEW ON THE TARTAR CITY WALL

troops, who were pouring into the city pell-mell from drill outside the walls. They had modern field-guns, carefully wrapped in covers of red cotton cloth! and clumsy firearms, each one requiring two men to carry it, which I was assured would, if fired, knock them both down, but do little harm to the enemy. Once again I noticed with curious interest the simple methods of daily work followed for hundreds of years, and the primitive implements of various kinds, perfectly effectual in a country where time is no object, as in China. It seemed like transportation to mediæval ages, and yet, within five minutes of passing through the Yung Ting Mên, and out of the city, the jolting cart was exchanged for the most modern of electric tramcars, gliding rapidly along in the very shadow of the time-worn city wall.* The sudden transition from old to new and the contrast between them was startling; a strange, never-to-be-forgotten experience.

Surely there is more readiness than is generally supposed, to adopt Western methods when suitable; and I believe it to be the opinion of many who are qualified to judge, that the present rising is among a certain section only, fostered, if not instigated, by those in high places whose interest it is to maintain the old corrupt order of government; and that there must be thousands of patriotic Chinese who are anxious for the advancement and true good of their country, and ready to welcome and adopt Western methods as far as they would tend to that end.

Mr. Robert K. Douglas, in the *Nineteenth Century* for June, gives a striking instance of the growing popular taste for Western literature. He quotes statistics showing that Chinese translations of books on Western sciences, history, geography, and other sub-

THE TEMPLE OF THE ALTAR OF HEAVEN

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* The trams only started running shortly before my departure, so that I was amongst the first foreign passengers.

jects, published in China by a well-known society for promoting Christian and other knowledge amongst the Chinese, were recently sold with such rapidity that Chinese printers saw in their great popularity a means of large profit to themselves, and copied the books, needless to say, without permission! This is in itself a significant fact; the more so that, as Mr. Douglas points out, only about one-tenth of the population can read, and it shows that there is a strong undercurrent of progressiveness perhaps little suspected by the nobles of the land. I have talked with educated Chinese gentlemen, whose English was as fluent as one's own, who have long deeply deplored the lamentable state of China, and who have refused high office rather than be identified with a Government which they know to be corrupt and rotten to the core. It may be that those who fostered the present rising, thus bringing about so terrible a crisis, will find the consummation to be very different from anything they had hoped or anticipated.

For myself, I would say that during several months of further journeying in China, Corea, and lovely Japan, I saw nothing to equal Peking in fascination and interest. In view of inevitable changes—even in the event of many improvements—it must be a keen satisfaction that one visited China in time to see its capital while still invested with its ancient native charm.

"GRANNIE": A REMINISCENCE

By J. C. MACLEOD CAMPBELL

IT had been a morning, such as every housewife knows, when interruptions come treading on each other's heels, so that nothing seems to get finished satisfactorily. I had just been passing through this experience, when a lull having come, I withdrew into the verandah of my house to write letters. I had barely concluded one when I heard a voice at my elbow. "How is your Ladyship's noble honour this morning?" (I may here remark that I have no claim to the title, the outcome of the speaker's ideas of politeness.) From the form of salutation had it been midnight instead of midday, I should have recognised my old tinker friend Mary McPhee.

Now from long acquaintance with Mary I was only too well aware that she considered that your time was entirely at her service, so I closed my portfolio and resigned myself to my fate. After replying to her question I proceeded to inquire after the welfare of "the old man." It is needless to say the old man was Mary's better half, and according to Mary, "the *peaceablest* man ever was. I never got worse than *that* all the years we've been thegither" (*that* was a finger lifted perilously near one's nose). The old man suffered greatly from terrible "rheumatics," which infirmity had led him to be promoted to the luxury of a cart drawn—by the usual "cuddy?" Not at all. It was a mule (pronounced "mull") which drew this superior "turn-out." The old man eked out his living by the manufacture of the flat-headed picturesque shawl-pins worn by tinkers on account of their great strength. They will sustain the heavy weight of the "childer" on the backs of the mothers without the shawl yielding an inch. In days of old these pins were of silver, and formed the only "portion" the newly married wife got, but now they are usually made of pewter. Dexterously would old John McPhee transform a battered pewter spoon into one of these shapely pins. But I am diverging from my subject much as "the mull" did which usually preferred side-paths though he had the open road before him.

I was prepared for the floodgate I had opened by my question as to how the old man was keeping. The rain of two days had soaked through the tent, and it was in a "soom." The sticks would not "kinnle"; the rheumatics was just terrible; so if your ladyship could just spare a bit of old carpet and a petticoat, and any bits of little Missy's things for the childer, and a "hairy" o' tea, and a puckle sugar, &c.

Mary's lists were at times suggestive of a leaf taken from the catalogue of the Army and Navy Stores, so I usually cut them short as I now did by saying: "Come Mary that will do for to-day," to which the usual reply followed, "Yes, yes, just what your honour pleases," a phrase which generally terminated our proceedings.

While enjoying a hot bowl of tea Mary descanted on the changes she had witnessed during her many years' wanderings in Dumbartonshire, and it was this which led up to our "getting on" "Grannie," the subject of this sketch. "Aye, aye, my auld Grannie lived to weel above ninety. She could hae tellt ye mony a thing." A light here broke upon me, and I remembered a fine tall old woman dressed in a long Rob Roy tartan cloak and hood, who in my childhood's days used to travel round the Gareloch in her "cuddy-cart," in which were stowed all the babies belonging to the tribe, down to the wee three days old mite which lay cuddled in the folds of "Grannie's" tartan cloak.

As a child "Grannie's" hooked nose and piercing eye filled me with awe. And as I grew older, and was allowed to read "Sir Walter," she and Meg Merrilees got hopelessly mixed up. I always thought of them as one and the same person.

My own beloved grandmother, the kind, yet judicious friend to the many wanderers who in those days were permitted to pitch their tents on the shores of the "Bonnie Gareloch," often assisted "Grannie," and well can I remember the kindly words of counsel, warning, and of sympathy which were bestowed along with the gifts of tea and sugar as "Grannie" or her youthful charges stood round their benefactress. In time "Grannie" and all her tribe went to Loch Long, then they vanished from these haunts, and no one asked, "Where are they?"

Here once more on the Gareloch shores after a lapse of thirty-five years, the broken thread of "Grannie's" life was in my hands. Let me tell the story as I heard it. "Weel, ye see Grannie grew auld, weel ower ninety, some said ninety-nine, but I dinna mind. We was all in Oban, and Grannie was na weel, so she gaed into *ludgings*, but the langer, the waur, so ae day, the wummun that keepit the hoose telt Grannie to get up, and gang awa, for ye see, Lady Campbell, she feared Grannie micht dee in her hoose." The inhumanity of the deed never seemed to strike the narrator. "Weel up gets Grannie and she tells Maggie, my sister, who was aye wi' her to wash, and airn her mutch and to be very partickler aboot the frills, then she sends for the cuddy and the cairt, puts on the mutch and the cloak and hood o' Rob Roy tartan, and in she gets, and taks the cuddy's reins, and ses she, 'Noo Meg haste ye, and gang to McClatchie's and bring me some sneeshun (snuff) and carvies, just a puckle, here's coppers and look shairp back.' Off rins Meg, and when she cam back here, she sees twa men glowerin' at Grannie who was aye sittin' up wi' the reins in her haun'—when Meggie looks Grannie was stone deid, and she was the verra fust '*corp*' laid in the new cemetery." I wish I could convey an idea of the triumphant tone in which these last words were uttered. I suppose we should all feel as Mary did were any of our grannies or grandfathers laid in Westminster Abbey!

"And to think that ye minded auld Grannie! Well, well, I maun tak my gait, but I'll see ye when we're passin' next week. Taw, taw, Lady Campbell," and off trotted "Grannie's" representative, herself a "grannie," to join "the old man," and presently I heard the grind of her cart as the "mull" dragged it, and its occupant or occupants towards the sheltering copsewood at Rahane.

Long did I sit and think of "Grannie" and of her old cloak. Surely no warrior's "martial cloak," no prophet's mantle had ever gone through more active service, or seen more of those two great mysteries, life and death, than did the old tartan cloak. How many wee babies had it received into its warm folds as they entered this cold, bleak world! How many sick and dying ones had the old cloak sheltered as they lay moaning and tossing in some damp green wood, in storm rent glen, or beneath a rock on tempest-beat shore!

How many silent dead had it reverently screened from the searching rays of the sun, or from the damp dews of night as they lay in their last sleep, with their faces upturned to the summer skies or star-spangled heavens!

But Grannie, is she forgotten? Nay, I suspect her memory is carefully cherished. Not so much because of all she was, all she did, and all she suffered, but because of the fact that "she was the first 'corp' laid in the new cemetery at Oban."

A SYLVAN INDUSTRY

By SHERRINGTON MILLS

THE chair is very necessary to good breeding. Lord Chesterfield's manners have survived, if his morals have not. "Only half an hour before he died, Mr. Dayrolles came to see him, and the Earl had just strength enough to gasp out in a faint voice from his bed—'Give Mr. Dayrolles a chair!'" How happily this rounded off the life of the typical fine gentleman! "His good breeding," exclaims Dr Warren, the physician in attendance, "only quits him with his life."

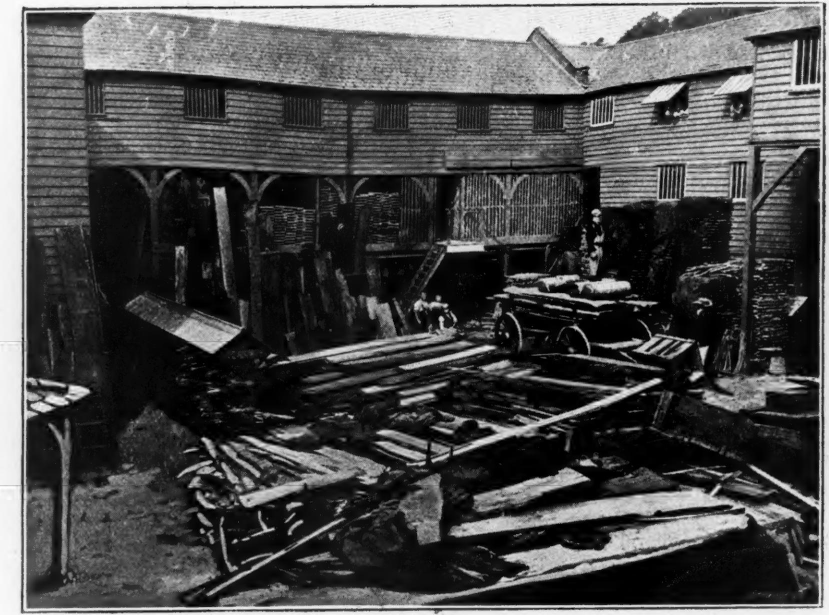
A chair is due to the most unwelcome visitor. A famous editor and wit, however, who received a call from a person of self-importance, turned it into a weapon of defence in a novel way. "Pray take a chair," said he. But his visitor thought himself entitled to immediate attention. "You are probably not aware who I am," said he, "I am Mr. X——" "Indeed," came the retort, "pray take two chairs."

Buckinghamshire, by a figure of speech, has been said "to grow chairs." For most of the wood, beech, elm and ash, used in their manufacture was till lately grown and converted on the spot. The name of the county, it is said, was originally spelt Beechinghamshire. The more expensive kinds of chair are, however, now made there and this has led to the importation of woods of foreign growth, such as mahogany, sycamore, walnut and cherry. Beech and elm are also being brought in increasing quantities from Canada. The trade with the Dominion goes farther than the supply merely of raw material. The parts of the chair are also imported ready cut to the Wycombe pattern. This opens up, as was pointed out to me by a leading chairmaker, the unpleasant possibility that the Canadians may take it into their heads to export not only the parts, but the finished chairs.

The importation of the parts does not injure the large manufacturer, but it may extinguish chairmaking as a cottage and a sylvan industry. This implies the destruction of one of the most charming features of the calling. There is scarcely a house in High Wycombe or West Wycombe where the women may not be seen at the doors rushing or caning the seats, whilst in the rear there is often a tiny lean-to workshop, where the men are busy turning the legs and shaping the bottoms.

High Wycombe is the metropolis of the trade. Fifteen hundred dozen chairs of all kinds is the estimated weekly out-put of that town alone. That is to say, about two chairs are produced there for every minute of the day and night. There are from ten to a dozen leading manufacturers, forty or fifty makers of secondary standing, and a host of smaller fry. High Wycombe was some years ago of considerable political importance for Disraeli was member for the division. When about to deliver some weighty pronouncement, nominally to his constituents, actually to the country, the old-fashioned country inns of the town swarmed with special correspondents and reporters from all over the kingdom. The town is no longer politically noteworthy, but meanwhile it has been making huge strides in the chair industry. In 1840, there were only two firms of any size engaged in the business. Then forty dozen a week were considered a good average.

West Wycombe, two miles away, is much smaller but quite as devoted to the industry. It is the home of one of the oldest firms in the trade, and almost the whole of the population is engaged in chairmaking. But



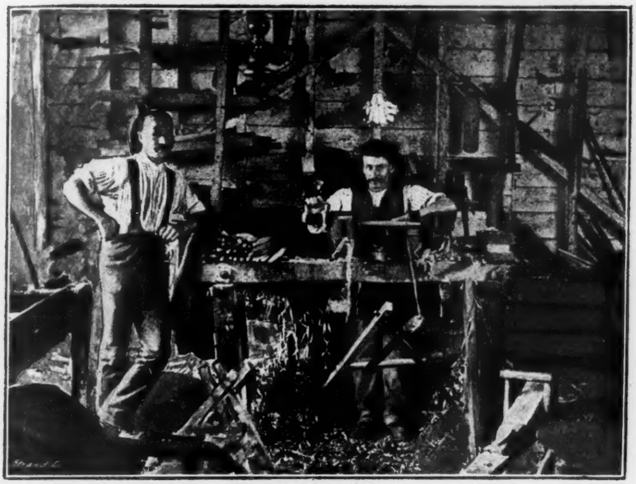
THE YARD

a few miles away is Great Hampden, the last resting-place of John Hampden, the patriot. West Wycombe has other claims to attention. It owns a church which has been described as, "one of the most grotesque ecclesiastical buildings in the country." The nave is Grecian, the chancel Gothic, and the tower, if of any style at all, debased Italian. The tower has a large, hollow, gilded ball on top, which can be reached by a ladder, and from which a fine view of the surrounding country is obtained. Sir Francis Dashwood built the church: the boon companion of Lord Sandwich, the Duke of Queensberry, Bubb Doddington, and other delectable characters of the eighteenth century. Some say he did it to rehabilitate his character, which had been somewhat blown upon.

Though the two Wycombes are the chief chairmaking centres, much of the work is done in the surrounding villages. The slopes and valleys of the Chilterns are populated by chairmakers. In some of the villages, as at Lane End or Stokenchurch, or at Frieth where church chairs are made, there are flourishing independent firms. In other places only the parts are made and carried to one of the two Wycombes there to be fitted together and finished. The district is so extensive that some of these outworkers will start at five o'clock in the morning to get to the factory at mid-day. The trade has to some extent spread over the border into Oxfordshire and Berkshire. In Wycombe and the neighbourhood, there are 102 factories.

The outlying manufacturers use "local cut" wood. The cost of bringing timber from the railway station would be prohibitive. Even the labour of carting the timber to the workshop is often dispensed with. The trees are felled, cut up into billets of the proper size and shape, and the chairmaker goes out into the forest and turns them into chairs or parts of chairs on the spot For this purpose a pole lathe is set up, the simplest and earliest form of lathe known. Having erected a simple screen of boughs overhead, the chairmaker has at once a delightfully sylvan workshop.

Though chairs of all kinds are made in the district, the cheaper sorts are most in demand: Windsor chairs; chairs for



OLD POLE LATHE

churches, school-rooms and public halls; cane-seated and rush-bottomed chairs. A single firm will turn out many gross of these weekly. Five thousand were made for the Alexandra Palace, in six days; 8000 for the Crystal Palace. The record order is 19,000 chairs, finished and delivered within a few weeks to the order of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, the American revivalists. War Office contracts for barrack chairs and orders for chairs for the police quarters go to Wycombe.

But chairs are made there of four or five thousand different patterns. Most of them have a name by which they have been known, perhaps for many years, such as the Prie Dieu, the Napoleon, the Wellington, the Gondola, the Albert, the Dickens, the Wakefield, the Double Bow, the Raglan and the Glastonbury. How they came by their names is generally fairly obvious, the Raglan must date from the time of the Crimean war; the Albert evidently belongs to the same period. An important national event is eagerly seized upon by the chairmakers. The Jubilee gave rise to a crop of chairs with the Royal Arms, and the now familiar legend 1837–1897, stamped on the back. Some thousands of these were sold.

The Glastonbury is an extremely interesting chair, it is strictly ecclesiastical, and is used at the present time in most churches. The original is still in existence. It dates from the time of Henry the Eighth and belonged to the Abbot of Glastonbury. There is also a famous chair of the same period supposed to have belonged to the unhappy Anne Boleyn. It is of carved oak, inlaid with ebony and boxwood. These sixteenth-century chairs are far from comfortable but our ancestors provided them with an abundance of cushions—"quysshens" was the spelling then—a fact which those who affect the modern reproductions are apt to forget.

WHEEL LATHE

POLISHING ROOM

The newest patterns are often very old indeed, and have had some curious ups and downs. The Double Bow chair has been made in Wycombe beyond the recollection of the oldest inhabitant. It was a kitchen chair and may still be found serving that end in old-fashioned farmhouses and hostelries. But it was discovered a decade ago by the connoisseur and is now an approved favourite for the library or study. A still more remarkable example is the chair modelled on that of Darius, the Persian, in a well-known bas-relief of him. It has a straight high back and turned legs with a cushioned seat, such a chair as may frequently be met with in country houses of the better class.

Formerly chairs with any pretensions to design were the province of the cabinet maker, who made them sometimes to the design of his customer, sometimes to an approved pattern of his own. They were undoubtedly better than the factory-made article; they were the result of the hand and brain of a single man and each had in some measure a character of its own. Chairs of this kind were necessarily limited to the comparatively well-to-do. In fact among the poorer classes even fifty years ago, every man had to be more or less his own chair-maker.

But now prices get lower and lower each year. There are suites in "old oak" made in Wycombe which would have cost from fifteen to twenty pounds ten years ago, that can now be brought for from five to seven pounds. The designs of Chippendale, Sheraton, and the brothers Adam are liberally drawn upon. Chippendale especially is a name to conjure with. Excellent reproductions, of the style and workmanship of that period form one of the chief attractions of the Tottenham Court Road. They are made either in Wycombe or the East End of London.

The padded chair with springs is the chair for comfort but they have fallen off sadly in quality. Chairs of this class were formerly covered with leather and stuffed with horse-hair. Now American cloth takes the place of the leather or a material called pegamoid. Horse-hair is now only used for the most expensive chairs; Alva Marina, a seaweed from the Baltic takes its place, or Algerian fibre, a kind of dried grass. Even horse-hair is not always what it seems; it is sometimes mixed with cow or pig hair. For the price of it unadulterated is often as much as two shillings the pound. Similarly, celluloid is used as a substitute for ivory in inlaying.

Staining and varnishing form an important part of the work. The cheaper chairs are dipped bodily into a huge bath of stain; the better ones require more detailed treatment. Many start as beechwood and end as excellent imitations of walnut or mahogany. The more polishing they receive the closer the resemblance. Large numbers of chairs are supplied "in the white" to dealers who prefer to do the polishing and staining for themselves.

Curtain Road in the East End of London is the great distributing centre both for the Wycombe chairmakers and those of the East End. There are two or three factories of importance in London, and the trade, which in recent years migrated from Kennington, is growing fast. The resultant competition

UPHOLSTERING ROOM

seems to have no ill effects upon Wycombe, where the volume and class of trade have advanced with still greater rapidity.

The condition of the Buckinghamshire chairmaker contrasts rather to the disadvantage of the East End worker. He has a house and garden for less than the Londoner's single room costs him. If trade is slack he can often eke out his earnings by lending the farmers a hand. For chairmaking is a seasonal industry; though there is work all the year round, the busy times are spring and autumn. It must compare pretty favourably, however, with alternative occupations. The *doyen* of the Wycombe chairmakers is an ancient man who has worked for the same firm for eighty years and is still in their service. There are families of chairmakers represented in the same factory to the third generation.

There are chairs at a shilling each and chairs at twenty guineas. A Mayoral chair made there not long ago, cost eighty pounds, only ten pounds of which were for the carving. Only specially fine pieces of wood of unusually fine grain and free from knots or blemishes of any kind, would be used for his Worship. Chairs *en suite* for Mr. Clerk, the aldermen and councillors would quickly run the bill up into hundreds.

For chairs which invest the sitters with so much dignity and power the price seems reasonable enough. This was the use of the chair in the earliest times when it was reserved for the king or ruler. Later the use of the chair became general, and people began to think themselves as good as their betters. So the king's chair was made of precious materials, encrusted with gold and gems, and raised, so that steps and a footstool were necessary. It ceased to be called a chair any longer, and was termed a throne. It remains, however, that even the throne is nothing but the chair apotheosised.

The illustrations which accompany this article are prepared from photographs by Mr. J. P. Starling, High Wycombe.

PACKING ROOM

HOW "BOBS" AND "B.-P." KEPT MAFEKING DAY

By M. J. FARRAH, L.L.A.

THEY lived much too far in the country to be able to see any of the great celebrations in the big cities. They were a long way even from a small town, and at first it seemed as if all they could do was to hang flags out of the windows, and tie up the door-handles and Lord Kitchener's tail with red, white, and blue ribbon.

But Bobs and B.-P. yearned for some more complete expression of their feelings. They had seen dear mother's face illumined with joy and thankfulness when the glad news came that the gallant husband, shut up so long with the *real* B.-P. and his heroic garrison, was safe at last. It had been impossible entirely to conceal her terrible anxiety from the children, and, now the long-expected news had come, their little hearts were full.

"We *must* do something," said five-year-old Bobs when rumours of wonderful doings all over England reached the quiet household.

"Ess," said B.-P., otherwise "Baby," who was only "half-past two," and still talked in a foreign language, a kind of Pidgin English all his own, and difficult for the stranger to acquire.

Shouting "Hurrah for Mafeking," and "Three cheers for the red, white, and blue" seemed a poor resource, when one heard of torchlight processions, bonfires, bands of music, and all the other nice noisy things mother had read to them out of the newspaper.

"I *tell* you what we'll do, B.-P.," said Bobs at length, after thinking deeply for fully a quarter of a minute.

"What sall we do?" asked B.-P., gazing solemnly at the oracle.

"Why, we'll have a procession and a bonfire of our own, and you shall march in the front of all, and wave your flag."

B.-P. shrieked with delight, and, though words failed him, his whole attitude expressed willingness to fall in with the glorious suggestion.

"We'll have it to-night," continued Bobs, much encouraged by the favourable reception of his idea, "directly after tea; and we must burn Krüger and Steyn in the fire like they did yesterday at Silverton. Your Gollywog can be Krüger, you know, and mine can be Steyn. Oh, won't it be splendid, Baby—I mean B.-P.?"

"Doan wansh burn my Gollywogga," murmured B.-P., who generally added a sort of extra syllable to the most important words in his sentence.

"Oh, but we *must*," said Bobs. "I'm sure daddy would like us to keep Mafeking Day, and we can tell mother afterwards, and then she can write all about it to daddy, you know." And B.-P., wisely or unwisely, submitted to superior guidance, although it was with a somewhat rueful countenance that he consented to help Bobs in his extensive preparations.

First of all a quiet nook in the back garden was carefully selected, secure from observation, for some instinctive qualm of conscience warned Bobs that maternal approval might not be quite such a foregone conclusion as he had professed to believe. Then they collected a quantity of small twigs and little bits of stick, and introduced pieces of old newspaper here and there with much discrimination. A few larger sticks taken from the wood-house were then added, and finally the Gollywogs were carried out and laid side by side on the summit of the pyre. You never saw such a disreputable pair of Gollywogs! Their red flannel trousers and blue frock-coats, with brass paper-fasteners for buttons, looked as old and shabby as if they had been through every battle in the campaign, and their linen was positively shameful. B.-P.'s Gollywog had lost all his back hair, and the sawdust in the upper half of him had run out through a Mauser bullet-hole, leaving him with a weak spine, and rather shaky legs, and the most forlorn and dissipated expression a Gollywog could possibly assume. Anyhow, they were doomed to perish now, although it was sad to suffer for the sins of far-away people they had never even heard of rather than for their own.

"Hurrah!" cried Bobs, "it's finished."

"Hurrahrer!" echoed B.-P., struggling manfully with his mingled emotions.

"Hurrah!" barked Lord Kitchener, jumping about in great excitement, and only restrained with difficulty from seizing and "worrying" the Gollywogs, so delighted was he to see his mortal foes laid low at last.

When tea was over there was still much to do before the proceedings could begin.

Eliza, the housemaid, was graciously permitted to assist at the distinguished officers' toilette, although strict secrecy was observed with regard to the object in view, and the misguided Eliza thought of nothing more important than a full-dress review and march past in front of the drawing-room window.

Bobs was speedily arrayed in his field-marshal's uniform, consisting of brown-paper puttees tied on with tape, a magnificent bandolier of old corks, and a knapsack and canteen composed of mother's mackintosh cape and his best dinner-mug. B.-P.'s fat legs were difficult to encase in puttees, but a resplendent Union Jack draped over his pinafore had a highly consolatory effect. Both wore wooden swords and *real* helmets, bought at the toy-shop at Christmas. They were broken and battered, and the plumes at the top had long since vanished. But so much the better. You cannot expect everything to look like new after months of hard work and fighting.

Lord Kitchener strongly objected at first to drapery of any kind, but was finally persuaded to adopt a Union Jack costume, with a pink frill of crinkled paper, taken from a plant in the hall, round his neck.

"Lor', Master Wilfrid," said Eliza, "whatever will your mar say to you?"

"My name is *not* Wilfrid," replied the indignant commander-in-chief. "Please, Eliza, call me Lord Roberts, and Baby Baden-Powell. And I'm quite sure mother will be *glad* to know we are celebrating Mafeking Day."

"Very well," said Eliza, somewhat awed by such high-sounding names, but still determined to give due warning of her intentions. "Very well, Master Lord Roberts, you can have your play out as you like, but the minute your mar comes in I shall go straight and tell her what you're up to."

Further insulting remarks were drowned by the band striking up "Soldiers of the Queen," and the imposing procession commenced.

B.-P., as the hero of the day, of course went first, playing the drum and waving his little flag fastened to the end of an old walking-stick of daddy's. One side of the drum had long since succumbed to the musician's patriotic fervour, so the sound was, to say the least, weird and peculiar. General Bobs came next, vigorously banging a kitchen tray and singing gaily in his clear, tuneful, childish voice. B.-P. had not as yet learnt to distinguish between one tune and another, but he knew the words, and always came in well at the chorus.

Lord Kitchener brought up the rear, marching with stately steps, his nose in the air and his tail waving madly, but his vocal contribution was melancholy and disappointing in the extreme.

Twice round the house and garden went the martial procession. Oh! the horrible discord of everything but dear little Bobs' sweet voice. "Soldiers of the Queen," "Onward, Christian Soldiers," "God Save the Queen"—he knew them all, and sang them all in turn, keeping time to his own music with the precision of a drum-major, while at intervals B.-P. enthusiastically chimed in, his rosy little face radiant with pride and joy.

At length they came to a halt before the waiting bonfire. After one more rousing verse of "Hold the Fort, for I am coming" Bobs took a match out of the box he had annexed from the dining-room mantelpiece.

B.-P. and Lord Kitchener watched breathlessly with visible anxiety.

"Soldiers of the Queen," cried the bold general, "by this bonfire we celebrate the Relief of Mafeking, and burn up Krüger and Steyn. God Save the Queen. Hurrah!"

As there was no one else to do so, he was obliged to cheer this eloquent speech himself, and then in solemn silence the match was struck and the paper ignited, the dry twigs quickly blazed up, and the great bonfire was at last alight. The three heroes executed a triumphant war-dance round the fire to the music of the drum and tray and Lord Kitchener's excited yelps.

"Hurrah, hurrah, three cheers for Mafeking," shouted Bobs at the top of his strong young voice.

But, alas! there was no echoing pipe from B.-P., and his big brown eyes began slowly to fill with tears. His imagination was not equal to the lofty flights of five years-old, and he had suddenly become aware that it was not some strange mysterious Krüger or Steyn whose blue coat had already caught fire, but just his own dear, lovely old "Gollywogga."

"*Wansh* my Gollywogga!" wailed the hero of Mafeking.

"But, Baby, you *can't* have him back again now," said Bobs, who was old enough to have begun to grasp the sad fact that one can't burn one's Gollywog and still have it. "You know you *said* we would burn them; and only think, Baby, what a nice thing it is to do for daddy!"

But such remote considerations were beyond B.-P. at present.

"Wansh him," he wailed dismally, twisting himself about in agony. "*Wansh* my Gollywogga!"

The front half of Krüger's hair was by this time on fire, and Steyn had collapsed into a shapeless heap. Suddenly, with a despairing shriek, B.-P. dropped his drum on Lord Kitchener's toes, sprang with reckless courage into the middle of the blaze, and grasped Krüger's remaining coat-tail with the frantic clutch of anguish and affection. In a moment the light flowing folds of the Union Jack hanging from his shoulders had caught fire from the burning sticks, and the rising flames bid fair to make a new bonfire of the little baby-form within their reach. A symbol of safety and protection to the loyal patriot, the flag of England had for once become a source of menace and danger.

Half-paralysed with terror Bobs stood quite still until B.-P.'s voice rose in a cry of pain, then, seizing his little frock and pulling him away from the perilous neighbourhood, he shouted wildly for Eliza with all his might and main. Fortunately for the defender of Mafeking help was close at hand.

Mother, coming in at the garden-gate, heard the children's cries, and, running to the rescue, snatched off the burning flag and the pretty pink frock beneath it, and soon succeeded in crushing out every trace ot fire.

After all, no very serious damage had been done. The brown curls were singed, and the chubby face and little brown hands still firmly grasping the ruins of the Gollywog were badly scorched; and when the danger was past B.-P. lay back in his mother's arms, and sobbed quietly, worn out with pain and fright.

"He isn't dead, mother, is he?" asked Bobs softly, scanning his fellow officer's form with wide-open, anxious eyes.

"No, thank God," she answered, "my little bonnie baby is safe." And Bobs wondered why she covered up her face for a moment and spoke in such a queer, trembly voice.

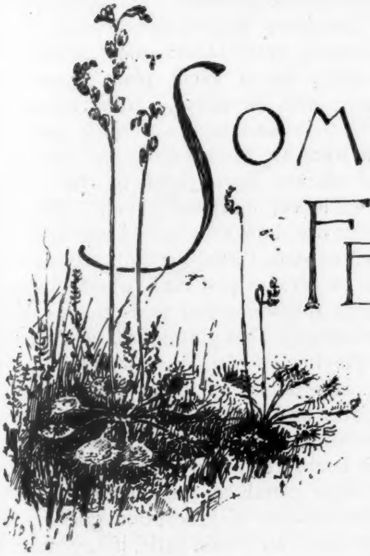
Mother knew, of course, that Bobs deserved a scolding, but when he whispered so pleadingly, "Please forgive me: it was all to celebrate dear daddy's relief, you know"—well, any one can guess that the gallant general was let off almost scot-free.

B.-P.'s poor scorched hands were tenderly cared for and bandaged, and he proceeded to play the *rôle* of wounded officer with much satisfaction and self-importance, closely hugging his rescued treasure to his breast, and inviting all in the house to join in kissing the bald and tattered wreck of a once respectable and even distinguished member of the Gollywog family.

Lord Kitchener's contempt and indignation at these proceedings knew no bounds. In fact, a strict watch had to be kept on all his movements. Envy and jealousy are no doubt very painful, but they cannot be allowed to interfere with the comfort of a wounded British hero.

"Lovsh my Gollywog," explained B.-P., when mother tucked him up in bed and he insisted on the Gollywog sharing his pillow. "Lovsh mother," he continued reflectively, with a rapid survey of his deepest feelings. "Mother—'n Daddy—'n Wilf'id—'n 'Liza—'n," with a burst of affection, "my own *dee* Gollywogga what was neely all burnded up!"

And then mother sat down, in the quiet of the spring evening, beside the two little beds, to tell daddy, far away, how Bobs and B.-P., to say nothing of Lord Kitchener, had kept Mafeking Day.



ROUND-LEAF SUNDEW

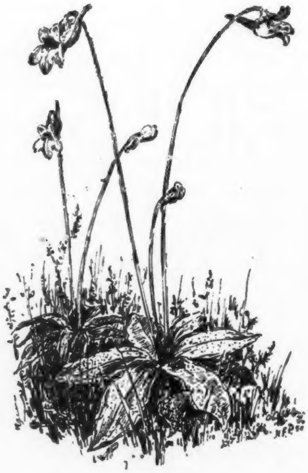
SOME CURIOUS FEN FLOWERS.

By William A. Dutt.

NOT far from my East Anglian home, and within hearing of the beating of the waves of the grey North Sea, there is a wide-spreading tract of marshland lying on either side of a winding tidal river. Centuries ago this wide stretch of lowland was a desolate fen—a watery wilderness subject to the tidal wash of the sea waves. It was the haunt of countless numbers of wild-fowl, which bred there, or were driven southward in winter from the frozen fastnesses of the North. Many birds now rare or wholly extinct in England nested amid the sedgy swamps and rustling reed shoals. Flocks of bearded tits uttered their musical call-notes where now the merriest songsters are the chuckling sedge and reed warblers; bitterns boomed on the forsaken flats; wild swans trumpeted and wild geese clanged; and overhead hovered hawks, kites, and buzzards on the watch for their feathered prey. The only human beings who ventured upon this treacherous morass were the fowlers and fishermen—men who, while they dwelt on the borders of the fen, where the ground was higher and drier, lived a kind of semi-aquatic life which in many respects resembled that of the prehistoric inhabitants of our country.

An extensive drainage system wrought an entire change in the aspect of this wild waste of fenland, and to-day cattle browse on pleasant meads where once innumerable otters dived for bream in rush-fringed pools and deceptive marsh-fires flickered over festering swamps. True, the warblers still return in spring to the riverside, and now and again a kestrel hovers for a while above the marshes; but the bitterns, the buzzards, the kites, and the bearded tits are gone. A few wild geese settle down on the flats during hard winters, and occasionally a lonely heron is seen standing sentinel by a dykeside; but if one of the old-time fowlers could come back to his old haunts he would not recognise them. Almost everything has altered, and it is difficult for one who wanders by the riverside or across the level lowlands to imagine what the old East Anglian fens were like.

Yet, strange to say, many of the old fen flowers still bloom in some of the quiet creeks, weedy dykes, and damp hollows of the lowlands. The only extensive tract of original fen remaining undrained is Wicken Fen, and as I write I have by me a list of the wild flowers to be found there. On comparing this list with my own collection, the fruits of many spring, summer, and autumn ramblings, I find that nearly all the Wicken Fen plants still grow on my favourite marshes. To give anything like a complete description of these would be to write a fair-sized volume on the fenland flora; but with the assistance of the illustrations which accompany this article I hope to be able to



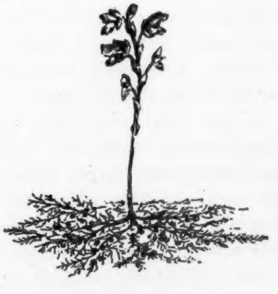
BUTTERWORT

give some idea of some of the strangest, most beautiful, and most characteristic of the fenland wild flowers.

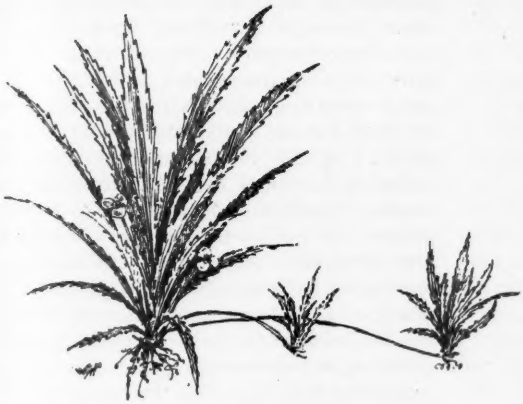
About midway between the river and the northern border of the marshes is a willow-fringed hollow where the peaty soil is covered with bright-hued bog-moss. Rooted in this thick coating of moss are many flowers, some of them very large and beautiful. Several kinds of wild orchids display here their spikes of strange-shaped blossoms, white helleborines rise among the tall grasses, and all over the surface of the moss trails the dainty, fragile bog pimpernel. But the most curious plant of all that grow in this mossy hollow is the sundew. There are three kinds of sundews, distinguished by the shape of their leaves, indigenous to England; but the most familiar is the round-leaved species, some fifty or more of which are often found growing on a square foot of bog-moss. At a casual glance they look like little ruddy-brown rosettes, from the midst of which one or more slender flower-stems rise, bearing small white blossoms. Harmless enough plants they seem, and yet, on examination, prove to be among the most deadly of our floral insect traps. Every leaf takes its share of victims, and in a way that is one of the most interesting phenomena of floral life.

After closely inspecting one of the plants, it is easy to understand how it attracts the *ephemeræ* of the marshes. Flying in swarms above the damp hollows or creeping among the gleaming grass blades, these unsuspecting insects see a small plant apparently glistening with dewdrops. The temptation to drink these seemingly refreshing draughts is too great to be resisted, and the tiny winged victims drop down or crawl upon the rosy leaves that bear them. Too late they discover how they have been deceived. Instead of dew, these glistening drops consist of an acrid, viscid fluid, which clings to their legs and wings and holds them captive to the leaves. This glutinous fluid is exuded from the tips of slender, hairy glands, and these, as soon as an insect touches them, bend over and press the prisoner down on to the surface of the leaf, where it remains until it is absorbed into the plant. Day and night these glandular tentacles are at work and the process of absorption goes on, for the sundews can obtain little, if any, nourishment from the mosses in which they are rooted, and have perforce to exist on animal matter. For this reason they are provided with the deceptive dew which makes them such successful insect traps, and all through the summer and autumn they are continually destroying the insects of the air and moss. The old herbalists used to collect sundews because curative qualities were attributed to their viscid drops, and in Italy a liquor is even now distilled from their juices.

Not unlike the round-leaved sundew is the butterwort, another insectivorous plant which grows not far from the hollow already described. It, also, has a rosette-shaped cluster of leaves, but these are of a pale-green hue, and the tall stem bears a pretty violet flower. The greasiness of the plant gained for it the name of butterwort, and causes small insects



BLADDERWORT

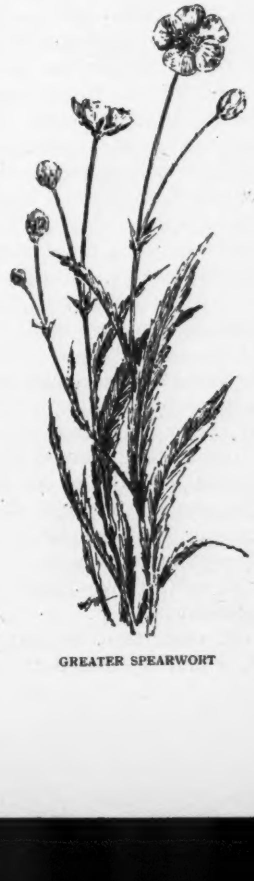


WATER SOLDIER

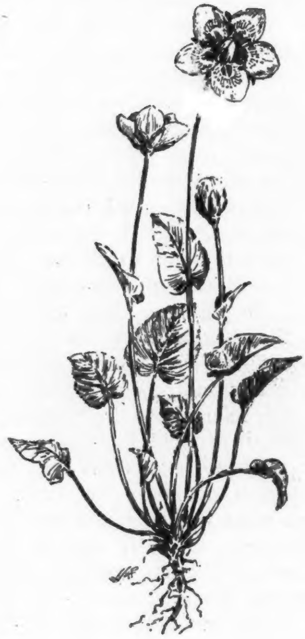
to stick to the leaves. Curiously enough, too, the edges of the leaves curl upwards, so that the insects cannot drag themselves free from them. The butterworts are nothing like so plentiful as the sundews on the marshes, and the number of their victims therefore is, in comparison, inconsiderable.

When the fens were reclaimed, much of the work depended upon the cutting of narrow dykes which, with the assistance of wind-driven pumping mills, soon drained the water out of the reed-girt pools and sedgy swamps. Such a system naturally reduced the number of water and bog plants; but many of them still exist in and on the banks of the dykes which intersect the marshes in every direction. Recently, while rambling by the side of one of these dykes, I caught sight of several little spikes of yellow flowers rising above the water. I at once recognised the bladderwort, whose blossoms somewhat resemble those of our familiar garden snapdragons. With the aid of a walking-stick, I succeeded in obtaining two or three specimens, and on returning home carefully examined them under a pocket lens and microscope. The most curious parts of the bladderwort are its "bladders," which grow among its submerged, hair-like leaves. At one time it was believed that these bladders were merely miniature buoys, formed for the purpose of supporting the plant in the water; but Darwin has proved that they are really insect traps, so constructed that when small water insects crawl into them they cannot escape. I found insects in almost all the bladder traps I examined, and it was interesting to observe that the entrance to each trap was furnished with a number of stiff hairs, some of which pointed inwards like sharks' teeth. These bladders digest insects like so many small stomachs digesting animal food. There are several varieties of bladderworts, one of which is so small that it can live in the rain-water which runs into the leaf-sheaths of pine-trees.

In the same dyke that contains the bladder-worts is the water-soldier—surely one of the strangest plants indigenous to this country. On reference to the "London Catalogue of Wild Flowers," I see that the water-soldier has been found in fifteen British counties; but unless I am much mistaken it has been introduced into some of these, for it is only in the Fen district and in Cheshire and Lancashire that the botanist may look for it with any likelihood of success. It is an un-English-looking plant, more resembling an aloe than anything else in the vegetable world. Its succulent, sword-shaped leaves grow



GREATER SPEARWORT

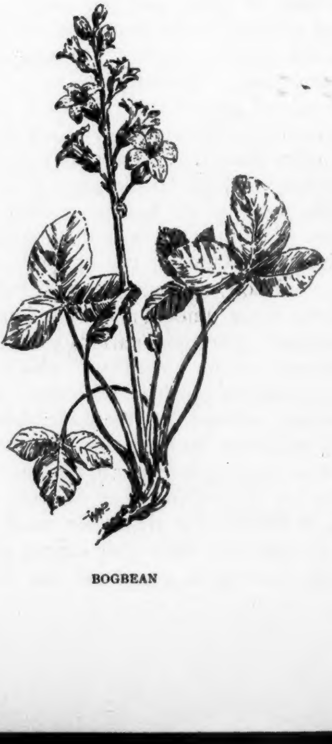


GRASS OF PARNASSUS

in a bunch, like those on the top of a pineapple, and are bordered with small, sharp teeth. Its flowers are white, and, as in the case of the frogbit and water-plantain, have only three petals. In winter the water-soldier sinks to the bottom of the dyke, and can only be seen at low-water; but as summer approaches it rises to the surface, and in a little while its white blossoms are displayed with those of the water crowfoot and bladderwort. Close beside them, then, grows the greater spearwort, the largest of our buttercups, whose stems attain to a height of three or more feet. Its handsome yellow flower-cups are quite two inches across, and when preserved in a herbarium retain their colour long after many of the other fen plants have turned black and barely recognisable. Before the fens were drained, the greater spearwort was one of the most conspicuous bog plants; but it is gradually becoming rarer, and will soon be looked for in vain in many places where it was once abundant.

I shall not soon forget the day when, to my delight, I first discovered the beautiful bogbean or buckbean. There is no more lovely flower in our British flora than this exquisitely formed fen plant; but it usually grows in such inaccessible places that few people care to go in search of it. The dyke in which I found it was almost inapproachable owing to the swampy ground surrounding it; but I was well repaid for the trouble I took to gain my prize. At first glance the bogbean might be taken for a kind of orchid; but its delicate pinky-white flowers are bell-shaped, with deeply cut lobes which curve outward and backward, revealing the inside of the bell covered with white filaments of a daintiness equal to that of the finest filigree-work. The leaves are shaped like those of the clover—a fact to which the plant owes its name, of marsh trefoil—but they are much larger than the clover leaves and of a more fleshy substance. The bogbean has well been called "the queen of the marsh flowers," and if only it were rarer, or had to be grown in a forcing-house, it would rank among the most prized possessions of the flower-lover. It has been used in this country as a remedy for rheumatism, and in Scandinavia, where it is still very plentiful, it is often employed for brewing purposes instead of hops.

Many a summer day have I spent in ramb-



BOGBEAN

ling over these flower-decked marsh-lands, and almost every day has revealed some fresh flower blooming by the dykesides or among the long, lush grass. The varieties of grasses and sedges which grow there are almost innumerable, and of wild orchids there are several kinds. In early summer, the marsh, spotted, and green-winged orchids bloom close beside the flaunting meadow rue and creamy clusters of fragrant meadow-sweet; later on, the willow-herbs, marsh pea, hemp agrimony, and purple loosestrife are in flower; and when autumn comes, the white helleborines succeed the orchids, and the lovely Grass of Parnassus raises its white, delicately veined blossoms above the bog moss. Why this last-named plant should be called a grass it is difficult to understand, for it has nothing in common with the grasses. It is one of the latest-blooming of our fen flowers, and one of the most beautiful. Some botanists have regarded it as an insectivorous plant which has abandoned its habit of preying upon insects; but a noted authority has recently suggested that the gleaming glands inside the blossom are intended to allure flies for fertilising purposes.

Enough has been written, I think, even within the limits of this short article, to prove that the marshlands are among the most luxuriant of our wild flower gardens. There is a fascination about these level plains which only those who know them well can fully appreciate. It was said of the late George Borrow, who lived on the banks of one of our largest lowland lagoons, that he "could draw more poetry from a widespreading marsh with its straggling rushes than from the most beautiful scenery, and would stand and look at it with rapture." If such inspiration resulted from the sight of a stretch of marshland as a whole, how much greater must be its attractiveness and charm to those who have gone down into its midst and learnt something of the strange phenomena of floral life to be found and studied there!

AN AWKWARD PREDICAMENT

By BEATRICE A. DAN

THE heat was positively insufferable, London intolerable. I was lazily packing my portmanteau preparatory to flitting off to the seaside, when my twin-brother Eric burst into the room, and very politely hurled a letter at my head, hitting the tip of my nose.

"Read that, old chap," he cried.

I stooped to pick it up, rubbed my still tingling nasal prominence, and glanced at the epistle.

"Ahem!" said I as I noted its contents.

"Don't you call that luck? Splendid chance! Never had a better! Like to be in my shoes, old boy, eh?" asked he excitedly.

"No; thanks," I replied decidedly, for Eric's profession of private detective was a sore point, and many an objection to it lay quietly rankling in my proud breast.

"No? Well your phlegmatic constitution is beyond my comprehension! Why, man, this Marsden case is unique, splendid! If this can't rouse your soul above the cold level of beautiful curves and artistic nothings I pity you, that's all! Let me but just find out the culprit, and unravel the mystery, and my name is made! Oh, I'm awfully glad I'm chosen!"

"I wish you success," I answered, which was a lie, for I hated the whole business.

Eric's impatience did not allow him to wait for my reply, and long before I finished my packing he was well on his journey to Marsden Hall.

At length the last garment was forced into the already over-filled portmanteau. I hailed a cab, drove to Victoria Station, and ensconced myself in a first-class carriage bound for Dover. The train was filled with third-class passengers, but I was left to swelter alone in a plenitude of hot velvet cushions.

The guard blew his whistle, the train had already begun to move slowly out of the station, when the door of my compartment was flung open, and a young lady scrambled in regardless of the efforts of the porters to prevent her.

"Oh dear!" she exclaimed as she leant back upon the cushions panting for breath.

I made some trivial remark upon the unusual heat, to which she replied with what to me seemed unnecessary dignity. She evidently resented being addressed by a stranger.

She was a pretty girl, with bright expressive eyes, half hidden by long dark lashes, but her delicate lips were pale with fatigue.

Presently, as I had anticipated, the monotonous hum of the engine, and the lulling rock of the carriages made her drowsy, and she fell asleep.

Now was my opportunity. I opened my portmanteau, drew out my sketch-book and pencils, and commenced work.

It did not take me long to make a rough sketch of her. She was perfectly proportioned, refined, graceful, but there was an air of trouble about the tightly shut mouth that struck me as out of keeping with the smooth unruffled girlishness of the rest of the face. Had I been a novelist instead of only a humble black-and-white illustrator, her face would doubtless have inspired me with the material for quite a romance, but as it was I simply looked upon her as a beautiful model that kindly fate had thrown across my path, and as such I spared no pains in obtaining a good pencil portrait of her. I was just putting the finishing touches upon the paper when the dark lashes lifted, and two frightened reproachful eyes fastened themselves upon my guilty self.

I was thankful Eric was not there to see my embarrassment. To be caught red-handed thus was anything but pleasant. I felt I ought to apologise; but what could I say? How I wished those terribly eloquent eyes would turn, if only for a moment, from my ruby face; but no, my model was evidently very much roused, and I waited in trepidation for the rating that I expected every minute to rain down upon me, but she said nothing. Of course my spirits began to revive again, and I hoped I was mistaken in thinking she had ever seen what I was up to. I thrust the offending sketch-book fully an inch deeper into my much-abused pocket, and from behind a newspaper, in which I feigned a sudden interest, I ventured to glance at her.

To my horror I discovered she was weeping. Now, brute as I am, or at least as my brother Eric delights to call me, I am not so callous as to be able to stand a pretty woman's tears unmoved, and feel that my rudeness has caused them. In less time than it takes to tell, I had slipped into the seat opposite her, and was begging her not to take further notice of what I was forced to admit was an extraordinary liberty on my part. "Nothing," I assured her, "but the interests of my profession would or could have induced me to commit such a breach of manners."

"In the interests of your profession," she repeated bitterly. "Ah! that is the pity of it. A man will show no mercy—will, in fact, stop at nothing if only his profession is involved."

"Not quite so bad as that, I hope," ventured I. "A fellow must, of course, live somehow; and if a profession is capable of bringing him in a decent income, he must perforce consider it. Art, you know, is like nature, it has no rewards for laggards. Then, when you remember that the fierce competition of the present day compels a man to put his heart into the work he undertakes, I think you will admit that in thus concentrating his energies he is only doing his duty."

"Perhaps; but only within certain limits."

"May I ask what are the limits?" was my bold challenge.

The lady was not very ready to divulge her reasons, but sat toying with her gloves, and looking none too contentedly at the shabby portmanteau I had left on the seat. I waited, somewhat curious to learn the pet theory upon which she would base a professional man's life.

"I — I —" she began, "presume I was not mistaken in supposing that to be yours?" pointing to the objectionable portmanteau.

"It is mine, madam," I replied, surprised that she should thus ignore my question. However, I felt that as I had at the first treated her rudely, perhaps she intended paying me back in my own coin.

"And of course that is your name upon it? You will not deny that you are Mr.

Protheroe?" she asked, her cheeks growing whiter every minute.

"My name is Protheroe," said I, wonder-what interest my name could be to her.

"Oh, it is too cruel!" she cried.

I began to think my fair companion a harmless lunatic. Protheroe might be an unmusical, even an ugly name, but I was at a loss to discover anything cruel in it, and I told her so.

"Of course you cannot be expected to look at the matter from my point of view. Your sympathies are naturally enough on your own side, and you, of course, see only through professional spectacles," she answered bitterly.

"Do you really think my profession obliterates my faculty for judging as a man?"

"Yes, I am sure of it," was the sweeping reply.

"Indeed! Well I am willing to respect your opinion, madam, but you must allow me to say that I consider you are in error. If you have met men whose conduct has brought discredit upon the profession to which they belonged, the profession was not necessarily at fault, the men, in my opinion, were alone to blame. There is nothing whatever in my profession calculated to brutalise a man in the least, none whatever," I replied with warmth.

"Is it possible that you can be as generous as other men?" she asked eagerly.

"Certainly! Why not?"

"You mean it?"

"Yes."

"Then for the sake of proving that kindness still lingers in a professional man's breast give up this project of yours, go back to your home, have mercy upon me, I implore of you; for I have done no harm to any one." In her passionate earnestness she again fastened her wonderful eyes upon me. They flashed with an unnatural brilliancy, they seemed to penetrate into my very soul, and I was more than ever convinced that she was mad.

Now I have always had a horror of insane persons, but there was nothing about my companion's demeanour to cause fear, still I thought it wise to humour her.

"Will you be satisfied if I go home?" I asked.

"More than satisfied; I shall be grateful to you all my life," was the reply.

"Won't you tell me why you wish me to alter my plans?"

"Certainly; the simple fact of being in your own home will prevent you from furthering your investigations into a mystery that will, I feel sure, never be unravelled by you."

"Oh!"

"Of course you believe me to be guilty," she continued. "Appearances I know are strongly against me, and my father charges me with the theft, yet I can solemnly swear that I am innocent, but nothing on earth shall make me divulge the name of the culprit."

I protested that I had not the slightest intention of prying into her private affairs, but she turned upon me with unutterable scorn.

"Denial is useless," said she. "I dare say you suppose it impossible for me to know that you are even a detective, much less that you are investigating this case, but I do nevertheless!"

"And how did you arrive at such a conclusion?" I inquired.

"It was impossible to come to any other."

"How so?"

"I will be candid with you. I read the copy of the letter that my father sent to Scotland Yard, or, to be more accurate, the imprint of the letter left upon the blotting-pad."

"What made you do so?"

"I was curious to learn what my father was about. His stern, angry manner toward me raised my suspicions, and upon finding he had gone to town after being locked in his room for fully an hour—a most unusual thing for him—I determined to discover whether my surmises of his intentions towards me were correct."

"And you found his plans upon the blotting-pad?"

"Yes; I there read his view of the robbery, his belief in my guilt, his anxiety for a qualified detective to be sent down, and his express wish that you, Mr. Protheroe, should be the one deputed."

"Why me?"

"Because in his schooldays your father and he were chums, and in having you he felt it would not be so much like having a complete stranger about the place, strangers being his pet aversion."

"But how came he to know anything of us—he has never corresponded?"

"Perhaps not; he did not explain, but simply stated that he had learned that you, Mr. Protheroe, son of the late Mr. George Protheroe, had become a detective. Was not his letter shown to you?"

"No."

I paused. My lunatic was clearly sane enough. The brilliant eyes no longer inspired me with fear, but I felt that, whether I would or not, she was making me play the fool. I dared not acknowledge who I really was, but lamely murmured that I feared she was labouring under a mistake.

"A mistake!" she repeated bitterly. "Will you stoop to tantalise a victim in your power?" she cried. "Do you call such conduct generous? Is it worthy of an Englishman? Is it gentlemanly? I despise myself for my weak credulity! I might have been sure that a detective would not be turned from his track! I will waste no more words, my portrait you sketched just now will be duly placed in the criminal albums, and I shall be branded for life!" she covered her face with her hands, and sobbed hysterically.

What was I to do? I simply repeated, "I feel sure there is some mistake."

The lady took no notice.

At length a happy idea struck me.

"If, as you aver, you are innocent, your wisest course will be to take me into your confidence," said I. "It is a pity to live under the shadow of a crime even if the real perpetrator is one of one's nearest and dearest. Now just tell me all about it, and I will swear to help you, and at the same time shield the guilty one as much as lies in my power."

For a whole minute she hesitated, then fumbled in a little reticule she had, and produced a tiny Testament.

"Swear first," said she.

I took the book, and as I opened it I saw written upon the flyleaf "Lillie Marsden, Marsden Hall, St. Mary's Cray." Another three miles' journey and her home would be in sight. As I went through the required form I tried to recollect the scanty items that Eric had at times let fall about the case.

"You may ask what you will now," said she listlessly, as she returned the Testament to the reticule.

"In the first place I would know why you were in London this afternoon instead of at home?"

"Rather a pointed question," she replied; "still I will answer it. I could not of course remain at Marsden Hall after finding out my father's suspicions, but immediately repaired to a friend's house in London. Unfortunately my friend had gone to Folkestone before she received my telegram, and in my haste to follow her there I was not sufficiently careful, and thus unwittingly fell into your hands."

"Now before the robbery occurred were you on good amicable terms with your father?" I inquired.

"Y—e—s," she replied hesitatingly.

"Not altogether happy, I presume?"

"Well, no; but if I tell you what marred our peace will it come out in court?" she inquired.

"No, certainly not."

"Will you swear to that?"

"Yes."

"Unpleasantnesses have frequently occured about my brother. Father is kind so long as his children are obedient, but he will not have his slightest wish thwarted. Sydney quarrelled, and in a fit of temper left home, and I was forbidden to mention him, a command that I have ignored, hence the tiffs between us."

I noticed as she spoke of her brother that her colour underwent rapid changes.

"And of course your brother has never been home since?" I remarked with assumed carelessness, while I narrowly watched the effects of my words upon her.

"My father forbad him," she answered evasively.

Her words confirmed my opinion. I determined to make a bold dash.

"Miss Marsden," said I, looking as stern as I could, "it is useless to beat about the bush, your brother"—her eyes fell before me —"your brother," I repeated, and her face grew suddenly scarlet, "is—the—thief."

She shrank like a whipped dog into the corner. I waited for her to speak, but only her sobs broke the monotonous hum of the engine.

"Now, Miss Marsden," said I, "if you wish me to bring your brother to book without a public scandal you must control yourself, and tell me all particulars."

She choked down her grief, and with a

little coaxing I drew from her the bald facts of the case.

Her brother's movements had been unknown to her from the day of his leaving home until the very hour of the robbery. The crime was committed at night. She, unable to sleep, had dressed herself in a loose dressing-gown, and was stepping on to the verandah outside her bedroom window when she saw the boyish form she could not mistake sneak up to the house, heard him open an unfastened window, and listened while he clambered in. On the impulse of the moment she crept downstairs to greet him, reached her dead mother's boudoir, entered, and to her horror discovered him bending over the family jewel-case. Before she could make her presence known he had escaped with his booty. Under a sense of duty she had endured the shame of being branded as a thief rather than expose the lad confided to her care by a dying mother.

"One more question," said I, when she had finished. "Have you any idea where your brother may be found?"

"Yes."

"Then tell me."

"No, certainly not. If you will shield him from the law, his address is immaterial to you. Why do you ask?"

"Far from immaterial, madam," said I; "on the contrary, my only chance of being of service to you in shielding him lies in you and I finding him without delay."

She was very unwilling at first, but at length she mentioned a house in a poor part of Chelsea into which she had seen him enter with a latchkey when on her way to Victoria Station.

As soon as the train stopped I persuaded her to get out with me, and together we returned to London and found the culprit before the police were on his track. A weak, dissolute fellow, not a bit like his sister, he was completely thrown off his guard, and by means of terrible threats I forced him to write a letter explaining all, and return the jewels to his father.

I heard from Eric afterwards that the old father was furious, but I did not care; for by the time he received the jewels his son was on his way to Australia, out of the autocrat's reach. And his daughter has long since forgiven me for the detective trick I played on her, and, as my wife, has taught me to think highly of Eric's profession.

THE MIRACLES OF JESUS

SUNDAY READINGS FOR SEPTEMBER

By the Rev. COSMO GORDON LANG, M.A.

THE HEALING OF THE CENTURION'S SERVANT

FIRST SUNDAY

HUMILITY AND STRENGTH

St. Matt. viii. 3-13, St. Luke vii. 2-10

IT was not the purpose of the writers of the Gospels to describe characters. They told their tale as simply as they could. But their simple narratives have a clearness and transparency that make them mirrors, as it were, in which we can see character revealed. So is it with this Roman Centurion, who besought Jesus to heal his servant. Read the story as it is told by St. Matthew and St. Luke, and you will surely find the portraiture of a man singularly attractive, one who well deserved the praise of Jesus. He is obviously kind-hearted—his mere household slave was "dear unto him"—and yet stern, a man who was accustomed to obey and to give orders, to demand and expect obedience. He was a Roman every inch of him, and yet a friendly neighbour to the Jews among whom he lived. He had a faith impatient of the crudities of the Roman mythology, and impressed by the high and reverent conception of God in the Hebrew religion. He had all the sim-

simplicity, straightforwardness, and manly courtesy that so often give a unique charm to the personality of the soldier. There was the frank humility of the man who is so sure of his own authority that he leaves it to assert itself—that rare and admirable union of humility and strength. You see it in the two clauses of the words he addressed to Jesus. "Lord, trouble not thyself; for I am not worthy that thou shouldest come under my roof; wherefore neither thought I myself worthy to come unto thee; but say the word and my servant shall be healed. For I also am a man set under authority, having under me soldiers; and I say to this one 'Go,' and he goeth: to another 'Come,' and he cometh; and to my servant 'Do this,' and he doeth it." Let us then learn first from him the lesson of the strength of true humility.

That humility is an element of real greatness is not at once obvious to ordinary men. In the ancient world the humble man was rated low in the scale of character. He was presumed to be poor of spirit and wanting in the dignity of manliness. And still the rough judgment of the world is apt to look at humility with an eye of kindly contempt. Sometimes, indeed, it has reason on its side. For there is a false humility—a humility which is itself an affectation—which is infinitely offensive. It is weak because it is unreal. But true humility is anything but artificial and unreal. It is a frank acknowledgment of the real truth about oneself. It resists man's natural tendency to think himself a better man than he really is. This just appreciation of oneself is necessary to strength of character. He who is humble enough to face the real truth about himself will make no claims which he cannot justify, no attempts where he knows that he cannot succeed. Other men will therefore trust him, and feel that he is strong. On the other hand, to use Aristotle's pithy words: "Vain men are fools as well as ignorant of themselves, and make this plain to all the world; for, not doubting their worth, they undertake honourable offices, and presently stand convicted of incapacity." Even in the ultimate judgment of the world humility is seen to be a mark of strength.

But the humility which Jesus exalted is of a sort deeper and more spiritual. Its root is a just sense of the real truth, not only of self, but of God. It is the reflection in character of the consciousness of God's all-encompassing Presence, in His power and in His holiness. It is this which must check vanity of speech and complacency of soul, and silence all the excuses of self-love, and strip bare the delusions of self-praise. But it is this also which brings strength. It sets our daily life on final truth. The praise of men will not uplift the man who thinks of God's appraisement. The blame of men will not annoy him, for he will commit it to God's judgment. It must be an enormous strength when a man's life is really stayed on God. Even when the remembrance of the divine holiness crushes him, and he can only say, "God be merciful to me a sinner," the humiliation strengthens him. It liberates him from all delusions, and puts him right with the great reality. It is only when we "humble ourselves under the mighty hand of God" that we can learn the secret of its everlasting strength.

SECOND SUNDAY

SOLDIER-LIKE SIMPLICITY

THERE is another trait in the character of the Centurion which attracts us to him—a trait which won for him the praise of the Master—his simplicity of faith. It is indeed one which has often marked soldiers and sailors who have also been servants of God. Like the Centurion, they are men under authority—accustomed to respect the commands of their superior officers, to take it for granted that they are right and sufficient and to obey them promptly and thoroughly. They have men under them, and expect the ready obedience which they themselves render to their superiors. Their whole manner of life is reduced to a certain simplicity. Trust, discipline, obedience—these are its simple notes. They carry this simplicity into their religion, accepting God as the great Commander-in-chief of their souls, and His revelation in Christ as the complete expression of His will. Their one object is to trust implicitly and obey thoroughly. It is not for them to speculate and argue—they are impatient with men who, professing faith in God and Christ, cannot keep from theoretical doubts and practical compromises. "My training as a soldier," said one of them to me the other day, "soon taught me that if I was to be a Christian at all, I must be a Christian out and out." Often, no doubt, they miss a sense of the vast mystery into which religion brings us: often they misjudge and misunderstand men in whom that sense of mystery is strong; often they rather peremptorily silence their own questionings than find an answer to them, and forget that in God's army the inquirer after truth has a place as well as its obedient servant; often in the very decisiveness of belief they miss the grace of charity. But, for all that, there is something wonderfully attractive and striking in their strong simplicity. We whose character has been trained on other lines would do well to have more of it. For after all *simplicity*—of faith and of life—is the great end. We may have to fetch a wider compass before we reach it: the straight, short cuts by which the soldier-spirit reaches it may not be marked in our own chart of life; but whether by wide circuit or by short cut, we are to make for it. For simplicity is the mark of the sure possession of truth. There are no eddies in the deep waters, no mists in the upper air. Truth when it has become deep and clear will become simple also. No deeper words have ever been spoken than those which fell from the lips of the Truth Incarnate; but they are so impressively and profoundly simple. The disciple who saw farthest into the meaning of that truth—St. John—gave his testimony in language of deliberate simplicity. How deep and calm and luminous are his simple words—"God is Love," "God is Light," "In Him was Life," "Every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God." They sound like full-toned bells, and shine like stars. Have you ever heard that wonderful song "The Young Nun"? If so you will remember how the music swells with the tumult of yearning and passion until it merges in the quiet strong notes of the deep Amen of truth attained. Even so, all our wanderings and questionings reach their end in the simplicity of faith.

If therefore we have come to hold any great truth as true for us, we do well to treat it simply—with a simplicity whose only limit is reverence. Indeed, the more simply we treat it the more it lays hold of us and possesses us. Do we believe that the truest thing which can be said about the eternal God is that He is towards His creatures as a father towards his children? Then we are never so near the truth as when in utter simplicity we pray to Him as His children. The child's prayer is the deepest as well as the simplest expression of truth. Do we believe that conscience speaks to us with the authority of God? Then let us obey it always with prompt, instinctive obedience. We cannot surely argue with it, expostulate, try to beat down its terms, offer it a compromise. That were to bargain like a packman with the Most High God. Do we believe that the character of Jesus is the supreme law of life? Then let us deliberately set about to copy it—resist the temptation of the last word, hasten to be the first to forgive, welcome the calls of sacrifice—in short, take His word for it that there is no other road but the following of His example which reaches mastery of self and peace of life. Do we believe that the duty which lies before us is set there by the all-controlling Providence of God? Then let us not complain of it, but advance to meet it with the strenuous cheerfulness of the soldier who has heard the word of command to go forward and take the position in front of him.

THIRD SUNDAY

AFFECTION AND AUTHORITY

THERE is yet another feature of the character of the Centurion from which we may learn a useful lesson. His servant—his "bond-servant"—we are told by St. Luke, was "dear unto him." It must have been a very real affection that would lead one in his position to show such anxiety for a household slave. We discern its ardour in the words of St. Matthew: "He came beseeching Him." Yet he was plainly a man of authority, who exacted and expected prompt obedience. "I say to my servant 'Do this,' and he doeth it." It is this blending of affection and authority that strikes our notice. It is a combination which contains one of the first principles of true home-life.

Consider it only in regard to the relationship of parents with their children. There is always the danger—never more obvious than at the present time—of too much affection and too little authority. Affection is allowed to degenerate into indulgence. In the softness of the times, children are petted and humoured, and allowed a familiar way of speech and behaviour towards their parents which would have shocked a sterner age. There are few truths which are in greater need of assertion than that mere affection is positively harmful unless it is blended with authority. Two qualities are essential to the equipment of strong character—respect and obedience; and they are qualities singularly lacking in the present day. The lack of them is largely due to the increasing laxity of the element of authority in our homes. Trust, respect, deference, rendering honour to whom honour is due—we all complain of the want of it, of the absence of its old signs, of the impudence and familiarity of the young in the treatment of their elders and betters. But is not one source of the evil the habits of home-life? Children are educated in the virtues not by theories but by habits; they will become deferential in character only if they are trained to observe the outward signs of deference in speech and manner. Can we then view without misgiving the ease and familiarity with which children are allowed to speak to their parents—the primary representatives of authority? It is not uncommon nowadays to hear them addressed by nicknames; the old titles of respect, "father," "mother," are exchanged for every variety of silly diminutives. It comes as a relief—alas! too rare—to hear a boy address his father as "sir." It is a foolish affection which allows children to treat their parents as mere grown-up playmates. It weakens respect at its very source. And *obedience*, prompt and immediate—again we complain of the lack of it—of the way in which boys and girls of all classes resent its restraints, and like to be their own masters. But the mischief begins at home. Parents will not insist that at home their word is to be law. They will not resolutely show that they mean to be obeyed. Yet it is not too much to say that obedience is the very religion of childhood. It is the high responsibility of the earthly father to represent to the child the Father who is in heaven. And how shall a child be trained to obey its conscience as the voice of God if it is allowed with impunity to disregard the will of its parents? The over-affectionate, over-indulgent parent is doing a cruel wrong to the character of his child if he deprives it of the instinct of obedience—builds it on the rubble of mere emotion, instead of on the foundation-stone of obedience. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom"; and the fear of God can only be taught through the fear of the parent. The word is not true in the former relationship and false in the latter. In both perfect love casteth out fear; but only because fear is made perfect in love. The true love involves the fear. Mere affection enfeebles character; it strengthens only when it is blended with authority.

The same principle applies to all to whom the care of the young is in any way entrusted: to the teacher, say, who stands to the English child over so much of its life in the place of a parent. Here, again, the first and fundamental lessons to be taught are respect and obedience. The misplaced affectionateness which dispenses with all outward signs of deference, the good-natured indulgence which ignores minor acts of disobedience, may purchase a certain degree of momentary popularity; but the price paid is the violation of trust. The pleasure of the teacher is bought at the cost of the character of the child. The saying that children must be ruled by affection is apt to be a very mischievous half-truth. Nay, it defeats often its own partial ends. For children are so far like animals and the child-races that they really give their deepest loyalty and affection to those whom they have learned to respect and obey.

FOURTH SUNDAY

THE SURPRISE OF THE GREAT DAY

THE Centurion was a lover of the Hebrew nation: he had built them a synagogue: he was one of those earnest seekers after truth who had been attracted by the depth and purity of the Hebrew conception of God: but he was a Roman: he was without the covenant. Jesus was touched by the readiness and simplicity of faith in this uncircumcised Gentile—so striking in its contrast with the prejudices and obstinacy of the Jews. "Verily I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel." And I say unto you that many shall come from the east and from the west, and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven, but the sons of the kingdom shall be cast forth into the outer darkness."

Nothing is more impressive in the teaching of the Master and Judge of human life than this, that He made inward personal character, not outward orthodoxy of belief or privilege of position, the final test. In the last judgment all the children of men are brought to the same level and judged by the same standard—the moral quality of their life. He did not undervalue the need of truth. How could He—He who was the truth made manifest, who had come into the world because through its ignorance of the truth mankind was lost? God surely would not have intervened in human history with so momentous a disclosure of the truth unless the knowledge of it was of supreme importance—unless He knew that the true life could not be lived without it. "This *is* the Life eternal, that they might know thee and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." We must believe that ultimately a true faith is necessary to a true life. But the final object of the faith is the life. And in this sphere of probation there is a vast difference between those who knowing not the truth yet *do* it, and those who knowing the truth yet do it not. The former are in the way of progress and of hope, they are on the lines that will lead them to the truth. "He that doeth the will shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God." The latter are in the way of loss, of retreat, of abandonment. The truth will be not their reward but their judge. The former will reach the kingdom of the Light, the latter will be cast out into the outer darkness. Yet there are multitudes who seem to think that because of some orthodoxy of belief they have a vested right to the kingdom of which they cannot be deprived. The Pharisees were a conspicuous instance. But the place which they fill in the words of Jesus was due not only to the fact that they were His chief opponents on earth, but to the fact that their temperament would always be the besetting sin of His professed adherents. For just in proportion to the standard of deep and exacting spiritual requirement which any doctrine demands will be the danger of hypocrisy in the profession of it. And who can think that if Jesus were now to visit His church, His denunciations of the hypocrisy of its members would be less terrible and less deserved than were his denunciations of the hypocrisy of the Scribes and Pharisees? Consider the contrast between the multitude of professing Christians and the rarity of the Christian life. You shall meet men who declare that they have been converted, and who loudly profess their "acceptance of the scheme of salvation," who yet display no single sign of the self-sacrifice, the humility, the charity of the Christian life. And you shall meet other men, who may only be, like the Centurion, inquirers after truth, who have a wish to believe, beset with difficulties—nay, who may be ignorant of the Christian faith, and be without the pale of the Christian Church, who yet are capable of conspicuous self-sacrifice, who are always doing good, who are kind at heavy cost. Can we doubt which of these two classes are the true children of the kingdom? There is but one word to describe the callousness of response to all real spiritual ventures, the incapacity for all real self-sacrifice for Christ's sake, which marks the mass of contented members of Christ's Church—it is the word appalling. It is the very mystery of iniquity—infinitely more disquieting and depressing than the problem of the hosts of the heathen whether at home or abroad. It may be that we shall only realise what it means when the surprise of the Great Day comes upon us, and we behold the outcasts entering the kingdom and the professing Christians cast out. He that is without hypocrisy among us, let him first cast a stone at the Pharisees.

It was a wet and wintry night in the slums of a great town. A woman rushed out from a miserable house of iniquity as I passed, and clutched my arm. "There's a young man dying in the house: come and pray for him." She led me through a kitchen filled with men and women such as I pray I may never see again—too drunk with drink and shame to notice us. At the top of a rickety staircase we reached an attic, where on a mattress on the floor a young man lay stretched, hollow and pallid in the last stages of consumption. "Pray with him," she whispered and turned to go. I asked her to stay. "My God, no," was her reply, "I'm a bad woman: God forgive me if I spoiled the prayer." And she went. The young man told me his story. He had wandered into the town, penniless, to die. The woman had met him and had pitied him. He was dying: he had nothing to give her. But she took him to the attic: for three weeks she had nursed and tended him. With her earnings—God forgive them! —she had bought him simple delicacies: she had day after day fought her way with them through the wolves in the kitchen: and her face was bruised with the struggles. "God bless her," he said: in a day he was dead. At the graveside there was but one other present with the clerk and the parish undertaker—the young woman, her shawl drawn over her head. At the end I turned to speak to her and thank her: but she had gone in the pouring rain: and I could not overtake her. I never saw her again. But I thought of the words "the publican and the harlot shall enter into the kingdom of heaven before you." Could my life show at the Great Day any such record of self-sacrifice and compassion?

FIFTH SUNDAY

FAITH AND FACT

THE Centurion, having made up his mind that Jesus' power of healing was to be trusted, trusted it to the full. He was content that Jesus should only speak the word. The word was at one moment spoken and fulfilled. "'Go thy way; as thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee,' and the servant was healed in that hour."

These words express one of the laws of life in the kingdom of God. The same law is expressed in its widest form in the saying "To him that hath shall be given." Here it may be paraphrased thus—the measure of attainment is proportionate to the measure of expectation. Large results depend upon large expectations. "As thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee." As I said last Sunday, the most baffling of all difficulties is the condition of the Christian Church. Take any community of baptized Christians, consider what they are ideally: a number of persons pledged to an intensely spiritual and heroic standard of life, nothing less than the likeness of Jesus, possessed by His very Spirit dwelling within them, and longing with the fervour of infinite love and able with the sureness of infinite power to transform them into that likeness—persons claiming and asserting this truth in the language which they accept and use. Then consider what they are in fact. Are they on a whole in any real way—apart from certain traditional customs and phrases—distinguishable from ordinary respectable men who make no such pretensions? Now, of course, in this sphere of probation and struggle the ideal is never the real: it is still the day of aspiration and effort, not of attainment. We cannot have on earth the conditions of heaven. The utmost that a man can give, or that God expects, for his ideal is sincere wishing and honest trying. But if there be wishing and trying there will be movement—there cannot be stagnation: and if there be movement, it is progress: for then the Spirit of God can act: and what He begins He will end. If therefore there is no movement and no progress, it means that there is neither sincere wishing nor honest trying: that, in short, the ideal has gone out of the life. That is the root cause of the stagnation of Christians. They have ceased to believe that they are really and literally meant to be Christ-like. It is a mere accepted phrase—not a living and inspiring hope that they—just they—are to become like Christ. Probably, to be quite honest, many of them, in their heart of hearts, do not wish it: it would involve a transformation from which they shrink. There are indulgences which they wish to keep, sacrifices which they wish to avoid or postpone. They are simply what they wish to be: their measure of attainment is proportionate to their measure of expectation.

On the other hand, if we revive and enlarge our expectations, if we really believe that Christ can be "formed within us," and make that the prevailing purpose of daily life, if we are prepared to make any sacrifice which it may demand, then gradually but surely it will come to pass. That is certain. For every aspiration which is sincere—which, that is to say, carries the will with it—every effort which is honest up to the point of our ability, is a claim upon the Spirit of God which He cannot reject. It enables Him to act: ours the effort, His the power. There is no power in mere effort, but it brings the power of God. We shall be simply what we wish to be. I cannot do more than try: but God's Spirit in me will succeed. It is for me to "Go my way"—straight forward: and as I have believed, so will it be done unto me.

FROM ONE POINT OF VIEW

By WILLIAM CANTON

IN his admirable study of Tennyson—which by the way is about to be issued by Messrs. Isbister, in two pocket volumes uniform with their dainty six-volume edition of Plumptre's "Dante"—Mr. Stopford Brooke dwells on the wholesale recasting to which Tennyson subjected so many of his earlier poems, and puts in a plea for the reprinting of the volumes of 1830 and 1833. "In most cases," he observes, "it is a mistake to issue the earliest forms of a great poet's works—forms which he has rejected as inadequate. But in this case it would not be a mistake. It would be a lesson to all artists, and still more to all critics, to study the noble changes Tennyson here made; and it would not diminish, but greatly enhance, our admiration of his art and character." To the student of literature, indeed, there can be few things more interesting and instructive than the *Variorum* edition of a great writer. Even in the innumerable instances in which the poets have marred their work by their uninspired afterthoughts—Wordsworth, it will be remembered, changed for a while the well-known lines,

> The light that never was on sea or land,
> The consecration, and the Poet's dream,

into the pallid and ineffectual substitute,

> The lustre, known to neither sea nor land,
> But borrowed from the youthful Poet's dream

—there is perhaps as much to be learned from the doubt and hesitancy of the writer's cold judgment as there is from the felicitous emendation, the magical touch in the alteration of a word or the omission of a line. In the case of Tennyson, however, it would be difficult to point to a passage in which the alteration was inferior to the original. "Working with his clear sense of what was artistic," as Mr. Brooke observes, "and with the stately steadiness which belonged to his character, he not only improved but doubled the value of the poems he altered."

In Mr. Churton Collins's edition of "The Early Poems" of Tennyson,* Mr. Brooke's wish has been somewhat imperfectly realised. These "Early Poems" begin with the address to the Queen,

> Revered, beloved—O you that hold,

and close with "The Poet's Song,"

> The rain had fallen, the Poet arose.

They represent the "Poems" in two volumes, published by Moxon in 1842 (and these embody the selections from the volumes of 1830 and 1833), together with the additions and omissions of the eight editions through which the "Poems" ran between 1842 and 1853. The text is that of 1857, but the various readings of all editions up to and including the last collected edition in 1898 have been recorded in the footnotes, "so that the student of Tennyson can follow step by step the process by which he arrived at that perfection of expression which is perhaps his most striking characteristic as a poet." In an appendix are grouped the poems which are suppressed, either temporarily or absolutely, and the prize-poem "Timbuctoo." A critical introduction and numerous commentaries and notes complete the characteristics of the volume.

Unhappily one's satisfaction at the appearance of this unique edition of so much of Tennyson's work is not a little affected by the numerous misprints with which it is disfigured. On p. 15, for instance, two occur in one note: "Cf. *Princes* (*sic*) iv. 104,

> O Bulbul, any rose of Gulistan
> Shall *brush* (burst) her veil;

on p. 19 we have "*Listenist* the lordly music"; on p. 20 "Maplethorpe" for Mablethorpe, and the reference to the "Life" is twenty-six pages out; on p. 27 "unhallowed laughter" should obviously read "unhallowed laugher" to rhyme with "sapphire" four lines higher; on p. 30 there is a reference to the "Voyage of Maledune"; on p. 40 one to "Fefine at the Fair"; on p. 77 the line reads

> O mother, *here* me yet before I die,

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* "The Early Poems of Alfred Lord Tennyson," edited with a critical introduction, commentaries and notes, together with the various readings, a transcript of the poems temporarily and finally suppressed, and a bibliography. By John Churton Collins. Methuen & Co. 6s.

and on p. 81 the goddess Herè is scarcely recognisable in "fulleyèd here"; on p. 93 the reader has let slip "Confutzer," and while there may be some excuse for the mistake in "Il maestro di color *chi* sanno" there is none for the wrong reference to the "Inferno"; on p. 128 the "arching limes" become the "arching lines"; and on p. 175 "mourn and sob" is printed "morn and sob." In the Introduction Mr. Collins writes "Fitzgerald," but as Tennyson himself does not appear to have been particular about the capital G the Omar Khayyám Club may be left to deal with this enormity. But the couplet which Tennyson "envied Browning" is certainly not to be found in Browning's works in this form,

> The little more, and how much it is,
> The little less, and what worlds away (p. xvi.);

neither did Tennyson himself write of Virgil that we find in his diction "all the *grace* of all the muses often flowering in *one* lonely word" (p. xxiv). Then on p. xxv we have "three careless *moans*" (moons), on p. xxvii "on the bald street *strikes* (breaks) the blank day," and, oddest misprint of all, on p. xxxiii, "a bevy of roses apple-cheek'd" for a "bevy of Eroses apple-cheek'd."

With respect to Mr. Collins's critical estimate in the Introduction, most of us will agree with the broad outlines as a just and generous delineation of Tennyson's genius. When, however, we come to the debt which he is supposed to owe to ancient and modern writers, we hesitate to yield so large and easy a concurrence as the author seems to expect. The subject has long been a favourite theme with reviewers, and while much has been written about it that is curious, the most striking conclusion that emerges from the evidence is that human nature is much the same everywhere, and that thought and feeling in all ages and in all countries are characterised by a singular similarity of expression. In this connection it is always well to bear in mind what we are told in the "Life." Tennyson himself states that he was "dominated by Byron till he was seventeen," but after the "Poems by Two Brothers" he "did not think he had taken any one for master." In certain directions the limitations of his reading were somewhat remarkable, though as far as I can gather a poet's reading is as a rule more generally directed to prose than to verse. "I am very unlearned," he says, "not only in Spenser, but in most of our old poets." Of Vaughan he knew "absolutely nothing," with the exception of "They are all gone into the world of light," and he had only seen a chance quotation of Gower. In "The Voice and the Peak" he wrote two lines paralleled almost word for word by a passage in an unknown and untranslated Chinese poem, and in the "Miller's Daughter" he has a stanza which reads like an adaptation from a stanza in Sylvester's "Woodman's Beare," which he had never seen. These coincidences, he thought, "must always occur." There is, however, another class of resemblances, regarding which the reply is one of complete justification. Referring to Tennyson's use of the classic writers, Mr. Brooke contends that "he had a perfect right to transfer to his poems expressions and even lines from the classic poets, *provided he gave them a new setting or a novel phrasing in his translation.* All the great poets have done this when their subject was classical, or their poem heroic"; but no one, it may safely be added, ever complied more faithfully with the condition of giving the "new setting" or the "novel phrasing," though, unaccountable as it may appear, little attention has been drawn to the supreme felicity with which Tennyson converted to his own use the common property of all mankind.

In a footnote Mr. Collins warmly repudiates the intention attributed to him so often, and we must now add so unfairly, in publishing his "Illustrations of Tennyson"—namely, that it was "an attempt to show that a charge of plagiarism might be justly urged against Tennyson." At the same time it seems to me that when he pays Tennyson a tribute on the "careful and meditative study of the Greek and Roman poets" which enabled him to enrich his work by felicitous adaptations, he does so sadly at the expense of his originality and his artistic sincerity. In the following passage, indeed, does he not reduce the impassioned singer to a sedulous and skilful mechanician? "With a touch here and a touch there, now from memory, now from unconscious assimilation, inlaying here an epithet and there a phrase, adding, subtracting, lightening, modifying, substituting one metaphor for another, developing what is latent in the suggestive imagery of a predecessor, laying under contribution the most intimate familiarity with what is best in the literature of the ancient and modern world, the unwearied artist toils patiently on till his precious mosaic is without a flaw." Where does the creative genius, the spontaneous passion, the distinctive personality of the poet find a word of recognition here? Unquestionably Tennyson was the unwearied artist, but first and midst and last he was the poet, and no skill in the mere elaboration of mosaics could have produced his work. With all the literatures in the world to assimilate, no poet in his own age has equalled, and few in any age have surpassed, him.

Let us glance a little, however, at some of the "numberless passages" which prove Tennyson's careful and meditative study of the Greek and Roman poets. Of course such a phrase as "finished to the finger-nail" or "dividing the swift wind" is classical—it is indeed one of the commonplaces of the classics, but surely it was a ridiculously insignificant debt which Tennyson contracted when he assimilated either. And would Mr. Collins have us believe that Tennyson, either consciously or unconsciously, derived the "thin voice" of the Lotos-Eater from the thin voice of Hylas in Theocritus, or that but for the *μαλοπάρηος* of Theocritus he would not have described the "bevy of Eroses" as "apple-cheek'd"? "Where in 'Merlin and Vivian,'" writes Mr. Collins, "Tennyson described

> The blind wave feeling round his long sea hall
> In silence,

he was merely unfolding to its full Homer's *κῦμα κωφόν*—'dumb wave.'" Merely unfolding! Quoting a passage from the "Agamemnon": "And in his yearning love for her who is over the sea a phantom will seem to reign over his palace," he asks: "What are the lines in 'Guinevere' but an expansion of what is latent but unfolded in the pregnant suggestiveness of the Greek poet:

> And in thy bowers of Camelot or of Usk
> Thy shadow still would glide from room to room,
> And I should evermore be vexed with thee
> In hanging robe or vacant ornament,
> Or ghostly foot-fall echoing on the stair—

with a reminiscence also perhaps of Constance's speech in King John iii. 4?" It seems to me that it would be just as reasonable to consider the passage in Constance's speech as a mere unfolding of what lies latent in the passage from the "Agamemnon." Another passage is quoted by Mr. Collins, though apparently he does not seem to notice its relationship to the quotation from "Guinevere." The lines about Elaine,

> But when they left her to herself again,
> Death, like a friend's voice from a distant field
> Approaching through the darkness, call'd; the owls
> Wailing had power upon her, and she mixt
> Her fancies with the sallow-rifted glooms
> Of evening, and the moanings of the wind,

do certainly recall Virgil's picture of Dido; but both passages were anticipated in "Mariana" many years before:

> Old faces glimmer'd through the doors,
> Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
> Old voices called her from without;

and does not Mr. Collins see that they embody one of the most common experiences of life? Who that has loved and lost but knows what it is to be startled and fooled by the overtaxed senses, but has heard on floor and stair the familiar sound of feet that are covered with grass, but has paused suddenly at the glimmer of a fleeting face, and turned at the call of a voice which has been hushed for ever? We do not need to unfold the latent ideas of classic poets to reach these phases of love and bereavement; they come to us all. Rogers, in his "Table-talk," tells us how closely a relation of his own on his death-bed approximated to that passage in "King Lear" which Mrs. Siddons could never read without tears:

> Do not laugh at me;
> For, as I am a man, I think this lady
> To be my child Cordelia;

and you will find in the speech of the shepherd of the downs and the inland villager thoughts and phrases which might be quoted as parallels to memorable lines in the poets.

Many of the notes scattered through the volume strike me as wholly valueless. What purpose does it serve to note regarding the line, "Till cold winds woke the grey-eyed morn"—"*Cf.* Romeo and Juliet ii. 3; 'The grey morn smiles on the frowning night,'" especially when by misprinting "grey morn" for "grey-eyed morn" Mr. Collins destroys the parallelism? Or to suggest that "How the merry bluebell rings!" was borrowed apparently from "The Sensitive Plant"? Or to match "those dew-lit eyes of thine" with Collins's "eyes of dewy light"? Or to compare the "yellow-banded bees" with Keats's "yellow-girted bees"? There is no limit to the possibility of annotation of this kind. It would be easy to add at least one parallel of greater interest than most of those recorded here, and indeed one is surprised that the couplet in "Locksley Hall,"

> Is it well to wish thee happy?—having known me —to decline
> On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart than mine!

did not recall the lines in "Hamlet"—

> and to decline
> Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor
> To those of mine!

In the literary comments it is strange that no notice is taken of the number of false rhymes which either escaped the poet's vigilance or defied his attempts to rectify them without detriment to the sense. So full of music is Tennyson, and so fastidiously careful of every phrase, that the discovery of these lapses strikes one at first with amazement. His pages are the last place in which one expects to find such rhymes as "fear" and "atmosphere," "hair" and "her," "ore" and "o'er," "attendance" and "tendons." Is there any need to explain that a "bight," originally a coil of rope, means a bay? Surely every Board-school child is familiar with the Bight of Benin. Is there "no doubt" that "the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love" meant hate, scorn and love in their quintessence? Robertson of Brighton thought that the Poet was hated by Hate, scorned by Scorn and loved by Love. A sense at least as obvious is that the Poet hates hate, scorns scorn, and loves love; and the context, and especially the close of the poem, seems to warrant that reading.

On p. 76 it is noted that the phrase "From her warm brows and bosom" is "adopted from a line excised in 'Mariana in the South.'" This is but one instance of Tennyson's careful economy in his art, and an interesting page or two might be written on the use to which he turned phrases and thoughts that occur in matter which he rejected. When, for example, he has struck out from "Mariana" the stanza containing the lines

> She heard the callow nestling lisp
> And brimful meadow-runnels crisp,

he alters the "fledgling throstle" to the "callow throstle" in "Claribel," and reads:

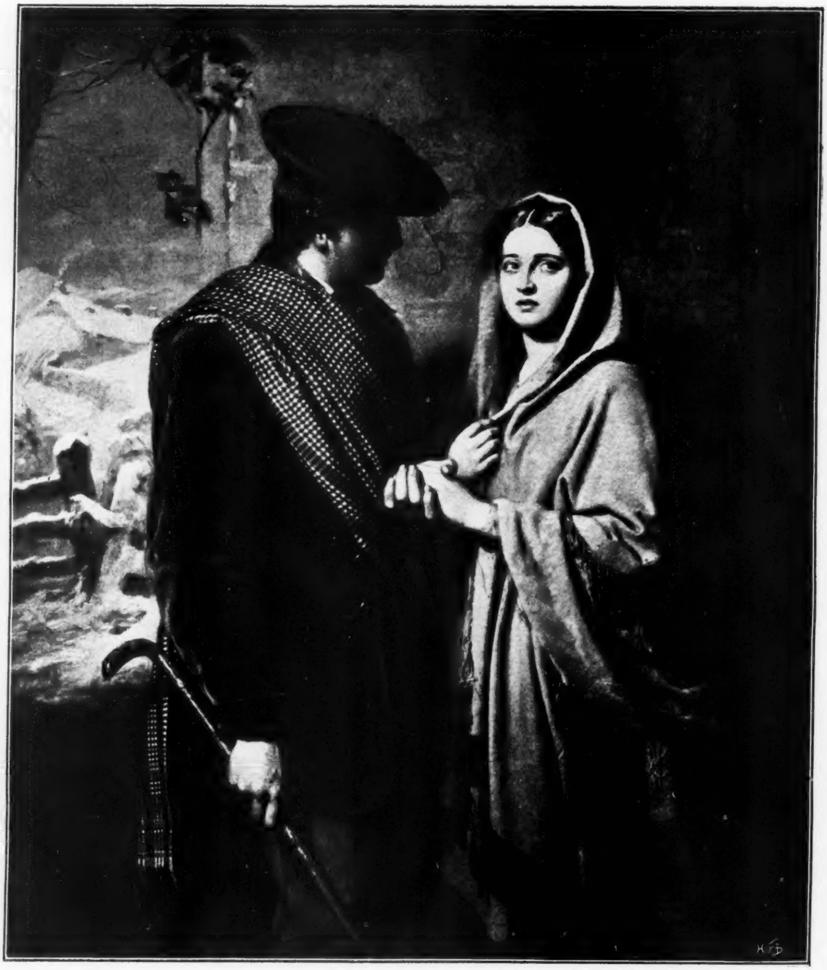
> The callow throstle lispeth,
> The slumbrous wave outwelleth,
> The bubbling runnel crispeth.

The most remarkable instance, however, seems to occur in the Sonnet which appeared in "Friendship's Offering," in 1853, and which I transcribe, as it is not included in Mr. Collins's volume:

> Check every outflash, every ruder sally
> Of thought and speech: speak low and give up wholly
> Thy spirit to mild-minded melancholy:
> This is the place. Through yonder poplar valley
> Below the blue-green river windeth slowly;
> But in the middle of the sombre valley
> The crisped waters whisper musically,
> And all the haunted place is dark and holy.
> The nightingale, with long and low preamble,
> Warbled from yonder knoll of solemn larches,
> And in and out the woodbine's flowery arches
> The summer midges wove their wanton gambol,
> And all the white-stemmed pinewood slept above,
> When in this valley first I told my love.

Here we have the "low preamble" of "The Palace of Art," and the germs of passages of the Choric Song in "The Lotos-Eaters," for it is impossible to believe that this suppressed poem was written later than these pieces.

My space is exhausted; I can but add that, whatever its liability to criticism, this edition of the "Early Poems" of Tennyson is invaluable to the student of English poetry. From a careful reading of "Œnone" alone—"Œnone" with its magical alterations of words and phrases, its miraculous omissions, condensations and interpolations—he will learn more of the art of the great writer, whether of verse or prose, than can be acquired from a library of text-books and criticism.



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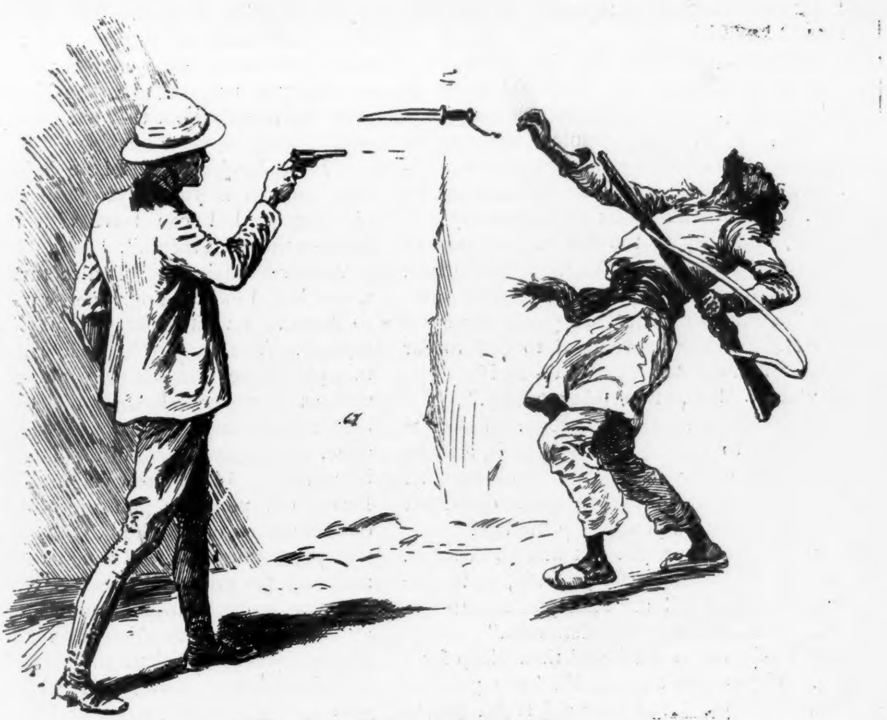
ANNIE'S TRYST

By John Faed, R.S.A.



"Then it was his turn to face about"

THE HALF-HEARTED*

By JOHN BUCHAN, Author of "John Burnet of Barnes," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON BROWNE

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE HILL-FORT

LEWIS got to his feet and blinked at the morning sun across the yard.

"That was a near shave. Phew, I hate being a target for sharpshooting! These devils are your friends the Bada-Mawidi."

"The deuce they are," said Andover lugubriously. "I always knew it. I've told Holm a hundred times, and now here is the beggar away sick and I am left to pay the piper."

"I know. I met him in Bardur, and that's why I'm here. He told me to tell you to mind the North Gate."

"More easily said than done. We're too few by half here if things get nasty. How was the chap looking?"

"Pretty miserable. Thwaite and I put him to bed. Then they sent me off here, for I've got news for you. You know a man called Marker?"

Andover nodded.

"I was dining with him the day before yesterday, and yesterday morning I got a note from him. He says that he has heard from some private source, that the Bada-Mawidi were arming and proposed an attack on Forza to-day. He thinks they may have got their arms from the other side, you know. At any rate he asked me to try to let you hear, and when I saw Holm last night and heard that such a thing was possible, I came off at once.

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I suppose Marker is the sort of man who should know?"

"What did Thwaite say?"

"He was keen that I should come at once. Do you think that it's a false alarm?"

"Oh, it will be genuine enough on Marker's part, but he may have been misinformed. What beats me is the attack by day. I know the Badas as I know my own name, and they're too few at the best to have any chance of rushing the place. Besides they are poor fighters in the open. On the other hand they are devils incarnate in a night attack as we used to find to our cost. You are sure he said to-day?"

"Sure. Some time this morning."

"Wonder what their game is. However he ought to be right if anybody is, and we are much obliged to you for your trouble. You had a pretty hard time in the open, but how on earth did you get up the hill?"

"Deerstalking style. It was good sport. But for Heaven's sake, Andy, give me breakfast, and tell me what you want me to do. I am under your orders now."

"You'd better feed and then sleep for a bit. If you don't mind I'll leave you, for I'm very busy. And poor old Holm looked pretty sick, did he? Well, I'm glad he has been saved this affair anyhow."

A Sikh orderly brought Lewis breakfast. Beyond the tent door there was a stir in the garrison. Men were deployed in the yard, Ghoorkas mainly, with a few Kashmir sepoys, and the loud harsh voice of Andover was raised to give orders. It was a hot still morning with something thunderous in the air. Hot sulphurous clouds were massing on the Western horizon, and the cool early breeze had gone. The whole place smelt of powder.

Half-way through the meal Andover returned, his lean face red with exertion. "I've got things more or less in order. They may easily starve us out, for we are wretchedly provisioned, but I don't think they'll get us with a rush. I wonder when the show is to commence." He drank some coffee, and then filled a pipe.

"I left a man at Nazri. If the thing turns out to be a small affair I am to meet him there to-night; but if I don't come he is to know that it is serious and go and warn the Khautmi people. You haven't a connection by any chance?"

"No. Wish we had. The heliograph is no good, and the telegraph is still under the consideration of some engineer man. But how do you propose to get to Nazri? It's only twelve miles, but they are mostly up on end."

"I did it when I was here before. It's easy enough if you have done any rock climbing, and I can leave with the light. Besides there's a moon."

Andover laughed. "You've turned over a new leaf, Lewis. Your energy puts us all to shame. I wish I had your physical gifts, my son. The worst of being long and lanky in a place like this is that you're always as stiff as a poker. I shall die of sciatica before I am forty. But upon my word it is queer meeting you here in the loneliest spot in creation. When I saw you in town before I came out, you were going into Parliament or some game of that kind. Then I heard that you had been out here, and gone back; and now for no earthly reason I waken up one fine morning to find you being potted at before my gate. You're as sudden as Marker, and a long chalk more mysterious."

Lewis looked grave. "I wish Marker were only as simple as me, or I as sudden as him. It's a gift not learned in a day. Anyhow I'm here, and we've got a day's sport before us. Hullo, the ball seems about to open." Little puffs of smoke and dust were rising from beyond the wall, and on the heavy air came the faint ping-ping of rifles.

Andover stretched himself elaborately. "Lord alive, but this is absurd. What do these beggars expect to do? They can't shell a fort with stolen expresses."

The two men went up to the edge of the wall and looked over the plateau. A hundred yards off stood a group of tribesmen formed in some semblance of military order, each with a smoking rifle in his hand. It was like a parody of a formation, and Andover after rubbing his eyes burst into a roar of laughter.

"The beggars must be mad. What in Heaven's name do they expect to do, standing there like mummies and potting at a stone wall? There's two more companies of them over there. It isn't war, it's comic opera." And he sat down, still laughing, on the edge of a gun-case to put on the boots which his orderly had brought.

It was comic opera but the tinge of melodrama was not absent. When a sufficient number of rounds had been fired, the tribesmen, as if acting on half-understood instructions from some prehistoric manual, slung their rifles on their shoulders and came on. The fire from the fort did not stop them though it broke their line. In a minute they were clutching at every hand-grip and foothold on the wall, and Andover with a beaming face directed the disposition of his men.

Forza is built of great rough stones, with ends projecting in places cyclopean-wise, which to an active man might give a foothold. The little garrison was at its posts, and picked the men off with carbines and revolvers, and in emergencies gave a brown chest the straight bayonet-thrust home. The tribesmen fought like fiends, scrambling up silently with long knives between their teeth, till a shot found them and they rolled back to die on the sand, at the foot. Now and again a man would reach the parapet and spring down, into the courtyard. Then it was the turn of Andover and Lewis to account for him, and they did not miss. One man with matted hair and beard was at Lewis's back before he saw him. A crooked knife had nearly found that young man's side, but a lucky twisting aside saved him. He dodged his adversary up and down the yard till he got his pistol from his inner pocket. Then it was his turn to face about. The man never stopped and a ball took him between the eyes. He dropped dead as a stone and his knife flying from his hands skidded along the sand till it stopped with a clatter on the stones. The sound in the hot sulphurous air grated horribly, and Lewis clapped his hand to his ears to find that he too had not come off scatheless. The knife had cut the lobe and, bleeding like a pig, he went in search of water.

The assailants had come prepared to find Paradise speedily, for they were not sparing with their lives. The attacking party was small, and apparently there was no reserve, for in all the wide landscape there was no sign of man. Then for no earthly reason the assault was at an end. One by one the men dropped back and disappeared from the plateau. There was no overt signal, no sound; but in a little the annoyed garrison were looking at vacancy and one another.

"This is the devil's own business," said Andover rubbing his eyes. The men, too astonished to pick off stragglers, allowed the enemy to melt into space; then they set themselves down with rifles cuddled up to their chins, and stared at Andover.

"It beats me," said that disturbed man. "How many killed?"

"Seven," said a sergeant. "About five more wounded. None of hus touched, barring a bullet in my boot, and two Johnnies slashed on the cheek. Seems to me as if the gen'lman, Mr. 'Aystoun, was 'it, though."

At the word Andover ran for his quarters, where he found his servant dressing Lewis's wounded ear. That young man with a face of great despair was inclining his head over a basin.

"What's the matter, Andy? Don't tell me the show has stopped. I thought they were game to go on for hours, and I was just coming to join you."

"They've gone, every mother's son of them. I told you it was comic opera all along. Seven of them have found the part too much for them, but the rest have cleared out like smoke. I give it up."

Lewis stared at the speaker, his brain busy with a problem. For a moment before the fight, and for a little during its progress, he had been serenely happy. He had done something hard and perilous; he had risked many bullets; he had brought authentic news of a real danger. He was happily at peace with himself; the bland quiet of conscience which he had not felt for months had given him the vision of a new life. But the danger had faded away in smoke; and here was Andover with a mystified face asking its meaning.

"I swear that those fellows never had the least intention of beating us. There were far too few of them for one thing. They looked like criminals fighting as their business, you know, like the Persian fellows. It was more like some religious ceremony than a fight. The whole thing is beyond me, but I think no harm's done. Hang it, I wish Holm were here. He's a depressing beggar, but he takes responsibility off my shoulders."

The dead men were buried as quickly and decently as the place allowed of. Things were generally cleaned up, and by noon the little fort was as spick as if the sound of a rifle had never been heard within its walls. Lewis and Andover had the mid-day meal in a sort of gun-room which looked over the edge of the plateau to a valley in the hills. It had been arranged and furnished by a former officer who found in the view a repetition of the one in a much loved Highland shooting-box. Accordingly it was comfortable and home-like beyond the average of frontier dwellings. Outside a dripping mist had clouded the hills and chilled the hot air.

The two men smoked silently, knocking out their ashes and refilling with the regularity of clockwork. Lewis was thinking hard, thinking with the bitterness of dashed hopes, of self-confidence clutched at and lost. He saw as if in an inspiration the trend of Marker's plans. He had been given a paltry fictitious errand, like a bone to a dog, to quiet him. Some devilry was afoot and he must be got out of the road. For a second the thought pleased him, the thought that at least one man held him worthy of attention, and went out of his way to circumvent him. But the gleam of satisfaction was gone in a moment. He could not even be sure that there was guile at the back of it. It might be all foolish honesty, and to a man cursed with a sense of weakness the thought of such a pedestrian failure was trebly intolerable.

But honesty was inconceivable. He and he alone in all the frontier country knew Marker and his ways. To Andover sucking his pipe dismally beside him, the thing appeared clear as the daylight. Marker, the best chap alive, had word of some Bada-Mawidi doings and had given a friendly hint. It was not his blame if the thing had fizzled out like damp powder. But to him Marker was a man of uncanny powers, and intelligence beyond others, the iron will of the true adventurer. There must be devilry behind it all, and to the eye of suspicion there was doubt in every detail. And meantime he had fallen an easy victim. Marooned in this frontier fort, the world might be turned topsy-turvy at Bardur, and he not a word the wiser. Things were slipping from his grasp again. He had an intense desire to shut his eyes and let all drift. He had done enough. He had come up here at the risk of his neck; fate had fought against him, and he must succumb. The fatal wisdom of proverbs was all on his side.

But once again conscience assailed him. Why had he believed Marker, knowing what he knew? He had been led by the nose like a crude schoolboy. It was nothing to him that he had to believe or remain idle in Bardur. Another proof of his folly! This importunate sense of weakness was the weakest of all qualities. It made him a nervous and awkward follower of strength, only to plunge deeper into the mud of incapacity.

Andover looked at him curiously. His annoyance was of a different stamp—a little disappointment, intense boredom, and the ever-present frontier anxiety. But such were homely complaints to be forgotten over a pipe and in sleep. It struck him that his companion's eyes betrayed something more, and he kicked him on the shins into attention.

"Been seedy lately? Have some quinine. Or if you can't sleep I can tell you a dodge. But you know you are looking a bit cheap, old man."

"I'm pretty fit," said Lewis, and he raised his brown face to a glass. "Why I'm tanned like a nigger and my eye's perfectly clear."

"Then you're in love," said the mysterious Andover. "Trust me for knowing. When a man keeps as quiet as you for so long, he's either in love or seedy. Up here people don't fall in love, so I thought it must be the other thing."

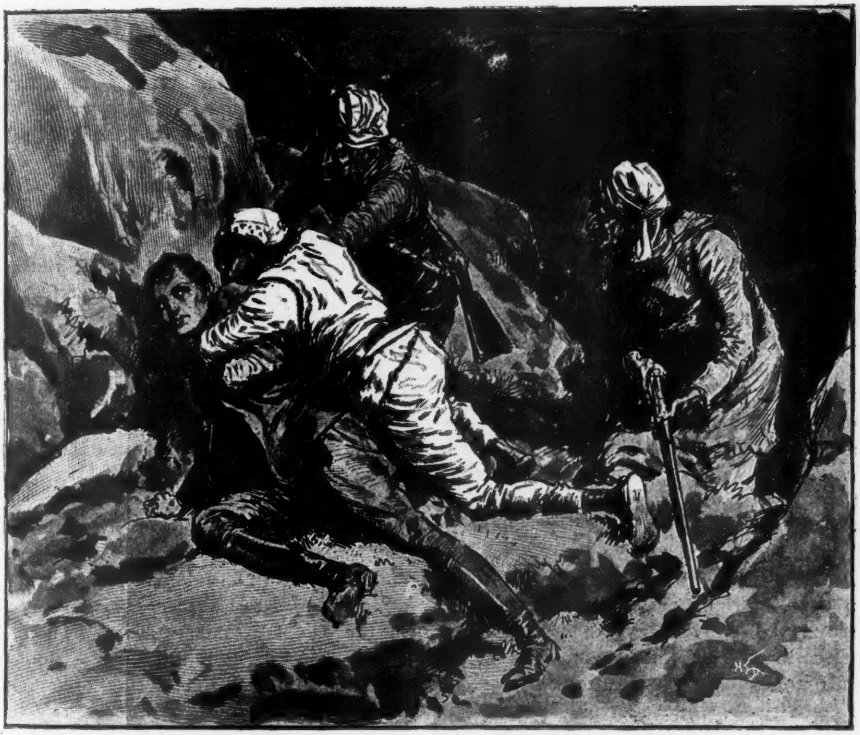
"Rot," said Lewis. "I'm going out of doors. I must be off pretty soon, if I'm to get to Nazri by sundown. I wish you'd come out and show me the sort of lie of the land. There are three landmarks, but I can't remember their order."

An hour later the two men returned, and Lewis sat down to an early dinner. He ate quickly, and made up sandwiches which he stuffed into his pocket. Then he rose and gripped his host's hand.

"Good-bye, Andy. This has been a pleasant meeting. Wish it could have been longer."

"Good-bye, old chap. Glad to have seen you. My love to George, if you get to Nazri. Give you three to one in half-crowns you won't get there to-night."

"Done," said Lewis. "You shall pay when I see you next." And in the most approved style of the hero of melodrama, he lit a short pipe and went off into Immensity.



"A miserable prisoner"

CHAPTER XXIX

THE WAY TO NAZRI

OUR traveller did not reach Nazri that night for many reasons, of which the chief shall be told. The way to Nazri is long and the way to Nazri is exceedingly rough. Leaving the table-land you plunge down a trackless gully into the dry bed of a stream. Thence it is an hour's uneasy walking among stagnant pools and granite boulders to the foot of another nullah which runs up to the heart of the hills. From this you pick your way along the precipitous side of a mountain, and if your head is good and your feet sure, may come eventually to a place like the roof of the house, beyond which lies a thicket of thorn-bushes and the Nazri gully. At first sight the thing seems impossible, but by a bold man it can be crossed either in the untanned Kashmir shoes or with the naked feet.

Lewis had not gone a mile and had barely reached the dry watercourse, when the weather broke utterly in a storm of mist and fine rain. At other times this chill weather would have been a comfort, but here in these lonely altitudes with a difficult path before him its result was to confound confusion. So long as he stuck to the stream he had some guidance; it was hard, even when the air was like a damp blanket, to mistake the chaos of boulder and shingle which meant the channel. But the mist was close to him and wrapped him in like a quilt, and he looked in vain for the foot of the nullah he must climb. He tried keeping by the edge and feeling his way, but it only landed him in a ditch of stagnant slime. The thing was too vexatious, and his temper went; and with his temper his last chance of finding his road. When he had stumbled for what seemed hours he sat down on a boulder and whistled dismally. The stream belonged to another watershed. If he followed it, assuming that he did not break his neck over a dry cataract, he would be through the mountains and near Taghati quicker than he intended. Meantime the miserable George would wait at Nazri, would rouse the Khautmi garrison on a false alarm, and would find himself irretrievably separated from his friend. The thought was so full of irritation, that he resolved not to stir one step further. He would spend the night if need be in this place and wait till the mist lifted.

He found a hollow among the boulders, and improvidently ate half his store of sandwiches. Then, finding his throat dry, he got up to hunt for water. A trickle afar off in the rocks led him on, and sure enough he found water; but when he tried to retrace his steps to his former resting-place he found that he had forgotten the way. This new place was conspicuously less sheltered, but he sat down on the wet gravel, lit a pipe with difficulty, and with his knees close to his chin strove to possess his soul in patience.

He was tired, for he had slept little for two days, and the closer air of the ravine made him drowsy. He had lost any sense of discomfort from the wet, and was in the numb condition of the utterly drenched. He could not spend the night like this, so he roused himself and stood staring, pipe in teeth, into the drizzle. The mist seemed clearer. He was a little stupid, so he did not hear the sound of feet on stones till they were almost on him. Then through the haze he saw a procession of figures moving athwart the channel. They were not his countrymen, for they walked with the stoop forward which no Englishman can ever quite master in his hill-climbing. Lewis turned to flee, but in his numbness of mind and body missed footing, and fell sprawling over a bank of shingle. He scrambled to his feet only to find hands at his throat, and himself a miserable prisoner.

The scene had shifted with a vengeance and his first and sole impulse was to laugh. It is possible that if the scarf of a brawny tribesman had not been so tight across his chest he would have astonished his captors with hysterical laughter. But the jolt as he was dragged up hill, tied close to a horse's side, was unfavourable to merriment, and raw despondency filled his soul. This was the end of his fine doings. The prisoner of unknown bandits hurried he knew not whence, a pretty pass for an adventurer. This was the seal on his ineffectiveness. Shot against a rock, held up to some sordid ransom, he was as impotent for good or ill as if he had stayed at home. For a second he longed to pull horse and captor with one wrench over the brink to the kindly gulf where all was quiet.

The bitterest ill-humour possessed this meekest of men. Normally he would have been afraid, for he was an imaginative being who feared horrors and had little relish for them. But there is a certain perfect bad-temper which casteth out fear, and this held him in its grip. He cursed the mountain solitudes and he cursed the Bada-Mawidi with awful directness. Then he chose silence as the easier part, and trudged like a stolid criminal till half in a daze of weariness and sleep he found that the cavalcade had halted.

The place was the edge of a little tableland where in a hollow among rocks lay a collection of mud-walled huts. A fire, in spite of the damp weather, blazed cheerfully in the midst of the clearing. There was commotion in the huts, every door was opened, and evil-smelling people poured forth with cries and questions. The leader of the newly arrived party bowed himself before a short square man whom we have met before, and spoke something in his ear. Fazir Khan looked up sharply at Lewis, then laughed, and spoke something to his men in his own tongue.

Lewis comprehended barely a few words of Chil, the Bada tongue, and he knew little of the frontier speeches. But to his amazement the chief addressed him in tolerable, if halting, English. It was not for nothing that Fazir Khan had harried the Border and sojourned incognito in every town in North India.

"Allah has given thee to us, my son," he said sweetly. "It is vain to fight against God. I have heard of thee as the Englishman who would know more than is good for man to know. You were at Forza to-day."

Lewis's temper was at its worst. "I was at Forza to-day, and I watched your people running. Had they waited a little longer we should have slain them all, and then have come for you."

The chief smiled unpleasantly. "My people did not fight at Forza to-day. That was but the sport to draw on fools. Soon we shall fight in earnest, but in a different place, and thou shalt not see."

"I am your prisoner," said Lewis grimly, "and it is in your power to do with me as you please. But remember that for every hair of my head my people will take the lives of four of your cattle-lifters."

"That is an old story," said Fazir Khan wearily, "and I have heard it many times before. You speak boldly like a man, and because you are not afraid I will tell you the truth. In a very little there shall be not one of your people in the land, only the Bada-Mawidi, and others whom I do not name."

"That is a still older story. I have heard it since I was in my mother's arms. Do you think to frighten me by such a tale?"

"Let us not talk of fear," said the chief with some politeness. "There are two races in your people, one which talks and allies itself with Bengalis and swine, and one which lives in hard places and loves war. The second I love, and had it been possible, I would have allied myself with it and driven the others into the sea." This petty chieftain spoke with the pride of one who ruled the destinies of the earth.

Lewis was unimpressed. "I am tired of your riddles," he said. "If you would kill me have done with it. If you would keep me prisoner, give me food and a place to sleep. But if you would be merciful, let me go and show me the way to Bardur. Life is too short for waiting."

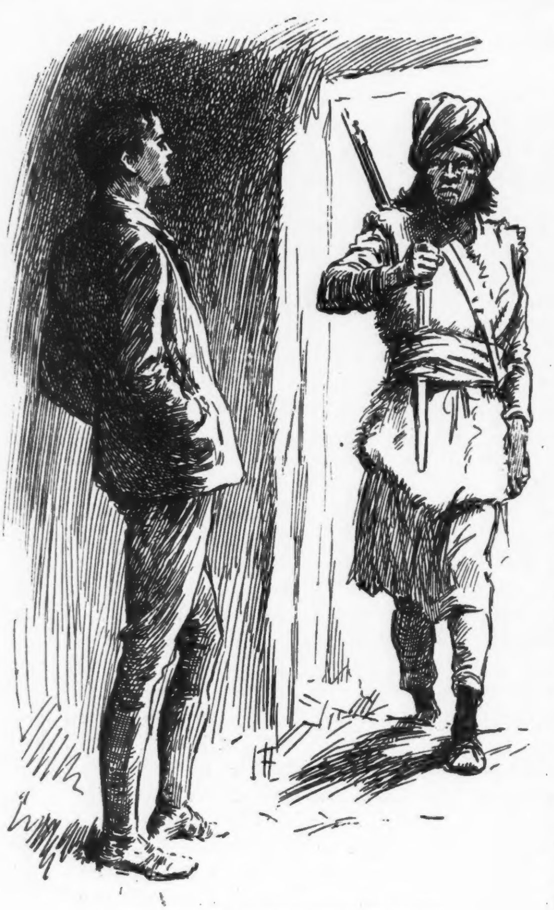
Fazir Khan laughed loudly, and spoke something to his people.

"You shall join in our company for the night," he said. "I have eaten of the salt of your people and I do not murder without cause. Also I love a bold man."

Lewis was led into the largest of the huts and given food and warm Hunza wine. The place was hot to suffocation; large beads of moisture stood on the mud walls, and the smell of uncleanly clothing and sweating limbs was difficult to stand. But the man's complexion was hard, and he made an excellent supper. Thereafter he became utterly drowsy. He had it in his mind to question this Fazir Khan about his dark sayings, but his eyes closed as if drawn by a magnet and his head nodded. It may have been something in the wine; it may have been merely the vigil of the last night, and the toil of the past hours. At any rate his mind was soon a blank, and when a servant pointed out a heap of skins in a corner, he flung himself on them and was at once asleep. He was utterly at their mercy, but his course, had he known it, was the wisest. Even a Bada's treachery has its limits, and he will not knife a confident guest. The men talked and wrangled, ate and drank, and finally snored around him, but he slept through it all like a sleeper of Ephesus.

When he woke the hut was cleared. The valleys slept late but he had slept later, for the sun was piercing the unglazed windows and making pattern-work on the earth floor. He had slept soundly a sleep haunted with nightmare, and he was still dazed as he peered out into the square where men were passing. He saw a sentry at the door of his hut, which reminded him of his condition. All the long night he had been far away, fishing, it seemed to him, in a curious place which was Glen Avelin, and yet was ever changing to a stranger glen. It was moonlight still, bright and warm on all the green hill shoulders. He remembered that he caught nothing, but he had been deliriously happy. People seemed passing on the bank, Arthur and Wratislaw and Julia Heston, and all his boyhood's companions. He talked to them pleasantly, and all the while he was moving up the glen which lay so soft in the moonlight. He remembered looking everywhere for Alice Wishart, but her face was wanting. Then suddenly the place seemed to change. The sleeping glen changed to a black sword-cut among rocks, his friends disappeared, and only George was left. He remembered that George cried out something and pointed to the gorge, and he knew—though how he knew it he could not tell, that the lost Alice was somewhere there before him in the darkness and he must go towards her. Then he had wakened shivering, for in that darkness there was terror as well as joy.

He went to the door, only to find himself turned back by the sheep-skin sentry, who half unsheathed for his benefit an ugly knife. He found that his revolver, his sole weapon, had been taken while he slept. Escape was impossible till his captors should return.



"Turned back by a sheep-skinned sentry"

A day of burning sun had followed on the storm. Out of doors in the scorching glare from the rock there seemed an extraordinary bustle. It was like the preparations for a march, save that there seemed no method in the activity. One man burnished a knife, a dozen were cleaning rifles, and all wore the evil-smelling finery with which the hillman decks his person for war. Their long oiled hair was tied in a sort of rude knot, new and fuller turbans adorned the head, and on the feet were stout slippers of Bokhara make. Lewis had keen eyesight, and he strove to read the marks on the boxes of cartridges which stood in a corner. It was not the well-known Government mark which usually brands stolen ammunition. The three crosses with the crescent above—he had seen them before, but his memory failed him. It might have been at Bardur in the inn; it might have been at home in the house of some great traveller. At any rate the sight boded no good to himself or the Border peace. He thought of George waiting alone at Nazri, and then obediently warning the people at Khautmi. By this time Andover would know he was missing, and men would be out on a very hopeless search. At any rate he had done some good, for if the Badas meant marching they would find the garrisons prepared.

About noon there was a bustle in the square and Fazir Khan with a dozen of his tail swaggered in. He came straight to the hut and two men entered and brought out the prisoner. Lewis stiffened his back and prepared not reluctantly for a change in the situation. He had no special fear of this smiling sinister chieftain. So far he had been spared, and now it seemed unlikely that in the midst of this bustle of war there would be room for the torture which alone he dreaded. So he met the chief's look squarely, and at the moment he thanked the lot which had given him two more inches of height.

"I have sent for thee, my son," said the great man, "that you may see how great my people is."

"I have seen," said Lewis, looking round. "You have a large collection of jackals, but you will not bring many back."

The notion tickled Fazir Khan and he laughed with great good humour. "So-so," he cried. "Behold how great is the wisdom of youth. I will tell you a secret, my son. In a little the Bada-Mawidi, my people, will be in Bardur and a little later in the fat corn lands of the south, and I, Fazir Khan, will sit in King's palaces." He looked contemptuously round at his mud walls, his heart swelling with pride.

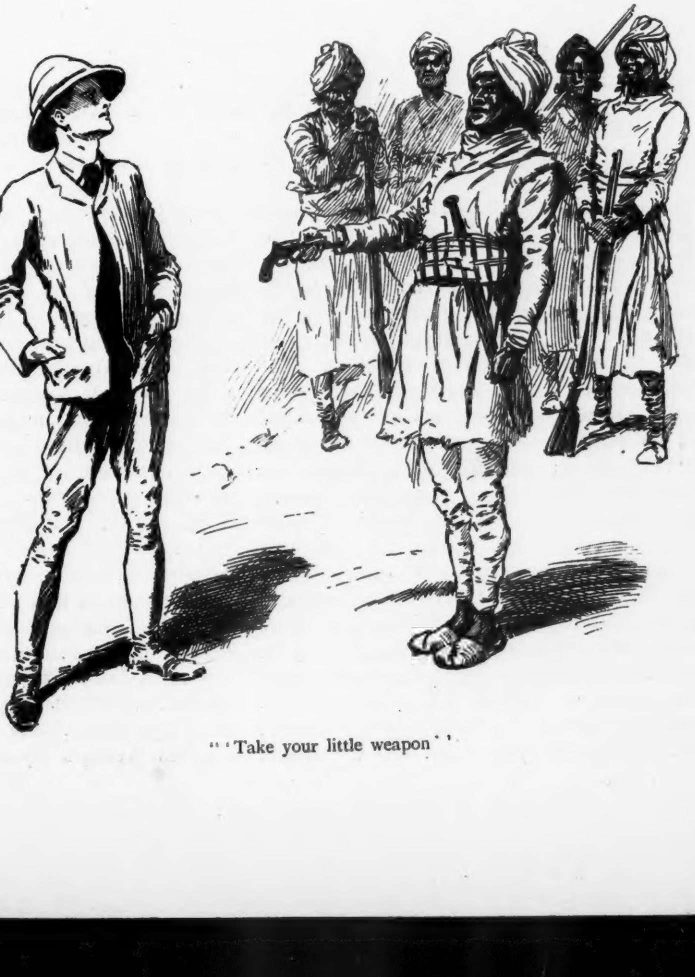
"What the devil do you mean?" Lewis asked with rising suspicion. This was not the common talk of a Border cateran.

"I mean what I mean," said the other.

"In a little all the world shall see. But because I have a liking for a bold cockerel like thee, I will speak unwisely. The days of your people are numbered. This very night there are those coming from the north who will set their foot on your necks."

Lewis paled to the lips. A thousand half-forgotten suspicions called clamorously. This was the secret of the burlesque at Forza, and the new valour of the Badas. He saw Marker's game with the fatal clearness of one who is too late. He had been given a chance of a little piece of service to avert his suspicions. Marker had fathomed him well as one who must satisfy a restless conscience but had no stomach for anything beyond. Doubtless he thought that now he would be enjoying the rest after labour at Forza, flattering himself on saving a garrison, when all the while the force poured down which was to destroy an empire. An Army from the north, backed and guided by every Border half-breed and outlaw—what hope of help in God's name was to be found in the sleepy forts and the unsuspecting Bardur?

And the Kashmir and the Punjaub? A train laid in every town and village. Supplies in readiness, communications waiting to be held, railways ready for capture. Europe was on the edge of a volcano. He saw an outbreak there which would keep Britain employed at home, while the great power with her endless forces and bottomless purse poured her men over the frontier. But at the thought of the frontier he checked himself. There was no road by which an army could march; if there was any it could be blocked by a handful. A week's, a day's delay would save the north, and the north would save the empire.



"'Take your little weapon'"

His voice came out of his throat with a crack in it like an old man's.

"There is no road through the mountains. I have been there before and I know."

Again Fazir Khan smiled. "I use no secrecy to my friends. There is a way though all men do not know it. From Nazri there is a valley running towards the sunrise. At the head there is a little ridge easily crossed, and from that there is a dry channel between high precipices. It is not the width of a man's stature, so even the sharp eyes of my brother might miss it. Beyond that there is a sandy table-land, and then another valley, and then the great plains."

The plan of the place was clear in Lewis's brain. He remembered each detail. The long nullah on which he had looked from the hill-tops, had, then, an outlet and did not end, as he had guessed, in a dead wall of rock. Fool and blind! to have missed so glorious a chance!

He stood staring dumbly around him, unconscious that he was the laughing-stock of all. Then he looked at the chief.

"Am I your prisoner?" he asked hoarsely.

"Nay," said the other good-humouredly, "thou art free. We have overmuch work on hand to-day to be saddled with captives."

"Then where is Nazri?" he asked.

The chief laughed a loud laugh of tolerant amusement. "Hear to the bold one," he cried. "He will not miss the great spectacle. See, I will show you the road," and he pointed out certain landmarks. "For one of my own people it is a journey of four hours; for thee it will be something more. But hurry, and haply the game will not have begun. If the northern men take thee I will buy thy life."

Four hours; the words rang in his brain like a sentence. He had no hope, but a wild craving to attempt the hopeless. George might have returned to Nazri to wait; it was the sort of docile thing that George would do. In any case not five miles from Nazri was the end of the north road and a little telegraph hut used by the Khautmi forts. The night would be full moon-light; and by night the army would come. His watch had been stolen, but he guessed by the heavens that it was some two hours after noon. Five hours would bring him to Nazri at six, in another he might be at the hut before the wires were severed. It was a crazy chance, but it was his all, and meanwhile these grinning tribesmen were watching him like some curious animal. They had talked to him freely to mock his feebleness. His dominant wish was to escape from their sight.

He turned to the descent. "I am going to Nazri," he said.

The chief held out his pistol. "Take your little weapon. We have no need of such things when great matters are on hand. Allah speed you, brother! A sure foot and a keen eye may bring you there in time for the sport." And, still laughing, he turned to enter the hut.

WATTS AND WESLEY: A CONTRAST

By the Rev. H. M. B. Reid, D.D.

IN associating Dr. Watts and Charles Wesley as hymn-writers, one feels that it must be largely by way of contrast. Watts is the type of middle-class dissent; dissent that has "waxed fat," and has acquired a tone and traditions almost equal to a formal establishment by statute. The Wesleys, on the other hand, were churchmen from first to last: Charles Wesley insisted on his remains being committed to consecrated ground; and though John Wesley was gradually forced to give form and government to his "meetings," he remained in his own judgment a loyal son of the Church of England. It has even been asserted that the Wesley movement was, at its start, a High Church movement; so that, as there were heroes before Agamemnon, it may be said that there was a Tractarian party before Newman and Keble. If Watts is the respectable staid singer of the middle-classes, the bourgeois hymn-writer so to speak, Wesley is perhaps the aristocrat among hymnists; but he is an aristocrat turned radical, a lover of the people, who finds a passionate joy in teaching peasants and artisans to sing the love of Jesus; a fine gentleman who is at home in the workhouse, the prison, and the lunatic asylum. When John Wesley supplied a preface to his brother's hymns, he prided himself on the fact that in these hymns there was no doggerel, nothing turgid, bombastic or low, no cant expressions; he claims for them "the purity, the strength, the plainness suited to any capacity." His aim as a hymn-writer was to unite good taste to piety, and he believed that his hymns were genuine poetry. Keble at a later date cherished a similar purpose: he expressly declares his object in the "Christian Year" to be the exhibition of the "soothing tendency of the Prayer Book." It must be added, that Charles Wesley's hymns have proved, historically, that they often hold an arousing and agitating rather than a soothing power; and there is something of irony in the fact that the verses of two such sober scholars and polished gentlemen as the Wesleys should have shaken the rafters of revival meetings, and pealed through open-air crowds in hoarse harmony. The first intention of the Wesleys, however, was to nourish a warm and well-ordered devotion inside the Church; and it is not unlikely that the true line of Wesleyan progress is seen in that party which, at the present day, is drawing nearer by degrees to the Establishment, and may ere long seek to rejoin it.

Isaac Watts was born in 1674, and died in 1748. These dates tell us their own tale. In 1674 and onward to 1685 Scotland was under a tyrannical and persecuting government; in England, Nonconformists had won a certain contemptuous toleration. Watts's father was in prison for Nonconformity when the child was born, and the son lived and died an Independent. An attempt was made in his early years to secure his talents for the Church, but he attached himself at twenty to the "Chapel" at Stoke Newington, which deserves mention because he made his first communion there. His first hymn is said to have been written owing to a remark made by his father, when the son complained of the quality of the hymns used in the chapel at home. The father retorted that he should try his own hand, and the hymn "Behold the glories of the Lamb" was the result. Others followed upon its success, and were sung from manuscript copies. Among them the characteristic verses beginning "There is a land of pure delight" are mentioned, and are said to have been inspired by the prospect across Southampton Water. They might well be suggested by any rural landscape viewed from the banks of a river, where

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green,

though not every mind would add, in face of so attractive a view, that

Timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

But Watts was, all his life, a physical weakling; his last thirty years were an unbroken record of ill-health, and his verses are often coloured with the despondency and nervous fears of an invalid. In this respect the sane and buoyant tone of Wesley is a pleasing contrast. Watts became the minister of the chapel in Mark Lane, where Caryl and John Owen had preached, and Cromwell's granddaughter was a member. But after a brief pastorate his health gave way, and a colleague was appointed. With him Watts laboured as he could until 1712, when a fever laid him aside, and he practically ceased to do regular duty. He was fortunate in having friends who received him into their house for the rest of his days. Readers of Dr. Johnson's "Lives of the Poets" will remember the quotation from Dr. Gibbons's biography, describing the even tenor of his life in the household of Sir Thomas Abney: "Here he enjoyed the uninterrupted demonstration of the truest friendship. Here, without any care of his own, he had everything which could contribute to the enjoyment of life, and favour the unwearied pursuits of his studies. Here he dwelt in a family which, for piety, order, harmony, and every virtue was a house of God. Here he had the privilege of a country recess, the fragrant bower, the spreading lawn, the flowery garden, and other advantages to soothe his mind and aid his restoration to health." It is a tempting picture, and raises thoughts of the possibilities of Christian kindliness as extended towards the preacher and pastor. It was at that time no unusual thing for scholar or divine to accept such grateful repose and bounty: no thought of unbecoming dependence seems to have intruded into such relationships between the wealthy layman and the impecunious clergyman; rather, the family held itself blessed by the presence of such a permanent guest.

It is to Dr. Johnson, too, that we owe divers racy particulars regarding Watts, which have not found a place in works on hymnology. Like Dumas' redoubtable hero, D'Artagnan (whose exploits the rising generation are now studying in sixpenny reprints), he was of low stature, hardly more than five feet; but he had a gift of impressive elocution, and a copious store of extemporaneous speech which arrested the attention of his hearers, as such gifts will continue to do till the end of time. Dr. Johnson adds that "he did not endeavour to assist his eloquence by any gesticulations, for as no corporeal actions have any correspondence with theological truth, he did not see how they could enforce it." On the other hand, he seems to have had the art of making an effective pause at the end of any powerful period. Altogether, Watts as a preacher appears to have shown no mean ability. We must not think of him, however, as simply hymn-writer and preacher; in reality, his serious preoccupation was philosophy, and even yet his work on the "Improvement of the Mind" has a certain value and place in the literature of that science. Summing up our general impressions, we are led to think of him as a scholar with a taste for religious discourse, rather than as a great preacher. It is not unworthy of record that he received the degree of D.D. from Edinburgh; Dr. Johnson says from Aberdeen also, and adds, "Academical honours would have more value if they were always bestowed with equal judgment."

Considered as a writer of hymns, Dr. Watts has the primary merit of being a pioneer in this sphere of activity. The demand for hymns became acute in his time, and he set himself to provide a supply which was only too abundant in quantity. In quality, all are agreed that he is seriously deficient. Mr. Garret Horder, in his book called "The Hymn Lover," declares that no man is fit to write more than from twenty-five to thirty really good hymns; and Watts wrote more than five hundred. Watts himself realised his defects, and among other self-judgments he admitted that Charles Wesley's "Come, O thou Wanderer unknown" was worth all he had ever written. He may be described as a manufacturer rather than a maker; yet he undeniably reached the heights in such hymns as "When I survey the wondrous Cross," which was described by Matthew Arnold as the finest hymn in the English language. It may be suspected that this hymn, like other great hymns of Christendom, gains its chief charm from the subject. The Cross of Jesus, the Blood of Jesus, have always an instant hold on the heart. Not all the mixed metaphors and the obscure meanings of "Rock of Ages" prevent it from being intensely dear to the Christian singer, because the central idea touches the sacrifice of Jesus. Unhappily, the hymn, like so many of Watts's, has gathered unedifying associations. The closing lines—

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
  That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
  Demands my life, my soul, my all—

have too often served to point the contrast between the loud profession of the singer and his meagre offering of his substance. The noble verses of "Our God, our help in ages past" are an imperishable part of devotional song; they have almost a national character, and might be sung as a people's anthem. "Lord of the worlds above" is a popular hymn of congregational worship. The verdict of Mr. Brownlie, in his handbook to the Hymnary, is that "When I survey the wondrous Cross" and "Our God, our help in ages past" are his two best hymns.

In strict criticism, it must be added that Watts as a hymn-writer lacks warmth and passion. It may be doubted if he had an ear for music, any more than Charles Lamb. When religion bursts into song, it must always show a certain *abandon;* the graver pace of prayer and meditation ought to break into a quick measure: it is not all to soothe, we must also try to stimulate and strengthen; and Watts's decent pedestrian verse is apt to grow tedious, or even to excite unbecoming levity. He seems to have in view mostly comfortable, well-to-do Christians. The note of penitence does not sound. One is tempted to think of him as of Voltaire's hero, who found that "all was for the best in the best of all possible worlds"—with the proviso that his world was one of chapel-goers and well-conducted, substantial persons. The heart-melting tones of "Just as I am, without one plea" are, from this point of view, worth all that he has written.

Coming now to Charles Wesley, we have to deal with the most voluminous of hymn-writers. "Saul hath slain his thousands, but David his ten thousands." Watts wrote nearly 600 hymns, but Wesley is responsible for 6500. It is a marvellous record, and must always remain a record unbroken. Born in 1707, Charles Wesley died in 1788. He belonged to a family as noted for its numbers as for its talents, being the youngest of eighteen children of Samuel Wesley, the Epworth incumbent, whose strange experiences of ghosts, or ghostly noises, have lately been referred to by Mr. Andrew Lang in his book on "Dreams and Ghosts." Epworth Rectory was the scene of plain living and vigorous, if not high thinking. The mode in which the father treated his eerie ghost-visits is a high example of sturdy sense and firmness. Charles passed from Westminster School to Christ Church, Oxford, where he became tutor. Like his brother John, he came under the influence of the Moravian brethren, and he dated his conversion from the year 1737. But a previous influence had touched him from William Law, the non-juror, whom Dr. Alexander Whyte has of late introduced to many Scottish readers, and whose "Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life" is one of the devoutest yet raciest books of its kind. In the Wesleys, both John and Charles, we find accordingly a piety which is never dull. If we associate some of our most tedious childish days with the humdrum verses of Dr. Watts, we have also, perhaps, to thank Wesley for a redeeming liveliness in words and music. Charles Wesley tried to be a curate and failed; his preaching did not suit Islington, the churchwardens objected, and he retired, to join his great and masterful brother in itinerant preaching. In this we are told that he had a success which was only second to Whitefield and his own brother's. In the Methodist movement, of course, John Wesley always took the lead; he would not indeed brook any control. The developments of Methodism did not altogether please Charles, especially the "ordination" of preachers, and the setting up of a sort of church government. But John Wesley maintained that he was no schismatic, and that such necessary steps of organisation were not a seceding from the Church, but only a "varying." Before his death he admitted that Charles was right, and that a separate Church must be formed. In his latter years Charles Wesley laboured as a Methodist preacher among the "Societies" in Bristol and London. Both brothers always paid much attention to the poor and criminal classes. Charles never ceased to visit the prison of Newgate.

Charles Wesley wrote hymns as naturally as the lark sings. "He lisped in numbers for the numbers came." His hymns were the outcome of his successive experiences. Birth, marriage, death; his own or his friends' joys and sorrows; Scripture story, and the defeat of the Pretender; earthquakes, battles, epidemics—all furnished him with topics. He was undoubtedly a born hymn-writer; and it is with an instinctive sense of this that his brother, in the preface already quoted, speaks of the poet who is "born, not made." Both brothers were possessed of musical tastes and a correct ear. Mr. Butler, in his recent volume on "Wesley and Whitefield in Scotland," gives an incident illustrating this point. "John Wesley was conducting worship, and his sense of harmony was ruffled by the discordant singing of an old woman. 'My good sister, you are singing out of tune.' 'My heart is singing, sir,' was the prompt reply. 'Then sing on, my sister.'" Every line of Charles Wesley's work shows the possession of a delicate ear for rhythm and cadence. His office was essentially to be the "sweet singer" of Methodism, as it was his brother's to be its law-giver and commander-in-chief. Mr. Green, in his "Short History of the English People," takes the view that Wesley's hymns were more the result than the inspiration of Methodism. The movement was running into "hysteric enthusiasm," and the hymns calmed it. I do not know if Mr. Green was a Methodist, but I rather suspect that the hymns played a very large part in raising the very enthusiasm which he curtly describes as "hysteric." John Wesley expressly states that many of them had been in use for forty years before they were collected in one hymnal, the famous "Collection of Hymns for the use of the People called Methodists," which appeared in 1780. The truth is, that the Methodist movement and the hymns acted and reacted on each other.

In Charles Wesley we see a man of breeding and high scholarship, with native Catholic instincts which had been melted down by the fires of mysticism into an evangelical fervour, a passion for the salvation of the poor and degraded. We cannot conceive him desiring to tame any enthusiasms which broke out among such classes. Methodism was the Salvation Army of its day; and if Charles Wesley's hymns are free from coarseness and extravagance, built, as Mr. Green says, on "chaste and beautiful lines," it is because the man was (what so many candidates for office are called, sometimes on inadequate grounds) "a scholar and a gentleman." If the Salvationism of our day has developed a certain coarseness, it is because the hymn-writing is done by people of a different class. Perhaps, also, Methodism did not really go very deep into the masses. It certainly does not at the present time, but has taken its place among the great middle-class systems of pietism, as all organised Nonconformity seems fated to do. Charles Wesley, as a singer, aimed distinctly at arousing enthusiasm—the enthusiasm for Divine Love. There could never be too much heartiness and joyousness in the meetings. A violent and irresistible assurance of God's pardoning mercy was what was deliberately sought for. Passionate emotion is the atmosphere of his hymns, while in Watts the air is cold and calm. Some of the Wesley hymns go like a torrent, carrying the soul with them. If we remember what these men were, by birth and culture, and what they had gone through; if we keep in mind the fact that they had tried High Churchism to begin with, and then had plunged into William Law's feeling of mystic self-consecration, and then into Moravian brotherhood and love; if we picture the scholarly pious temperament brought face to face with the problems of the day, and deciding for Christ with a final plunge and effort of self-abandonment; we know what to expect. It is not an uncommon case in our own time. The scholar, who is also a Christian worker, may either sink into a half-cynical endurance of things as they are in Church and world; or he may say, violently and finally, "Perish books and systems, and let me win souls! Away with smug decorum and dead-and-alive pew-occupying respectability: let me see men and women torn with the passion of religion, and for this let me become even a fool in worldly eyes!" And it was the latter course that the Wesleys took. Accordingly, no men were more laughed at and vilified at first. But the real value of their work remains on our lips and in our hearts, in the hymns which they have bequeathed to the Church.

Among Charles Wesley's hymns, the two best known in our churches are "Jesus, lover of my soul," and "Love divine, all loves excelling." Both are characteristic Wesley hymns, going straight to the heart even when read aloud, and much more when we sing them. It was, I think, the late Bishop of St. Andrews who roundly condemned the individualism of such lines as these in "Jesus, lover of my soul,"

Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
  More than all in Thee I find;
Raise me, fallen: cheer me, faint;
  Heal me, sick, and lead me, blind.

In most hymnals the lines have been changed. The Bishop, I think, drew attention to Lyte's beautiful hymn, "Pleasant are thy courts above," on the same ground, objecting to the closing lines:

Grace and glory flow from Thee;
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me!

His contention was, that for congregational use hymns should ask gifts for the whole people, and represent the general need, not that of individuals. It is a canon which would sweep away a large proportion of our most popular hymns; but it is a canon not to be accepted, since the congregation consists of units, and each unit is invited to sing for himself. In any case, the beauty, pathos, and value of the hymn place it beyond criticism.

It is hardly necessary to say that to Charles Wesley we owe the Christmas hymn *par excellence*, "Hark! the Herald angels sing"; that for Easter, "Christ the Lord is risen to-day"; and the Ascension-tide hymn, "Hail the day that sees Him rise." "Come, thou long-expected Jesus" is dear to many Christian hearts. A fine example of his manner is the hymn, "Weary of wandering from my God." And what child can be regarded as fitly taught who cannot at least repeat, "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild"? The most consummate piece of his work, though not itself a perfect or popular hymn, is, "Come, O Thou Traveller unknown," of which our hymn-books give only a very small part. Of this hymn it is told that, when John Wesley was preaching at Bolton in 1788, a fortnight after his brother's death, he tried to give it out for singing; but when he reached the lines:

My company before is gone,
  And I am left alone with Thee,

he broke down and burst into tears.

Of another of Charles Wesley's hymns, "Come, let us join our friends above," it is recounted as a strange coincidence that, at the very moment of his death on March 29, 1788, the Methodists of John Wesley's congregation were singing this hymn under his own direction.

The Fare of a Country Mouse

By the Author of "In Garden, Orchard, and Spinney"

SHAKESPEARE has the charming fancy of

> The joiner squirrel, or old grub,
> Time out of mind the fairies' coachmakers.

But it could have only been fairies who scorned appearances that would have ridden—"her chariot is an empty hazel-nut"—in equipages of the squirrel's carpentry. For the pretty creature is only an indifferent coachmaker, smashing up its nuts without any regard to the comfort or style of elfin carriage folk. All the squirrel cares about is, like Sancho Panza, "to get to the edibles, and that as quickly as may be." So that the shells which it leaves behind it would make but ramshackle chariots, mere shandrydans at best. Nor could the old grub help much to mend matters, as all he knows about the business of the joiner is the drilling of holes just fitted to his own particular size.

Had "mouse" been written instead of "grub," Shakespeare would have been as correct in his fact as he is charming in his fancy. I do not mean to say that it really matters whether Shakespeare was correct (which he very rarely is) in his natural history or not, for he stands alone outside all rules and regulations. But still the truth would not have made his lines worse poetry. For the wood-mouse is an ideal coach-maker for fairies. His work is so neat, so finished, so punctiliously elegant. The half-decked canoes, single and double, that he turns out are exquisite, so are his open boats, filbert skiffs and walnut punts; and the fairies have only to put wheels or skates on to them to convert them into pretty curricles and sledges. And his carpenter's box, his pretty little golden red head, has nothing but adzes in it.

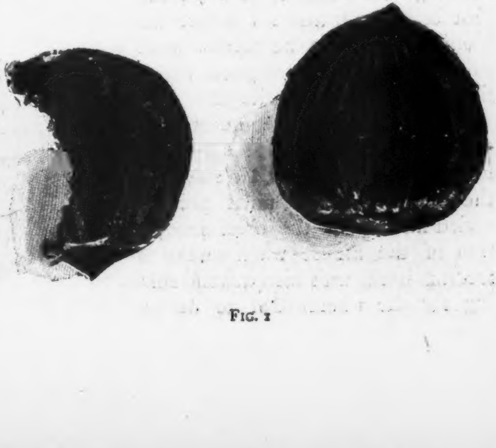


Fig. 1

Yet, like primitive man, who is still to be surprised in odd corners of the earth nibbling the trunks of large trees into shapely and commodious canoes with only an adze, the wood-mouse makes it both chisel and plane, saw and gimlet. Thus furnished, and with indomitable industry added, he fashions just such dainty shallops and coracles as fairies of taste would wish to be seen abroad in.

Yet the mouse's only idea in his artistic carpentry is the same as the squirrel's, to get at the food inside; the kernel of the nut. It is curious how in all lands where the wood-mouse and the dormouse flourish they are associated with "nuts." Even Science calls them "the nut-eaters." But though very important for a short season, nuts are not essential to them. Indeed, if all the filberts and hazelnuts and cobs in the world were to vanish, the mice, it may be, would not miss them. For these delightful foods happen to be most abundant and at their best just when Nature is most generous in the fruitage of her wild orchards, and, above all, in the ripening of grain.

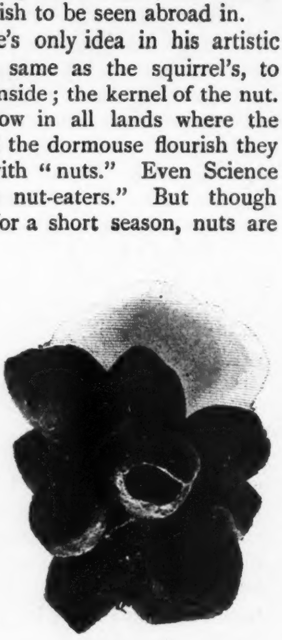


Fig. 3

What, then, do these little folk eat? What do they fetch from their larders for their guests? I wonder what the etiquette of mouse-visiting is. Does the stranger go and rummage for himself, or does the host bring forth and set before his friend such fare as he thinks most suitable, hoping that "good digestion may wait on appetite"?

But supposing the guest has come, not merely in response to an invitation to dinner, but to stay over the night, the host must provide varied fare. For the chief occupation of the mouse when awake is feeding itself, with intervals of looking for the wherewithal to do so. And surely it cannot be good form for a mouse to ask a friend to drop in and take pot-luck, and then when he arrives to propose they should go out and find something for dinner! Yet one cannot tell. The ways of these small woodlanders are very quaint. I have seen one, while eating a nut, sit upon another in order that a comrade should not get it. So that it is quite possible that the host and the guest may squabble for the titbits.

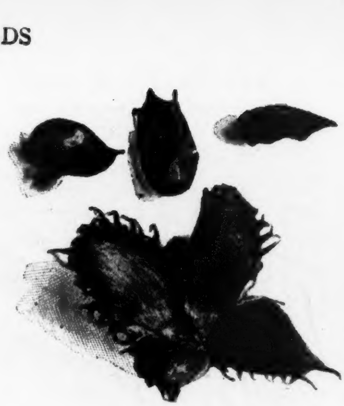


Fig. 2

The titbit of a meal in a wood-mouse's hole, or in the old thrush's nest where the dormouse so often feeds, would, I fancy, from my fallible human point of view, be a chestnut. Not the harsh glistening nuts that fall out of horse-chestnuts' "coats of mail," but the sweet Spanish chestnuts of our own dessert. Mice when they eat them (Fig. 1) leave very little behind, consuming often even the shells. It does not matter how wizened they may be, as tough as horn, the mouse disposes of them entirely, not leaving even a shred of the husk behind. But, of course, as a rule they find them either fresh fallen from the tree, juicy sweet, or, overlooked in some little pocket in the ground by the

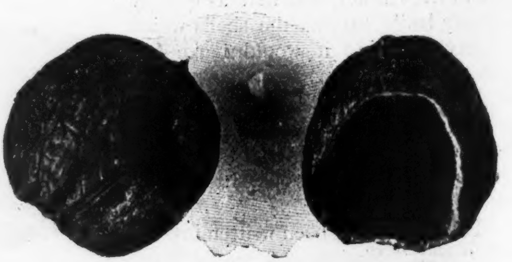


Fig. 4

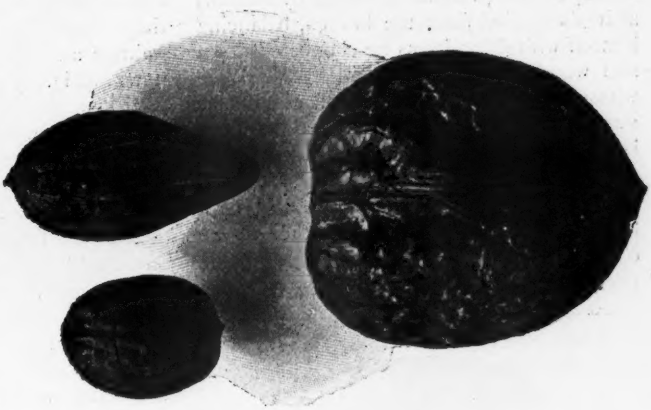
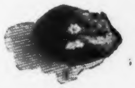


FIG. 5



squirrel, soft with the damp of overlying leaves, and plump, waiting for March to split and sprout. There is a little silky pointed tuft at the end of chestnuts. You may not, only eating them roasted, have noticed it. But I have often detected, by these tiny relics of a meal, the fare that my ruddy friends had fed on. As if one should eat up a pig and leave only the ring that had been in its nose to tell the tale of pork consumed. How they must have enjoyed that lunch! Every self-respecting chestnut holds a couple of edible nuts, and one can imagine the two little friends sitting up, as they are so fond of doing, face to face, one on this side of the rifled chestnut-burr and the other on that, their fluffy white waistcoats almost touching, nibbling away each at its nut as if they had made a bet as to who should finish first, or were working at a job for which they were paid, not by time, but by the piece.

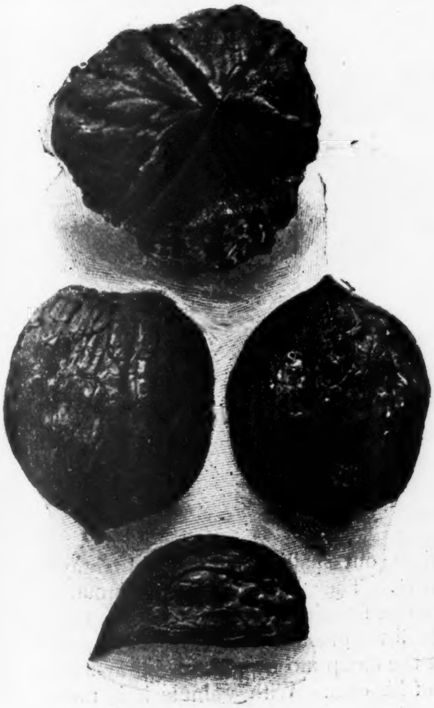


FIG. 6

After the chestnut, the beech-nut. These are very pleasant eating, if boyhood memories may be trusted. For I remember well that at Marlborough, where I was at school, there was a standing warning, flouted in the breach, that "beech mast" was unwholesome. And one day I had collected a pocketful, and coming back had shelled them and, assisted by a chosen chum and some salt in a paper, had eaten them all.

That evening two small boys, one short and fat, one long and thin, might have been observed (I hope the phrase is not copyright), creeping off to seek such relief as "the surgery" afforded.

But they agree with mice (Fig. 2) as well as with wood-pigeons, and both grow preposterously fat upon the beech-nuts—so fat that the mice, in captivity, go to sleep where they have debauched—and do not, cannot apparently, resent being rolled about, while the wood-pigeons are literally unable to fly, and can even be picked up, ridiculously protesting with their wings.

Next, certainly, come the nuts. Before the shells have hardened the mice delight in them. Think of the glee of the little forager when he comes upon a bunch of twelve "and all good." (Fig. 3.) Think of the absurd obesity of him (if he ate them all by himself) as he descended from the branch, balancing himself with difficulty as he clambered down and wondering, like the Little Wee Wifie whose skirts the Pedlar cut off, whether he was the same he that had started out from home and whether anybody would know him when he got back! It is one thing to be a slim and hungry little mouse climbing up a twig of a hazel, and quite another to be corpulently climbing down it after eating twelve nuts.

Sometimes, as in a certain orchard I know where a row of young walnut-trees are allowed to scatter their fruit as they will, in laurel hedge or ditch, the wood-mouse arrives at walnuts. (Fig. 4.) When the nuts are dry the mice, as the Americans say, "have no use for them." The shells are beyond their powers, and they roll them about, as helpless as Little Snowdrop with the Golden Barrel, unable to get at the contents. But the time comes. A mellow winter has softened the walnuts, and a promise of Spring has tempted the shells apart, and then—"oh! joy for Barbara." Think of it, being a wee supperless mouse, with two beautiful bowls of walnut suddenly placed before you. Would not you plump yourself down into a little red ball, with your tail coiled once and a bit round you, and gobble for dear life? I know I would. I love walnuts. But then there are walnuts and walnuts. (Fig. 5.) And it would be indeed a wise mouse who, meeting first a very small one and then a very large one, could guess that they were both the same fruit. What barges the shells of the big ones would make for fairies — what omnibuses!

FIG. 9

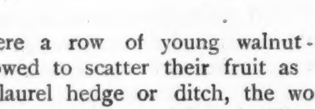


FIG. 11

FIG. 8

Whatever the time of the year, all these cates are at the command of any country mouse who is hospitably inclined. We humans, of course, imagine that things are either "in season" or out of it. The mouse does not. He knows very well that nuts come in not in October, but in the first week of August, and go out, not after Christmas, but never. They are always to be found. In Spring you can find freshly-split shells in any hazel-hedge bank. And when out snail-shell-hunting I always see them. They had started to sprout. The mouse, foraging along the hedge bottom, saw the little green-white points sticking up out of the damp moss and straightway made the nut his own. With walnuts it is the same. In April you shall see them lying freshly shelled in all directions. The squirrels

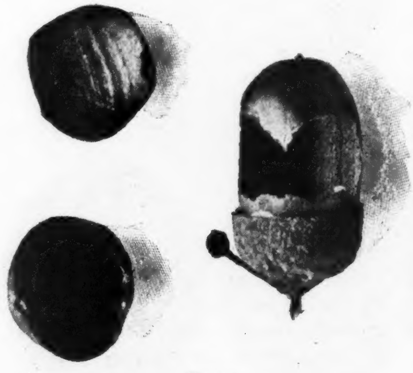


FIG. 10

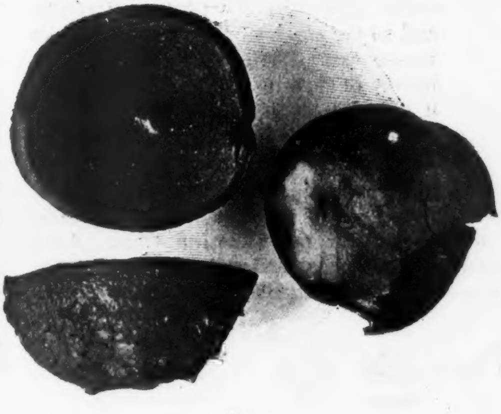


Fig. 12

buried them last October. They have now sprouted and the mice enjoy them.

Sometimes walnuts have three or four shells. (Fig. 6.) These the sapient squirrels never bury.

It is generally supposed, with what warrant I cannot guess, that grain is the staple of field-mouse fare. Probably the tradition has taken root simply because it is the staple of food of the majority of human beings. All I know for certain, myself, is that a score of field-mice, kept in captivity, left oats, rye, and barley alone if nuts of any kind (or bread) were in the dietary of their not unhappy prison. Wheat was another story altogether. It vanished and "left not a wrack behind." In every mouse-hole, or near it, you may find ears of wheat without a grain in them, threshed out completely. (Headpiece.) The outer coating of grains of barley, oats, and rye—the "husks"—are, I imagine, very flinty; as "silicious," indeed, as the stalks are, and unless they are softened by lying in damp ground, they do not commend themselves to mice. So, too, with dry peas and beans. They are allowed to lie unnoticed by field-mice even when almost starving. But plumped out by soaking in water—as they naturally are when sown in the moist mould of the garden—they are at once in favour. Alas for the mice! For then the gardener, if allowed, sets dreadful traps for their small pink trespassing feet.

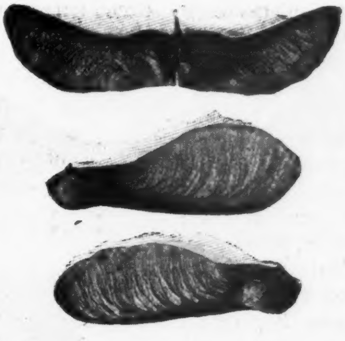


Fig. 13

And as yet I have said nothing about acorns. Of these there are at least three kinds that are common. There is the "fuzzy" acorn, with a long sweet kernel set in a hairy cup (Fig. 8), and the common bitter acorn of the "British oak"—albeit there are two kinds of these—and the sweet acorn of the evergreen oak. (Fig. 9.) Look at the shell of the bitter British oak-fruit. They are empty: always empty wherever found. (Fig. 10.) And look at those of the "sweet" oaks. They are *never* empty. (Fig. 11.) Of course, as I may have said before, it is not for "the likes of us" to go dictating to mice as to sweet and bitter, but the fact is distinctly curious that their taste is the reverse of ours—at any rate in the matter of acorns.

In hard winters mice will eat horse-chestnuts (Fig. 12) and evidently thoroughly enjoy them. But, if I may ask the old question once again, how does the mouse get the contents of the chestnut out of the shell? Sometimes, as will be seen from the illustrations, he solves the puzzle by taking off nearly half of the shell, but sometimes also he only makes a small hole, quite insufficient, to human thinking, for the purpose.

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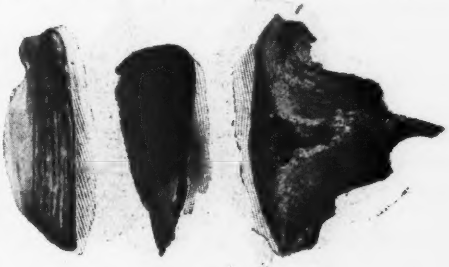

Fig. 14

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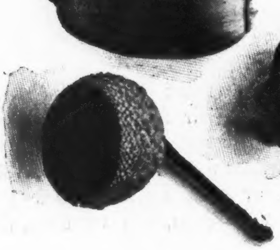


FIG. 9

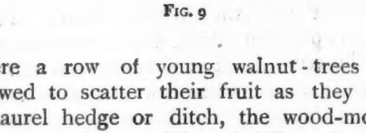
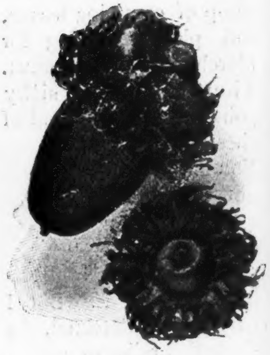


FIG. 11



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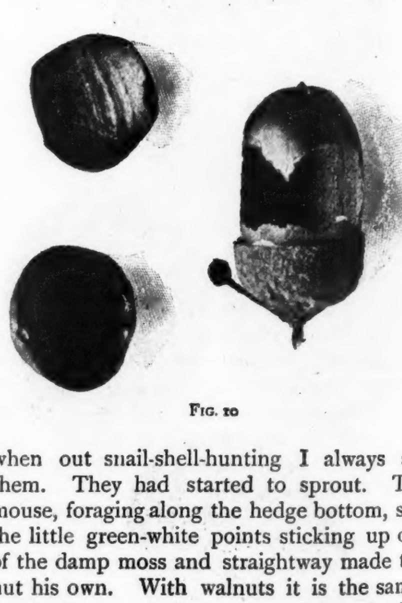
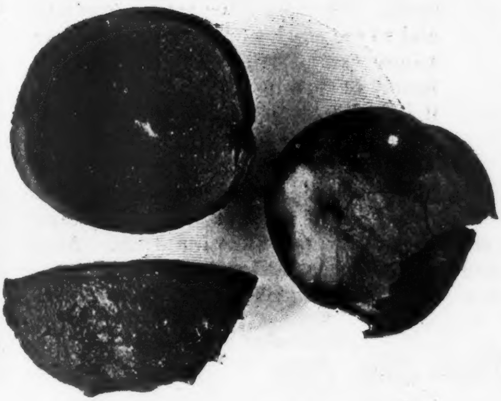


FIG. 10



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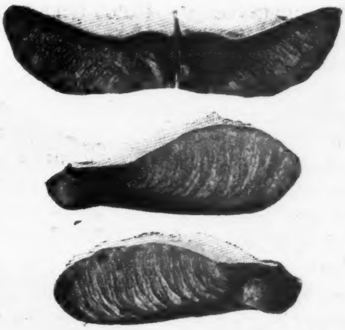

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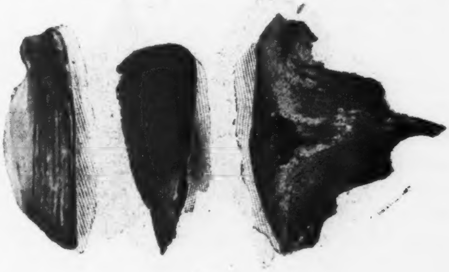


Fig. 14

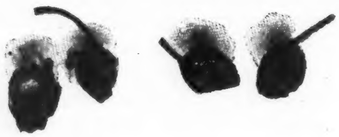


FIG 15

words—are greedily eaten, and so too, are the beautiful winged seeds of the firs and pines. (Fig. 14.) In all nature I know nothing more beautiful than the fruiting of the firs. I had as soon sit in my cane chair on the lawn in September and watch the seeds come twirling down, the squirrels busy in the tree above, the birds busy on the turf beneath, as "go to the play."

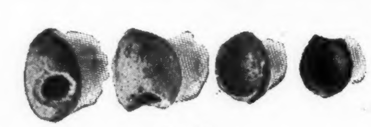


FIG. 16

Our doctors, though, might perhaps learn something if they were students of wild nature. The mice, for instance, revel in Prussic acid. For myself, I am "addicted," I confess, to ratafia and macaroon, and the almond-paste of wedding cakes. I know that the delicious flavour is prussic acid, as in noyeau and prunelle, my favourite liqueurs; but what of that? Prussic acid in small quantity, like a little strychnine, is on occasion good for us. But a little red mouse will sit down on its little red tail. and, one after the other, eat laurel pips (Fig. 15) till it has had enough. I do not think a child could eat the same number straight off without feeling instinctively that it had had more than were "good for it." Cherry-stones lie all over the orchard, split by the mice when coming Spring has weakened the hinges, and warmth, the universal solvent, has divorced the shells. (Fig. 16.) They too are "poisonous," and so are peach-stones. Yet what does the mouse care? There comes a time in the history of every peach and plum stone when, if it is not altogether rotten and good for nothing, it *must* split. The laws of the year demand it. And the mouse, the wretch! feasts on the kernels—kernels that should have gone to the making of "tipsy-cake" or the growing up of new fruit-trees. Are these tastes of the wood-mouse and the dormouse mere irregularities? I think not. They are confirmed and possibly hereditary habits, of which it is impossible to cure them, for if you catch a wood-mouse and shut it up with all kinds of food that you think your engaging little captive will enjoy, you will if you give it a poppy-head in seed, be shocked—unless travel has enlarged the circumference of your ideas—to find that opium in its crudest state is a favourite morsel of your mouse. When I think of those broad fields of white-flowered poppy that I used to see in India, one of the mainstays of our Indian revenue, one of the most debated of "British institutions," and yet as ineradicable from the East as the taste for beer from English life, it seems, somehow, strangely odd that these little ruddy rustics within our gates should love it so. Very wise men have spoken of the poppy as "the greatest curse" of humanity. Perhaps it is; perhaps it isn't. But mice do not worry about it, nor do any of our home-staying

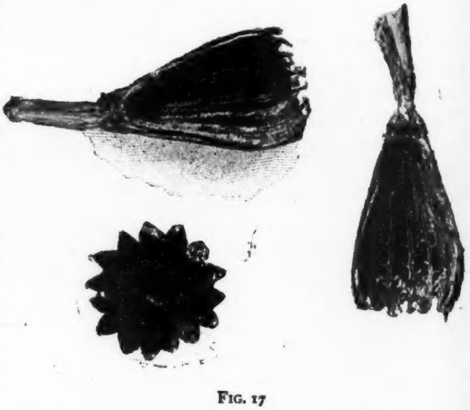


FIG. 17

FIG. 18

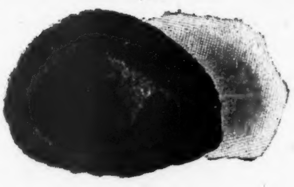


FIG. 19

English birds. And do you remember how in Aristophanes the Birds asked what they shall have to eat, and how the answer was—"poppy-seeds"?

And how prettily they split the poppy-heads to get at the tiny seeds. (Fig. 17.) And then to see them eat the seeds, minute as dust, and sit round the poppy-head, just like Horace and his friends at supper, "most enjoying what they most enjoyed."

It is a sad world, if irregularity of taste be sadness, and there is no doubt about it that mice are very "irregular" in their tastes. But after all, "live and let live" is a good motto, and wood-mice are very, very small and very pretty. So if they like prussic acid and belladonna and opium, why quarrel with them?

Sometimes it befalls the country mouse to be taken captive and to have "outlandish kickshaws" set before it—almonds, Brazil-nuts, hickory-nuts, monkey-nuts, pekans and sapucaias. Then do insular prejudices come to the front, and unexpected protests against exotic viands. The softer shelled foreigners they never assail—I speak, of course, only for my own captives—with the exception of the almonds. Oddly enough, knowing nothing about the fruit, they attacked them all along the keel, gnawing a slit from end to end down the hard ridge (Fig. 18), but there they stopped. The sawdust-like outer casing was novel and evidently very distasteful, for in spite of the temptation of the fine length of kernel that was exposed they abandoned them. The gritty fibre perhaps choked them.

"'There be acorns and acorns,' said the Country Mouse"

Queer, too, their attempt on Brazil-nuts (Fig. 19), which they fairly mastered, though again delivering their assault on the hardest edge. This probably was because they could not hold the triangular nut steady in any other position. But here again, after eating a good deal, they left the nut and never returned to it.

Unless the dormouse or field-mouse can twirl a nut round they cannot empty it. They hold it in the first instance between both their front paws, keeping it firmly on the ground, and gnaw a hole. When this is large enough they put their under-teeth into it, twisting and turning the nut rapidly round and round, from side to side, until they bring the kernel, which is loose inside the shell, in contact with their teeth. The rapidity and deftness with which they twirl it is most surprising, while the solemn expression of their faces during their conjuring makes it very amusing to watch them. When they carry a nut from one place to another it is hooked on to the lower front teeth and not held between the jaws, which, of course, could not open wide enough to hold a nut.

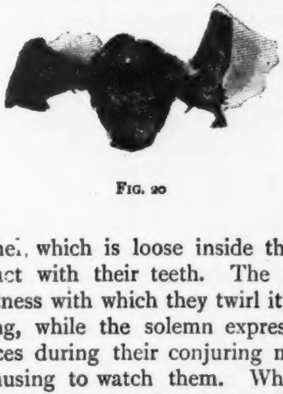


FIG. 20

In Phil May's famous picture of the two street boys, one of them asks the other, who is eating an apple, to leave him the core—"*There ain't going to be no core,*" is the greedy response. Here (Fig. 20) is the dormouse's idea of a core. Originally it was a nice little round russet. Two dormice began to eat it at once, and this was all that was left when their noses touched. The fairness with which they ate was undeniable, and the amiability when they were both at the middle, wanting to turn the apple round opposite ways, was delightful. But even Phil May's little street boy would hardly have thanked them for such a "core." Apples, when beginning to shrivel, all wild mice are fond of, but date and fig and raisin seldom tempt them. They turn from such tropical dainties at once if a head of rye-grass is offered them, and for the rest are, like honest little English country mice, well content with honest English country fare.

REMINISCENCES OF A HOLIDAY IN BASUTOLAND

By J. A. MACLEOD

Of the many visitors to South Africa, there are comparatively few who visit Basutoland, and yet I question if the traveller could go to a more interesting country. Apart from its peculiar conditions, difficulty of access and lack of good accommodation no doubt largely account for this, for there are no railways in Basutoland, and those in the Free State being few and far between, the visitor must be prepared for a considerable amount of coaching—not to mention a certain amount of roughing. Standing at an altitude of about 6000 feet, and partly bordered by the famous Maluti and Drakensberg, it is a country of magnificent mountain ranges, and has been well called the "Switzerland of South Africa." The soil is very fertile, and, with the good rainfall which, thanks to its altitude, it generally enjoys, is capable of producing as fine crops as are grown in any other part of Africa. The undulating and picturesque nature of the country, with its greenish grassy veldt, is refreshing to the eye, especially after the flat sandy Karroo, with its well-known "withered sheep-bush," which rather resembles our dry heather-bush. The climate is splendid, and the clean, pure, dry air, which fills one with fresh energy, is a pleasure to breathe.

Moreover, native life can be seen to advantage, for, though nominally a crown colony, it is really a native reserve, and the Basutos, who practically possess the country, retain many of their ancient customs, while their chiefs still exercise considerable influence. I heard an eminent Scotsman recently remark that he knew no country where one realised better the meaning of British prestige and justice or felt prouder of their country than in Basutoland, where a mere handful of British officials could be seen quietly and sucessfully governing a large native territory, and this without the assistance of any troops—the only force being some 250 Basuto Police.

Maseru, though a mere village or kraal, is the capital, and the residence of the British Commissioner. Situated close to the Caledon River, which partly constitutes the boundary with the Free State on the north-west, it is generally approached by visitors *viâ* Bloemfontein and Ladybrand. I give a "snapshot" of the coach which conveyed me by Thaba-Nchu to Ladybrand, a distance of about seventy miles. I passed the night at the latter place, and proceeded the following morning by post-cart to Maseru, travelling over "tracks" rather than roads, and crossing the Caledon and some smaller rivers, &c.

Surrounded by hills, Maseru lies partly in a hollow; the few European houses, with their common corrugated iron roofs and indispensable "stoeps" (or verandahs), being far apart and standing at different levels. On the outskirts and sprinkled through the village are native huts, principally built of mud, with thatched roofs, forming a large native settlement; while behind the village is an elevated grassy plateau known as "The Fort," which commands a good view of Maseru, and was, I understand, occupied by the British in the Basuto war of 1882. There are about 150 Europeans at Maseru, which is the principal European settlement, and the native population there must largely outnumber them, while in Basutoland the Basutos probably now number about 250,000 as compared with some 800 whites. I found the white

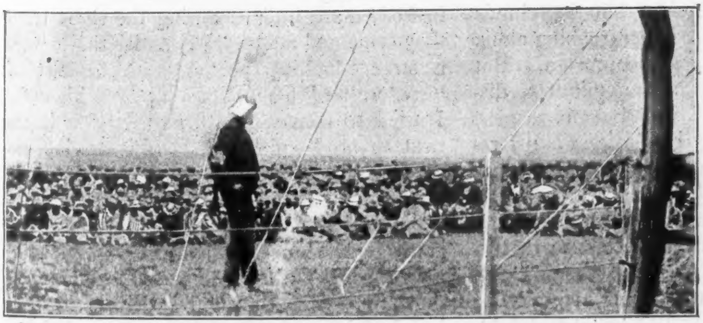
MASERU

people exceedingly kind and energetic, indulging in polo, golf, tennis, cricket and croquet, and it was a novel experience to play cricket on the "matting" they use abroad. Next to the Zulus the Basutos are physically and intellectually the finest tribe in Africa; and, indeed the "Fingoes," who are met with in large numbers throughout the country, are, I believe, members of dispersed Zulu tribes who have intermarried. The Basutos mostly wear blankets of divers colours —more commonly dark red— which reach to about the knee, though the younger generation even dispense with this loose garb, and run about in their bronze, chocolate-coloured skins. Many of the women have their faces tattooed in lines from the forehead to the chin, and across the face. The Basutos know a stranger at once, and if one remains long in the country they are frequently addressed by a nickname, such as "Father of tall men," "Father of long beards," &c., the more common and complimentary title being "Morena" or chief. When one meets a Basuto the general salute is "Lumela" (pronounced *dumelah*, and meaning "Good-day to you"), the reply being simply "E" (pronounced like *a* in day, and meaning "Good-day to you also"); or, supposing one wished to say "I like to travel in company," it would be "*Ke rata ho eta ke na le ba bang.*"

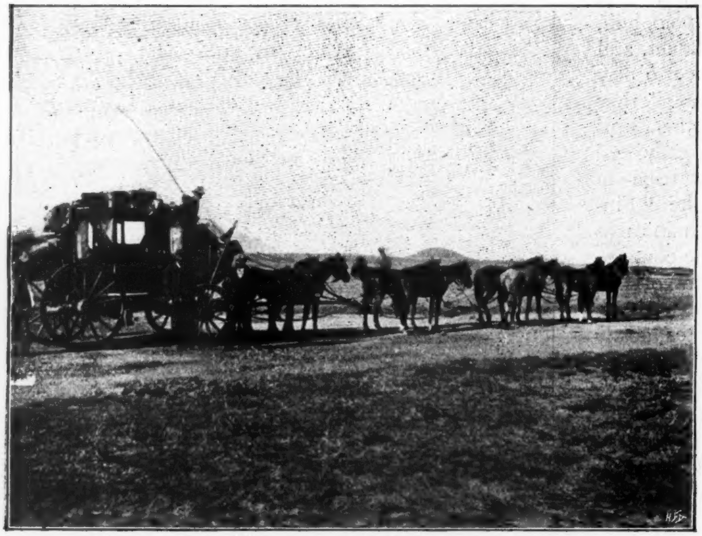
The women and children almost all wear coloured bead necklaces, and I learnt that some had a superstitious belief that in the event of a child being ill, the sickness is afterwards got rid of by throwing away one or two of the beads.

The sunsets are most beautiful. Towards evening the country gradually changes from a yellow to a reddish colour, while the sky, deepening from gold to crimson, casts the most perfect tints on the surrounding mountains and along the boundless veldt. In this lovely light it is picturesque to watch the wild-looking Basutos, with their red blankets hung loosely from the shoulder and blown about with the wind, as they clamber along the rocky sides of the hills, while their weird language for they converse with each other some distance apart, echoes in one's ears.

I was just in time to see the Pitso (or open-air Parliament) which is held once or twice a year in the mountains, about three hours' ride from Maseru. It was an interesting gathering, the Basutos and their chiefs sitting round in a large circle, from the centre of which the different speakers addressed the assembly. The Resident Commis-



NATIVE, IN EUROPEAN COSTUME, SPEAKING AT THE OPEN-AIR PARLIAMENT



COACH FROM BLOEMFONTEIN TO LADYBRAND

sioner, with his interpreter and some other officials, presided on a raised platform, and delivered his usual speech, which on this occasion embodied, among other matters, the raising of the hut-tax, a measure against which certain Basuto orators afterwards expressed disapprobation. Excellent order was maintained, and the various speakers were listened to with attention and respect.

One afternoon, while watching some Basuto Police sports, the sky suddenly became dull and threatening in the distance, the wind increased from a strong breeze to a hurricane, and in a few minutes we were in a sandstorm. One could scarcely face the sudden tempest. Tents were blown down, hats blown off, and, midst blinding clouds of sand, people could be seen rushing along before the wind in great confusion. But the storm only lasted a few minutes, disappearing as quickly as it had come.

I had not been long in Maseru when I received an invitation from a French missionary to visit him at Morijah, which was characteristic of the hospitality I received throughout South Africa. I do not think I shall ever forget the novelty and charm of the journey, which was accomplished during night. The post-cart by which I travelled left at midnight. Having ridden along some of the tracks by day, and knowing something of their nature, I could hardly believe that the journey could be made in the dark. Frequently passing over uneven rock surfaces, cut up by heavy rains into ravines, which ran along the sides, sometimes more than six feet deep, full of ruts and holes, in some places remarkably steep, with large stones lying about, now leading through rivers or descending across deep dry river beds, and totally unprotected by fence or wall, the "tracks" in Basutoland require cautious travelling even during the day. After all had gone to bed I heard the faint note of a bugle about 11 P.M. Looking out I could at first see nothing, there was no moon and the night was very dark, nor could I hear any sound save the soft sighing of the wind. Presently, however, a louder bugle note and the dim light of a lamp assured me the cart was waiting for me, and with stumbling steps I made towards it. It was an old two-wheeled cart with four horses, though when seated I could only make out the two nearest. As a rule, they have no lamps, but on this occasion we had two, which, being dim, only made the darkness in front more intense during the short time they remained alight. My native driver was a strange-looking person, with a sort of "sou'-wester" hat pulled well over his ears. I tried to converse with him, but he knew next to no English. As to his driving, he pretty well allowed the ponies to take their own way, and, as a rule, it is the safest plan. I was told of a driver who had got out the cart, and the horses, starting off without him, arrived safely at their destination the following morning. Still the native drivers have a wonderful knowledge of the roads, and, I believe, can see further than ordinary people at night. It was a most enjoyable drive, though decidedly rough; large stones now and then pitched one off the seat, and, being dark, one could not prepare for "bumps," which were often more than uncomfortable, while occasionally I thought we were off the "track," or going over a precipice, though I had great confidence in my driver. Now and again we passed waggons outspanned, below which a dark form could be dimly seen asleep on the ground, and the weary oxen, with their big wooden collars, resting close by. About 3 A.M. I thought I saw the dawn beginning, but it turned out to be the moon, which afterwards cast its pale weird light around. Passing large slumbering settlements we reached a solitary house, where we had some parcels to deliver. It was strange to hear the bugle break the impressive silence and echo along a hundred rocky mountains. At last the dawn began to break, growing from a dark grey behind the mountains into a bright silvery glare, and lighting up the surrounding country. Thus did we enter another day, and see the sun rise again on the far-stretching veldt and steep rocky mountains, whose summits mostly consist of rocky "caps," the precipitous sides of which, being frequently upwards of thirty feet high, are only accessible at certain points. We reached Morijah about 5 A.M., after a very pleasant journey, the "tracks" not being nearly so rough as I had anticipated.

Morijah is a charming place, situated among mountains and commanding a fine view. It is one of the principal mission stations in Basutoland, being I believe a branch of the Paris Evangelical Mission. It was my first glimpse of missionary life, and after a stay of over a week, during which I saw much of the work that was being done, I can only say I want no better proof of the utility and excellence of missions than what I saw at Morijah. Shortly after my arrival Mr. C., with whom I was staying, received news of the death of a native who had been at his school, and who had died in a native settlement in the mountains, and he asked me to accompany him there. We left after breakfast, and a lady missionary also went with us. The ride, as we galloped across the open veldt and drank in the fine air, was most delightful. Stopping to have lunch at a small house on the way, we did not reach our destination till about three in the afternoon. The settlement was situated on the side of a mountain, and we had to ascend by a steep rocky path, which at first seemed to my

(From a photograph by Mr. Germond)

MISSIONARY ADDRESSING BASUTOS

(From a photograph by Mr. Germond)

VIEW IN BASUTOLAND, TAKEN FROM BELOW THE MALETSUNYANE FALLS

inexperienced eye hardly accessible, but I had not then learnt what wonderful animals Basuto ponies are. "Keep a good grip of your reins, sit tight, and leave the rest to your pony," was my guide's advice; and so I followed him, though at certain points I did not care to consider what might have been the result had any of our ponies missed their footing.

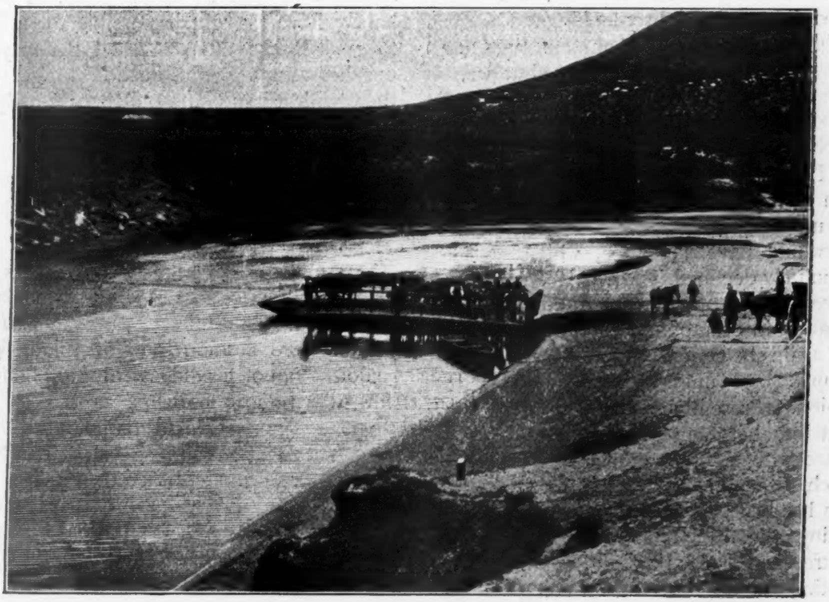
The settlement consisted of a large number of huts, generally having a circular enclosure made of reeds about six feet high in front, which formed a sort of outer court or roofless room in which the natives sat during the day. After passing a number of black pigs strolling wildly about, we were pointed out the hut we wished, and on reaching it found a small crowd of natives squatted around, mostly dressed in coloured blankets, some wearing hats made of dry grass or the skin of a wild animal. Proceeding through this circular enclosure, within which the chief mourners were seated, we entered the hut, which was quite dark inside, the only light getting in by the door, by which I was enabled to make out a roughly made wooden coffin lying in the centre and two natives standing beside it. The dead man was a Christian, and so this was a Christian funeral. After the coffin had been opened and the face of the dead shown us, we waited outside till it was nailed up. Presently the coffin was brought out, and we all followed in slow procession to the grave. It was an impressive sight, six wild-looking natives carried the coffin, around and behind which all the men followed—the missionary and myself about the centre—then there was a space, and the women followed in a separate body. As soon as the procession started, a few women who had remained in the enclosure began to wail, or rather they screamed and moaned as if tortured, and one even fainted. The missionary started a mournful Sesuto hymn, in which many joined, while between each verse and often above the singing was heard the wailing coronach behind. On reaching the grave we all squatted around while the missionary conducted a short service in Sesuto. The chief of the village was present, and afterwards shook hands with us. On our ride home we were caught in the darkness, but our ponies could be trusted to find their way back over the rocky mountains.

With regard to the ordinary heathen burial, it was the Basuto custom to bury their dead in a sitting posture, and generally in their kraals, but this practice is becoming less common. They are indifferent regarding the graves of their dead, which are left unprotected by wall or fence.

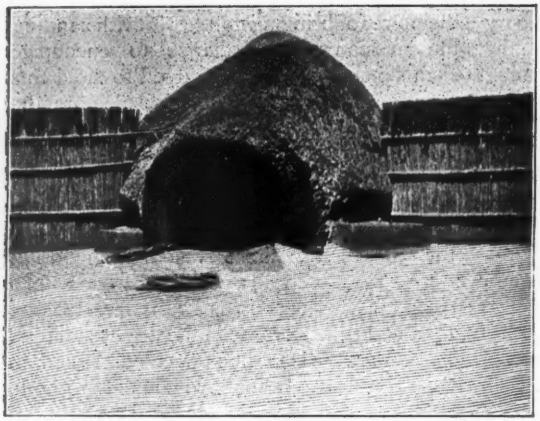
Marriage by cattle, according to the well-known native custom, is universally practised. The price of a wife is about fifteen head of cattle, though the value varies largely according to the circumstances of the case and the nature of the bargain. Polygamy is common, and exists along with many other old customs. One rather curious law, I believe, stipulates that when a man dies his wife or wives pass to the brother, who, if necessary, must support them, and in certain cases the burden is not light.

Another interesting ceremony I witnessed was a service for rain, which was badly needed at the time. It seems that the father of a missionary, whose memory was much respected, had been credited with the power of bringing rain, for it happened that rain had come on more than one occasion after his petitions. As the Basutos believe that the son inherits the spirit of his father, this missionary was supposed to have also the power of bringing rain. Notwithstanding the missionary's reluctance to encourage such superstition, he was urged to hold this service, and accordingly it took place in the open air under some large blue gum-trees. Lerothodi (the paramount chief) and over two thousand natives, embracing many heathen, were present. A number had thin branches of the willow tree twisted round their heads with the leaves drooping down over their foreheads, while nearly all had "smeared" their skins with fat, making them shine like bronze in the bright sunlight. After the service, which was conducted in Sesuto and lasted about two hours, Lerothodi, who was magnificently dressed in European costume, rode back to his settlement, and ascended the side of a hill opposite, proceeding, as was the custom, some distance in front of his followers. It was a curious picture to see this native chief wearing a silk hat, followed by a large escort of mounted natives clad in blankets!

Some days later we started to visit the chief's settlement, which consisted of a large number of huts on the side of a mountain. We were received by his native secretary, who



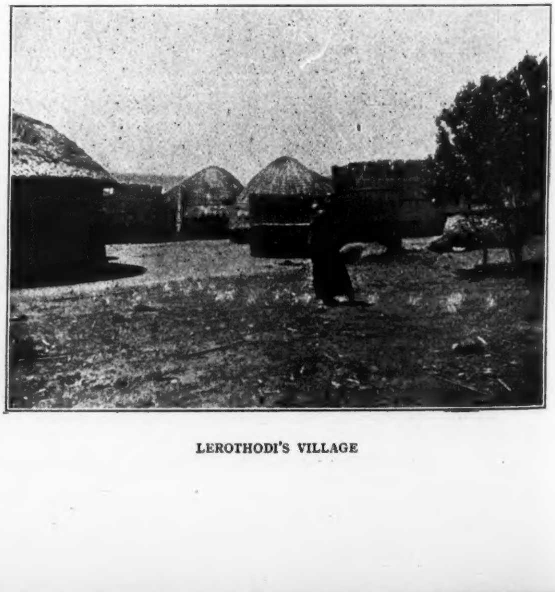
THE CALEDON RIVER—VIEW SHOWING POINT WHERE THE MAIN ROAD CROSSES TO MASERU



THE QUEEN'S HUT

informed us that Lerothodi required to leave early that morning, and would be back later, but he offered to introduce us to his principal wife. (I was told he had about sixty.) After passing various huts we reached a larger and more modern-looking tenement, and here waited to meet "Her Royal Highness." I cannot say I was greatly impressed when at length she came slithering out on to the little stoep where we were, chewing a straw and wearing a dirty-looking red blanket. Rather short and somewhat stout, the Queen looked anything but civilised, but we, of course, treated her with every respect. At first she did not seem to like my camera, at which she cast suspicious glances; and I therefore put it some distance from me. Seats were brought out for us, and she kindly asked if we would have some tea, which we politely declined. Mr. C. then endeavoured to carry on a conversation in Sesuto, and every now and again she condescended to say "oum" or "um" in a dreamy fashion. Presently she rose and went into her house, but soon returned with a bone in her hand, which she commenced to "crunch" with her beautiful teeth like a dog, licking the red marrow in the centre, and every now and again spitting out fragments. On rising to go she did me the honour of asking me inside her house. On the earthen floor of the first room, which was very dark, six old-looking native women—(whom I concluded were the "maids-in-waiting"!)—were squatted in a row, picking their teeth with straws in silence. After being shown into another plain apartment, I returned with my friends to say farewell to the Queen and her companions. Following their example, I passed along the row of women, who remained seated while we shook hands with each, with the simple drawled greeting "Ay," which they solemnly repeated. We were then shown round the settlement, and passed a large number of huts, which belonged to Lerothodi's wives; one large structure being pointed out as the place where Lerothodi tried less important cases and administered justice. I was also permitted to take a snapshot of the hut belonging to the Queen.

Before leaving Morijah I accompanied a small party to see the view from the top of a high mountain. The path by which we ascended was of the roughest and steepest description, and at some points I would hardly have thought it possible for a horse to go. Rocks often blocked the way, but our horses managed somehow to get over them with a jump, and only occasionally did we find it necessary to dismount. On



LEROTHODI'S VILLAGE

reaching the summit we had a splendid gallop across a fine plateau before dismounting. The view was wonderful, the magnificent panorama of great mountain ranges, with their bold rugged outlines, stretching like a stormy sea to the horizon.

CIRCULAR REED ENCLOSURE ON FRONT OF NATIVE HUT

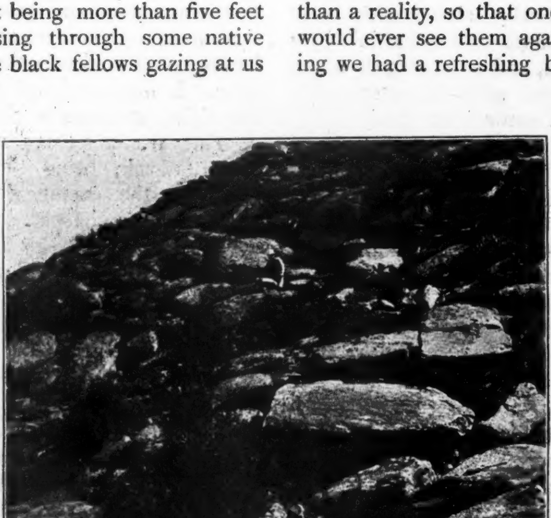
On the conclusion of my delightful visit at Morijah, I rode back, with the assistance of a native guide, to Maseru, and had an opportunity of inspecting Thaba Baciu, the famous Basuto stronghold, on my way. We reached the latter place about mid-day, after a pleasant, if rather warm ride, the heat being about 94° in the shade, but had to abandon the ascent of the mountain in the afternoon, owing to a severe thunderstorm. After an early breakfast the following morning, I started on foot with a native guide to climb the mountain, as it was considered almost too steep for even a Basuto pony! It was on the summit of this mountain that the celebrated Moshesh gathered his men, and successfully defied his enemies to drive him from the position, and it required little imagination to realise how easily it could be done.

Standing practically alone, with steep rocky sides, its summit only accessible by a few narrow ravines, and consisting of a fine grassy plateau some miles in extent, with natural springs, it seemed an ideal stronghold. Though not a high mountain, I found it a pretty stiff climb, as the sun was tantalisingly hot, and it proved a sufficiently trying task to get to the top, without having large falling stones or assegais to add further interest to the undertaking. After clambering along the side of a narrow ravine we reached the summit, and broken walls running close round its edges showed how carefully it had been fortified, and how hopeless it must have been for the assailants. Walking across the plateau we suddenly came on a great stretch of yellow sand, some twenty feet deep, which I was informed gradually moved with the wind from one part of the mountain to another, though it might take some years to do so. It is on the top of this mountain that the paramount chiefs are buried, and I saw their graves (including that of Moshesh), consisting simply of a pile of stones, with the name roughly marked on one. When a paramount chief dies, his body has to be conveyed to the top of this mountain, although, as I believe was the case in 1892, it meant nearly a week's journey. From the opposite side I had a good view of Masupha's village, which had been "eaten up" during a tribal war the previous January. There was scarcely a hut which had not been destroyed, and, with many standing roofless, it presented a desolate and sorry appearance. I met a native who had been in the fight, and was hobbling along with a crutch. It seems that when crossing a river on horseback, being pursued along with others by the enemy, he was holding his feet up above the water, when a shot suddenly went through his heel, then through his horse and killed it, and finally passed through his other heel. But he managed to escape!

One afternoon, near Maseru, what seemed like a dense cloud of smoke passed round the edge of a mountain, appearing as if some native village was on fire. But instead of fading away like smoke, it retained its density and stretched across mountains and sky for some miles, and seemingly without termination. As this cloud came nearer, however, I saw it was composed of millions of small particles flying along like dust, and soon realised it was a swarm of locusts. They appeared in the distance indeed like smoke, some skimming over the top of a distant mountain, others in the same line surmounting one closer, and behind them all the cloud still came on. On a green plateau close by I observed some natives attempting to drive them away as they fell to the ground and rose again. Numbers drop to the ground in this manner in order to have a rest. It took two and a half hours for this swarm to pass a given point; but in the case of a large swarm they will continue to pass for more than a day, and so dense that a shadow is cast over the country. When afterwards passing through two swarms, it was like facing a snowstorm; and on attempting to ride quickly through them they rattled like heavy hail, being over an inch long, against my boots, face, hands and pony, till I had to proceed at a walk.

Towards the end of 1898 a party arranged to camp out among the mountains during Christmas, and kindly invited me to join them. I rode in company with an officer of the Basuto Mounted Police and others to the camp. The ride across country was most enjoyable, and we crossed the Caledon and some small streams on our way. The scenery was beautiful, and I noticed some fine green crops, the mealies (sort of Indian corn) at one point being more than five feet high. After passing through some native villages—the little black fellows gazing at us in astonishment—and over some hills, we reached a small river called the Koro Koro, my friend shortly afterwards pointing out a distant valley between two high mountains as our destination. About sunset we reached the camp, pitched in the centre of a beautiful valley, with the Koro Koro River flowing close beside it. It consisted of seven tents and three marquees, the largest of which was formed by canvas stretched from the roof of one ox-waggon to another, thus protected at both ends by waggons. The front was left open for the fine view across to the magnificent mountains which rose abruptly opposite. At night it was sublime, sitting at the long table spread with plenty and surrounded by a genial, merry company whose tongues rattled as hard as their knives and forks, while one watched the moon rising slowly and silently behind the mountains and casting its pale, peaceful light around. At first one felt inclined to do nothing but gaze in silent admiration. Down nearer the river a fire flickered in the darkness, and by its red glare the black cooks were busy "dishing" our dinner. I had a nice tent on the outskirts of the camp, with the grass as a carpet; an empty bottle with a candle stuck in the end and a towel hung on the tent-pole, completing the furniture. In the evening we had games and music—my enterprising friends having brought a harmonium—and there was always the walk in the moonlight before turning in, which was usually the signal for practical jokes. It was all like another world. The British Isles seemed more like a dream of the past than a reality, so that one wondered if they would ever see them again! In the morning we had a refreshing bathe in the Koro Koro River, and thereafter a ride before breakfast.

I wonder what the Basutos thought of us, though we were not troubled much by their curiosity, as the nature of our expedition had been explained with satisfaction to the chief, who kindly permitted us to



SIDE OF A KOPJE

camp in the Koro Koro valley in peace. On the last night, however, a number came to have a look at us, and, squatting down some distance in front, appeared to be deeply interested in watching us eat with knife and fork. It was New Year's Eve, and most of us sat up till midnight, when we all joined hands in a ring, and sang "Auld Lang Syne," in which even the mountains joined with their fading echoes. Never before had that song appealed to me so strongly, and as the old familiar words rang out and melted away in the depths of that fine African night, I am sure they throbbed with tender thoughts of other days, and recalled the mother-country to many of her wandering children. Surely it is such songs and such occasions as these that form the links in that mighty chain, which, binding the old country with her most distant sons, unites them in one great bond of sympathy, patriotism and unswerving loyalty.

It was with feelings of much regret that I bade adieu to Basutoland and the many kind friends there, who, adding so much to the enjoyment of my visit then, have left me only the pleasantest recollections and a sunny memory that will help to brighten the dullest hours.

THE UNDERWORLD OF LONDON

BY LEONARD W. LILLINGSTON

ILLUSTRATED BY A. D. M'CORMICK

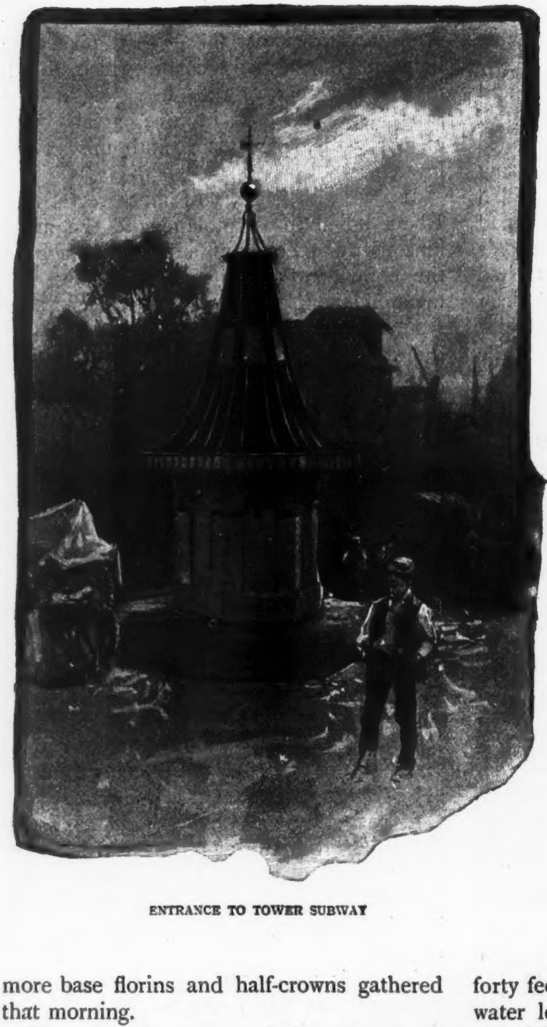
THOUGH the mileage of the London subways is inconsiderable, they play a very important part in its underground economy, and amply repay a visit. They are clean and dry whilst the ventilation is almost perfect. Only a thin crust of earth separates you from the street above. Even the differing sounds of the traffic can be distinguished, whilst through the shafts broken scraps of conversation float down to you.

If subways were universal much good time and labour spent in breaking up the streets would be saved; for the gas and water mains, the electric, telephonic, hydraulic and pneumatic services, instead of being buried in the ground, would be placed in the subways. If a fracture were suspected no excavation would be needed. A pass would be all that would be required, and a workman would straightway go down and set the matter right.

This is the function of the subway. Incidentally this makes it fairly populous. You will not travel far without coming across a workman tinkering at a pipe, or a knot of men engaged in overhauling electric light cables.

One subway does not differ greatly from another. Beneath the bridge spanning Farringdon Street huge iron gates on either side give ingress to the largest continuous section of the City subways. Holborn is above you, Farringdon Street below; all the subways are therefore not at the same level. You pass over the London, Chatham and Dover Railway through an iron cylinder about seven feet high and twelve wide. There is an iron floor, only a sixteenth of an inch in thickness, between you and the line beneath.

There is no fear of losing one's self, for each street of this nether world is labelled as in the world above. They were illuminated with gas-jets, in honour of the special occasion on which I had the opportunity of visiting them, but even without this artificial aid a fair amount of daylight filters down through the ventilating shafts. The huge iron caldrons upon tripods, standing under each shaft, have a sacrificial air; but they are merely receptacles for any dust which may come through from the roadway. Other things sometimes find their way through, as, for example, base coins and empty purses, dropped by coiners and thieves when the hue and cry has grown too hot for them. I was shown half a dozen or



ENTRANCE TO TOWER SUBWAY

more base florins and half-crowns gathered that morning.

There is little or no variation of temperature here, and the weather is always fine. A heavy fall of snow or rain seldom does more than fill the caldrons. There is enough gas in the huge mains running alongside of you to blow the street above to atoms, but no explosion has ever occurred, though, by way of precaution, the subways are each morning carefully inspected before the workmen enter them. Leakage is reduced to a minimum by the ease with which the pipes can be inspected. The escape from buried mains, according to an estimate of some years ago, bore the huge proportion of one-eighth to the total amount. That estimate may need revision, but the advantages of the subway over the old system remain incontestable. The gas, escaping underground, corroded the water-pipes and contaminated the water. One householder wrote to his water company to know whether it was gas or water they were supplying. He merely mentioned the matter, he said, because one of his servants, having occasion to draw water at night, and going with a lighted candle, had blown off the roof of his washhouse. This may be capped by the story of the mysterious spring of whisky and water which broke out in an East End thoroughfare. Upon investigation it was traced to a private water main, which ran between two distilleries owned by two brothers. The Excise seems to have taken a harsh view of the matter, for they prosecuted these distillers, and though several eminent chemists were called and gave evidence as to peculiar waters and remarkable springs, defendants were heavily fined.

The hydraulic mains are not less interesting features of the subway. They supply the power for raising lifts and other purposes. Some idea of the force and economy of this service may be gathered from the fact that a lift weighing a ton can be raised forty feet and not more than two gallons of water lost in the effort. The strain upon the hydraulic mains is necessarily enormous. Before being laid each length of piping is tested to a pressure of two thousand pounds to the square inch. Further precautions are provided in the form of automatic safety valves. These blow off when the pressure exceeds seven hundred pounds.

The pneumatic service is used for the conveyance of telegrams and despatches. Telegrams are not in all cases sent over the wires. When the distance is short the message is placed in a felt cartridge and blown to its destination through a pneumatic tube.

The City has about two and a half miles

of subways; the London County Council about four miles. Now there are fifty miles of streets in the city of London alone. But subways are extremely expensive; they cost about thirty pounds a yard. This heavy charge is in part due to the fact that the local authority is bound to lay down a complete service of new mains before taking up the old ones. The gas and water companies were formidable opponents of the subways. The Metropolitan Board of Works, having constructed one under Southwark Street, had to get a special Act of Parliament to force them to make use of it. About seven thousand servants of the various companies now visit the City subways during the year. The number of casual visitors, chiefly provincial engineers or engineering students, is not large. The section beneath Charterhouse Street, St. Andrew's Street, Shoe Lane and Farringdon Street was finally completed in 1872. For a short time numbers of people flocked to see it; then the subways were forgotten, and it is questionable whether, of the many thousands of persons who every day pass up and down these busy thoroughfares, one in five hundred is so much as aware of their existence.

Subways under the Thames are now common enough, but the secret of their successful construction defied the engineer for a long while. Brunel did not go deep enough in constructing the Thames Tunnel. He was misled by the geologists, who told him that below a certain depth a quicksand would be found. Accordingly he drove his tunnel a few feet below the bottom of the river, and there were continual irruptions. The remedy was worthy of his imaginative genius. As the bed of the river fell in the holes were filled, by men in diving-bells, with bags of clay spiked with hazel-rods. Four thousand tons of clay were thus used in one operation alone. Practically a new bed was made to the river.

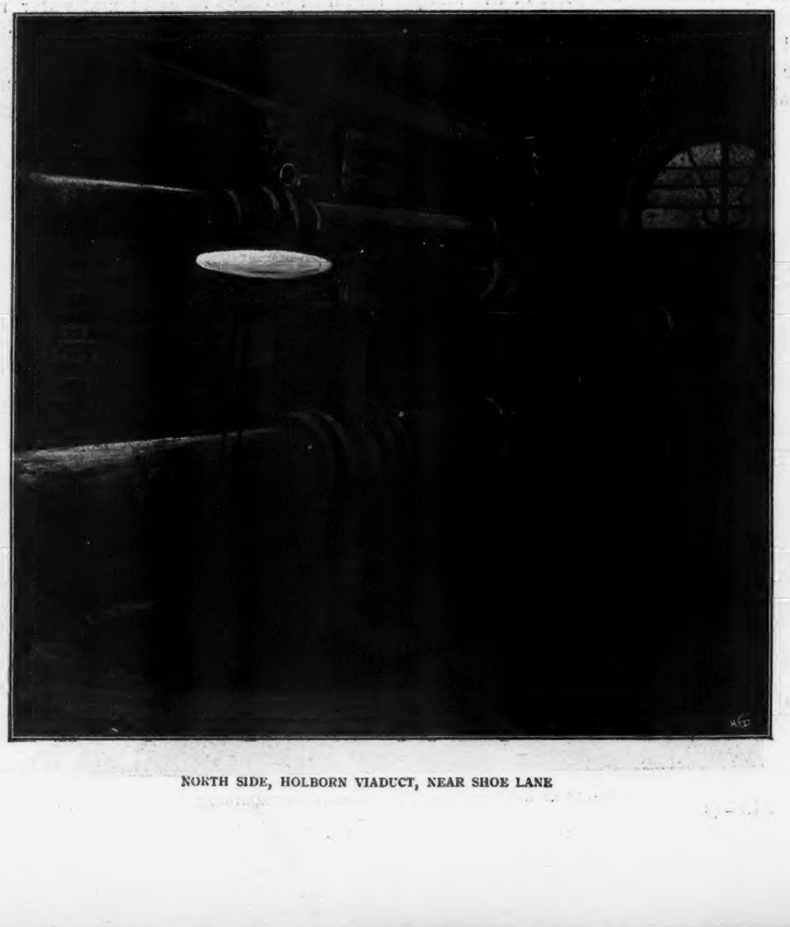
It was an heroic enterprise. "The men worked like labourers in a dangerous coal mine, in constant terror from either fire or water. Now and then a report like a cannon-shot would announce the snap of some portion of the overstrained shield; sometimes there were frightened cries from the foremost workers as earth and water rushed in and threatened to sweep all before them. During these alarming irruptions large quantities of carburetted and sulphuretted hydrogen would burst into fire and wrap the

JUNCTION AT HOLBORN CIRCUS AND CHARTERHOUSE STREET whole place in a sudden sheet of flame. . . . The miners and bricklayers, encouraged by the steadfast hand at the helm, got quite accustomed to these outbursts, and at the shout of 'Fire!' and 'Water!' used to cry, 'Light your pipes, my boys,' reckless as soldiers in the trenches."

Upon a memorable day sixty thousand cubic feet of soil fell in at once, and at the same time a part of the Wapping shore sank, leaving a huge hole thirty feet broad and thirteen feet deep. During the twenty-five years occupied in the construction of the tunnel several lives were lost, and there were countless hairbreadth escapes.

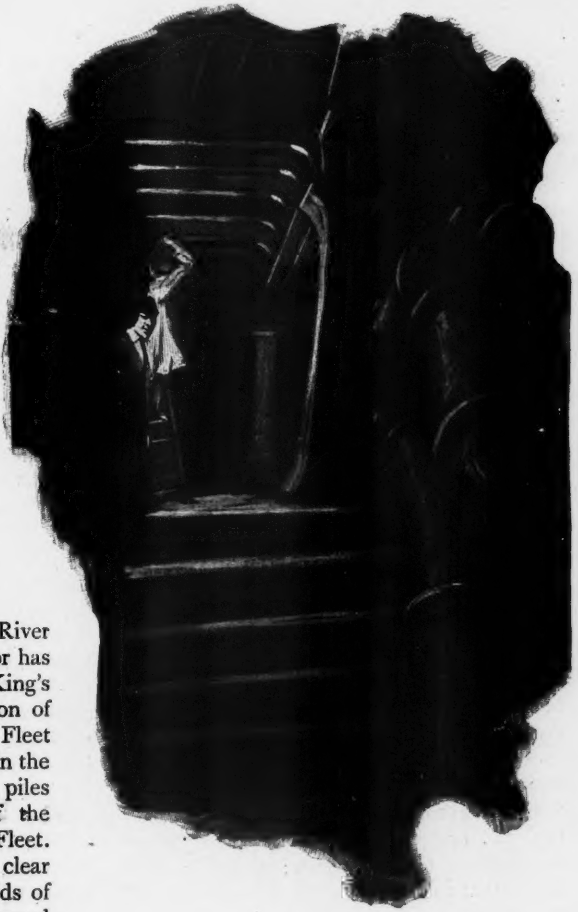
The curious kiosklike structure on Tower Hill, which gives access to the Tower subway, will be familiar to many. Barlow, taught by the error of Brunel, bored deep down into the London clay, and, as he had anticipated, found it totally impervious to water. The Tower subway lies on an average thirty feet below the river-bed, and in no place less than eighteen. It was begun and completed within twelve months at the trifling cost of sixteen thousand pounds. It was simply a cast-iron tube in sections. It was simultaneously constructed from either shore, and so perfect were Barlow's calculations that the two ends met in the middle within a quarter of an inch! The Tower subway originally had a railway passing through it. Upon this ran an iron omnibus for twelve passengers, drawn backwards and forwards by a wire rope affixed to stationary engines at either end. If the omnibus were stopped in the middle, the beat of the paddles of the steamers above could be heard and even the hammering on board ship. Later the subway was used for foot passengers only, at a charge of a halfpenny. The traffic through this subway, at one time considerable, has now been diverted, and it has fallen into disuse.

In the early Victorian novel it is a common expedient to get rid of a superfluous



NORTH SIDE, HOLBORN VIADUCT, NEAR SHOE LANE character by dropping him through a trap-door into the mysterious depths of "the sable flood" which rolls beneath. These subterranean streams have a basis in fact. As late as the last century there were actually houses overhanging the Fleet Ditch, and with trap-doors which may have served the purposes of crime. For at that time the Fleet Ditch had not entirely disappeared from view. Indeed, it was still at some points an open stream. From river to ditch is one stage, and from ditch to sewer another. Nearly all the main sewers of London were once streams of pleasant water flowing down from the hills and making their way through the City to the Thames. Ships once passed up the Fleet River as far as Holborn, whilst an anchor has been found as far north as King's Cross. When, in the construction of Holborn Viaduct, the bed of the Fleet was uncovered, there were found in the London clay numbers of oak piles which had once formed part of the wharves upon the banks of the Fleet. The Walbrook sewer was once a clear stream, which ran through the fields of Islington and Hoxton, and turned several corn-mills on its way citywards. As lately as 1810 it turned a lead-mill in the City Road, near to the turnpike. It is difficult to realise a turnpike in the City Road ninety years ago. Many of the sewers still bear the names of the ancient water-courses, as the "Eel Brook," "King's Scholar's Pond," "Old Tyburn Brook," and "Great Barnfield" sewers.

There are sewers of all shapes and sizes. Some are so large that you could ride down them on horseback, others so small that you have to stoop to go through them. Some are egg-shaped, some barrel-shaped, others almost square. There are special varieties also. There are blood sewers and boiling sewers, and others under the special patronage of manufacturing chemists, candle-makers and soap-boilers. The blood sewers of the meat markets are the special habitat of the sewer-rat, not often met with elsewhere underground. The reputed size and ferocity of these creatures must be liberally discounted. In the course of several tours underground the writer saw only one, and it scuttled away as fast as its legs could carry it. Finally, there are disused sewers, fallen into decay, known among the workmen as "dead sewers." There is plenty of room for variety, for if the sewers of London were placed end to end they would reach from the metropolis to Constantinople, with something to spare.



SOUTH SIDE, HOLBORN, OVER SNOW HILL

From the inquest held on the body of a man found in a Fleet Street drain it appeared that people were in the habit of exploring the sewers in search of treasure trove. They penetrated not only to Holborn and Clerkenwell but as far as Camden Town. The rewards were uncertain and risks certain. A man sitting at his window smoking upon a fine summer evening was startled to hear a mysterious voice close to him, crying, "The water's up to my neck—let me out! let me out!" He looked round the room, under the table, up the chimney, everywhere, but could find no trace of the owner of the voice. So he sat down again. In a few moments he heard the same appeal again, more urgent than before. Then he realised where the voice came from. There was a pipe running up the side of the house close to his window; it was connected with the sewer below. Fortunately he knew a sewerman living in the neighbourhood. He went for him immediately. They were just in time to save the unfortunate fellow, who had been caught by a flush of water, and but for the help of an iron grating, to which he clung, would have been swept away. As to finds generally, the new sanitation did much to destroy the chances of the treasure-seeker. Articles which once found their way into the sewers are now stopped by the "traps" and simply block the drain until removed.

An interesting discovery was made in excavating for a new sewer at Smithfield, when a mass of unhewn stone, blackened by fire, was brought to light. Assuredly there may be sermons in stones: there is little doubt that this was the site of the Smithfield burnings. In Saffron Hill the excavators uncovered the pavement of an old street. The stones were worn quite smooth by the feet of a past generation.

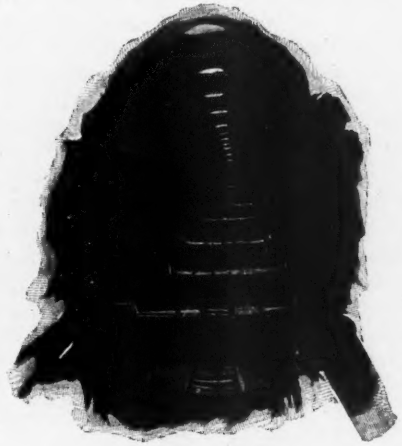
Improved sanitation, if it cannot make the sewerman's occupation a pleasant one, has at least made it tolerable. Prior to the introduction of ventilating shafts many of the men were suffocated. The gas engendered also not infrequently exploded, wrecking the tunnels. There is little danger from foul air now, though it is well to keep moving. Rats are the only animals inhabiting the sewers. When they were as yet not entirely covered in they seem to have had other visitors. We read that, "A fatter pig was hardly ever seen than one taken up this day coming out of the Fleet Ditch into the Thames. It proved to belong to a butcher near Smithfield Bars, who had missed him five months, all of which time he had been in the sewers, and was improved in price from ten shillings to two guineas." Mushrooms are often found growing in clusters on the roofs and walls, and stalactites are not uncommon, though, as they closely resemble tallow candles, they are by no means beautiful.

One interest which all those who travel by the Underground Railway have in common is the desire to get above ground again as soon as possible. In face of convincing evidence as to the cure of consumptive porters, sent down to take a course of the air, the public hardens its heart. But if travelling on the Underground is the reverse of agreeable, the enterprise, even audacity, of the promoter was unquestionable. Charles Pearson was regarded as a visionary, if not as a madman. Sir Humphry Davy, when "the new gas works" were proposed, demonstrated that it would require a mound of earth as large as Primrose Hill to prevent the gasometers from being blown sky-high. Similarly, engineers without number came forward to prove that the proposed tunnels must collapse from the sheer weight of earth above them, that the foundations of London would be shaken to their base, and that the innocent householder would be poisoned in his bed by the sulphurous fumes from the railway beneath him. Vested interest as well as inveterate prejudice barred the way. The 'bus proprietors anticipated that they would be driven from the streets. Yet at the present time there are more omnibuses on the line of route, and earning considerably more per mile, than when the Underground was started.

But electricity is the motive power of the future, below as well as above ground. Already three electric lines are running through underground London, and no fewer than eight new lines are either begun or contemplated. A line from Baker Street to Waterloo will pass under the Thames near Charing Cross. Of the remaining seven, one will run from Brompton to the City, and another from Whitechapel to the same place.

The electric railway has two tunnels, so that a collision between an up and a down train is impossible. The tunnels of the City and South London line are long iron tubes made up of short segments—like the Tower subway—hence its nickname, the "Drain Pipe." The train fills practically the whole of the tube, acting as an air-pump, thus ventilating the tunnel from end to end.

With the railways already existent, with those begun and those projected, there should be small difficuity in the next generation setting a girdle round the town in even less than forty minutes. With trains running night and day they will be able to repeat with some degree of verisimilitude the story of an elderly lady who persists in trying to alight backwards from an Underground train. As she is in the act of getting out a porter always rushes up and pushes her in again, with "Hurry up, ma'am—the train's just starting!" How long she has been an unwilling traveller no one knows, but tradition has it that she was young and blooming when she got in, many years ago. The history of the Wandering Jew is not more pathetic than this. Unfortunately there is no continuous service on the Underground Railway. But it is a good story for all that, even if somewhat way-worn.


A SMALL SUBWAY

SUNRISE ON THE CRESCENT

By E. WALTER MAUNDER, F.R.A.S.

THE sun had set on the National Observatory in Paris one day in early March three years ago, and the twilight was fading out when one of the astronomers turned a telescope upon the young moon, then fast sinking down into the west in the wake of the vanished sun. The sunlight, the last rays of which had just left France at the close of the short spring day, was just commencing to shine upon the regions of the moon to which his instrument was directed, for the long lunar day, thirty times as long as ours, was beginning there; it was sunrise on the crescent moon.

The instrument employed was a curious one. Most astronomical telescopes of so great a size are placed in huge domes—domes one portion of which can be opened so as to give a clear view of the sky, and can be turned so as to bring that opening opposite any desired region of the heavens. The telescopes, too, are made to turn, and are driven by elaborate clockwork, so as to follow with exactness across the sky the celestial objects upon which they are pointed. Not so here. The telescope was rigidly fixed, and instead of pointing upwards to the sky, pointed downwards at a steep angle towards the floor, and finally passed out through the wall of the room.

For this instrument was of special pattern, one devised by the gifted director of the observatory, M. Loewy, and carried out by the skill of two of his staff, the brothers Henry. The main portion of the telescope lies outside the observer's room, and is sheltered, when not in use, by a light building which can be run away from it on a tramway. At the time of which I am writing it stood wholly uncovered in the night air. The shape of the instrument is that of the letter L; that is to say, it consists of two arms at right angles to each other. The longer arm is fixed, and points directly up to the pole of the heavens, the point around which all the celestial bodies appear to move. It is the upper portion of this arm which is seen in the observer's room; the shorter arm is made to turn on the lower end of the longer arm as a centre, and always remains at right angles to it. At the end of the shorter arm is a mirror set at an angle of 45° to the arm itself, and this mirror can be revolved, so that, either by the turning of the mirror or by the turning of the shorter arm, or both, any desired portion of the sky can be brought within the field of view. The light from the object under examination is reflected from the mirror into the object-glass of the telescope and down the shorter arm, and then again reflected by a second mirror at the junction of the two arms up the longer arm to the eye-piece in the observing-room.

The comfort and convenience of this elbow or bent telescope, the "Equatorial Coudé," as its designers call it, is very great. The observer remains perfectly sheltered, and, more important still, has not to be continually making great changes in his position. His eye-piece remains always in the same place, and he observes with no more strain or discomfort than if he were a microscopist working at his table in his library, whereas with the older form of telescope the loss of time in shifting from one position to another and the physical exertion thrown upon the observer were often very great. The practical efficiency of the observations were often diminished to one-quarter, it may be even to one-tenth, of what they might have been, by the extreme clumsiness of the arrangements made for the observer's position.

The Equatorial Coudé is, therefore, the very ideal of a telescope for direct observation, but at the Paris Observatory it has been largely used for work even more important and fruitful than the most skilful observer can himself carry out directly. The sensitive plate has been installed in the position of the observer, and the astronomer himself has to take the rank of a mere attendant, to uncover and point the telescope, to watch the driving clock, and regulate the exposure.

The chief photographic work accomplished with this telescope, and as yet published, is a magnificent atlas of the moon, which is being issued in instalments. A single photograph taken at the telescope is afterwards copied in detail on a greatly enlarged scale, and affords material for a number of splendid plates. The photograph which is here reproduced is a copy on an enlarged scale of a negative taken on the evening of March 7, 1897, at about half-past six o'clock, when the moon was four and a quarter days past the new.

The young moon is a particularly beautiful object to study with a good telescope. It is still early morning on the regions which are as yet visible to us, and the shadows of the hills and mountain ranges stretch long and black across the lower ground. Every elevation stands out in high relief. The hollows are deep with inky blackness. The entire object before the observer's sight is manifestly, unmistakably solid. It looks as if it might be handled, as if it were a piece of silver elaborately and boldly chased.

It is most interesting work watching through the long hours the slow progress of the dawn over the lunar landscape. As the photograph shows, the terminator, the line, that is to say, that separates light from darkness, is most irregular. The coast-line of the day is broken by many deep fantastic bays from which the ebbing tide of night has not yet receded, and, on the other hand a hundred tiny islands of light, shining like stars, have already appeared within the regions of darkness.

If we watch one of these bays sufficiently long we shall note sooner or later one or two of such stars forming over against it. For the bay is really but one side of one of the numerous ring-shaped formations with which the moon abounds, and these stars are but the highest peaks on the opposite side of the ring which have first caught the rays of the rising sun. As time goes on these stars increase in size and multiply and run together like globules of mercury, until at length the ring is practically complete. But the floor of the ring still remains in blackest darkness. Little by little, however, the light creeps down the sides of the farther range, bringing into view all the irregularities of the slope, until at length it reaches the floor, and this gradually in its turn is lit up by the sun. Then, as the lunar day wears on to its noon, the floor becomes fully illuminated, and at length the sun, standing above the rings, lights up equally the floor, the slopes of the mountain walls and their crests. Under this full illumination the contrasts, so extreme and striking before, become subdued, even to the extent in some cases of making a vast formation, prominent enough when the sun was low, entirely disappear when it is overhead. Thus "Petavius," the great "walled plain," shown so strikingly on the lower part of the present photograph, disappears almost entirely at the full of the moon.

As the sun declines the same changes, but in the reverse order, begin to show. Some lofty peak, before the rest, throws an ever-lengthening shadow down into the plain; then another follows, and others, until the western slope of the hills has been engulfed by the night. The floor of the ring next loses the day, and then the darkness creeps up the opposite slope. The formation now is again a complete ring, as we saw it a fortnight before. Then the further side of the ring becomes broken where some low pass sank into night before the peaks on either side were engulfed. Finally, only one or two solitary stars remain out in the darkness, and these dwindle and disappear, and the "walled plain" has passed again into the long lunar night.

The photograph before us shows this process at an early stage, and the contrast is very great between the broken terminator with its sharp alternations of light and darkness and the brilliant roundness of the limb. It is a peculiarity of the moon that, however illuminated, whether crescent, half, gibbous, or full, the limb, the outer edge of the true moon, is always brighter than the interior.

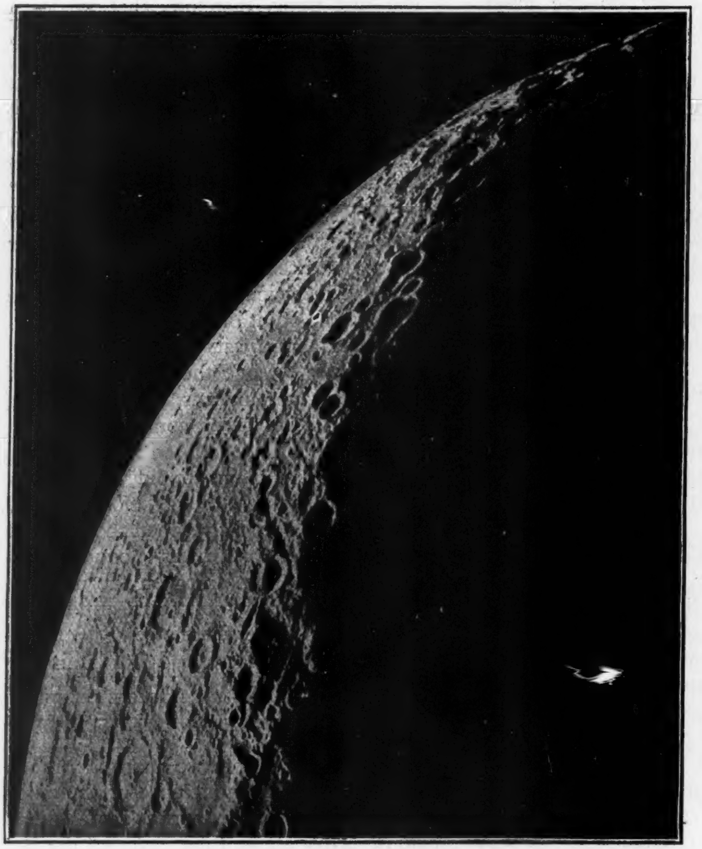
This is not so with either the sun or Jupiter. The failure of light in the case of the sun near the circumference is very obvious, and it is quite easy, by giving a short exposure, to get a fairly dense photograph of the central regions of the sun without any trace being secured of the limb. This is a result which we would naturally expect in the case of any body having a considerable and strongly absorbing atmosphere. We know perfectly well that it is often possible to watch the sun at sunrise or sunset without screening our eyes, when such an act would be disastrous if the sun were overhead; the reason being simply that, when the sun is on the horizon, we are looking through an immensely greater thickness of the earth's atmosphere than when it is overhead. As, of course, places on the circumference of the sun have the earth on their horizon, light from those places has to pass through the greatest possible depths of the sun's atmosphere, and therefore we see the sun's limb as but one quarter as bright as its central portions.

The first thing, therefore, that we learn from the great brilliance of the moon's limb, as compared with its more central regions, is that it has no very appreciable atmosphere. This conclusion is greatly reinforced by the shape of the horn of the crescent in the photograph. With us on the earth, the dawn reaches us whilst the sun is still 15° below the horizon, and the twilight remains until it is passed below it in the evening for a similar distance. If there were an atmosphere of like efficiency on the moon, then we should see the point of the horn lengthened out some 15° beyond its present termination, and not only so, but the terminator itself would spread far inwards, and, instead of affording a line of sharp contrast and bold irregularity, would be diffused and softened. The valleys and plains would faintly glow with diffused half-lights long before the full flood of direct sunlight reached them. Our photograph, therefore, bears eloquent testimony that there is nothing on the moon in the least approaching our own atmosphere in density. Whether there is some faint remnant of an atmosphere, and how it is distributed, if it exists, other regions and under other illumination may give us better testimony.

The presence of a dense atmosphere then would cause the circumference of the moon at the full to be fainter than its more central regions. How are we to explain that the fact is precisely the reverse? It is not sufficient to admit that the moon has little or no atmosphere; that would be in accordance with an equal illumination from both centre and limb.

We can only find the explanation in the character of the regions presented to us. We are looking down from above upon the lunar lands near the centre of the disc. Our position with regard to them resembles that of a traveller in a balloon passing at an enormous height across a terrestrial landscape. Not so with the regions near the circumference. These we see foreshortened; we look at them almost in the same direction as we should look at a terrestrial landscape from the actual level ground of the earth itself. In the first case we look at the formations from above in full face, in the second, we see them in profile.

Looking over the lunar surface as a whole, it is impossible to avoid noticing that its



(From a photograph taken at the Paris Observatory March 7, 1897, 6½h.

THE SOUTHERN HORN OF THE CRESCENT MOON

formations have, as a general rule, a concave form. A table covered with cups, saucers, and plates of various sizes all right way up represents very well the general character of the configuration. This being the case, it is clear that in its central regions we see most of the lowlands, of the bottoms of the cups and saucers; whilst near the circumference of the moon these are necessarily hidden from us, and we see the hillsides and the mountain slopes. For some reason or other the lowlands, whether we see them in wide extended plains, commonly called "seas," or as the interiors of the various enclosed formations known as "walled plains," "ringed plains," "craters," and the like, are much darker than the high mountain slopes. Here, then, we find the explanation of the brightness of the regions near the moon's circumference. It is there that the bright mountain slopes are fully presented to us, whilst near the centre the more sombre lowlands occupy the larger proportion of the field of view.

But this raises another question. Why are the mountain slopes so much the brighter?

Here on the earth the wind and the rain are for ever at work to scour and polish the upper slopes, to carry down the darker surface soil into the valleys, and leave fresh and brighter material exposed near the summits. On the moon, without appreciable atmosphere or any water, wind and rain are impossible, and there can be no weathering in the terrestrial sense.

Still, dead and immovable as the surface of the moon appears to be to-day, it cannot have been without change in the past, it cannot wholly be without change at the present. It may once have been a living world in the past—living in the sense that it was the home of organic life, however lowly the forms in which it might have presented itself. There may once have been a little air, a little moisture, sufficient to support some humble organisms. If so, what became of them, as the water and the atmosphere gradually disappeared? A recent writer, Mr. J. G. O Tepper, in *Knowledge*, suggests that under these conditions the dead organic remains would under the long lunar day be raised by the influence of the unchecked solar heat to such a temperature that they would be dissociated into their constituent elements; the more gaseous portions, particularly the oxygen, being absorbed by the surrounding rocks, whilst the carbon would be left behind.

If, however, we are sceptical as to there ever having been sufficient atmosphere and moisture to support organic life on the moon, still we can readily account for the presence there of a vast amount of dark material in the finely divided state. It has been reckoned that the earth receives in each twenty-four hours something like twenty millions of meteors large enough to be seen by the naked eye. This probably means that many times that number of much smaller ones are encountered by us as well. Now the moon, surface for surface, will receive almost as many meteors as the earth, and these, not being checked in their fall by the effective brake which our atmosphere affords, will fall to the lunar ground unconsumed. The moon, therefore, is continually receiving a deposit of meteoric dust, and inevitably the flat ground must receive a more abundant supply, area for area, than the slopes, as on the average the former will be exposed the more fully to the meteoric showers.

The lunar surface, therefore, must be dust covered, certainly covered with meteoric dust, possibly also with finely powdered carbon, the last trace of former lunar life. But in either case there must continually be going on a gentle, almost imperceptible process, the result of which is inevitably to tend to clear the slopes and to increase the deposit in the lowlands. This may be illustrated by the well-known "creeping" effect of objects situated on a slope on the earth. These under the heat of the sun expand, but the expansion takes place a little more readily down the slope than up the slope. Similarly during the night the object contracts again, and the contraction takes place a little more readily on the higher side than on the lower, so that, both under the influence of heat and under the influence of cold, there is an infinitesimal but real tendency always to "creep" downwards. Where a tendency of this kind is in action always in the same direction, however slight the effect may be, yet where, as in the case of planetary worlds, we have to deal with almost limitless periods of time, the resultant effect will be very great. The tendency of the creeping on the moon must inevitably be to clean and clear the slopes and to increase the deposit upon the lowlands.

So far I have referred only to the general features which our photograph presents; the details might fill a considerable volume. One detail, however, may be referred to—the remarkable straight rift running from the central mountain of "Petavius," the great ring formation near the bottom of the photograph to which we have already alluded. This great rift, some fifty miles in length, is remarkable for its distinctness and straightness. So sharply defined is it that it seems clear that it must have been formed when the lunar crust was already hard and thick, and it is plain that since its formation it has suffered no serious deformation, either from weathering or from later outflows of lava. It stands an eloquent testimony to the general permanence of the lunar features for long ages, just as the bright hill-crests contrasted with the duskier lowlands point to the gradual clearing of the former by the slow and imperceptible downward creeping of the surface dust.

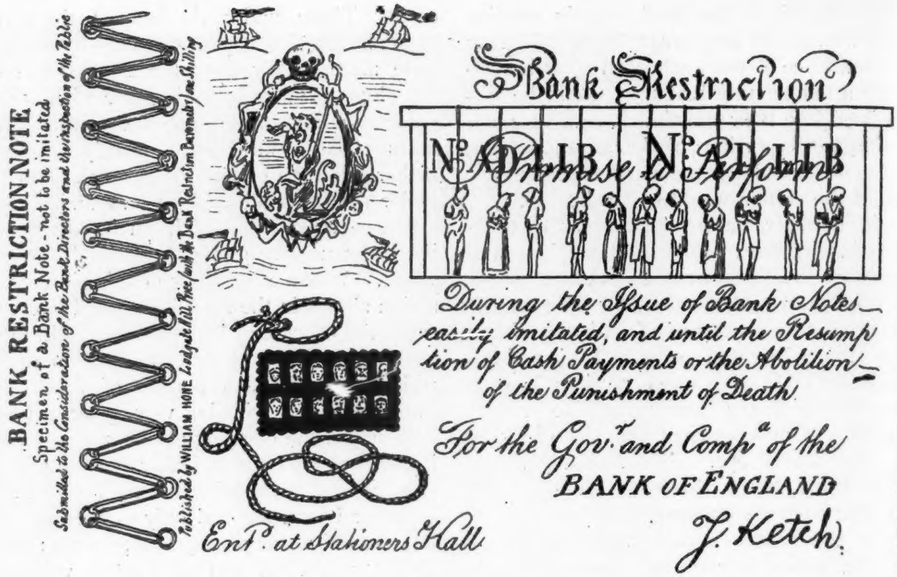
A BANK NOTE THAT HELPED A REFORMATION

By the Rev. J. A. DRON

BANK-NOTES, like the gold they represent, are not always to be found helping forward the cause of justice and humanity. But history tells us of one at least that did so.

This note was not issued by any Banking Corporation, but by George Cruikshank, artist, caricaturist, and reformer.

At the beginning of this century the laws of England were excessively harsh and the manners and temper of the people were but a reflection of them. About three hundred


BANK RESTRICTION NOTE
Specimen of a Bank Note - not to be imitated
Submitted to the Consideration of the Bank Directors and the inspection of the Public
Published by WILLIAM HONE Ludgate Hill. Price (with the Bank Restriction Barometer) one Shilling
Bank Restriction
Nº AD LIB Nº AD LIB
I Promise to Perform
During the Issue of Bank Notes easily imitated, and until the Resumption of Cash Payments or the Abolition of the Punishment of Death
For the Govr and Compa of the
BANK OF ENGLAND
J. Ketch
Entd at Stationers Hall

offences were punishable by death, offences ranging from murder down to the theft of a piece of cloth, or the passing of a counterfeit one-pound note. Hanging was therefore very common and in London was looked upon as one of the staple amusements of the people. Crowds always frequented the places of execution. Parties came up from the country for the entertainment. Parents brought their little children to read them a dread lesson and show them the end of their infantile quarrelling and disobedience.

All the windows of houses that commanded a view of Newgate and Tyburn were let at high prices, sometimes to bands of young gentlemen, who, that nothing might be lacking in their enjoyment, laid in a good supply of liquor for the night's revelry as a preparation for the solemn tragedy of the morning. One of these precious young gentlemen has left an account of their orgies and of one execution, that of a very young boy. Sad and pitiful must have been the extinguishing of that young life, for he says of him, "I never saw a boy cry so bitterly in all my life."

One day about the year 1818 George Cruikshank was passing Newgate on his way to the Exchange, when, seeing a crowd collected, he went forward to learn what was the matter and saw that it was the execution of several men and women. He was horrified at the spectacle, and on inquiring learned that the women was being hanged for passing counterfeit one-pound notes. He learned also that this punishment was quite a common thing, even though the poor wretches often sinned in ignorance, being the dupes of men who sent them to buy some trifle and return the change to them. Wrung with pity and with shame, Cruikshank went home and immediately under the inspiration of his feelings sketched a grotesque caricature of a bank note. He calls it a Bank Restriction Note—not to be imitated. He represents on it (as the drawing shows) a place of execution, with the spaces about filled in with halters and manacles, a figure of Britannia devouring her children, and transport ships bearing the lucky, or unlucky ones who had escaped death, to Van Dieman's land or Australia, while in place of the well-known signature of Abraham Newland is that of "J. Ketch."

He had just finished this, when his publisher Hone entered, and seeing it begged to have it for publication. So Cruikshank etched it and gave it to Hone, who exhibited it for sale in his window with startling effect. Crowds quickly began to gather and purchased so eagerly that the issue was soon exhausted.

Cruikshank was kept hard at work making more etchings, the crowds grew so great that the street was blocked and the Mayor had to send soldiers to clear it. Hone realised over £700 in a few days.

But the effect in other quarters was even more startling. The Bank directors were furious. They had met with trouble before from the prison reformer Elizabeth Fry, but they seemed to have defeated her. Here, however, was another adversary of a different stamp whom they could not silence or crush.

They held, therefore, a meeting and stopped the issue of one-pound notes, which measure had a sensible effect in diminishing the number of hangings at Newgate. Soon after this an indignant country compelled the legislature to make juster and saner laws.

Cruikshank claims that his note was the means of this reformation, but his claim is generally regarded as somewhat extravagant. He certainly did a great work in a way no other man could have done.

He came to the help of the Lord against the mighty, but already a Deborah was in the field, in Elizabeth Fry, who had for five years been doing her work in Newgate prison and attracting public attention. She had let light into the darkness, and already the most serious minded portion of the English people were seeking some reform. The Wesleyan revival also had helped to prepare the mind of the country for juster laws and milder treatment as better methods of diminishing crime than the ferocious Draconian methods then in force.

But Cruikshank came at the required moment and touched the popular mind. He raised a tumult; he made people talk and ask and sympathise, and ranged them, even despite themselves, on the side of progress and humanity.

And moreover this incident is quite in keeping with the rest of Cruikshank's life. His keen sympathy and tender pity, his horror of evil and sorrow at its prevalence, while they may have diverted his path as an artist, and prevented him taking the high place which his powers seemed to warrant, yet they have set him in the goodly company of those whom we honour as social reformers.

THE TEMPTING OF MAC ALLISTER

By HAROLD BINDLOSS

"THERE'S a universal fitness o' things, an' it's no fair dealing with the company for me to sign for navigation coal, fourteen bags to the ton, an' fill her bunkers with rubbish at thirteen," said Mac Allister, chief engineer of the tramp steamer *Fayal*.

"H'm!" said the coaling clerk. "I haven't met many so particular. Hang another bag on the steelyard, trimmer, and we'll try again"; and, when a bronze-coloured Somali hooked on the bag something rustled crisply between the fingers he laid upon it. Then he retreated swiftly as Mac Allister strode forward with a flash in his deep-set grey eyes.

"Will ye go by the ladder—or over the rail for temptin' a poor man with your stolen gold?" he said, and shrugging his shoulders in contemptuous pity the coaling clerk departed.

Meanwhile, Appleton, the *Fayal's* sole white passenger, smiled quietly as he leaned against the gritty rail, glancing alternately at the dazzlingly white houses against the sun-scorched waste ashore, and towards the engineer, who, pushing back his greasy cap, wiped the perspiration from his blackened face. He knew there are foreign coaling stations where business is conducted on the lines that honesty is the best policy, and that there are also others where it is not. The indifferent roadstead in which the *Fayal* lay, a little outside the screw-beaten track, through shimmering, lukewarm seas which lead to India, was reputed to be one of the latter.

"You might have made a ten-pound note, or, say fifteen, by mixing the count," he said. "Why did you refuse it? From what I've heard, the owners won't thank you;" and MacAllister answered, "That's, maybe, very true, but it hardly concerns the matter. I will not rob my engines—we'll need the best that's in them, I'm thinking, presently—or sweat the life-blood out o' my firemen burnin' dirt o' coals. But how comes it, Mr. Appleton, ye ken the tricks o' the trade?"

Appleton only laughed as he moved away, but when, with her bunkers full of fair navigation fuel, the *Fayal* steamed out under heavens of velvety indigo into the moonlit Indian sea, he leaned over the dew-beaded bridge rails discussing her chief engineer with the skipper. The tall funnel and stumpy masts swung in a stately measure sharp and black against the mellow glow, which, flickering upon the phosphorescent smother about the snoring bows, and flung back in splendours from a breadth of brine-wet plates, turned even her cheaply constructed hull into a fairy picture.

"Mack's the best man at nursing an engine I ever sailed with," said the skipper, "but he should have been born richer. Too fond of forcing his notions down other people's throats, and he has made the manager rather tired of him. Hove several drums of poor oil overboard last voyage, and sent back his stores—perhaps you know there's a commission to some one on the inferior sorts. Well, he knows they'll turn him out when we get back, and I'm sorry for Mack. Crippled wife at home, and it's not easy finding a berth, you see."

Now Appleton understood all this as well as the skipper, though he did not say so. Instead, he lounged on the bridge, soothed by the glorious harmonies of sky and sea worked out in dusky indigo, silver, and ebony. Meantime, the swarthy passengers, Mohammedans returning from Mecca to Zanzibar, with labourers of various colours for the new Kilindini railway, settled themselves to sleep all over the iron deck below, while the chief engineer sat worrying over figures in his sweltering room. The sweat dripped from his forehead on to the paper, now and then a big brown cockroach crawled across his grimy jacket, but Mac Allister continued unheeding, until at last he sighed as he said, "There'll be enough to hold the house together a three months, an' find poor Jeannie her comforts—an' something may happen before then. Still, whiles it's hard for a poor man to deal uprightly."

For a time, sweltering under the noonday glare until her iron decks were almost too hot to touch, or wet with dew in the starlit nights, the *Fayal* pushed her way at eight knots southwards over the long, heaving levels that wrinkled into incandescent froth or fires of weird sea-radiance under her dipping bows. Then one morning, when Appleton lounged in the stifling engine-room, as he was fond of doing, there was a sudden gurgle in the limbers, and Mac Allister, who lifted a floorplate, looked grave as he dipped up a tinful of greasy fluid.

"It's no a butt startit, her skin's all right," he said. "Man, can ye no see this is fresh water? Johnson, away with ye into the tank." Appleton whistled. "That's our water supply gone," he said, "and you cannot keep half those niggers alive with the worn-out condenser. I came down this way to Mombasa for an experience, and it looks as if I should get it. Do you mind telling me what you are going to do?"

Mac Allister did not answer until his subordinate came back to say it was too late to save the water in the corroded tank, and then he answered simply, "Drive the old engine her hardest in a race with the pestilence; she's a good mill if ye treat her fairly. I condemned the tank twice over, but they would not listen to me."

Appleton never forgot that voyage, for as the *Fayal* rolled on faster and faster under pitiless, heat-yellowed heavens across a flaming circle of sunlit sea that ever moved on with her, until the water was measured out in wineglassfuls, there was laid bare before him the real, raw side of human nature. Dysentery and worse sicknesses followed the drinking of greasy fluid from the leaking condenser, and death pursued the ship. Some of the dusky pilgrims who traded in human flesh, and yet had learned at Mecca that it is man's chief business to submit to the decrees of fate, turned their faces eastwards, and so died with the one great testimony upon their blistered lips. Two white deckhands, and they were of Latin blood, called aloud for help to San Telmo, or heaped foul abuse on him, while one British mate, after raiding the spirit store, lay raving in the wheelhouse in which they had locked him. And all the time, silent, grim, and resourceful, Mac Allister drove his clanging engines their hardest, scarcely eating and rarely sleeping as he watched them racing under a dangerous pressure of steam, while his bronze Somali firemen, who were also fatalists of a kind, toiled uncomplainingly in the murderous heat of the roaring furnaces.

But there is a limit to the endurance even of steel, and one afternoon, when Appleton, dripping with perspiration, leaned over the top platform of the engine-room, the crisis came. There was a rank smell of burning grease in the superheated atmosphere, a vicious grinding of bearings that also told its own tale, and Mac Allister was never still, until at last he halted breathless beside Appleton, a weary look in his bloodshot eyes and furrows on his face.

"Will she fetch the lan' the morn's night? That I do not ken," he said. "Ask yon coffee-skinned savage, an' he'll tell ye it's as Allah wills. Meantime, we're doing what we can, but the engines were never built for the strain. Man, listen till the high-press crosshead telling ye so."

Appleton nodded, and presently Mac Allister became intent as the harsh dry grating grew louder, and a whirl of blue vapour ascended from the glimmering steel slides where the great crosshead-shoe goes pounding up and down. Then, with a sudden jarring crackle, a bolt gave way, and Mac Allister raced for the ladder, for the huge connecting-rod flung wide of its proper orbit, thrashing like a flail. There was a crash as the cylinder-cover split in two, a mad scramble of half-naked men up the slippery ladder, and the whole place was filled with blinding steam. Appleton, dodging a jet of boiling water that splashed along the plates, moved forward instead of out of it with the instinct of his early training, until the second engineer dragged him by the shoulder towards the doorway.

"Get clear!" he shouted. "It's not a question of courage. You can't do anything, and it's our business," and Appleton caught one brief glance of Mac Allister moving through a rush of scalding steam down into the chaos of thrashing machinery. Then he crouched in the doorway, trying to stare through the thick white obscurity, while the thud of the loose connecting-rod was followed by a crash of shattered metal, until presently, dripping with hot water, the second engineer crawled up out of the horrible pit.

"Scalded! Oh yes, that doesn't count," he said. "High-press cylinder's gone, and I couldn't get near the throttle-wheel to shut off the steam. Going to try and check it another way. Chief sent me back; says it's no use parboiling two men, and it's his job. There, you can just see him under the platform in the thick of it."

Between two spurts of vapour there was a little clearing, and Appleton gnawed his lip as he saw a man, apparently with a serge jacket wrapped about his head, crawling along a grating into the densest steam. Then another wreath of scalding whiteness roared in between as the valves cleared the ports of the broken engine. Down beneath him the ponderous castings which support the cylinders shivered under a heavy shock, there was a crunch of smashed-in iron, but the steam grew still thicker, and he could scarcely see the halo the oil lamps made as they swung to and fro. It scarcely lasted a minute, he afterwards calculated, but every detail impressed itself indelibly upon his memory. There was a shouting among the coloured passengers, and sickly men, keeping carefully aloof from the engine-room skylights, which vomited vapour, scrambled aimlessly about the iron deck, while the skipper leaned out from his bridge and cried: "Hold them back from the boats."

Then Appleton became oblivious to all that went on in the upper air under the burning glare of the sun, for there was a groan beneath him in the engine-room, and when the second engineer and a greaser hurried past him with a bundle of dripping sacks he snatched one. The former, dropping on to the platform, fell on his hands and knees, while, following his example, Appleton spread the saturated jute over head and shoulders and wormed himself forward along the gratings into bewildering steam. Exactly what would happen next he did not care or know. The present was sufficiently painful, and he only remembered that a countryman was scalding somewhere in that superheated vapour. Then the clanging of disordered machinery grew slower, the white haze thinned suddenly, and there was a great booming overhead as the steam from the hard-driven boilers swept pulsating aloft in a great feathery column.

"No; I'm worth many a dead man yet," a hoarse voice said, and enveloped in a serge jacket which steamed and dripped hot water, Mac Allister lifted a reddened hand from the wheel of the throttle-valve, and staggering caught at a rail. His face was drawn and set, there were crimson blotches upon it, but, checking a groan of pain, he added: "Ay, I'm scalded and a wee bit shaky, but that will pass. Thank ye, Mr. Appleton, I'm no needin' your flask. Jardine, ye'll help me down to examine the wreck."

Appleton felt thankful when he reached open air again. He was scalded more than a little, while a brief glance showed him that Mac Allister had saved the ship, for a few more revolutions would have reduced the engines to a wreck, or driven a pounding mass of steel through her bottom. All day the *Fayal* rolled with a drowsy swing to the lift of oily sea that streamed down in sunlit cascades from the dripping plates she hove up out of the swell, while the vapour from her reeling funnel traced fantastic zigzags across the brassy sky. All day the dusky passengers lay still in each strip of shadow with the fatalist's apathy, while down in the fierce heat of the engine-room, which was tempered by no passing breath of air, four badly scalded white men, supported by others of colour that varied from ebony to coffee, toiled on with grim endurance, and the strange contempt of pain which comes to the strong in time of emergency. The lurches impeded them, the sweat ran down and dimmed their reddened eyes, while now and then some swinging piece of metal breaking, guy or chain tackle fell crashing among them.

But, somehow, in constant peril of life and limb, the work was done, the smashed high-pressure engine disconnected, and its slide-valve so wedged that the steam might pass on into the two remaining uninjured cylinders. Then, when it was almost dawn, the cranks commenced to rumble slowly round again, and Mac Allister, yielding under the strain at last, was dragged up the iron ladder to sink into a canvas lounge upon the faintly moon-lit deck. A broad disc, its lower half showing red through drifting haze, hung low down over the sea ahead, and a little breeze from the eastwards springing up brought with it a curious spicy flavour, which spoke of the warm breath of the tropical forest. Mac Allister smiled as he drank it in, while through the mournful whisper it awoke from the vibrating shrouds, sweeter than any music to the ears of all on board, the throb of engines rose up, as it were, in a deep-toned song of victory.

"You have done grandly, Mack," said the skipper. "I thought it was all up with us and the passengers at first. It's almost a pity we hadn't a deputation of cut-down-expenses shareholders on board the old *Fayal* this voyage; might have been an object-lesson to them. But you have almost killed yourself over it. Here, Appleton, just look at the poor fellow's arm."

"It might have been waur," was the weary answer. "With good guidance she'll make four or five knots, an' that should bring ye into the river before two days are over. Weel, I'm beginning to feel it; will one o' ye help me into my room?"

It was early the second morning, when passing a surf-swept sandspit dimly seen through the smoke of spray, the *Fayal* let go her anchor close in to a muddy East African river. Then the swarthy passengers lost their heads with joy, and sick men, laughing foolishly, dragged themselves to the open rails; while others, who had heard the tale from their greasy countrymen of stoke-hole and engine-room, brought strange offerings to Mac Allister's door, and were only restrained by main force from swarming inside. The current was yellow, and thick almost as pea-soup, but, as mentioned in the sailing directions, the first mate found a more limpid creek some distance inland. So, through the long hot day, and part of the steamy night, the boats moved backwards and forwards, filled on each return journey almost to the gunwales with the longed-for fluid, for the passengers were very willing to assist in the task. Again Appleton wondered, as some of the wild brown and black men, looking towards the Orient, gave thanks before they drank. But Mac Allister knew nothing of all this, for he lay in his oven-like room, where huge brown cockroaches wandered over him at will, in a state of limp collapse.

In due time, steaming slowly, the *Fayal* reached port, while before he went ashore at Mombasa Appleton interviewed her chief engineer, who was now recovering.

"I'm going inland in search of big game," he said. "They told me at Suez that lions were raiding coolies from the new railway construction camps, and the *Fayal* was the first boat likely to land me there; while, in spite of a rough experience, I'm not sorry I came. I'm afraid I now live upon the unearned increment, but my father, a self-made man, had me learn marine engine-building. Intended me to manage the business some day. I know your owners—there are better firms, while from what the skipper says, they'll probably dispense with you. Well, I want you as a favour, when you get back to London, to deliver that letter, and I shouldn't wonder if they made you second on the big new boat they're building. Couldn't make you chief first trip, you know. Should have explained, it's the family money supports the concern. No, I don't want thanks, I'm an interested party and I know a good man when I see him."

Appleton took himself away, somewhat hurriedly, and presently the skipper found Mac Allister staring with eyes that were dim with thankfulness at the address on the envelope.

"Have you been left a fortune, Mack?" he said; and the other answered gravely, "No, but there's a home and comfort still for Jeannie. Ye ken that address? Strange, that we should neither have minded us o' the name, an' him kenning the handling o' a marine engine! A nephew o' auld Appleton's o' the —— line; a fair-dealing, masterful man. I would not seek a better to serve under."

Appleton's prediction was justified, for he also wrote home, and it was not long before Mac Allister, after serving as second, again received an appointment of chief engineer.

LEO XIII

By GIOVANNI DALLA VECCHIA

IN approaching my subject it is necessary to give an outline of the political situation of the world in which Leo XIII. was called to exercise his great office and mighty power.

The Papacy has a long history, undoubtedly the longest of any existing spiritual or temporal power, but the standard by which its usefulness and influence for good or otherwise has been judged has often changed. Thus, in the earlier period of the Christian Church the Popes were judged chiefly in relation to questions of creed; later on, by their influence in transferring power from one crowned head to another and thereby to themselves. For the last three centuries they have been judged according to the political alliances they were able to form. Leo XIII. is the first Pope history has to judge from quite a different point of view. The proclamation of Rome as the "intangible capital" of the kingdom of Italy has brought about a new state of things. When Leo XIII

(Barraud photographer, London)

LEO XIII

ST. PETER'S AND THE VATICAN

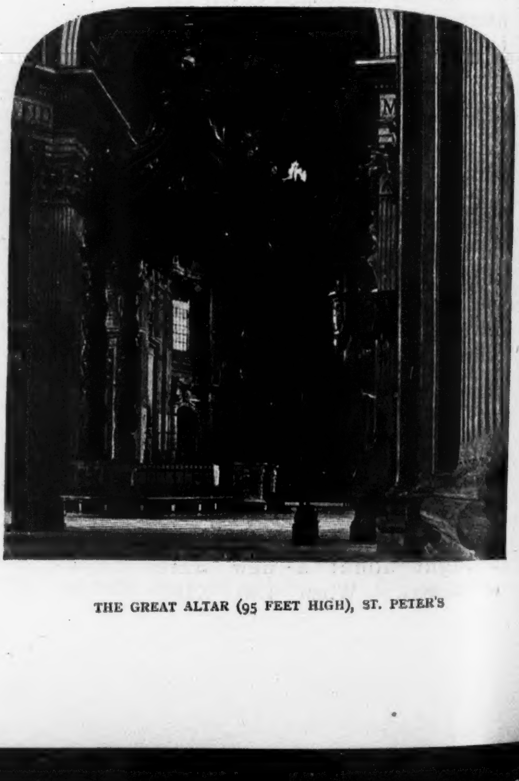
was elected—some twenty-two years ago—the problem foremost in the mind of Italians was: "Will he accept the *fait accompli* or will he perpetuate the *non possumus* policy of his predecessor, Pius IX.?" With the people of other countries the question took this form: "Will Leo XIII. maintain or drop his claim to the Temporal Power?"

God has given Joachim Pecci gifts fitted for a more peaceful mission than this fight after temporal power. The difficulties, however, were not of his own making, and he was often compelled to act not as he would.

I do not wish to evoke here the spectre of the Black Pope; yet the presence of two contending forces, one in favour of, the other against conciliation, are evident, and I do not pretend to say anything new when I assert that the personal sympathy of the Pope is with the former and that success up to now remains with the other party. So far, therefore, the would-be peaceful action of Leo XIII. has been thwarted by the other party, to designate which many names have been used, but I will adopt the most common in Italy: "Intransigenti." These Intolerants have much to answer for, not only for the failure of Leo XIII.'s peaceful mission, but also for the increased religious apathy of my countrymen.

The late Cardinal Manning, though the author of many writings and speeches in favour of the temporal power, did not hesitate to say at the time of Leo's election "that the reconciliation of Italy with the Holy See was vital not only to Italy but to the catholic world also."

Whatever may be said against the House of Savoy, no one can deny its anxiety to promote peace. Princess Clothilde, King Humbert's eldest sister, often called *la Santa*—the holy woman—and Queen Maria Pia of Portugal, King Humbert's youngest sister, one of Pio IX.'s goddaughters—have unflinchingly brought before Leo XIII. the expediency, nay, the wisdom, of a conciliation; whilst Queen Margherita, with her numberless



THE GREAT ALTAR (95 FEET HIGH), ST. PETER'S acts of piety and devotion, has unceasingly tried to pave the way for it. I was in Rome at the time of Father Tosti's negotiations, and I had good opportunities of approaching some of the negotiators. I cannot enter into details which would be foreign to the nature of this article, but this much I can safely say, that Father Tosti had the approval both of the Pope and the King. Both Leo XIII. and King Humbert were disappointed at his failure, which was entirely due to the unseen hand that pulls the strings in the Vatican, and which compelled Leo XIII. to withdraw his consent to the proposal. Since then, the Italians have given up all hopes thereon, for the present at least.

The situation now is very much like that of the Scots and Charles I. Their loyalty to the throne was strong and unbending, yet it counted for nothing in the sight of Charles, who would judge them only from their religious tenets. Likewise the religious sentiment of the House of Savoy, which has given to the Church popes and saints, counts for nothing in the sight of the Vatican because of its political ambition. We know the result of the contest between the Scots and Charles; it ended in the political ruin of the King. The present conflict between the Church and the State in Italy has so far much injured the religious influence of the Church. In any other country, Church and State try to proceed unitedly, but this is not to be granted to Italy, where for the moment the belief prevails that to be with the State is to be against the Church, and *vice versâ*.

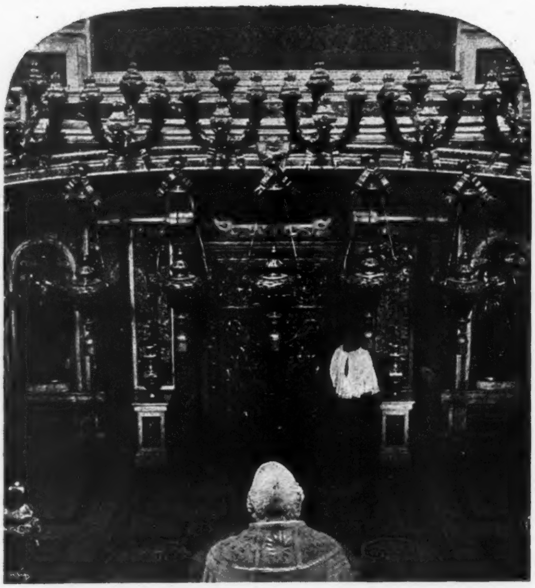
This condition of things Leo XIII. inherited from his predecessor, and he will most probably transmit it unaltered to his successor.

Two years before Pope Pius IX. died, the late Ruggero Bonghi, a keen observer of men, wrote a book, "Pio Nono ed il Papa Futuro," in which, by way of selection, he concluded that Cardinal Pecci would be the *Papa Futuro*, in spite of the tradition that the Cardinal Camerlengo has no chance of being elected Pope. Ruggero Bonghi was a statesman much attached to the reigning dynasty, and one of Queen Margherita's favourite professors. Bonghi's choice was most agreeable to the Italians, and when it was known that Pecci was elected there were some rejoicings on the Italian side. Bonghi's prophecy, however, had run a great risk, as there was a strong party against Pecci. It was Cardinal Manning's action that decided the election of Cardinal Pecci. The English Cardinal took a principal part in the Conclave of 1878, as there was a party in favour of appointing a non-Italian to the vacant chair. In Cardinal Manning's Autobiography it is stated that he did his utmost to prevent such an event.

ST. PETER'S FROM THE VATICAN GARDENS

The late Cardinal left in his autobiographical notes the following record:

"Cardinal Monaco said to me he thought we ought to confer together as to whom we should propose in the election. We met at Cardinal Bartolini's room. Cardinal Bilio suggested a foreigner, and my name was mentioned. I said that in my judgment the next Pontiff must be an Italian in blood and speech, one who knows and loves Italy, and who is known and loved by the Italians, and that the election of a foreigner might lose Italy to the Holy See."

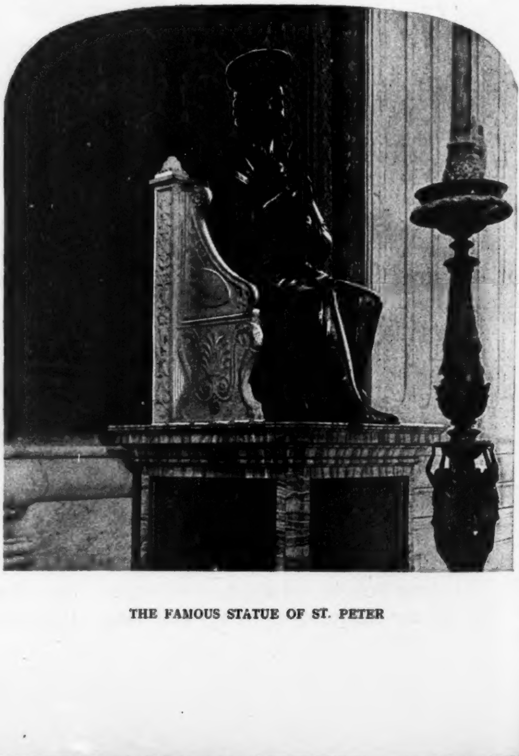


THE HOLY OF HOLIES—ST. PETER'S TOMB, ST. PETER'S

Cardinal Pecci was then sixty-eight years old, having been born in 1810, and of course he is now in his ninety-first year. He came from an ancient noble family, though not very rich. As the son of Count Ludovico Pecci he found an easy admittance in the inner circle of the Vatican. He was but twenty-seven years old when Gregory XVI. appointed him Referendary of the Segnatura. He took holy orders the same year Queen Victoria ascended to the throne, and therefore in 1887 there was a Jubilee in London and another in Rome.

The same year Pecci took holy orders, Gregory XVI. appointed Pecci Apostolic delegate to Benevento and afterwards to several other places in succession. In 1843 he was sent to Brussels as Nuncio. When but thirty-six years old he was a bishop, and seven years after he was a cardinal. He had, therefore, a very rapid career. From 1853, when he was created a cardinal, to 1878, when he was elected Pope, many offices were conferred upon him, the last one being that of Camerlengo or Chamberlain. As I have stated above, Leo XIII. has exercised very little, if any, political influence on the affairs of the Vatican. Other men, stronger or more wily than he, have had the mastership of that field. However, Leo XIII.'s influence for good was felt in other quarters. Under the previous Pope there was too much worldly life within the walls of the Vatican.

If the present Pope still cherishes worldly ambitions for the office he now occupies, he has at least succeeded in raising the moral tone of the internal life of the Vatican. His influence here has been great indeed. The change has been remarkable; the atmosphere is totally different from that which existed when Cardinal Antonelli was at the head of the Papal Government. His austere life has been a timely warning to others who had borrowed their standard of life from some of Leo's pre-



THE FAMOUS STATUE OF ST. PETER

decessors. Though it cannot be expected that the present Pontiff will ever be called a reformer—the word is rather unpalatable at the Vatican—he has nevertheless brought about a great reform in the customs and life of the Papal Court. A simple anecdote will illustrate my meaning. When Leo was at Brussels as Nuncio, a baron, the ambassador of one of the great Powers, showed the Nuncio a not very decent picture of a woman enamelled on his snuffbox. The Nuncio looked at it and returning it to its owner, he said, "It is Madame la Baroness, I suppose." The baron made haste to pocket it and went elsewhere for consolation. The action of the baron indicates the moral standard Leo found; Pecci's answer indicates the moral standard he adopted.

THE VATICAN

Leo XIII. is not quite an abstainer, as the doctors want him to drink a little wine, but his meals are of the most simple kind. He prefers a pear to a fowl any day. This is quite characteristic of Italian asceticism. When in Rome I knew a minister of state, almost as old as Pecci, who for his luncheon used to have a roll, a few walnuts, and a glass of water to finish with. The Pope's asceticism is more commendable because he lives in a royal palace, surrounded by a royal court, the outward marks of a power that was. Though he goes to bed very late in the evening, he is an early riser. The Pope usually rises at six, and after a short prayer, he enters his chapel to say Mass; soon after he assists at the Mass of his own chaplain, after which he partakes of the usual Roman breakfast, coffee and milk. At eight he receives, daily, Cardinal Rampolla for the transaction of state business. It is thus called as a distinction from the ecclesiastical business which is transacted later on in the day, and by other persons of the Household.

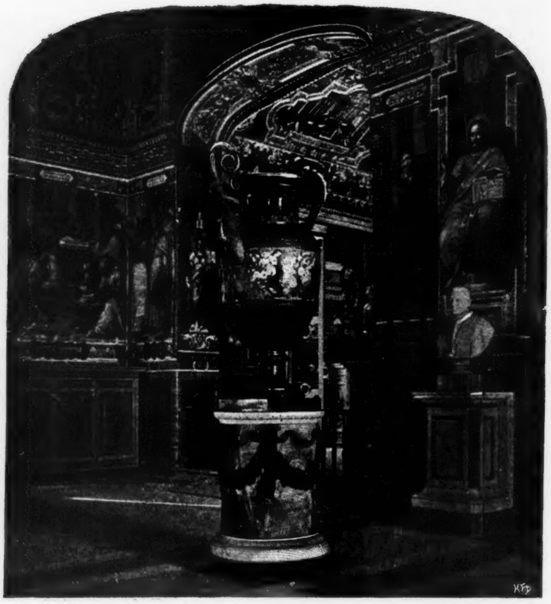
As a kind of *entre-act* between the state and the ecclesiastical business, if the weather is fine, which is the case more often than not, Leo XIII. goes for a short walk in the gardens, and there the man in all his simplicity reveals himself amidst the beauty of flowers and the enchanting songs of birds. That is the arcadia of his body; the arcadia of his mind is classics.

After this walk he returns to his palace to resume the *rôle* of a reigning prince, and he receives in the state-room the principal authorities of the household, the heads of the several departments, and so on. Afterwards he receives private persons who have obtained the favour of being admitted. Catholics must observe a special ceremonial, but Protestants are exonerated from the observance of the same. For instance, Protestants, instead of kissing the slipper, kiss the episcopal ring. A friend who was once introduced to the Pope told me that the introducer said to the Pope, "Mr. So-and-so of London, a Protestant, but a good man." That "but" struck my friend as superfluous, but it was not thought such there.

Leo XIII. takes all his meals quite alone. Nobody is ever allowed to sit at his table; sometimes, however, he invites the company of his major-domo to have a discussion on the topics of the day, at mealtime, which discussion is renewed in the evening when Monsignor Angeli reads the newspapers to the Pope. Of course he reads only those parts which he has previously marked, and which he thinks will specially interest the Pontiff, and therefore the latter's knowledge of what is going on in the world depends much on Monsignor Angeli. I am told, however, the latter is a very liberal-minded man, and sometimes the Pope hears things that others would like him not to know.

There is a marked difference between the morning walk and the afternoon drive. When he leaves his apartments for the latter, he is accompanied by all his court in full state. Here the *protocollo* is fully enforced, as it was at the Elysée during President Faure's reign.

Leo XIII. is a born poet. Sometimes the poetical whim strikes him in the middle of the night, and Monsignor Angeli is awakened to pen the Latin verses Leo XIII. is going to dictate.



A BEAUTIFUL CORNER IN THE POPE'S HOME

He has a very lofty conception of life. His soul lives in prayer, his mind in arcadia, and both in a world of undisturbed peace. His poetical odes, written in Latin, of which he is a perfect master, even to those who know, are read eagerly by many of his countrymen who never read the papers; he signs as "P.M."

THE POPE'S SUMMER HOME, VATICAN GARDENS

There, in those odes, we have the man a French writer stated he could not see in the Pope. Of course, if one wishes to miss the man, it is easily done amidst the splendour of the Papal Court. But it is equally easy in studying Leo to find a man of arts, a man of love, a pious man to whom the Papal chair has given prominence, it is true, but not more personal merit than he possessed at his election.

Of course, the higher the position the greater the difficulty for one to be a man. Leo XIII. has striven to be a man; he had many temptations, some of which he overcame, to others he yielded. Nepotism was rather encouraged than otherwise under him. Perhaps he has not done more than his predecessors did on this point; certainly he was more discreet, and his nephews and nieces have shown their appreciation of their uncle's favour by leading noble lives. Even in this Leo somewhat departed from the custom of the Vatican; he did not give to his nephews a commanding position in the Church, he limited himself to assure them their future, and with it the honour of the family. In another way, it is said, Leo was tempted and yielded. He invested some money, expecting a good dividend, and he was badly served by his man of business, a Monsignor who robbed the Pope and fled the country.

Leo XIII. has striven, with some success, to bring about a better understanding with the rulers of Protestant countries. His greatest success was in Germany. When he was elected Bismarck's anti-clerical policy was in full play. Leo succeeded in getting that policy altered, and a few years after, at the request of Bismarck himself, he acted as arbitrator in the dispute between Germany and Spain over the Caroline Islands. As to England, two things can be mentioned: the restoration of the Catholic hierarchy in Scotland, and the presence at the Vatican of the Duke of Norfolk, as the Queen's special envoy at the time of the sacerdotal jubilee of Leo.

Altogether, however, it cannot be said Leo XIII. has had a very eventful reign. Many small things have now and then happened with which Leo was very much pleased; but very little that can be considered as out of the routine of the Papal life. The present year has been proclaimed by the Pope as *Anno Santo*, and while I am writing streams of pilgrims are moving towards the Eternal City to receive the Papal blessing.

He has been visited by several foreign princes and princesses, and curious to say, but quite in keeping with the political situation, mostly by Protestants. By far the most eventful visits were those of the present German Emperor. He was the first crowned head to enter the Vatican since 1870 and the first German ruler since the Reformation. Catholic princes who go to the Quirinal are not admitted to the Vatican. Protestant princes, even if they are King Humbert's guests, are welcomed at the Vatican, but some kind of procedure must be strictly enforced.

The German Emperor paid the Pope two visits. On both occasions he had been staying for some days at the Quirinal when he went to the Vatican. He left the palace in a royal carriage and alighted at the Prussian Legation. There he changed carriages, and accompanied on the first occasion by the Empress, and on the second by his brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, he went to the Vatican, and as a matter of course he was welcomed as if he had just arrived from Germany, and it was even stated, at the time, somebody asked him if he had had a pleasant journey.

Another visit at the Vatican which produced some sensation was that of a French lady-writer, Madame Séverine. She left the Vatican an enthusiast of Leo's great personality, about which she wrote afterwards many gracious things, out of which I have culled the following:

"Very pale, very upright, very thin, his

BOWER OF ST. ANTHONY, VATICAN GARDENS

person hardly visible, a little earthly clay in a covering of white cloth. The Pope appeared to me whiter than he was painted; he was more human and more touching, less of a Sovereign, more than an apostle, almost a grandfather. A tender, timid kindliness seems to lurk between his lips and peep out when he smiles. He appeared to me like the incarnation of his family arms. His form is as slender and stately as the pine standing out against the ground azure of the Pecci blazon. His eyes are clear and bright as the morning star that shines at the summit of his heraldic tree. He has long, delicate, diaphanous, beautifully chiselled hands. The voice sounds far off and more accustomed to rise towards heaven than to descend to us. Nevertheless in conversation it comes back to earth from time to time and breaks its Gregorian recitative with something like a major intonation."

The Pope is very old, yet he may live long. He has a splendid constitution. It is reported that Cardinal Rampolla once said to a diplomat: "Leo will not die, he will slowly fade, and one day his faithful valet may find his master has gone without any warning whatever."

And here I must close my paper on a man great for his office, greater still on account of his personal attainments; who is an honour not only to his native land and to the Church of which he is the chief, but also to the world at large.

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A PREDESTINATION

By FRANCES CAMPBELL

ILLUSTRATED BY A. S. BOYD

THE Boss pushed the ledger fretfully away from him, and began fanning himself with the rim of his dilapidated cabbage tree hat. He had been poring over that ledger till his brains seemed red-hot. "Oh—h—h!" he sighed wearily. "Heat isn't the name for it!" He tilted back the wooden stool and looked at the little thermometer nailed on the wall. "One hundred and two. Go it, old Mercury, beat the record, it's Christmas week!"

He dragged the stool between the window, cut in the rough slab wall, and the door, flung back as far as it could go, on its calico hinges.

"Not a breath!" he exclaimed despairingly, "and the air stings. I'm as dry as a burnt-out furnace. Hi, Dearsie! Ted! Jim! Cooee!"

A door was slammed in the house, and there was a hum of children's voices. The Boss sat with his chin on his chest, looking vacantly out on the hot air trembling over the baking plain, not a single glimpse of green showed in all that weary stretch of aching vision. It was an endless monotone of grey, grey grass, and grey trees—eucalyptus, myall, and brigalow—turning their little grey leaves edgeways to the scorching sun, in a vain endeavour to retain their small store of moisture. A weary prospect, from his own slip rails to the foot of the range of rugged hills, that faded away into the sky in a purplish mist on the edge of the horizon. There came to the Boss a sudden vision of a quaint old house, set amidst larch and fir on a far-off Scottish hillside, and he mopped his face and groaned. "Cooee! Cooee!" he called. "Where the deuce have those kids got to?"

A fair, pretty child of about nine appeared in the store-room doorway. She had an old red table-cloth tied over her holland smock, and a brass dog-collar set like a coronet on her yellow hair. "Well, dad?" she inquired hastily.

"Hallo!" said the Boss, with a twinkle of amusement in his handsome eyes. "To whom may I have the pleasure, perhaps the honour, of speaking?"

"I'm the Queen of Prussia," answered Dearsie hurriedly. "And Rob Roy and I are just giving up our swords to Napoleon."

The Boss bowed languidly from his chair. "I offer your majesty my respectful sympathy," he said. "You'll find the Corsican an awful swine in the matter of swords. Will your royal highness condescend to make a lemon squash for a broken-down squatter like me?"

The Queen of Prussia snatched a lemon from a shelf and squeezed the pulp into a glass, which she filled from the water-bag hanging on the verandah, and handed the drink to her father.

"Thanks," he said; "your highness is a first-rate hand at a squash. How do you like this weather—pretty sultry, eh? Who's that coming through the slip rails?"

"It's awful hot," answered the Queen, lifting her train. "Oh, Dad, I wish Scotty would come back, Rob Roy does want him ever so!"

"I'm sorry, your Majesty!" remarked her father, with a note of dejection in his deep voice, "but your wish is impossible. Scotty and I have parted for ever. I don't think anything short of a miracle will turn him this time, and we manage badly without him, Dearsie."

"Yes," sighed the child. "Rob has been listening all the morning, he will have it Scotty's coming."

"Poor little chap!" said the Boss to him self. "Run along, Dearsie."

The Queen of Prussia sped off on her slender bare feet, and left him, gazing with much trouble in his dark face at the figure of the man who was riding from the slip rails. The trouble faded into incredulous joy as the rider came near enough to be recognised.

"Great snakes!" he exclaimed softly, smiting his thigh, "if it isn't Scotty. Good old Scotty!"

He sat motionless, watching while the man rode up to the verandah, and, dismounting, removed the saddle and bridle, and led his dripping steed to the stock-yard.

Then he sprang up the two rickety steps to the store-room, and with his cabbage-tree hat in his hand stood silently regarding the Boss.

"Sit," said the Boss, dragging a stool out with his foot. "What's the racket, Scotty? Bushed, lost your cheque, or come back to thrash out the question of the tarantula?"

Scotty calmly wiped his forehead, and passed a huge hand through his flaming hair, then he sat down, and, bending forward a little on his stool, fixed a pair of singularly bright blue eyes on the Boss.

"Ai no lost the cheque, or bin bushed, as ye varra weel ken, Boss, nor hae I returned to defend the tarantula, though I'm for stickin' to the argument that as the Lord made them they hae a purpose, though your bit wisdom canna find it oot. Na, na, Boss, I've bin turned in my path, an' ordered to return. In a vision of the night the word cam'. I'm no permitted to leave ye."

"Wire into the vision, Scotty," said the Boss, with a mischievous smile at the man's earnestness.

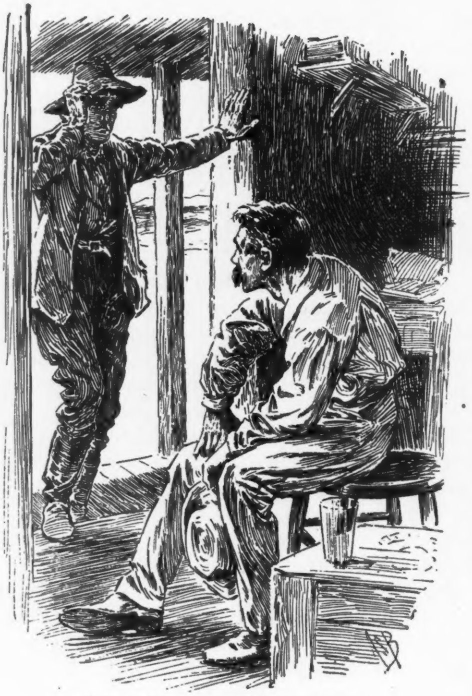
"I camped last nicht at One Tree Waterhole," began Scotty soberly. "'Tis near dry, Boss—we'll loose a' they blood stock if the rain disna come soon—an' I fell asleep by the fire, an' no denyin' that it was long eneugh afore sleep cam', thinkin' hoo the wee man in there wad be callin' for Scotty." He jerked his thumb over his shoulder as he spoke, and his voice took on an indescribable softness. "Mabbe Miss Dearsie had a sore handfu' wi' him. Was he listenin' for me, Boss?"

"He was seeking you, Scotty," answered the Boss in a queer dry voice. "He got out of bed, and down off the verandah, heaven only knows how. He found his way to the well there. I was working late, and I saw him, in the moonlight. Said he was waiting for you."

Scotty dropped his sunburnt face into his hands for a moment, then sat up very straight, and resumed with an imperturbable countenance: "I slep' soond for I was gey tired, but no for lang. An' sudden I foun' mysel sittin' up wide awake, an' a voice I kent weel caan' in my ears, 'Jamie Gordon, Jamie Gordon!'

"'Here am I," says I, wi' my hair all stannin' op on ma heid like thorns on a Christmas bush. 'Go back, Jamie Gordon—go back,' says the voice; and I said, 'To what end? seein' he has cast me oot, an' will no listen.'"

The Boss made a gesture of dissent, but Scotty raised a warning hand and went on:



"Stood silently regarding the Boss"

"I ken 'twas the temper, the fault was mine as well as yours, Maister Duncan, but I wad no acknowledge it, so I sat for a while, an' by-an'-by I slep' again, an again the voice came an' waked me callin', 'Jamie Gordon, go back, go back.' Then I made up my fire an' caad Swallow to me—an' the bit beastie whined an' fretted as if she kent what a sair heart I had. Near morn I slep' again, an' a third time I foun' mysel settin' up. The dawn was just creepin' ower the swamp, an' it was cold, an' grey in the sky, an' as I sat there the voice swept past me, an' it was like a woman wild wi' fear. 'Oh, Jamie Gordon!' it cried, 'will ye no gang back?' An then I kent who spoke, an' I rose an' saddled Billy an' turned his nose to Welltown. For some purpose I'm sent back, Boss, an' I must bide."

"And who spoke to you, Scotty?" asked the Boss curiously. A grey pallor had crept over his tired face as he listened, and he pressed a hand nervously over his mouth.

Scotty bent forward again, and his blue eyes looked full of honest pity.

"Boss," he said gently, "there was but one voice in a' the world with a cry in it that went to a man's heart, like the soun' o' a silver flute. Hark ye to anither like it!"

A child's voice rang suddenly out on the hot air, a voice wonderfully sweet and fluty, and, as Scotty said, the curious pathos in it "went to the heart," and yet it was only a child calling another child's name.

The Boss rose hastily and looked out of the little window. Though his wife had been dead for four years, the slightest reference to her woke up the same passionate grief and resentment in the man's heart as if she had died but yesterday. He turned presently and looked at the stockman with a luminous glow in his large eyes, which was curiously like tears. Bur Scotty did not see it, he was gazing straight before him with a rapt expression, strangely out of place on his hard features.

"So," said the Boss at length, "you think you're indispensable to us, Scotty." His voice was very husky and shook a little. "Well, no doubt you're right, you always are right, eh, man?"

"I'm no sayin' that," was the cautious answer. "But I was thinkin' that if ye see reason why I should hae been sent back—mabbe you'll take it as a sign—an' belive."

"So you'd make terms," said the Boss. "Very well, I'm open to conviction; and, man, can't you see I'd give anything to be able to look up to an Almighty God as you do?"

He laughed bitterly, but there was a ring of genuine passion in the quick words.

"The meat has gone wrong in the brine-tub, Scotty," the Boss went on after a pause. "Better light a fire over it. And Biddy set the bread last night; thank heaven you'll have the kneading, and not I, I'm due at Comerith about those clean skins."

"They'll be busy at there," said Scotty in most matter-of-fact tones. "The bush is on fire all across the range. I met the mail, an' he tellt me Comerith plains are blazin' too."

"Whe-e-w!" whistled the Boss. "*And* they mustered yesterday. Saddle Kingfish, Scotty, will you?"

Scotty brought up Kingfish, and handed his master the whip from behind the store-room door, then stood to watch him ride away across the paddock. Scotty was sorely moved as it was, but he would have been melted indeed if he could have seen the Boss's heart.

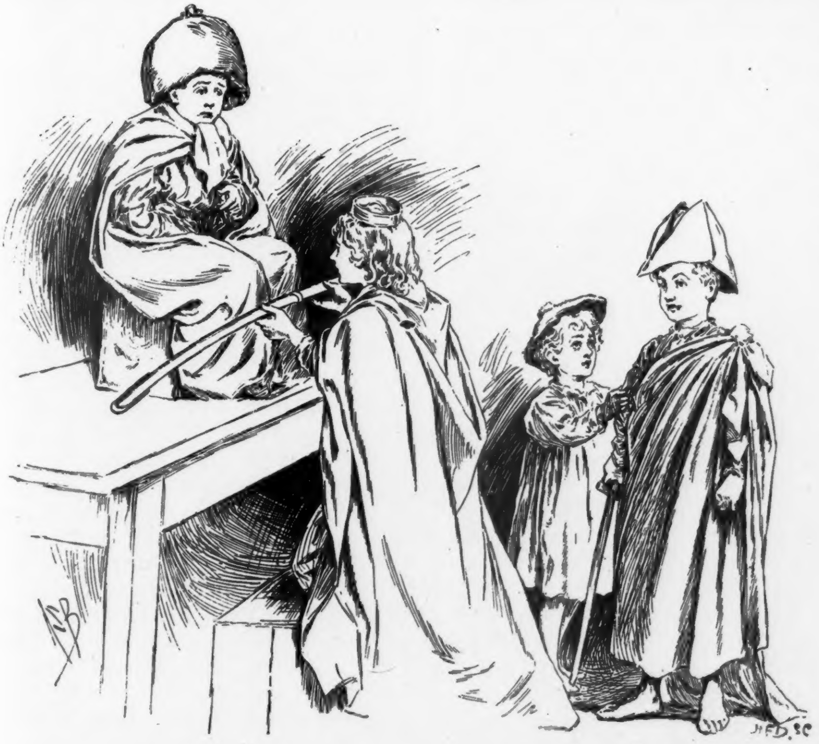
Scotty owed his nickname to his temper, Scotty being in bush parlance extreme irritability. He was famous indeed for a certain dour fierceness which made a blow much easier than a word, at any time; and in his master, Captain Dunbar, late of her Majesty's service, he met a disposition as explosive and as stubborn as his own—with this difference, Scotty felt his temper "a failing," and always alluded to it as such, for the reason that he was as sincere and earnest a follower of Christ as he whom our Lord forgave for denying him, while the Boss, with all his reading and intellect, was a man who had nothing to look to beyond that narrow home which all go to at the last—a man who made use of unusual powers of mind to destroy the God whom Scotty taught the children to pray to.

Scotty, too, belonged to the Church militant, and often thrust his views in his master's face; and as he looked at all things from a Scriptural standpoint, the result was generally what Captain Dunbar called "a very high-class row."

They quarrelled on every conceivable subject, from the heavens down to the utility of the tarantula in the scheme of the universe, which last had led to Scotty saddling his horse, and riding away from Welltown, as he thought, for ever.

Captain Dunbar—known as "the Boss"—had brought Scotty to Welltown Station twelve years ago, when he succeeded to that property.

With him also came his pretty young bride, a dainty, refined Scotch girl whom Scotty had seen growing into womanhood in her father's Highland home. She had been very lonely in the little slab-built house on the long level plain, four hundred miles away from the nearest town. For Welltown was a pioneer station. Life in the Queensland



"I hasten to lay my royal sword at the feet of your Majesty" bush is terribly lonely, and full of privations and hardships for the strongest. Comforts are difficult to obtain, and medical assistance impossible at times when it is most needed.

Therefore gentle, sweet-voiced Helen Dunbar died when little Rob Roy was born, and for a time her husband could hardly be counted a sane man. When Scotty talked of comfort and heaven, the Boss turned on him fiercely, and told him that his wife had been heaven and hope and life, and without her there was nothing.

Worst of all he would not look at the tiny wailing creature she had left behind—a little month-old baby, with an angelic face and the most beautiful eyes in the world.

So it fell to Dearsie and Scotty, the shepherd and stockman, to bring it up. Ted and Jim, the two eldest, loved Rob in their own way, but Dearsie and Scotty loved him with a passion which could hardly be put into words.

Scotty spoke truly when he once said that Rob was the care of his heart and the light of Dearsie's. Poor little Rob Roy! the great purple-grey eyes that looked out so wistfully from beneath the tangled lint-white curls had seen nothing since he was born. Rob was blind—hopelessly blind. He lived in a world peopled by voices and loving hands.

Dearsie dressed him, fed him, loved him during the day, but it was to Scotty's strong arms he crept at night, and to the sound of Scotty's voice raised in thunderous psalm and warlike hymns he had fallen to sleep almost every night of his little life.

Now he could join in, as his big nurse tramped up and down on the verandah, with the thin little figure cradled in his arms. Rob Roy had a voice as soft and liquid as a blackbird's note, and Scotty, marching up and down, with that soft note in his ear, would roar nightly, "The Lord's my Shepherd," till the butcher birds almost fell out of their nests with affright at the sound.

"Scotty's puttin' his kiddie to bed," the station hands would say as they sat outside their huts smoking the evening pipe; but the Australian heart is very tender, however rough its casing, and no man but thought the more of the gaunt Scot for his love to the motherless baby.

"My word!" a man would say, "but the Boss has a friend in Scotty." That indeed was Scotty's standing. He was his master's true and loyal friend, but for all his loyalty, or because of it, he never minced matters, and fought tooth and nail, as a Highlander will, for the truth.

He was the only schoolmaster the children ever knew, for no tutor could be induced to travel to that remote wilderness to teach them. They had learnt to read out of Scotty's only book, the Bible, to write in a big roundhand, and to work out the first three rules of arithmetic. Their library was a collection of the Waverley novels and a history of Europe. They were curiously intellectual, as such children always are, and they had a habit of acting everything they read, which was a sore trial to the old stockman's Puritan ideas. Finally he made a bargain with them, not to interfere so long as they avoided Scriptural subjects. Indeed, there was one occasion when he had enacted the *rôle* of King Robert the Bruce, to the entire satisfaction of all three critics.

He had taught them all to ride. They could chop wood, make cakes and tea, or grill a chop with any one. Their father said they were sufficiently educated—they knew as much as the Spartans.

But Scotty had different ideas, and was trying might and main to wake the careless fatherhood to a livelier interest in them. Ted and Jim would go home and be soldiers, and Miss Dearsie and his sweet Rob Roy ought to be in the old home on the Highland hills.

Scotty was thinking of it as he scraped together the kitchen fire. Then he hung the kettle, and laid the table, and, stooping down, removed his thick shoes, and, stealing softly along the verandah, looked in at the dining-room door. It was a test of Rob's love he was never tired of trying, for the keen little ears never failed to hear his footstep, no matter how lightly he trod, and those little feet that stumbled so pitifully without Dearsie's loving hand could always find their way unerringly to his "ain Scotty."

Ted, the eldest boy, was sitting on the table throned on a kerosene tin—a sheet tied round his neck for imperial robes, and a scarlet tea-cosy on his fair head. Napoleon was feeling the heat, and the ceremony was becoming tedious. They had been Napoleon in turn all the morning, and he was getting a trifle weary of his dignity, and every time he pushed back the cosy Dearsie found fault with his manners. Dearsie, as the King of Prussia now, was holding an animated discussion on precedence with the Czar. Dearsie, with Rob by the hand, insisted that a conquered nation must pay homage first, and the Czar disagreed with her.

Napoleon took the opportunity to wipe his brow, and produced a locust with a piece of cotton tied to one of its hind legs to amuse himself while the rivals fought it out.

Prussia conquered, and advanced to the throne in much pride of state, holding an old scabbard before her.

"I hasten," she said grandly, "to—— Ted, put away that locust this instant! Kings *never* play with locusts."

Ted thrust the hapless insect into his pocket, and pushed the cosy a little farther back on his head. The Czar laughed irreverently, and Dearsie, with a withering look, advanced to the foot of the throne.

"I hasten," she said, laying the scabbard on the table, "to lay my royal sword at the feet of your Majesty."

The locust was making tracks up his Majesty's leg through a hole in his pocket, and the agony was almost insupportable, but Napoleon stuck to his dignity, and contented his feelings by making a most horrible grimace at the unfortunate king.

"Prussia," he said manfully, "I accept your royal sword at the feet of my Majesty."

"That," said Dearsie in an accent of despair, "is all wrong: you oughtn't to say 'your Majesty.'"

"My Majesty," repeated Napoleon, with another contortion of his damp countenance. Then, as the locust began to wriggle up the small of his back, he abandoned his attitude of kingly dignity, and with a terrific yell tumbled off the kerosene tin and rolled under the table.

In the hubbub Rob Roy tore his small hand out of Dearsie's, and started with outstretched hands for the door, where stood Scotty smiling grimly on the kicking Emperor. The Czar and Dearsie flung themselves on him with a simultaneous yell. But he put them aside and waited with his hands held out to his baby, who came with glowing face to his arms, and rubbed a soft white cheek against the big Scotchman's sunburnt face.

Then began a little dialogue which was repeated every time that Rob found him thus.

"Ah," began Scotty in a tone of great surprise. "An' wha's this?"

"Rob Roy," said the child, with a delighted laugh.

"What havers!" said Scotty in indignation. "Man, whar's yer kilt, an' yer belted plaid, an' yer big claymore, an' yer chieftan's bonnet wi' the eagle's feather?"

"Rob Roy's a man," replied the child proudly, turning beautiful eyes up to the face he could not see, "but he's no big enough to have they fine things yet."

The children roared with laughter at the familiar play, and Scotty lifted Rob to his shoulder and led the way to the kitchen.

"Scotty's not goin' to leave Rob Roy aden?" he asked anxiously, as he was put in his high chair. "There was no any, anybody to sing Rob to sleep last night."

"He said we couldn't *rumble* enough," remarked Dearsie. "Oh, boys, be joyful; we won't have to clear up in the dining-room to-day."

"Scotty, are you really back?" asked Ted and Jim together.

"Aye," answered Scotty. "An' I've brocht a fine thick stick too."

Jim and Ted laughed. Scotty always brought a stick, but no one ever saw it.

Scotty produced a banana and a passion fruit, and gave them to Dearsie, who sat down by Rob, and fed him daintily.

"There," she said, bestowing a resounding kiss on his cheek. "Like that nice dinner, Babs?"

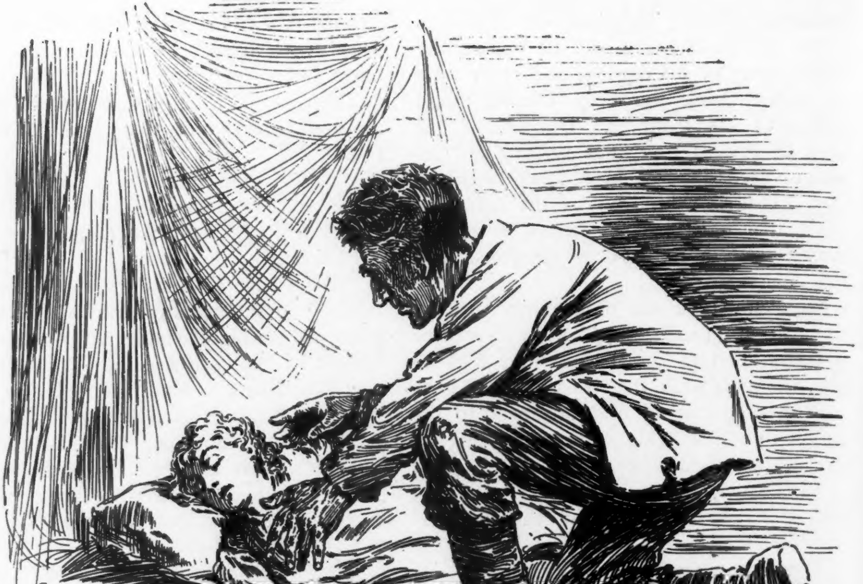
"Yes," said Rob Roy contentedly. "More, Scotty?"

"Yin mair," answered Scotty, diving into his pockets again, his eyes fixed on the wistful little face.

"On Christmas Day," said Jim, vaulting over a chair, "we're to have plum-pudding and roast goose."

"And hang up our stockings in the chimney, Scotty," said Dearsie.

"Father's going to give me a gun," shouted Ted. "Oh, I say, old man, do come down to the creek, *I* don't want any dinner. Swipes and salt junk, bah!"



"Scotty laid him tenderly down"

"What wad ye like fur dinner, Maister Ted?" inquired Scotty, pausing with the tin teapot in his hand.

"A feast of lampreys and cocoa-nut ice," was the prompt answer.

"An' yer choice, Maister Jim?" inquired Scotty.

"I think," said Jim in his usual meditative fashion, "I'd like a venison pasty and a butt of Malmsey. What's a butt anyway?"

"A tank made o' wood," was the answer. "Ye'd be some time ow'r yer drink, Maister Jim."

"Oh! oh!" shrieked Dearsie, "what a drink!"

"What wad ye tak' yersel', Miss Dearsie?" Scotty placed a huge round of corned beef on the table as he spoke, and began to slice it.

"Ices," said Dearsie eagerly. "Real cold, cold ices made in a refrigerator. Oh, Scotty, what's it like to feel cold, really quite cold, and want to warm one's self?"

"No sae nice as ye think," answered Scotty. "An' what wad the wee chieftain like for his Christmas dinner, eh?

"Passion fruit," answered Rob promptly; "lots an' lots for all everybody."

"Then I'll no dine wi' ye or wi' Miss Dearsie either," remarked Scotty. "Will ye a' be seated till Rob Roy asks a blessin'."

The children sat down languidly, to the usual bush meal—salt beef, bread and tea. They were usually a hungry little quartette, but to-day the heat seemed to lie like a burden on them, and they hardly cared to talk.

They finished the meal in silence. Dearsie afterwards wiped the plates and cups as Ted washed up, and everything was put tidily away.

"Is the bush on fire over there at Comerith?" asked Ted, as he dried his hands on the kitchen towel.

"Aye, laddie," replied Scotty. "The Range has been on fire for days, and Comerith was burning yesterday."

"Then it's coming this way," exclaimed both boys together.

"My word, Scotty, what shall we do? All the hands have gone mustering to Comerith and the creek is pretty dry."

"I counted twenty-nine cattle in the creek yesterday," said Jim in a quiet voice. "Lucky we've got the well."

"Aye," answered Scotty. "It's a bad drought."

He was hammering a nail into the verandah post, and as he spoke he hung a mosquito curtain on it, and spread a sheet on the boards. Rob Roy had fallen asleep in his chair, and Scotty laid him tenderly down and drew the curtain over the tiny form.

The heat had grown almost insufferable, and the haze which had hung over the hills had crept steadily nearer and nearer, till it was almost impossible to distinguish anything on the plain. The hot air stung the nostrils as one breathed, and made it a labour to respire. Overhead the sun was like a great ball of molten fire in a sky of dull red. Far away down on the horizon lay a banked-up mass of rolling cloud, purple-black and golden-white, with the lightning playing through it in a continuous flare of flickering flame.

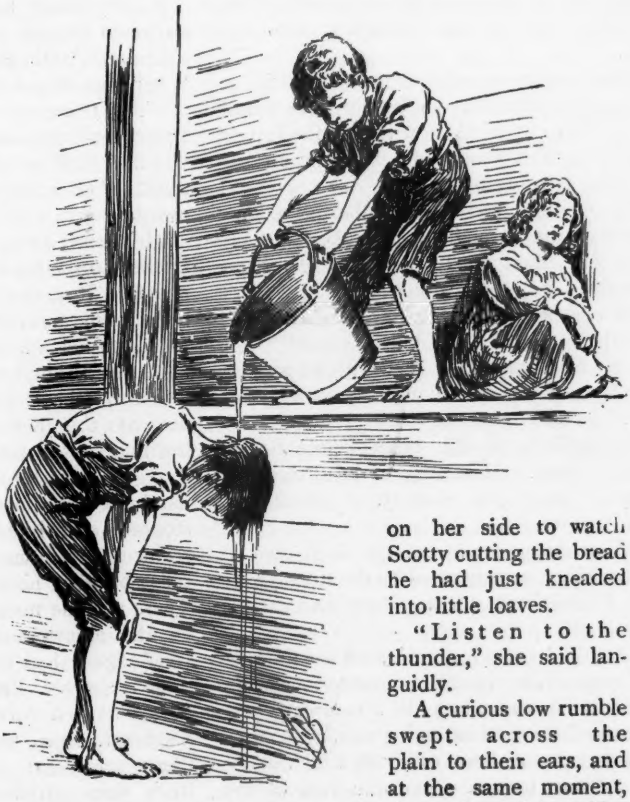
Scotty looked at it gratefully as he mopped himself with a red cotton handkerchief.

Dearsie lay down beside the mosquito curtain and gasped. Jim and Ted brought a bucket of water from the well, and languidly proceeded to pour it over each other's heads.

The plain narrowed perceptibly as the day crept on, and the clouds mounted slowly against the wind—always a sign of a bad storm, hail and lightning. Scotty, as he passed in and out, eyed it anxiously, though he knew their safety from the advancing fire lay in the deluge hanging in those far-off clouds.

A deadly silence had fallen on all things. Nature seemed holding her breath. In the bush she is always quiet. There are no bird-notes save the shriek of a parrot, or the soft whistle of the butcher bird, or maybe the laugh of the great kingfisher. But all those sounds were still now, even the everlasting shrill grind of the locust in the tree-tops was hushed into quietude, and the stillness lay heavily, as if it could almost be felt. The very earth seemed to be gaping with thirst, as it lay beneath the molten sun.

Dearsie, dripping from every pore, turned on her side to watch Scotty cutting the bread he had just kneaded into little loaves.



"Languidly proceeded to pour it over each other's heads"

"Listen to the thunder," she said languidly.

A curious low rumble swept across the plain to their ears, and at the same moment, three beautiful collies bounded on the verandah and rushed up to Scotty, barking loudly.

"Eh!" said Scotty uneasily. "Whar's the Boss? Down Stumpy! Lassie, ye hizzie, doon! Swallow, what brings ye here?"

The dogs growled and barked in the direction of the noise, and the children sat and watched them wonderingly.

"That's rummy thunder," remarked Ted, lifting a damp head.

"I think it's a rush!" exclaimed Jim, sitting up suddenly. "Hi, Scotty, what's that?"

The low ominous roll came nearer as he spoke, and the dogs sprang off the verandah, and, barking furiously, tore at a gallop across the paddock.

"Trouble at Comerith," said Scotty briefly. "That's a stampede comin' this way too. Dinna steer, bairns, till I rin in the horses."

He ran towards the stock-yard, rubbing the dough off his arms as he went, and a few seconds after he was galloping into the haze.

The thunderous noise grew louder, till the hot earth seemed to shake with the sound of it. The children knew it was the feet of thousands and thousands of cattle fleeing from the burning bush.

The boys looked at each other, as a faint bellow came through the smoke to their ears, and then made simultaneous start together.

"You're to stay here," said Dearsie decidedly.

"No fear," answered Ted, with an air of a man; "not when the mob is coming this way."

"They'll be at the creek before Scotty can get there. How's he to head them off alone?" said Jim sharply. "Come on, Ted."

"You keep your eye on Rob Roy!" shouted Ted, as they raced to the stock-yard; and Dearsie saw them riding barebacked after Scotty.

They had scarcely gone before the thunder of approaching hoofs announced Scotty's return. He was riding like a madman, just abreast of the leaders, trying vainly to head off the enormous mob of cattle which swept like a living torrent, from one end of the paddock to the other.

Comerith and Welltown counted their cattle by tens of thousands, and to them was added the thousands uncounted of the wild cattle from the burning hills—mad with thirst and terror—making blindly through the dust to the waters of the great river which flowed twenty miles away.

Scotty was riding on the inside next the house, trying to head the mob away from the verandah towards the slip rails, but the shaggy wild bulls which led heeded neither the cracking stock-whip nor the furious dogs, and only lowered their terrible heads with dull roarings, the awful dull roar of the thirst-mad cattle, and tore on. Scotty turned again and again, but at last the mob broke round him, and he was riding within an inch of their horns.

He just reached the verandah as the mob tore through the space between the house and the well.

"Whar's the boys?" he gasped, tying his dripping horse to the post.

"They went to help head them off," answered Dearsie tearfully, pointing towards the haze. "Oh, Scotty, what an awful mob. Where can they have come from?"

"All Comerith an' Welltown, an' the Brumbees from a' the airts," panted Scotty. "If they kiddies keep well oot they'll be a' right. 'Tis a fearsome sicht. I think we'll move the wee man."

He turned away, and walked through the kitchen to the back verandah, where he had laid Rob Roy, to catch any cool breath that might come from the gathering storm. The mosquito net was dragged across the boards, and trailed round the post.

Scotty's heart stood still, and he looked out at the bellowing multitude with a horrible sense of unreality, as if indeed, it were all a fearful dream. Then, with one hand on the post to steady himself, he stooped and lifted the net. His brain seemed for a moment unable to take in the sense of what he saw. Rob was not there. There was the mark of the little damp head on the pillow, and the outline where the small figure had lain in its sleep on the folded sheet. But Rob Roy was gone. Scotty swayed forward with a sick fear at his heart, then, as Dearsie came through the open door, and seeing—called out in a voice stricken into shrill harshness with terror, "Rob! Rob! where are you, Rob?"

They sought him through dining-room, bedroom and kitchen, in every possible hiding-place. Till, as Scotty stood in the front again calling distractedly, a momentary lifting of the cloud of dust showed him a tiny figure in a holland pinafore clinging with baby hands to the well-wheel—the small pale face, with beautiful sightless eyes, staring affrightedly at the mad crowd he could not see.

Scotty sprang upwards on the hot boards as if he had been shot. Dearsie, her little face curiously like her father's in its open pallor, stood pointing with one slender finger across the ghastly sea of tossing horns and fierce eyes.

Then the dust rose again, and the baby form was hidden.

"He went to look for you, Scotty," wailed Dearsie. "He must have thought you'd gone away again."

Scotty did not answer, his eyes were vainly trying to pierce the cloud which covered the well, where stood Rob of the beautiful eyes, who could not see that one step backwards or forwards would be sudden and fearful death.

No mortal man could cross through that flying, crowding mass of wild animals. Wherever Scotty turned they were. The little house was surrounded on all sides. They loomed hideously out of the smoke and vanished into it on the other side, with incessant and terrible bellowings. There was no way by which he could reach the well. The mob came down, pressing thickly behind each other, till it seemed as if each separate grain of dust on the plains had taken life, and become a thirsty plunging animal, fighting with hoofs and horns to be nearer the scent of flowing water.

Scotty raised his eyes to the brazen sky, and as they fell earthwards again they saw the gum-tree drooping one great white branch across the iron tank.

In an instant he was in the store-room and out again, with a coil of rope round his waist, and was climbing over the tank and on the branch.

Scotty was a heavy man because of his inches, though there was not an ounce of superfluous flesh on his bones, and the branch bent and creaked as he crept cautiously along, till it seemed to Dearsie, watching him, that every movement would bring him down on those wildly tossing horns.

But low as it bent the branch held. Scotty left it, and crawled out on another stretching over the well, till he was almost above Rob's little fair head. He looked down on it, as the child clung to the wheel, his fluty little voice coming to the man's ears through all the clamour and dust: "Scotty! Scotty!"

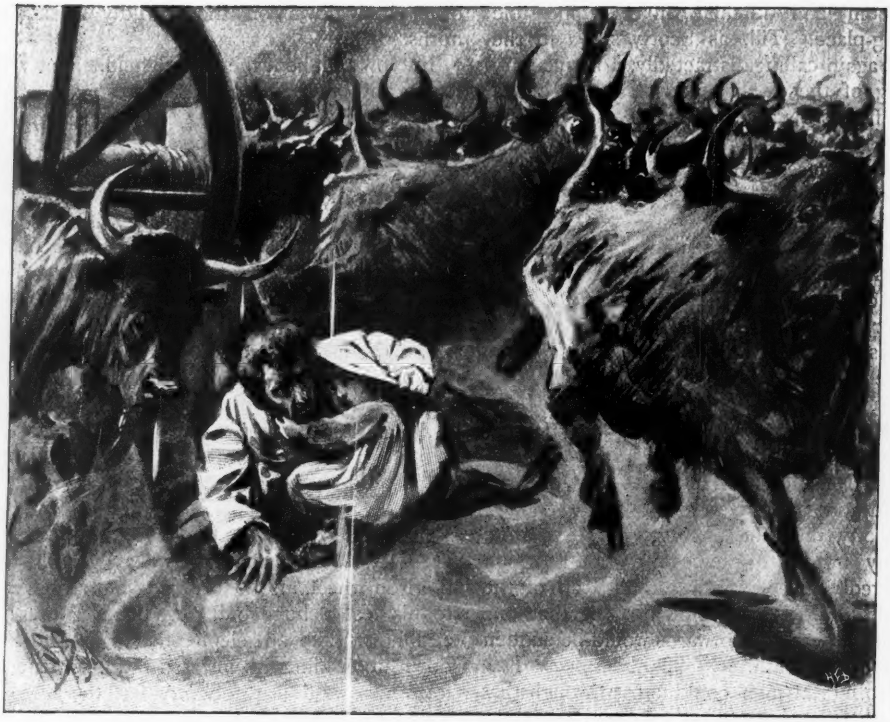
Great drops of sweat poured off Scotty's brow as he heard it, and his hands, as he unwound the rope from his middle, were cold and clammy.

He sat astride the branch and fastened the rope securely, then flung himself over and began to slide down.

The knot held, but the rope was too short. Scotty looked despairingly at the little child below, and swinging himself on the end of the rope, made a desperate spring forwards. But he had calculated the distance badly. He fell with his head striking heavily against the iron wheel, and before he could struggle to his feet a huge bull with flaming eyes, and horns like an elephant's tusks, bore down upon him with lowered head, snorting forth rage and fear. Scotty felt the huge horns catch him below the shoulder, and knew he was carried violently forward, then he found himself lying on his back in the dust, his out-flung hands within an inch of Rob's little bare feet.

Scotty lay for a while with a noise like the sea in his ears, and fire shooting across his vision. Then he tried to rise, but found his body immovable, only his arms and head obeyed his will. He felt numb and cold from the waist, and he had a curious feeling of having lost his legs. He knew what had happened quite well, it is no uncommon thing in the bush for a man on a cattle station to break his back. He only reached forward with a tremendous effort, and caught Rob Roy by a small bare leg, and drew him near. The child started with fright, and would have broken away, but Scotty held him tight. "What!" he said tenderly in the little ear. "Wad ye rin awa frae yer ain Scotty?"

Rob Roy passed his little hand over the sunburnt face on the ground, and sat down contentedly beside him, but so perilously near the trampling hoofs that Scotty, after an ineffectual effort to move, at last succeeded



"'I'm feared,' he said in his baby voice, 'Scotty, I'm feared'"

in lifting him across his own prostrate body, and sat him on the well-cover. "Bide ye there, an' dinna move, till I tell ye, laddie!" he said hoarsely, recognising the fact that as long as the mob kept rushing forward, Rob Roy would be sheltered by the wheel. And there they stayed, with the thick dust filling their nostrils and eyes, while the stampede thundered on. Scotty had wandered into another country, and was climbing a heathery slope in the misty rain, when a terrific flash of lightning opened his eyes, and a peal of thunder, which made the very earth shake, brought Rob creeping to his arms. "I'm feared," he said in his baby voice, "Scotty, I'm feared."

"Bonny laddie!" answered the man soothingly. "Highland laddie, creep close tae yer Scotty, an dinna fear!" He lifted his head as he spoke, and looked around him, then, with a gesture of indescribable tenderness, he drew his linen coat over the child's head, and at that moment the cattle turned in confusion, as the storm rattled and lightened above, and broke back, trampling and crowding round the wheel, suddenly the wooden supports gave way, and the thousands and thousands were plunging over the well, and what lay by it.

Half an hour afterwards four men tenderly lifted the trodden mass, trampled out of all recognition, that had held the brave soul of Jamie Gordon. Close up to him the little hands on his chest, the small face pressed against his side beneath the soaked coat lay Rob Roy, by some effort, unknown to all but the God whom he served, Scotty had managed to turn on his side and cover the child, so that there was no mark on the little body, or disfigurement of the small sweet face, only a few drops of blood, from Scotty's pierced shoulder, on the fair head. And the Boss, kneeling beside the two, buried his face in his hands and cried aloud, "Oh, my God! what a sign! what a sign!"

THE MIRACLES OF JESUS

SUNDAY READINGS FOR OCTOBER

By the Rev. COSMO GORDON LANG, M.A.

JESUS WALKING ON THE SEA

St. Matthew xiv. 22; St. Mark vi. 46; St. John vi. 15

FIRST SUNDAY

DETACHMENT

A GREAT space in the Ideal Life was given to solitude. Jesus continually withdrew Himself from the crowd, even from His own friends, to be alone with the Father. So in the passage before us this month, "after He had sent the multitudes away, He went up into the mountain apart to pray, and when eve was come He was there alone." It was His way of realising His undisturbed communion with the Father: His chosen rest was the solitude in which He retreated from the bustle of the world to the refreshing calm of the eternal. He was the Image of God, in which we too are made; and if we are to realise our true life we must learn to be alone. It is in solitude that we discover the secret of detachment, and realise that supreme relationship which is the fount at once of greatness and peace—the relationship of the individual soul and God.

It is the whole tendency of the times "to depersonalise man": we live, move, think in crowds. The typical life of modern England is the life of the crowded town. Even when we are reading alone, it is the newspaper or magazine that we read. The old habit of reading master-books was one which helped men to think for themselves; but reading the newspaper is just listening to the voices of the crowd. And the atmosphere of the crowd is always one of hurry, restlessness, confusion.

> We are brought forth and reared in hours
> Of change, alarm, surprise,
> What shelter to grow ripe is ours,
> What leisure to grow wise?

We lose the capacity for solitude: it makes us feel awkward and uncomfortable; we are companions to the crowd and strangers to ourselves. There is doubtless the other side of the truth—that no man can live to himself; we are knit in the kinship of one body to our fellows; we have our share and our place by God's will in the multitudinous life which ceaselessly throbs and toils in the world He made. Nay, God Himself is in it: and we are with God even in the multitude. But God, in His own supreme personality, is also above the multitude of His creatures. The old words describing Him as resting the seventh day to behold His works and declare them "very good" teach the truth that if He is present in these works of His, He is also above them. We too must keep our Sabbath-days—the times of rest and withdrawal—in order that we may assert the supremacy of our personal spirit, that we may rise above the six days' labour in the crowd and view it from the standpoint of the eternal, and recover ourselves and our true place within it; otherwise it absorbs and overwhelms us, and the spirit is tied and bound to it and cannot rise to God. There must be Sabbaths of detachment from our circumstances if we are to be their masters, not their slaves.

Solitude, then, is necessary for communion with God. It is in silence that the final truths assert and reveal themselves. Speech, the language of the crowd, limits and conceals the truth—gives us at best, even the speech of wise books, only aspects of the truth. The wisest of men can utter only the half of what he knows: and that is the half that reaches us. Even when we attempt to speak our own thoughts, we may make them clearer, but by that very fact we arrest and limit them. For, as Maeterlinck truly tells us, the ideas that are not clear are the ideas that are most potent and bring us nearest to God. They are

> The intuitions, grasps of guess,
> Which pull the more into the less,
> Making the finite comprehend
> Infinity.

It is through the intuitions of silence—the deep soul-convictions which escape words and cannot brook the atmosphere of the crowd and its chatter—that we reach God. "Be still, and know that I am God."

And solitude is necessary also for a just apprehension of the crowd and of our place within it. In his "Fruits of Solitude"—a little book which is well worth reading—William Penn writes: "Till we are persuaded to stop and step a little aside out of the noisy crowd and incumbering hurry of the world, and calmly take a prospect of things, it will be impossible we should be able to make a right judgment of ourselves." That is it—to step aside and take a prospect of things. The wise man is he who from time to time withdraws from the crowd and looks at it from the standpoint of the eternal, and then enters it as one who has discovered his own true path and place in it. It is in solitude that we learn to adjust our eyes to the true perspective of things. "Look, therefore," says St. Paul, that wisest and most practical of mystics, "look carefully how ye walk, not as unwise, but as wise, buying up the opportunity because the days are evil." That wary look is one of the best gifts of solitude.

SECOND SUNDAY

THE CONTRARY WIND

"THE boat was now in the midst of the sea, distressed by the waves, for the wind was contrary." There are many who will find in these words a very faithful parable of their life. We are, all of us, mariners in this sea of life. We put off from the shore in all the gaiety of childhood, embarked on a happy venture. In the days of youth—the days of our inspiring illusions—we bound along under the fair wind of hope and ambition, but by the time we reach the midst of the sea—that period of middle age when the illusions disappear and the grim realities of life take their place—we mostly find that the wind is contrary and the waves distressing. The wind shifts and turns against us; we have not time to tack; we must take to the oars, the heavy oars of toil, and be thankful if we can only feel that we are making some sort of headway. It is our appointed lot: we have our share of the wind and tide, but sooner or later we must take to the oars.

Well, there is nothing for it but the spirit of the mariner. He does not quarrel with the changes and chances of the weather, he accepts them as a matter of course, and makes the best of them: "It is all in the day's work." And you shall see him, when the wind shifts and the tide turns, stop his song, put out his pipe, and without a grumble take to the oars and pull his way along with dogged perseverance. The foolishest thing that a man can do is to quarrel with his lot: no grumbling will change it. If there is no wind, all his whistling will not fetch it: if it is contrary, he may call aloud to the four corners of the earth, but they will not heed him. If he will not take to his oars, and do his best, he will only drift on to the rocks. There is no way of living except the way of taking life on the terms on which it is given to us. It is too late, when we are in the midst of the sea, to wish that we had not started; and it is as much as we have any right to hope for that we shall reach the haven sometime and somehow, with boat taut and spirit thankful.

We may not quarrel with the contrary wind, but we can learn to value it. It is, after all, struggle and toil—taking to the oars—that tests the stuff we are made of. No one ever became a master-mariner by paddling in the calm or sitting still under a fair wind; and no one ever became a master-liver—a man, in short, of power, resource, and self-control—by "having a good time." It is the contrary wind that makes manhood. Again, it is the contrary wind that binds us to our brother-men. If we were to sail along under fair winds, each lying at his ease, life would teach us nothing but lazy selfishness. The contrary wind gives us the fellowship of the oars—the need of keeping time with one another, of each helping the others while he pulls away on his own thwart. No finer sound ever rises to heaven than the comrade-song of the rowers. Surely we all know that the best things life has brought us—the things that bring the deepest satisfaction—have been the chances of service. Help to the weak, cheer to the struggling, sympathy to the sufferer—these are the true prizes of life. Of all the praises that reward us, none is so sweet or strong as the thanks of a brother-man. And even if no thanks come for our help or sympathy, we know in ourselves that we are better men for the mere giving it.

Lastly, it is only the contrary wind that can bring the joy of the harbour. To round the breakwater, with its cheering light; to hear the waves breaking on the far side of it and see the tempest fly across the waste of water and know that it can buffet us no longer; to ship the weary oars, and pass from the wind and darkness into the brightness, warmth, and rest of home—oh, it is more than worth all the toil and the trouble of the voyage! Surely the joys of home are only for the traveller, and of rest only for the toiler. There is no such thing as rest for the idler. It remains only for "the people of God"—the men who have taken life as He gave it to them, and made themselves men by the toil of it, and given Him thanks in the midst of it, and trusted to Him for the way of it. "They that go down to the sea in ships and have their business in great waters, these men see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep. . . . He bringeth them to the haven where they would be."

THIRD SUNDAY

THE DIVINE SYMPATHY

"Seeing them distressed in rowing, for the wind was contrary unto them, about the fourth watch of the night, Jesus, cometh unto them, walking on the sea." The disciples were tossing and struggling in the midst of the sea, with waves distressing and wind contrary, their minds and bodies set on the mere weary task of the oars. But from His mountain—raised above the waters in the calm of His communion with the Father—Jesus was watching the little specks of the boats, black against the moonlit waves, and noticing the sore trouble of their toil. He arose to teach them a lesson for life. He came past them, walking on the very waves that distressed them, asserting His divine supremacy there. They were to learn that even the distressing waves of life could be the way along which the power and calm of His presence would come to them.

Last Sunday we were in the heroic mood. We were brave to accept and even welcome the contrary wind—the discipline of struggle—as the appointed lot of life. But the question will obtrude itself, "Who cares for the issue of the struggle?" We toil and persevere, and test our manhood at the oars, and death is the harbour that we reach. All voyages across the sea of life come to that end. What matters it, whether we reach it with the boat strong and safe, or in the collapse of a wreck? It is death either way. And if nothing has watched the struggle but the pitiless indifference of things, is it after all worth making? It is, I think, in "Middlemarch" that George Eliot describes a story of inner hopes and fears as being laid bare before "the merciful eyes of solitude." Truly, a strange adjective! The thought takes mercy out of Nature, and leaves it a mere huge and callous force, alike indifferent and irresistible; it brings before us that awful spectre of the dead socket out of which no eye is looking. There is, indeed, infinite pathos in the struggles of men; but the thought of it would be unbearable if we had no faith in an Infinite Pity responding to it. Mankind would soon lose heart and throw down the oars if the light of faith in a divine sympathy went out. It is this need of a divine assurance that there is a heart of sympathy at the root of things which Christ came to satisfy. He who was one with the Eternal Being watches from His mountain-top the toilers in the deep. Still in the darkest hours, when we are in the midst of the sea, labouring at the oars, the eye of a divine compassion is upon us, noting the toil, and waiting to give the reward of rest. There is a striking chapter in that fine book "Marius the Epicurean" which gives expression to the longing of man beset by the contrary wind. It ends thus: "A protest comes out of the very depths of man's radically hopeless condition in the world, with the energy of one of those suffering yet prevailing deities, of which old poetry tells. Dared one hope that there is a heart, even as ours, in that divine 'assistant' of one's thoughts, a heart even as mine, behind this vain show of things!" Christ gives the answer:

> So through the thunder comes a human voice,
> Saying, "O heart I made, a heart beats here."

But how much more than one could have dared to conceive was the fulness of His answer! He not only declared the divine sympathy, He entered the human struggle. "Jesus cometh to them walking on the sea." It was not enough that God should declare the divine sympathy in a word: He chose also to declare it in a Life. There can be no doubt of a sympathy which issues in self-sacrifice; and we see the Heart of God in the Cross of Jesus Christ. All the toil and struggle and bitter disappointment, and hard-kept loyalty of human life, He took them upon Himself. He entered the distressing waves: He came unto us walking upon the sea. He who ordained the hard law of the Cross, Himself submitted to it, to prove by His self-sacrifice that it comes from a Will of love; and He transformed it by bidding us not only take it, but take it after Him. It is through the fellowship of the Cross that He comes most closely to us. We are, indeed, slow to believe it. "When the disciples saw Him walking on the sea they were troubled, saying, 'It is an apparition'; and they cried out for fear." So we, when some special blow of the contrary wind buffets us, when some cross meets us, are troubled; it seems to us as a spectre, the spectre of a power alien and bewildering. We shrink from it and cry out for fear. But we are to hear coming from it the very voice of the Love of God, saying, "Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid." That is the greatest of all gifts of sight—to see the Crucified on every cross. For when we see and greet Him there, supreme and calm, He gives us His own supremacy and calmness. We conquer our crosses by bearing them with Him.

FOURTH SUNDAY

THE TRIAL OF FAITH

WE have grown familiar with the message of the Cross. But whenever we think out quietly what it means, and in some measure realise the wonder of its news—the presence of the love of God in the very mysteries which seem to hide it, it must be a heart of stone which does not thrill with a response of gratitude. When we have by faith grasped the truth that Christ comes nearest to us on the cross, then, if His presence be the thing our soul longs to have, we are bold to ask Him to bid us come to Him there. We almost seek the cross, that we may find Him on it. But, if our wish be granted, and the cross comes, it is very different; we who were so bold in faith are so feeble in fact. Our poor weak human nature quails and sinks beneath it. Perhaps some of you felt last Sunday, "Ah, it is easy to be thus bold about the cross in prospect: it is very hard to keep the boldness when the reality is upon us."

That was the experience of St. Peter. "Peter answered Him and said, 'Lord, if it be Thou, bid me come unto Thee upon the waters.' And He said, 'Come.' And Peter went down from the boat and walked upon the waters to come to Jesus. But when he saw the wind he was afraid, and beginning to sink he cried out." It was the difference between the impulse of faith and the test of the reality. The impulse was right, and we are not to check these sudden outbursts of true emotion. The will is slow and late, and needs these emotions running ahead to exhort and inspire it; only, we must be continually bringing the will up to the level of the faith. It is when the testing reality comes upon a faith that has too far outrun the will that it disconcerts and overthrows. The reserve of the settled strong purpose of the will comes up too late. Again, it was when St. Peter turned his eyes from the Master and let them dwell on the waves rising under the stress of the wind, that he began to sink. So, if our faith that it is Christ who calls us to come to Him on the cross is to prevail, it must be thorough and fixed; we must keep our eyes fixed steadily upon Him. If we allow our imagination to dwell on the stern and fearful actualities of our cross they will overcome us. Suppose, *e.g.* that our cross is the death of some one dearly beloved; then, if we try by the vivid imagination of grief to realise the bitterness of the loss, attempt to hear his voice and feel only the chill of silence, attempt to picture the future without him and feel the awfulness of the blank, we shall sink, and the sorrow will prostrate and unman us. Or, suppose the cross is some grievous illness; then, if we dwell on the prospect of arrested purposes and thwarted capacities, of the possible overthrow of hopes and ambitions, once again we shall begin to sink. The only hope is, if we have faith at all, to have faith entirely; we must keep the eyes of thought and imagination fixed resolutely on the presence of Christ. We must lose the sight of the cross in the sight of the Crucified.

FROM ONE POINT OF VIEW

By WILLIAM CANTON

"THE long-lived Empire"* would be well worth reading at any time. At the present moment it is of especial interest. It does not deal with political and diplomatic questions, it is true, and it was apparently in the press some time before "the Boxers" broke loose; but if it does not meet the occasion with the spontaneity and finality of a leading article, it possesses the advantage of being the result of close observation extending over a considerable period of time, and modified or confirmed according to circumstances by ample opportunity for revision. It is brightly and attractively written, and the numerous illustrations enable the reader to form a more accurate conception of incidents and scenes than verbal descriptions, which in all likelihood would be in some measure misunderstood in the light of a purely Western experience.

From childhood we have been accustomed to regard China as a realm of topsy-turveydom and comic opera; a country in which all the commonplaces of the Anglo-Saxon world are refracted, distorted and negatived in the most grotesque and unaccountable fashion; an empire whose language has no alphabet, where in oral speech consonants go for nothing and accents do not count, where the seasons change when the Emperor changes his hat, where the performance of a stage-play may last for several years, where a wife may be divorced for talkativeness, where the pigtail is used by the sailor to tie on his hat, by the schoolmaster to chastise his pupils, by the householder to hang himself to a rafter in despondency or out of revenge; where, as Wingrove Cook aptly expressed it, "the roses have no fragrance and the women no petticoats, where the labourer has no sabbath and the magistrate no sense of honour, where the needle points to the south and the sign of being puzzled is to scratch the antipodes of the head, where the place of honour is on the left hand and the seat of intellect is in the stomach, where to take off your hat is an insolent gesture and to wear white garments is to put yourself in mourning." In these circumstances it is both instructive and gratifying to learn that after seven visits to China during the last fifteen years the writer of this one of the latest books finds that "the mystery of its people and the enigma of its future have only increased." She has questioned sinologues and traders, government officials and old residents, and the answer has always been one of hopeless inability to understand the inscrutable soul behind that mask of yellow oilskin which is the face Celestial. "'I have been twenty years trying to find out how they are governed, what the attitude of the governed is to their rulers, and what the ruling class think, mean, and have in aim,' said one serious observer. 'I thought I saw the answer in my first year, but not now. It is too late or too soon for conclusion. You will not find any one knowing less about China than the sinologues. They are all in the clouds, lost in the fogs and mists of the Chinese language and the poetry of 2000 B.C. Something queer comes over the best of men when they get very far in the Chinese language and its classical literature. They become abnormal, impersonal, detached, dissociated from the living world, from the white-skinned red-blooded human races of the West. Something in the climate, some mental microbe, gets into all of us here in China.'"

It is curious that this hypnotic effect of China on the Western intellect did not strike Miss Scidmore as analogous to the strange absorbing influence which the people have exercised on their conquerors. Mongol, Ming and Manchu seem to have all been quietly and gradually assimilated by the millions they conquered. Indeed, I am told that even physically the Chinaman has an uncanny power of impressing himself on the foreigner, and that after a few years' residence, if there is any close association with the natives, European faces begin to assume a startling resemblance to the Cathayan features about them. Even if there should be a certain exaggeration in this last statement, a glance over the history of the Manchu rule suffices to give a keen sense of the impassive absorbent character of this immemorial and incomprehensible people.

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* "China, the Long Lived Empire." By Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore, author of "Jinriksha Days in Japan" and "Java: The Garden of the East." With numerous illustrations. Macmillan & Co., Limited. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.

A bright-coloured cloud of legend hangs over the origin of the Manchu line and the Long White Mountain which was the scene of the miraculous birth of the progenitor of the dynasty. "On the blessed mountain," to quote a passage from the Emperor Kienlung's poetic version of the story, "a celestial virgin, a daughter of heaven, tasted a fruit to which she was attracted by its brightness, ate, conceived, and became the mother of a boy, heavenly like herself." The divine child became King and reigned in Odoli city, in the desert of Omohi—a locality which travellers and historians have hitherto been unable to identify—and two centuries later we find his descendant Nurhachu taking the field and vowing 200,000 Chinese heads as a funeral oblation to the spirits of his father and grandfather, who had fallen in a quarrel in which the Chinese Warden of the Marches had sided with the enemy. The boundaries of the Manchu State expanded rapidly. In 1618 Nurhachu defeated three huge Chinese armies, and in 1621 he captured Moukden. He carried the capital of Liaotung by escalade, and that event fixes the date of a fashion which is generally regarded as characteristically and immemorially Chinese—the wearing of the "pigtail"; for such of the townspeople as were favourable to him were ordered to shave the front of the head and adopt the Manchu *queue* as a distinguishing sign. The custom was observed in subsequent campaigns, and it appears to be almost the only permanent change which the conquerors have impressed on the millions they have subjugated. They found the "golden lilies" or crushed feet of the Chinese women, and probably were not concerned to eradicate the cruel and pernicious custom, but "no woman with crushed feet may enter the Imperial court," and the Manchu woman, long-robed, tall and splendid, "walks with sturdy tread freely on her full-grown natural feet." The manners and customs of the old invaders, the simple and manly, if occasionally rude and semi-barbarous, traits of the stout fighting men, have, it is said, been wholly effaced by the influence of the conquered; they have lost their alphabet, which if imposed on China might have been an incalculable benefit to the Empire; even the language of Nurhachu has ceased to be spoken by the latest of his line; and indeed Manchuria itself is Chinese rather than Manchu. A few years ago the population of Manchuria was set down at twenty millions, but the Manchus themselves, all tribes included, were estimated by Mr. James in his book on "The Long White Mountain" at less than a million, and of that small proportion less than ten per cent. spoke the Manchu tongue. As the conquerors advanced into the south, Manchuria was depleted to garrison the Flowery Land, and the Chinese immigrants streamed into their empty places.

To resume the historical thread however: Three years after the death of Nurhachu (1626) his son and successor besieged Peking, but failed to take it, and spent the rest of his life in raiding the provinces of Shansi, Chihli and Shantung. In 1643 he was succeeded by his son Shunchih, a lad of five, and the Manchus were preparing for another incursion when their aid was invoked by the Chinese themselves against a usurper in the south. This trouble was promptly quelled, but the Manchu allies were not to be got rid of, and in 1644 Shunchih was firmly seated on the Dragon throne at Peking. The last of the Ming dynasty committed suicide—hanged himself, according to Miss Scidmore, from an acacia-tree in the Northern Garden of the Imperial City when the victorious Manchu had captured the city. "With proper respect for a sovereign ruler, the Manchu usurper loaded the offending tree with chains, as punishment for its part in an imperial crime."

For seven generations the sceptre passed from father to son, the present Emperor—if he be still alive—being the first to succeed as a cousin. And this brings us to one of the strangest chapters in the tragical history of kings, unparalleled even in the sinister and blood-stained annals of the East. The Emperor Hienfung died in 1861. "The Empress," writes Miss Scidmore, "the one legal widow of Hienfung, had an only child, a daughter, but the little princess could not count in the succession. The son of one of Hienfung's inferior wives, the child of a concubine of the lowest rank, was declared heir to the throne in the Emperor's last edict. . . . The guardianship of the baby Emperor Tungchih had been left to a board of princely regents and schemers at Jehol, and the widow of Hienfung and the mother of the little Tungchih fled in alarm to Prince Kung [Hienfung's brother], as they saw the intrigue closing round them." An imperial decree raised the fortunate mother of the child Emperor to the relative rank of Empress (Tsze Hsi An, the mother of the Sovereign, the Western Empress) and co-regent with the Eastern Empress, the widow of Hienfung, both acting with Prince Kung. The Jehol intriguers were put to death, and the Empresses and the Prince ruled amicably for the dozen years of the Emperor's minority.

In 1872 Tungchih was married with great splendour, and at the age of seventeen began to rule. Whether he was a weakling and a debauchee, or a high-spirited insurgent against senseless ceremonials, and in consequence a source of trouble and dissatisfaction to the Dowager Empresses, will probably never be known for certain, but in 1875 he died—of small-pox, it was rumoured—and his independent young wife quickly and mysteriously followed him. Disregarding all ordinary rules of succession, the Dowager Empresses selected Kwangsu, the four-year-old son of Prince Chun, and a nephew of Hienfung, as the successor, and embarked on another long regency. For a moment their schemes were imperilled by a palace intrigue for their deposition, but Li Hung Chang suddenly appeared with his troops in the neighbourhood of Peking, and the danger was averted. "The Eastern Empress, the less assertive and forceful of the regents," says Miss Scidmore, "died in 1881, and then Tsze Hsi An, only one in a palace full of concubines twenty years before, began her real reign, became sole and undisputed ruler of more than three hundred millions of people, usurper of the oldest throne and autocrat of the largest empire of one people on earth, tyrant over one-fifth of the human race and one-tenth of the area of the world—a dizzy pinnacle for one of the sex despised by Buddha and Lao-tsze and Confucius, in the land where woman is held in least esteem."

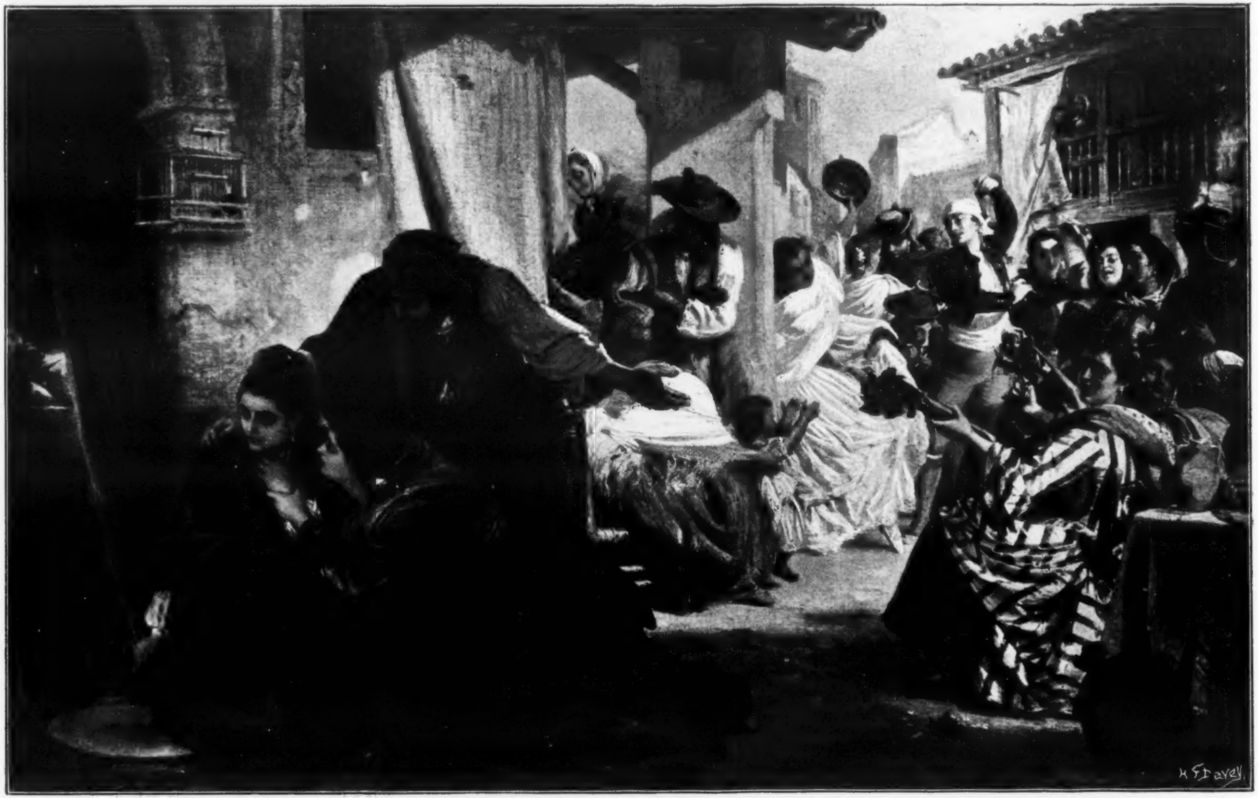
The secret history of this woman's career would make one of the most remarkable books in the whole range of biography, but there is little likelihood of such a book ever being written. She would have been a conceivable figure in the story of mediæval Europe, but in China she is even more unintelligible than the Chinese. Indeed, as Miss Scidmore observes, "no precedents avail for comparison with this masterful Manchu, Tsze Hsi An, the most remarkable woman sovereign and the most unbridled female despot the world has known. She rose from the harem's ranks, uneducated, ignorant of public affairs; but by sheer ability, by her own wits, will, and shrewdness, she attained the supreme power. Hers is the greatest of personal triumphs, her strength of mind and force of character and dominant personality having won every step; centuries of precedent and all the shackles of Oriental etiquette overborne by her masterful strategy and remorseless will. Her enemies have fallen away, sickened and died, and scattered as chaff; no one has opposed her will and survived; no plot or intrigue has found her unarmed or off her guard; and hers has been a charmed, relentless and terrible life."

One wonders, in view of such a retrospect as this, whether the prevalent notion as to the impossibility of conquering and ruling China to-day is really well founded, and whether by adopting the Manchu device of maintaining the most powerful of the existing mandarins in office, a new dynasty—even of European origin—might not establish itself on the wreck of its predecessors. The strong man has always "gone far" in the East; Gordon showed how far a strong white man might travel; and the Dowager Empress has proved that even a strong woman is irresistible.

The missionary question which has arisen in connection with the present troubles is one over which there seems to be spacious ground for conflicting opinions. Miss Scidmore has not had occasion to touch on the subject, but she has happily compressed into a short chapter an interesting, and what will be to the generality of readers an unfamiliar, account of the attempted evangelisation of China. Comparatively few will be prepared to hear that "when a first papal embassy came to China in the seventh century, the Nestorian Christians had then been zealously proselytising there for a hundred years. Friar Odoric, who visited Kublai Khan on his way to the realm of Prester John, found the Mongol Empress a convert; and when the first Jesuit, Father

Ricci, came up from Macao, the Ming Emperor Wanli showed him special favour. Father Schaal, who reformed the Chinese calendar, was tutor of the Manchu Emperor Kanghsi, and Father Verbeist became his chief astronomer and president of the Board of Works." Honours were showered on the missionaries; they were ranked as nobles and literati; they surveyed and mapped the Empire; they designed and decorated gardens, pavilions and villas, directed the palace artists, invented new colours and decorative schemes for the potters at King-te-chen, and produced many works of art at their own glass factories by the Northern Cathedral. "The Emperor's mother, wife, son, and half the court were baptized as Christians, and Kanghsi only hesitated himself because of his worshipful ancestors. Those early Jesuits were broad, tolerant, sensible and far-seeing, and if they had been let alone or sustained by an intelligent Pope during the enlightened reign of Kanghsi there might be a very different China to-day. They urged the Pope to canonise the imperial ancestors, and thus do away with the one obstacle to the Emperor's conversion, but meddling and envious Dominicans and Franciscans came to Peking, and reported to Rome that the Jesuits were tolerating and sanctioning heathen customs and leading lives of worldly pomp and splendour." Papal legates were sent out to make inquiries, the Emperor resented the interference and grew weary of the bickerings of the new-comers, and, when Clement XI. issued his bull supporting the Dominicans, refused to have anything more to do with the religion or its teachers. His son and successor deprived the priests of rank and honour, and tolerated them merely as directors of works and art industries. The succeeding Emperor was more gracious, but after his death disfavour and neglect changed to active hostility and open persecution, till at the beginning of this century the last Jesuit priest at Peking sold the church property and left. "In 1860"—after the capture of Peking and the destruction of the Summer Palace—"the French insisted upon the restoration of this church to the Jesuits, and slipped into their treaty a clause, not included in the Chinese copy of this treaty, which secured full rights and immunities for Roman missions and their converts. . . . Under the favoured-nation clause," adds Miss Scidmore, "all sects then claimed the right to reside, own property, and conduct mission work in the interior. Strict moralists may decide whether this introduction of Christian missions by diplomatic fraud and deceit, backed up by gunboats, gave the religion any prestige with the government." If the facts of the case be fairly set forth in these statements, it does not seem difficult to ascribe at least one probable reason for the hostility of an ignorant, stubborn, and resentful nation towards every form of Christianity at the present moment.

I have left myself but little space to speak of the vivid pictures of Chinese life and Chinese landscape which give Miss Scidmore's book a peculiar freshness. We are made familiar, not only with several of the great cities, but with a stretch of the Great Wall with its giant terraces, its empty towers overgrown with weeds and bushes, and its long graceful sweeps and curves over the hills and far-away heights; with the Valley of the Ming Tombs; with the sea-wall of Hangchow and the stone shelf on which the junks are drawn up to escape the thundering bore of the Tsien-tang as it rushes up from the bay in a wall of white water, ten, fifteen, twenty feet high; with a thousand miles of the Yangtsze River, and the splendid scenery of its gorges in the west. We obtain a glimpse of both Manchu and Chinese society, and are entertained at every turn by some curious aspect of Oriental superstition, custom or character. Everywhere one comes across signs of what appears to be decadence. Native art, at least of the old standard, has apparently perished; the impoverished monasteries, the few poor old priests, the quaint neglected shrines among the hills, on the plains, on the island rocks of the rivers, tell of a religion fallen on days of indifference or unbelief; even the abject worship of classic learning has failed to preserve the literate ideal from corruption, for examination papers and essays may be bought in advance, judges may be bribed to recognise certain marks, and needy scholars can be found to personate the dunces of great families. These symptoms seem to warrant a belief in the "break-up of China," but one recollects the comment of Colonel Yule, thirty years ago, "It has broken up before."



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LA GLORIA

By John Philip

THE HALF-HEARTED*

By JOHN BUCHAN, Author of "John Burnet of Barns," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON BROWNE

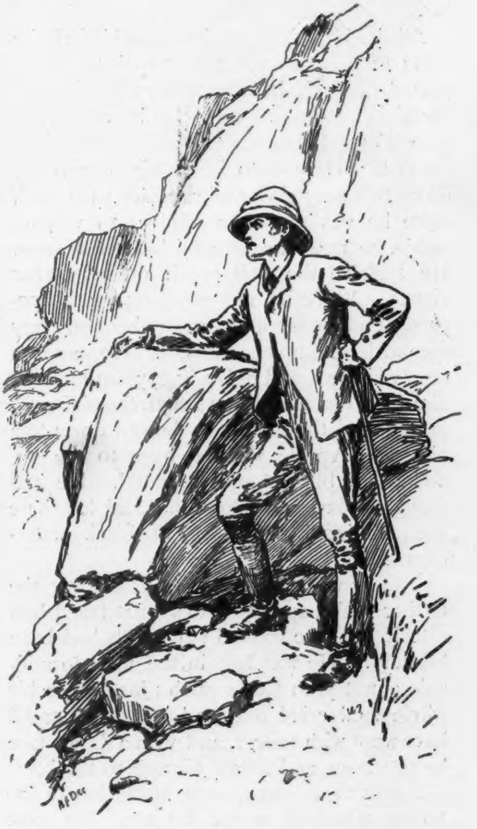
CHAPTER XXX

EVENING IN THE HILLS

THE airless heat of afternoon lay on the rocks and dry pastures. The rare snow peaks, seen for a moment through a rift in the hills, shimmered in the glassy stillness. No cheerful sound of running water filled the hollows, for all was parched and bare with the violence of intemperate suns and storms. Soon he was out of sight and hearing of the village, travelling in a network of empty watercourses, till at length he came to the long side of mountain which he knew of old as the first landmark of the way. A thin ray of hope began to break up his despair. He knew now the exact distance he had to travel, for his gift had always been an infallible instinct for the lie of a countryside. The sun was still high in the heavens; with any luck he should be at Nazri by six o'clock.

He was still sore with wounded pride. That Marker should have divined his weakness and left open to him a task in which he might rest with a cheap satisfaction was bitter to his vanity. The candour of his mind made him grant its truth, but his new-born confidence was sadly dissipated. And he felt, too, the futility of his efforts. That one man alone in this precipitous wilderness should hope to wake the Border seemed a mere nightmare of presumption. But it was possible, possible, he said to himself. Time only was needed. If he could wake Bardur and the north, and the forts on the passes, there would be delay enough to wake India. If George were at Nazri, there would be two for the task; if not, there would be one at least willing and able.

It was characteristic of the man that the invasion was bounded for him by Nazri and Bardur. He had no eyes for ultimate issues and the ruin of an empire. Another's fancy would have been busy on the future; Lewis saw only that pass at Nazri and the telegraph-hut beyond. He must get there and wake the Border; then the world might look after itself. As he ran, half-stumbling, along the stony hillside, he was hard at work recounting to himself the frontier defences. The Forza and Khautmi garrison might hold the pass for an hour if they could be summoned. It meant annihilation, but that was in the bargain. Thwaite was strong enough in Bardur, but the town might give him



"Lost! when his whole soul cried out for hurry"

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trouble of itself, and he was not a man of resources. After Bardur there was no need of thought. Two hours after the telegraph clicked in the Nazri hut, the north of India would have heard the news and be bestirring itself for work. In five hours all would be safe, unless Bardur could be taken and the wires cut. There might be treason in the town, but that again was not his affair. Let him but send the message before sunset, and he would still have time to get to Khautmi, and with good luck hold the defile for sixty minutes. The thought excited him wildly. His face dripped with sweat, his boots were cut with rock till the leather hung in shreds, and a bleeding arm showed through the rents in his sleeve. But he felt no physical discomfort, only the exhilaration of a rock-climber with the summit in sight, or a polo-player with a clear dribble before him to the goal. At last he was playing a true game of hazard, and the chance gave him the keenest joy.

All the hot afternoon he scrambled till he came to the edge of a new valley. Nazri must lie beyond, he reasoned, and he kept to the higher ground. But soon he was mazed among precipitous shelves which needed all his skill. He had to bring his long stride down to a very slow and cautious pace, and, since he was too old a climber to venture rashly, he must needs curb his impatience. He suffered the dull recoil of his earlier vigour. While he was creeping on this accursed cliff the minutes were passing, and every second lessening his chances. He was in a fever of unrest, and only a happy fortune kept him from death. But at length the place was passed, and the mountain shelved down to a plateau. A wide view lay open to the eye, and Lewis blinked and hesitated. He had thought Nazri lay below him, and lo! there was nothing but a tangle of black water-courses.

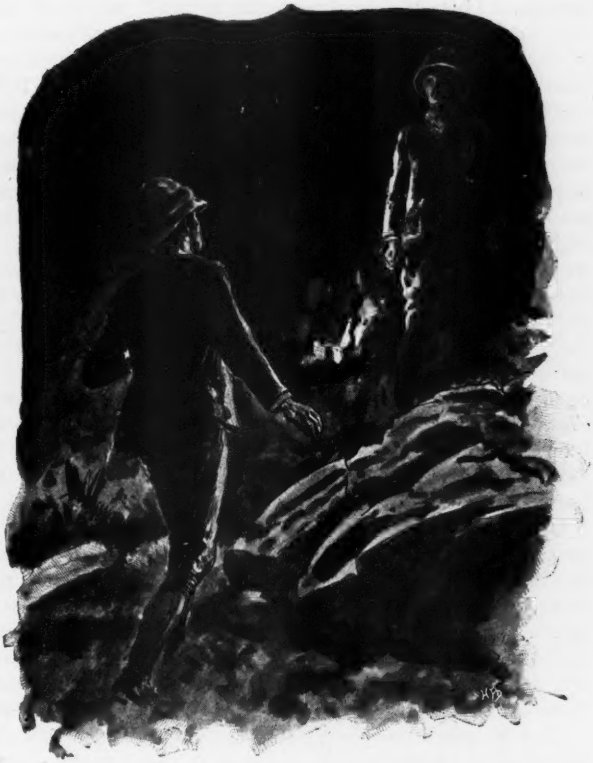
The sun had begun to decline over the farther peaks, and the man's heart failed him utterly. These unkind stony hills had been his ruin. He was lost in the most formidable country on God's earth; lost! when his whole soul cried out for hurry. He could have wept with misery, and with a drawn face he sat down and forced himself to think.

Suddenly a long, narrow black cleft in the farther tableland caught his eye. He took the direction from the sun and looked again. This must be the Nazri Pass which he had never heard of. He saw where it ended in a stony valley. Once there he had but to follow the nullah and cross the little ridge to come to Nazri.

Weariness was beginning to grow on him, but the next miles were the quickest of the day. He seemed to have the foot of a chamois. Down the rocky hillside, across the chaos of boulders, and up into the dark nullah he ran like a maniac. His mouth was parched with thirst, and he stopped for a moment in the valley bottom to swallow some rain-water. At last he found himself in the Nazri valley with the thin sword-cut showing dark in the yellow evening. Another mile and he would be at the camping-place, and in five more at the hut.

He kept high up on the ridge, for the light had almost gone and the valley was perilous. It must be hideously late, eight o'clock or more, he thought, and his despair made him hurry his very weary limbs. Suddenly in the distant hollow he saw the gleam of a fire. He stopped abruptly and then quickened with a cry of joy. It must be the faithful George still waiting in the place appointed. Now there would be two to the task. But it was too late, he bitterly reflected. In a little the moon would rise, and then at any moment the van of the invader might emerge from the defile. He might warn Bardur, but before anything could be done the enemy would be upon them. And then there would be a southward march upon a doubtful and half-awakened country and then—he knew not.

But there was one other way. It had not occurred to him before, for it is not an expedient which comes often to men nowadays, save to such as are fools and outcasts. We are a wise and provident age, mercantile in our heroics, seeking a solid profit for every sacrifice. But this man—a child of the latter-day—had not the new self-confidence, and he was at the best high-strung, unwise, and unworldly. Besides, he was broken with toil and excited with adventure. The last dying rays of the sun were resting on the far snow-walls, and the great heart of the West burned in one murky riot of flame. But to the north, whence came danger, there was a sea of yellow light, islanded with faint roseate clouds like some distant Happy Country. The air of dusk was thin and chill but



"A tired man with an odd gleam in his eyes came out of the shadows"

stirring as wine to the blood, and all the bare land was for the moment a fairy realm, mystic, intangible, and untrodden. The frontier line ran below the camping-place; here he was over the Border, beyond the culture of his kind. He was alone, for in this adventure George would not share. He would earn nothing, in all likelihood he would achieve nothing; but by the grace of God he might gain some minutes' respite. He would be killed; but that, again, was no business of his. At least he could but try, for this was his one shred of hope remaining.

The thought once conceived could not be rejected. He was no coward or sophist to argue himself out of danger. He laid no flattering unction to his soul that he had done his best while another way remained untried. For this type of man may be half-hearted and a coward in little matters, but he never deceives himself. We have all our own virtues and their defects. I, my friend, am a well-equipped and confident person, walking bluffly through the world, looking through and down upon my neighbours, the incarnation of honesty; but I can find excuses for myself when I desire them, I hug my personal esteem too close, and a thousand to one I am too great a coward at heart to tell myself the naked truth. You, on the other hand, are vacillating and ill at your ease. You shrink from the hards of life which I steer happily through. But you have no delusions with yourself, and the odds are that when the time comes you may choose the "high that proved too high" and achieve the impossibly heroic.

A tired man with an odd gleam in his eyes came out of the shadows to the firelight and called George by name.

"My heavens, Lewis, I *am* glad to see you! I thought you were lost. Food?" and he displayed the resources of his larder.

Lewis hunted for the water-bottle and quenched his thirst. Then he ate ravenously of the cold wild-fowl and oat-cake which George had provided. He was silent and incurious till he had satisfied his wants; then he looked up to meet George's questions.

"Where on earth have you been? Andover said you started out to come here last night. I did as you told me, you know, and when you didn't come I roused the Khautmi people. They swore a good deal but turned out, and after an infernal long climb we got to Forza. We roused up Andover after a lot of trouble, and he took us in and gave us supper. He said you had gone off hours ago, and that the Bada-Mawidi business had been more or less of a fraud. So I slept there, and came back here in the morning in case you should turn up. Been shooting all day, but it was lonely work and I didn't get the right hang of the country. These beggars there are jolly little use," and he jerked his head in the direction of the native servants. "What *have* you been after?"

"I? Oh I've been in queer places. I fell into the hands of the Badas a couple of hours after I left Forza. There was a storm up there and I got lost in the mist. They took me up to a village and kept me there all night. And then I heard news—my God, such news! They let me go because they thought I could do no harm, and I ran most of the way here. Marker has scored this time, old man. You know how he has been going about all North India for the last year or two getting things much his own way. Well, to-night when the moon rises the great blow is to be struck. It seems there is a pass to the north of this; I knew the place but I didn't know of the road. There is an army coming down that place in an hour or so. It is the devil's own business, but it has got to be faced. We must warn Bardur and trust to God that Bardur may warn the south. You know the telegraph-hut at the end of the road, when you begin to climb up the ravine to the place? You must get down there at once, for every moment is precious."

George had listened with staring eyes to the tale. "I can't believe it," he managed to ejaculate. "God, man! it's invasion, an unheard-of thing!"

"It's the most desperate truth, unheard-of or no. The whole thing lies in our hands. They cannot come till after midnight, and by that time Thwaite may be ready in Bardur, and the Khautmi men may be holding the road. That would delay them for a little, and by the time they took Bardur they might find the south in arms. It wouldn't matter a straw if it were an ordinary filibustering business. But I tell you it's a great army, and everything is prepared for it. Marker has been busy for months. There will be outbreaks in every town in the north. The railways and arsenals will be captured before ever the enemy appears. There will be a native rising. That was to be bargained for. But God only knows how the native troops have been tampered with. That man was as clever as they make, and he has had a free hand. Oh, the blind fools!"

George had turned, and was buttoning the top button of his shooting-coat against the chilly night wind. "What shall I say to Thwaite?" he asked.

"Oh, anything. Tell him it's life or death. Tell him the facts, and don't spare. You'll have to impress on the telegraph clerk its importance first, and that will take time. Tell him to send to Gilgit and Srinagur, and then to the Indus valley. He must send into Chitral too and warn Armstrong. Above all things the Kohistan railway must be watched, because it must be their main card. Lord! I wish I understood the game better. Heaven knows it isn't my profession. But Thwaite will understand if you scare him enough. Tell him that Bardur must be held ready for siege at any moment. You understand how to work the thing?"

George nodded. "There'll be nobody there, so I suppose I'll have to break the door open. I think I remember the trick of the business. *Then*, what do I do?"

"Get up to Khautmi as fast as you can spin it. Better take the servants and send them before you while you work the telegraph. I suppose they're trustworthy. Get them to warn Mitchinson and St. John. They must light the fires on the hills and collect all the men they can spare to hold the road. Of course it's a desperate venture. We'll probably all be knocked on the head, but we must risk it. If we can stop the beggars for one half-hour we'll give Thwaite a better chance to set his house in order. How I'd sell my soul to see a strong man in Bardur! *That* will be the key of the position. If the place is uncaptured to-morrow morning, and your wires have gone right, the chief danger on this side will be past. There will be little risings of wasp's nests up and down the shop, but we can account for them if this army from the north is stopped."

"I wonder how many of us will see to-morrow morning?" said George dismally. He was not afraid of death, but he loved the pleasant world.

"Good-bye," said Lewis abruptly, holding out his hand.

The action made George realise for the first time the meaning of his errand.

"But I say, Lewis, hold on. What the deuce are you going to do?"

"I am dog-tired," said the impostor. "I must wait here and rest. I should only delay you." And always, as if to belie his fatigue, his eyes were turning keenly to the north. At any moment while he stood there bandying words there might come the sound of marching, and the van of the invaders risen from the defile.

"But hang it, you know. I can't allow this. The Khautmi men mayn't reach you in time, and I'm dashed if I am going to leave you here to be chawed up by Marker. You're coming with me."

"Don't be an ass," said Lewis kindly. This parting, one in ignorance, the other in too certain knowledge, was very bitter. "They can't be here before midnight. They were to start at moonrise, and the moon is only just up. You'll be back in heaps of time, and, besides, we'll soon all be in the same box."

It was a false card to play, for George grew obstinate at once. "Then I'm going to be in the same box as you from the beginning. Do you really think I am going to desert you? Hang it, you're more important than Bardur."

"Oh, for God's sake listen to reason!" Lewis cried in despair. "You must go at once. I can't or I would. It's our only chance. It's a jolly good chance of death anyway, but it's a naked certainty unless you do this. Think of the women and children and the people at home. You may as well talk about letting the whole thing slip and getting back to Bardur with safe skins. We must work the telegraph and then try to hold the road with the Khautmi men, or be cowards for evermore. We're gentlemen, and we are responsible."

"I didn't mean it that way," said George dismally. "But I want you to come with me. I can't bear the thought of your being butchered here alone, supposing the beggars come before we get back. You're sure there is time?"

"You've three hours before you, but every moment is important. This is the frontier line, and this fire will do for one of the signals. You'll find me here. I haven't slept for days." And he yawned with feigned drowsiness.

"Then—good-bye," said George solemnly, holding out his hand a second time. "Remember I'm devilish anxious about you. It's a pretty hot job for us all, but gad! if we pull through you get the credit."

Then with a single backward glance he led the way down the narrow track, two mystified servants at his heels.

Lewis watched him disappear, and then turned sadly to his proper business. This was the end of a very old song, and his heart cried out at the thought. He heaped more wood on the blaze from the little pile collected, and soon a roaring, boisterous fire burned in the glen, while giant shadows danced on the sombre hills. Then he rummaged in the tent till he found the rifles, carefully cleaned and laid aside. He selected two express 577-bores, a Metford express, and a smooth-bore Winchester repeater. Then he filled his pockets with cartridges, and from a small box took a handful for his revolver. All this he did in a sort of sobbing haste, turning nervous eyes always to the mouth of the cañon. He filled his flask from a case in the tent, and, being still ravenously hungry, crammed the remnants of supper into a capacious game-pocket. Then, all preparations being made, he looked for a moment down the road where his best friend had just gone out of his ken for ever. The thought was so dreary that he did not dare to delay longer, but with a bundle of ironmongery below his arms began to scramble up the glen to where the North star burned between two peaks of hill.

He did the journey in an hour, for he was in a pitiable state of anxiety. Every moment he looked to hear the tramp of an army before him and know his errand of no avail. Over the little barrier ridge he scrambled, and then up the straight gully to the little black rift which was the gate of an empire. His unquiet mind peopled the wilderness with voices, but when, breathless and sore, he came into the jaws of the pass all was still silent as the grave, save for an eagle which croaked from some eyrie in the cliffs.

CHAPTER XXXI

EVENTS SOUTH OF THE BORDER

THWAITE was finishing a solitary dinner and attempting to find interest in a novel, when his butler came with news that the telephone bell was ringing in the gun-room. Thwaite, being tired and cross, told him to answer it himself, expecting some frivolous message about supplies. The man returned in a little with word that he could not understand it. Then Thwaite arose, blessing him, and went to see. The telegraph office proper was on the other side of the river on the edge of the native town, but a telephone had been established to the garrison.

Thwaite's first impulse was to suspect a gigantic hoax. A scared native clerk was trying to tell him a most appalling tale. George had not spared energy in his message, and the oriental imagination as a medium had considerably increased it. The telegrams came in a confused order, hard to piece together, but two facts seemed to stand out from the confusion. One was that there was an unknown pass in the hills beyond Nazri through which danger was expected at any moment that night; the other was that treason was suspected throughout the whole North. Then came the name of Marker, which gave Thwaite acute uneasiness. Finally came George's two words of advice—keep strict watch on the native town and hold Bardur in readiness for a siege; and wire the same directions to Yasin, Gilgit, Chitral, Chilas, and throughout Kashmir and the Punjaub. Above all, wire to the chief places on the new Indus Valley railway, for in case of success in Bardur the railway would be the first object of the invader.

Thwaite put down the ear-trumpet, his face very white and perspiring. He looked at his watch; it was just on nine o'clock. The moon had arisen and the telegram said moonrise. He could not doubt the genuineness of the message when he had heard at the end the names Winterham and Haystoun. Already Marker might be through the pass, and little the Khautmi people could do against him. He must be checked at Bardur, though it cost every life in the garrison. Four hours' delay would arm the north to adequate resistance.

He telephoned to the telegraph office to shut and lock the doors and admit no one till word came from him. Then he summoned his Sikh orderly, his English servant, and the native officers of the garrison. He had one detachment of Imperial service troops officered by Punjaubis, and a certain force of Kashmir Sepoys, who made ineffective policemen and as soldiers were worse than useless. And with them he had to defend the valley and hold the native town, which might give trouble on his flank. This was the most vexatious part of the business. If Marker had organised the thing, then nothing could be unexpected and treachery was sure to be thick around them.

The men came, saluted, and waited in silence. Thwaite sat down at a table and pulled a sheaf of telegraph forms to pieces. First he wired to Ladcock at Gilgit, beseeching reinforcements. From Bardur to the south there is only one choice of ways—by Yasin and Yagistan to the Indus Valley, or by Gilgit and South Kashmir. Once beyond Gilgit, there was small hope of checking an advance; but in case the shorter way to the Indus by the Astor Valley was tried, there might be hope of a delay. So he besought Ladcock to post men on the Mazeno Pass if the time was given him. Then he sent a like message to Yasin, though on the high passes and the unsettled country there was small chance of the wires remaining uncut. A force in Yasin might take on the flank any invasion from Afghanistan, and in any case command the Chitral district. Then came a series of frantic wires at random—to Rawal Pindi, to the Punjabi centres, to South Kashmir. He had small confidence in these messages. If the local risings were serious, as he believed them to be, they would be too late, and in any case they were beyond the country where strategical points were of advantage against an invader. There remained the stations on the Indus Valley railway, which must be the earliest point of attack. The terminus at Bocnji was held by a certain Jackson, a wise man, who inspired terror in a mixed force of irregulars, Afridis, Pathans, Punjaubis, Swats, and a dozen other varieties of tribesmen. To him he sent the most lengthy and urgent messages, for he held the key of a great telegraphic system with which he might awake Abbotabad and the Punjaub. Then, perspiring with heat and anxiety, he gave the bundle into the hands of his English servant and told off an officer and twenty men to hold the telegraph office. A blue light was to be lit in the window if the native town should prove troublesome and reinforcements be needed.

Soon the force of the garrison was assembled in the yard, all but a few who had been sent on messages to the more isolated houses of the English residents. Thwaite addressed them briefly. "Men, there's the devil's own sweet row up in the north, and it's moving down to us. This very night we may have to fight. And remember, it's not the old game with the hillmen, but an army of white men, servants of the Czar, come to fight the servants of the Empress. Therefore it is your duty to kill them all like locusts, else they will swallow up you and your cattle and your wives and your children and, speaking generally, the whole show. We may be killed, but if we keep them back even for a little God will bless us. Meantime, be steady at your posts."

The garrison was soon dispersed, the guns in readiness, pointing up the valley. It was ten o'clock by Thwaite's watch ere the last click of the loaders told that Bardur was awaiting an enemy. The town behind was in an uproar, men clamouring at the gates and seeking passports to flee to the south. Chinese and Turcoman traders from Lep and Lhassa, Yarkhand and Bokhara, with scared faces were getting their goods together and invoking their mysterious gods. Logan, who had returned from Gilgit that very day, rode breathless into the yard, clamouring for Thwaite. He received the tale in half a dozen sentences, whistled, and turned to go, for he had his own work to do. One question he asked.

"Who sent the telegrams?"

"Haystoun and Winterham."

"Then they're alone at Nazri?"

"Except for the Khautmi men."

"Will they try to hold it?"

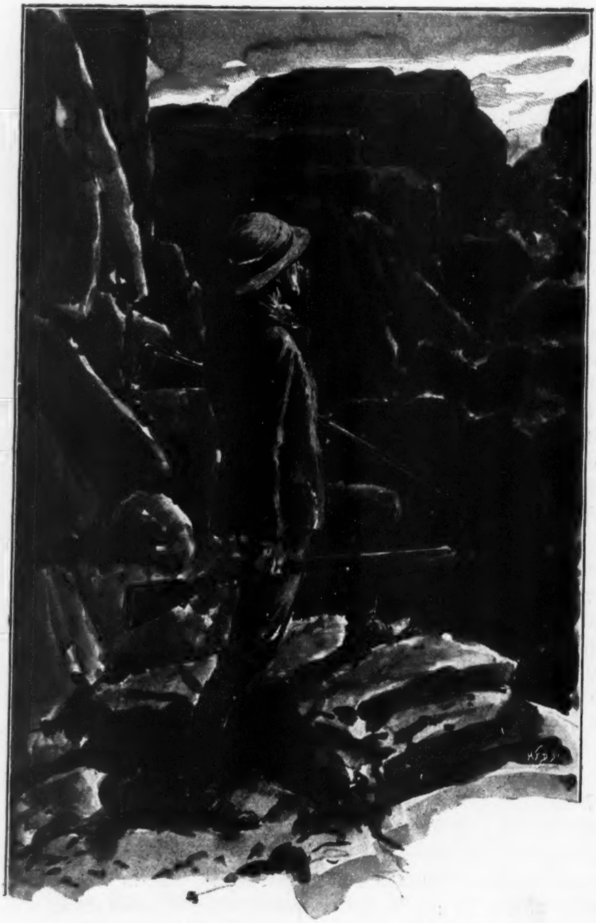
"I should think so. They're all sportsmen. Gad, there won't be a soul left alive."

Logan galloped off with a long face. It would be a great ending, but what a waste of heroic stuff! And as he remembered Lewis's frank good-fellowship he shut his lips as if in pain.

The telegrams were sent, and reply messages began to pour in, which kept one man at the end of the telephone. About half-past ten a blue light burned in the window across the river. There seemed something to do in the native town of narrow streets and evil-smelling lanes, for the sound of shouting and desultory firing rose above the stir of the fort. The telegraph office abutted on the far end of the bridge, and Thwaite had taken the precaution of bidding the native officer he had sent across keep his men posted around the end of the passage. Now he himself took thirty men, for the native town was the most dangerous point he had to fear. The wires must not be cut till the last moment, and as they passed over the bridge and then through the English quarter, there was small danger if the office were held. He found, as he expected, that the place was being maintained against considerable odds. A huge mixed crowd, drawn in the main from the navvies who had been employed on the new road, armed with knives and a few rifles and encouraged by certain wild dancing figures which had the look of priests, was surging around the gate. The fighting stuff was Afridi or Chitrali, but there was abundance of yelling from this rabble of fakirs and beggars who accompanied them. Order there was none, and it was clear to Thwaite that this rising had been arranged for but not organised. His men had small difficulty in forcing a way to the office, where they served to complete the cordon of defence and the garrison of the bridge-end. Two men had been killed, and some half-dozen of the rioters. He pushed into the building, and found a terrified Kashmir clerk sternly watched by his servant and the Sikh orderly. The man, with tears streaming down his face, was attempting to read the messages which the wires brought.

Thwaite picked up and read the latest, which was a scrawl in quavering characters over three telegraph forms. It was from Ladcock at Gilgit, saying that he was having a row of his own with the navvies there, and that he could send no reinforcements at present. If he quieted the trouble in time he would try and hold the Mazeno Pass, and meanwhile he had done his best to wake the Punjaub. As the wires would be probably cut within the next hour, there would be no more communications, but he besought Thwaite to keep the invader in the passes, as the whole south country was a magazine waiting for a spark to explode. The message ran in short violent words, and Thwaite had a vision of Ladcock, short, red, and utterly out of temper, stirred up from his easy life to hold a frontier.

There was no word from Yasin, as indeed he had expected, for the tribes on the highlands about Hunza and Punial were the most disaffected on the border, and doubtless the first to be tampered with. Probably



"When he came into the jaws of the pass all was still silent as the grave"

would receive reinforcements from Abbotabad by the afternoon of the next day; if Bardur and Gilgit, or Yasin as it might be, could delay the attack till then, everything might be safe—unless indeed the whole nexus of hill-tribes rose as one man. In which case there would be the devil to pay, and he had no advice to give.

Thwaite read and laughed grimly. It was not a question ot a day's delay, but of an hour's, and the hill-tribes, it he judged Marker's cleverness rightly, would act just as Jackson feared. The business had begun among the navvies at Bardur and Gilgit and Boonji. In a little they would have news of real tribal war—Hunzas, Pathans, Chitralis, Punialis, and Chils, tribes whom England had fought a dozen times before and knew the mettle of; now would be the time for their innings. Well supplied with money and arms—this would be part of Marker's business—they would be the forerunners, the *fourriers* of the great army. First savage war, then scientific annihilation by civilised hands—a sweet prospect for a peaceful man in the prime of life.

He returned to the fort

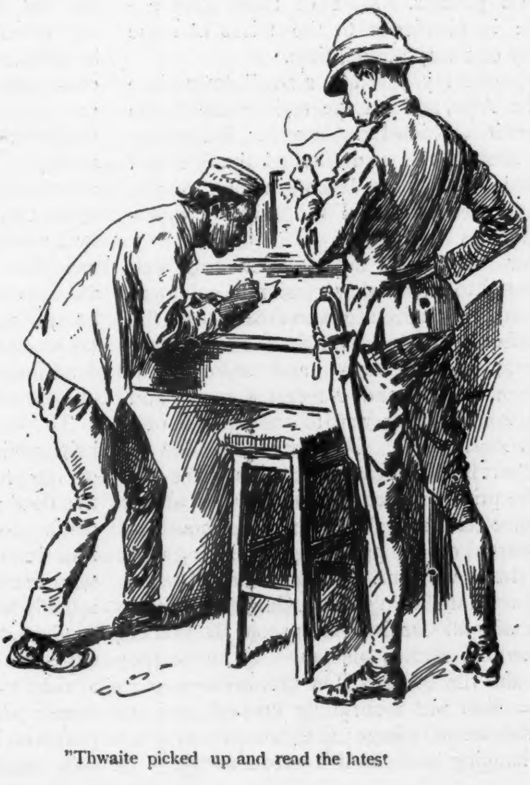
his own message had never gone, and he could only pray that the men there might by the grace of God have eyes in their heads to read the signs of the times. There was a brief word from Jackson at Boonji. There attacks had been made on the terminus and the engine sheds since sunset, which his men had luckily had time to repulse. A large amount of rolling stock was lying there, as five freight trains had brought up material for the new bridge the day before. Of this the enemy had probably had word. Anyhow, he hoped to quiet all local disturbances, and he would undertake to see that every station on the line was warned. He

to find all quiet and in order. It commanded the north road, but though the eye might weary itself with looking on the moonlit sandy valley and the opaque blue hills, there was no sight or sound of men. The stars were burning hard and cold in the vault of sky, and looking down somewhere on the march of an army. It was now close on midnight; in five hours dawn would break in the east and the night of attack would be gone. But death waited between this midnight hour and the morning. What would Haystoun and the men from Khautmi be doing? Fighting or beyond all fighting? Well, he would soon know. He was not afraid, but this cursed waiting took the heart out of a man! And he looked at his watch and found it half-past twelve.

At Yasin there was the most severe fighting. It lasted for three days and in effect amounted to a little tribal war. A man called Mackintosh commanded, and he had the advantage of having regulars with him, Goorkhas for the most part, who were old campaigners. The place had seemed unquiet for some days, and certain precautions had been taken, so that when the rioting broke out at sunset it was easy to get the town under subjection and prepare for external attack. The Chiling Pass into Chitral had given trouble of old, but Mackintosh was scarcely prepared for the systematic assaults of Punialis and Tangiris from the east and south. Having always been famous as an alarmist, he put the right interpretation on the business, and settled down to what he half hoped, half feared, might be a great frontier war. The place was strong only on the north side, and the defence was as much a question of engineering as of war. His Sepoys toiled gallantly at the incomplete defences, while the rest fought hand to hand — bayonet against knife, Metford against Enfield—to cover their labour. He lost many men, but on the evening of the next day he had the satisfaction of seeing the fortifications complete, and he awaited a siege with equanimity, as he was well victualled.

On the second night the enemy again attacked, but the moon was bright and they were no match for his sharpshooters. About two in the morning they fell back, and for the next day it looked as if they proposed to invest the garrison. But by the third evening they began to melt away, taking with them such small plunder as they had won. Mackintosh, who was a man of enterprise, told off a detachment for pursuit, and cursed bitterly the fate which had broken his ankle with a rifle bullet.

In the south along the railway the warnings came in good time. At Rawal Pindi there was some small difficulty with native officials, a large body of whom seemed to have unaccountably disappeared. This delayed for some time the sending of a freight train to Abbotabad, but by-and-by substitutes were found and the works left under guard. The telegram to Peshawur found things in readiness there, for memories of old trouble still linger and people sleep lightly on that frontier. Word came of native riots in the south, at Lahore and Amritsur, and the line of towns which marks the way to Delhi. In some places extraordinary accidents were reported. Certain officers had gone off on holiday and had not returned; odd and unintelligible commands had come to perplex the minds of others; whole camps were reported sick, where sickness was least expected. A little rising of certain obscure rivers had broken up an important highway



"Thwaite picked up and read the latest

by destroying all bridges save the one which carried the railway. The whole north was on the brink of a sudden disorganisation, but the brink had still to be passed. It lay with its masters to avert calamity; and its masters, going about with haggard faces, prayed for daylight and a few hours to prepare.

ALL SOULS' DAY IN ITALY

By GIOVANNI DALLA VECCHIA

THE second day of November is devoted in Italy to the departed, and it may be called to some extent a funeral holiday. The two principal features are the visit to the cemeteries and the family gatherings in the evening, when the *De profundis* and *Requiems* are recited. In the north the prayers for the departed are accompanied by the eating of roasted chestnuts, and in the south by handfuls of baked broad-beans. Another feature, now fast disappearing, is that of the distribution of alms, both by some charitable institutions and by private persons. Most of these gifts are made in obedience to the terms of some legacy of a very remote time.

I passed my youth in a small town close to the Alps, and on the main route to the Dolomites, which Dr. Alexander Robertson, in a book of this name, called the Scotland of Italy. I witnessed there a most characteristic scene, which I will now try to reproduce as best I can.

For many years my attention had been attracted to a special procession of voluntary beggars, poorly dressed, who used to leave the town in the evening of the first of November, singing special songs, and armed with earthen vessels and wooden spoons, and who wended their way to the summit of a neighbouring hill. One year I decided to take part in this strange procession. We met in the principal square of the town at about eleven o'clock at night. After some shoutings we started on our pilgrimage, gathering new recruits as we went. It was midnight when we passed the town gates. Our leader was a man who on Carnival times acted the part of Harlequin, and as such used to amuse the folk and the gentry. On this occasion our Arlecchino was mournfully dressed, and at his side he had a large jug fastened by strings, but hanging loose, as if it were a sword.

We had not very far to go, but the darkness and the roughness of the road made the walk tedious and irksome. On the summit of the hill, where we were going, lived two farmers, whose ancestors had left them a legacy to distribute on All Souls' Day—a plateful of bean soup and a loaf to every one who should call at daybreak. The night was cold and frosty and the wind piercing, and we had to walk through paths which were steep, irregular, and covered with ice. Once we had entered the valley, the scene was most picturesque. The moon shone now and then, but not steadily, on the frozen dewdrops, but when it became clouded we were left in perfect darkness, and had to walk in a line, one by one. Arlecchino led the way, and each one proceeded, holding tight to the tail of the coat of the one next in front. The falls were many, but we were in a good temper, and with a smile we passed off all aches and pains. At about two o'clock we found our way blocked by a wooden gate, which was guarded by two mastiffs. We were in dreadful fear of having an encounter with the dogs, and at every bark, in mournful and tearful tones, we would say a requiem, unconsciously trusting that the dead would come and deliver us from those unexpected foes.

Thinking now over that incident, I cannot help noticing this most paradoxical state of our feelings. We were all afraid of the dead; we often thought we saw them coming towards us; and each time we were thus impressed we would say a requiem to send them away, but before those mastiffs we actually said our requiems to propitiate the goodwill of the dead; but the dead did not come, and we had to turn round and go up by a side way, which passed the house of a farmer whom some of us knew. We approached it in a most humble way by reciting *sotto voce* our prayers. All were asleep, and we thought we might as well rest for a little while. Quietly we crept into a barn. About twenty minutes later, to our great dismay, we heard the heavy footstep of a peasant coming towards us. Trembling with fear, we kept as quiet as mice. When he was but two yards from us he said, "Are you comfortable there?" Some took the query as a sincere one and answered, "Yes, thank you." The next thing we heard was the cracking of a whip. He had a strong whip, and with it he made us all very uncomfortable. We ran as quickly as we could, forgetting entirely the requiem, the dead, the dogs, fearing only the whip and him who wielded it.

It was about four when we reached the goal of our journey. Arlecchino put on a very serious countenance and most mournfully intoned a *De profundis,* while we approached the kitchen door and begged to be admitted. We had to knock more than the proverbial three times before it was opened to us. Our supplications would have been most amusing to an outsider, as our requiems were interpolated with ejaculations of another character:

"It is dreadfully cold"; "I am frozen to death"; "Let me in, for goodness' sake"; "Do open the door," and so on.

After much supplication for the dead and for ourselves we were admitted. The kitchen was a big hall, at the end of which there was the family altar, as we called the fireplace. It had the usual semicircular chimney corner with a bench all round. From forty to fifty persons could easily sit there. In the middle of the fireplace, hanging on a big chain, was a caldron, the size of which can be guessed when I state that therein were boiling thirty gallons of water and one hundredweight of beans.

At the door was a continuous stream of newcomers begging to be admitted. As a rule the door was opened at every quarter of an hour. At every batch of newcomers let in an equal number of persons had to go out. Order was properly kept. The rule was for the newcomers to take seat on the left side of the semicircle and the others shifting round. Those who by this movement were pushed off the bench were asked to leave the kitchen and go to the other house, about one hundred yards off, and try to be admitted there if possible, or to wait outside. Silence was only to be broken by requiems, but they were interpolated by remarks not found in the Psalms, and which mostly concerned the soup that was fast boiling, and the delight of having a substantial breakfast at daybreak on the top of a mountain and on frozen ground.

We had been told that when the cock crowed all were to leave the room. That was the clock our hostess went by, and when the chanticleer was heard we left the room and assembled in the courtyard.

The spectacle was highly amusing. Men and women, old people and young, professional beggars and amateurs, stood in a row with a receptacle in one hand and a spoon in the other, ready for the meal. At last the wondrous caldron is carried out on a pole across the shoulders of two stalwart fellows.

The caldron was put down in the middle of the courtyard, and the distribution of the soup by the two young men began. The crowd of mourners held forth their receptacles, which were of any shape and form—jugs, jars, basins, pots, and what not; some were satisfied with one course, if I may say so, others wanted a second and a third, and some had more than they wanted and where they wanted it not. Now and then a ladleful of boiling soup would not go into the receptacle, but on the hand that held it. Some would withdraw and eat peacefully the hot soup, others would pour the contents into a larger receptacle and go for more. Not many miles from that place there was, at the bottom of a valley, picturesquely surrounded by a lake, a paper-mill, and many workmen therefrom were present, and their chief object was to carry home to their friends as much soup as they could.

When the distribution was over the crowd passed on to the next courtyard, where a similar distribution took place, and when the latter also was over they returned to the first courtyard for the hard home-made bun, the distribution of which was severely regulated. We all had to go into a corner closed in by a wicker fence, and we were let out one by one. As we passed we received a loaf. Two big men acted as stewards, their insignia being a whip. After the second bun was distributed the company broke up, and so ended our "All Souls' Day."

A NOTABLE PRISON

A COMPARISON AND A CONTRAST

By LINA ORMAN COOPER

> "As I walked through the wilderness of this world I lighted on a certain place where was a den."

WITH these words the Glorious Dreamer introduced us to Bedford County Jail one hundred years before a certain sheriff, in white bagwig and quakerlike garb, waved his wand before it.

From behind iron-grated windows the tinker of Elstow looked out over the quaint old town, with its many-gabled irregular-roofed houses, with its prototype of "Vanity Fair," with its tiny shop windows. "Soe dismall a place" was the prison in those days, "soe uncomfatuble and close," so "cruel, oppressive and rigorous" the jailer, that one John Bubb and his fellow-prisoners—including Bunyan—were "like to perish."

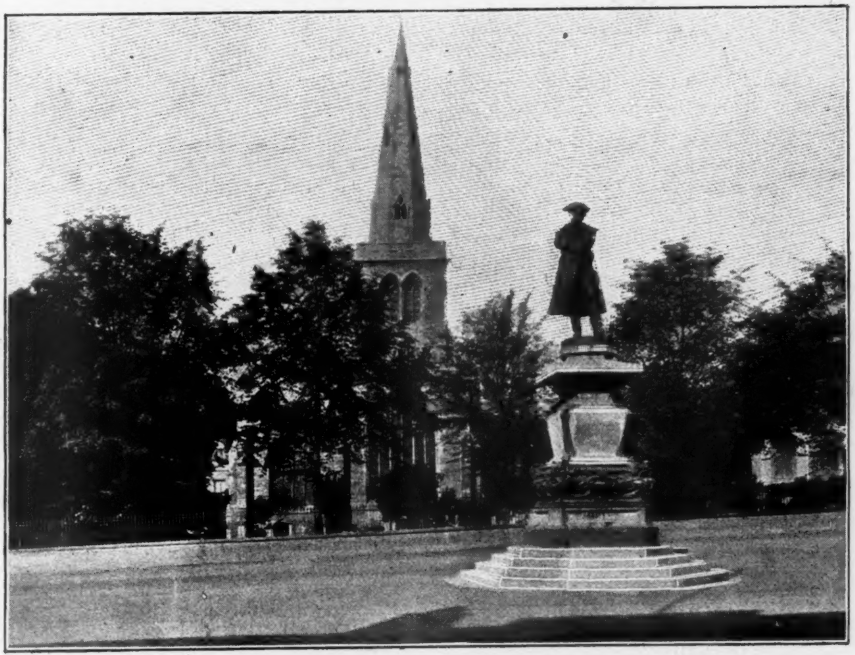
"A calamitous condicion" indeed was that found in Bedford Jail in 1666. It was scarcely better in 1766.

In those days his Majesty's Justices of Assize held their sittings in a small court wedged between "the Priest Howse," with its emerald lawn lying shaven around it, and an old grammar school, founded by Sir William Harpur, Knt., Mayor of London. Hard by, the banks "of the water called Owze" were knit together with lily roots and slime, whilst the pierced steeple of "our Pauls" kept watch and ward over it. In that steeple John Bunyan held wordy warfare with the Quakers, and under that steeple John Howard preceded his javelin-men in their blue liveries, and welcomed the barons. From that steeple rang the "execution bell" on the day he determined to see the state of the prison in which malefactors were confined, and in front of that beautiful cathedral, and collegiate church of St. Paul's, he still stands in bronze.

Almost holy ground seems the sin-stained, cloud-laden environment of Bedford Jail, as we stand before its massive doors. Sacred, indeed, is every spot on which celebrated men have worked out heroic deeds and lived historic lives, and Bedford Jail was the nursery of two men who, each in his own way, revolutionised modern thought. From Bedford Jail came "the writings which act as a religious bond to the whole of Christendom"; from Bedford Jail came the Apostle of Freedom to influence all mankind on the side of mercy.

Very different was Bedford Prison in 1766 to what it is in 1898. John Howard's favourite maxim, "Make men diligent and you will make them honest," has been of late years the basis of a system in this place, which has not been exceeded or equalled in any other prison in England.

In order rightly to appreciate the change, we should read something about the "pitiless, bedless, seatless, lightless, breathless, and almost foodless cells," which lay behind the opening statement in John Howard's work on English jails. In his calm, methodical, mechanical manner, this "plodder who collected material for other men to work with," as he himself expressed it, simply writes: "The distress of prisoners, of which there are few who have not some imperfect idea, came more immediately under my notice when I was Sheriff of Bedford. . . . I was called to my task by my office as sheriff. To the pursuit of it I was prompted by the sorrows of the sufferers and love to my country." Yet from the pages which follow we know that in this "den, and hundreds of others like it," the air was "poisonous to an intense degree." Fever and dirt were rife here. There was no provision made for the cravings of nature; no water laid on, and no fresh air admitted. "A hell in miniature" indeed was Bedford Jail in those days and in the old times before them. Dungeons below the ground level—many of them dark as pitch. No staw, no infirmary, no bath, no drains, no surgeon, no pumps, no chimneys, no fires. Unutterable squalor and filthiness marking the 7½-feet cells. Disease and madness lurking there. Death from slow suffocation or death from malignant fever



(From a photograph by F. Frith & Co., Reigate)

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH AND HOWARD'S STATUE, BEDFORD

to be grappled with there. "Clotted tears on wan faces" to be seen there. Filth and indecency proving natural handmaids to vice and foulness there. Irons, chains, spiked collars, and thumbscrews used there.

What has modern civilisation given in place of these terrible things?

To begin with, high red-brick walls surround the jail on every side. No chance *now* for the riffraff of the town to make it their rendezvous. "Cards, dice, skittles, mississippi, portobello tables, billiards, fives, tennis" are no longer allowed. Visitors, except on business, never go beyond the thick oaken door with iron-studded wicket. Neither governor, chaplain, nor medical officer has power to unlock more than that outer gate. A special permit from the Commissioners of Prisons is needed to see over the precincts. When John Howard visited here, the head jailer, by royal licence, publicly dispensed beer to all the neighbourhood. Now, no prisoners are visible at all until we stand in the spacious, lightsome, wholesome, cleanly, four-storeyed cruciform hall. "Every room should be vaulted," wrote John Howard one hundred years ago, and we gladly notice that this hall has a seagreen dome, and that many skylights add to its cheerfulness.

A twisted circular staircase leads to the upper tiers of cells, and each gallery is railed with feathery balustrades. Fresh offenders—mere boys most of them, and distinguished by a red rosette on cap and arm—are busy dusting the spirals and ornamentations of this ironwork. In place of exhibiting "wan faces clotted with tears" they peer cheerfully at us as we look up into this human cage, for from wall to wall strong meshed wire netting is stretched. There is no open space left unguarded—the netting acting as a spring mattress to any would-be suicide.

The little room—I can scarcely call it a cell—which each prisoner now occupies is small enough, but lofty. Each criminal can be kept to himself in pursuance of John

Howard's wish, who desired "to have so many small rooms or cabins that each may sleep alone—the doors being iron-latticed for circulation of air." In each cell is a ventilator to let out air and a grating to let in heat from the hot pipes with which the prison is lined.

"There is scarce anything in the whole economy of a gaol of more importance than cleanliness," &c., so writes John Howard, and we find everything spotlessly kept in these cells—from the planked floor to the plank bedstead reared on end in one corner, from the bright bell-handle to the glittering utensils for food and comfort. Here, too, is a bracket-like table, a wooden stool, a roll consisting of hair mattress and pillow, a pair of white cotton sheets, two warm Whitney blankets and a bed rug. A prayer-card, a Bible, prayer-book, hymnal, and one library book is here too. A crash towel is provided, a soap dish, salt-cellar, drinking-cup, and spoon.

After a prisoner has walked past the flower-ribboned beds outside, and past the crooked little cells studded with iron rings—to which criminals were bolted and chained in John Howard's time—he is introduced to a bath.

This first bath is not lined with white china tiles, as are those afterwards used by him; it is galvanised only; but clean hot water, at a temperature of 86°, is turned on for every bath even here, and a clean towel provided for every bather.

Arrayed for the first time in garments provided by the State, a prisoner is photographed and weighed, also when he wears them for the last. Almost invariably he is heavier on the latter occasion. How different is this result of incarceration from that of long ago, when "the poor creatures' aspect" (after some months of confinement) "was singularly deplorable"! At the quarter sessions prisoners, "almost famished, nearly naked and sick of divers diseases," were often discharged to spread infection wherever they went. *Now* there is little or no illness. That terrible jail-fever—which carried off 200 men of one regiment, 2000 sailors in one fleet, and occasioned "a mortality greater than all other diseases or means of death put together," is now unknown. John Howard—who was a sanitary reformer before the days of sanitary reform—"carefully and constantly smelled to vinegar when he first visited the jail." And no wonder. The stench and effluvia to be met with were a source of the greatest danger to health. Prisoners brought into open court were capable of carrying death to the Lord Chief Baron, attendant sheriffs, and 400 spectators! What virulence then must have been shut up inside the jails! Thanks to the man who believed in the virtues of limewash and preached the gospel of hygiene, we can omit any precautions as we poke into the dark places of Bedford Prison. In his day there was no infirmary and many sick; to-day there is an infirmary, but it is seldom used. A doctor attends regularly, however, and a dispensary is established in every jail.

The food in this prison is modelled much on the lines laid down by our philanthropist. Bread is given by weight and carefully prepared in a spotless kitchen. Good nourishing soup is provided, solid suet puddings and porridge, milk by doctor's order, and plenty of vegetables.

As a reformer, Howard was one of the earliest advocates for segregation. He rightly condemned jail-gangs and unlimited intercourse between offenders.

Nowadays every prisoner is kept to himself, and every *class* of prisoners exercise together. No boys are now "found listening to practised and experienced criminals," for lads and men are kept quite apart. No oakum is picked in Bedford Jail. Only hardened offenders break stone. No irons are to be seen on ankle or wrist. The dark cell does not exist even in name. Contumacious debtors are still to be seen in the precincts of this notable pile, and their imprisonment can only last at the most for forty-two days. In place of the barbarous treatment they received one hundred years ago, they alone are now allowed a certain degree of indulgence; they alone can have food sent in from outside; and they alone are exempt from wearing prison dress or keeping silence.

"A chapel is necessary to a jail"—thus runs the old book on "Proposed Improvements"—so, of course, there is one in Bedford Prison, carrying out in its arrangements all John Howard's suggestions. Daily service is conducted, choir practices are held. On the seats I noticed an anthem sung the Sunday before. It was strangely appropriate to its environment: "I will arise, I will arise, and go to my Father, and will say unto Him, Father, Father, I have sinned, have sinned against Heaven and before Thee, and am no more worthy to be called Thy son."

Perhaps some one reading this article and comparing it with the state of prisons in John Howard's time may think we have gone beyond what he would have desired. "It was by no means his wish to render a prison so comfortable an abode that the lowest order of society might find their condition even bettered by admission to it," so comments his biographer and personal friend, Dr. Aiken. Are we in danger of doing this? I do not know. At least we have built on the foundation he laid a wonderful erection of philanthropy. No man, when it is thought necessary to seclude him from society, now suffers from that seclusion in either health or morals. From being "glimpses of hell" and "emblems of the infernal pit" our prisons now are illustrations of the motto, "Restrain by punishment. but render good by discipline." Imprisonment does not now *brutalise*; it tends to raise and civilise.

Yet, as we look round at the warm, dry, comfortable, cleanly jails all over England (and Bedford is only an example of many others), we must not forget that a state of imprisonment is that in which the rights of man are in great part suspended. "Abandon freedom, all ye that enter here," is writ over every portal of every prison, even over this notable one. Privacy, the right of private judgment, independent action, individuality, are not possible in jails—

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage,

but rules and regulations—keys, locks, supervision—these make a prison. And in Bedford Jail a door—and a locked one—confronts you at every few steps. Harsh and cruel and pitiless is the clang and clatter and bolting. Like a chess-board is Bedford Jail, with a locked door at every corner of every square. The prisoners are moved about like pawns too, with mathematical regularity. Each one is an automaton, well housed, well fed, well groomed, but yet a machine, known only by a number and treated as a unit. Yet, unlike an automaton, he needs constant supervision. And perhaps at this point we touch on the most terrible concomitant of prison life. All day and every day the warder's eyes are on the prisoner—inside and outside, at work, at meals, at rest, in chapel, in court, ay, even when shadows fall thickly round; and within this notable prison the convict must feel those eyes. At night, when he has done (or shirked) his day's work, and lays him down to sleep on his bed, he knows the night watchman is at the spyhole over his door every quarter of an hour. The watchman is invisible, but *he* can see every corner of the little room; the watchman wears silent felt slippers on his feet, but *he* can hear the least motion. The longing must be tremendous to get somewhere—anywhere—out of range of that watchful eye. But there is no hiding-place, no shelter, no escape, "from the keys, the clashing, the supervision."

Cause and effect can never be divided. Sin *must* bring punishment in its train.

In this notable prison, whereon the glorious dreamer and the practical philanthropist have recorded their undying fame, we try to prove that the best penal treatment must perforce be radically preventive. Christendom has awakened to the truths preached by John Howard in his strong, sound, healthy, common-sense way, one hundred years ago. The end of all coercion here tends to improvement of the ego.

In other words, we believe that Christ still comes to the captives, and we try to make our jails fit for His reception.

For that reason we build them after a hygienic, sanitary manner, and provide comforts for these His erring brethren. We dare not do otherwise, with John Howard's marvellous book in our hands. For we who listen can hear before and behind every improvement—on this hand and that—of each indulgence, some well-known words: "To him that knoweth and doeth not, to him it is sin."

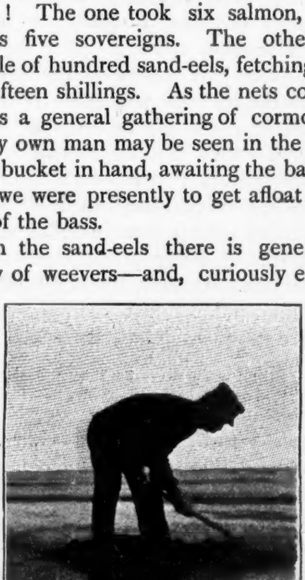
John Howard prepared the way by making straight and clean a possible highway for our God. We have followed in his train, for we too dread the Master's condemnation, "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto the least of these my brethren, ye did it not unto me."

THE FATE OF THE SAND-EEL

WHERE the blue Teign merges in the bluer sea, there is the home of the sand-eel. The ebbing waters, carrying back the tangles of green and brown weed that last flood took even unto Coombe Cellars, uncover just before low tide strips of sand-bank that harbour, from June until August, thousands of these merry grigs, or, as the local fishermen call them, "sprats." They are not suffered to hide their light under a bushel of sand, however, for, apart from shaping excellently in a fry, they are the finest natural bait for bass. Therefore it is that they are requisitioned with seine and scraper. The seine is hauled, somewhat irregularly, just at low or high water. There are two, each eighty fathoms long with half-inch mesh; each worked by eight men. Not every tide is the seine hauled, for there are the mackerel to be looked after outside; and there would also appear to be other attractions ashore, for times and again only half the complement turn up at the estuary, and the tide is lost.

The function, however, when it does take place, is certain to attract a crowd of summer visitors, many of whom will not exert themselves to the extent of crossing the ferry to the site of the salmon nets. And, truly, the little sand-eel gives as much work as the noble salmon, yet how different the results. I saw, on one and the same afternoon and within an area of fifty yards, both seines hauled! The one took six salmon, worth perhaps five sovereigns. The other took a couple of hundred sand-eels, fetching, with luck, fifteen shillings. As the nets come in, there is a general gathering of cormorants; and my own man may be seen in the photograph, bucket in hand, awaiting the bait with which we were presently to get afloat in the wake of the bass.

With the sand-eels there is generally a medley of weevers—and, curiously enough,



SCRAPING

HAULING

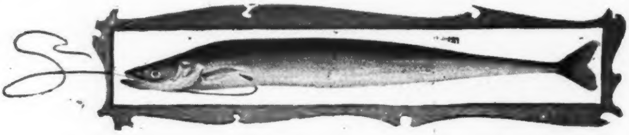
now I come to think of it, there is a superstition in the Hebrides to the effect that the lesser weever is a male sand-eel!—and different small estuarine flat fish, but the sand-eels alone are valued, and are very quickly transferred to baskets, buckets, and all other available receptacles. Those intended for bait are removed with as little delay as possible to floating boxes of different shapes and sizes, and in these they will remain alive for days. For towing purposes a torpedo-shaped "courge" is used, made in either metal (as figured) or basket-work, and, when moving rapidly under sail, it is necessary to remove this frequently from the water, as the fragile fish would otherwise be drowned, suffocated, or whatever is the proper term for death in their own element.

When the seine is not available—and this is the last place but one on the south-west coast where there is a sand-eel seine at all—it is necessary to scrape the little burrowers out of their sandy retreat at sundown with a curious form of hoe, blunt in the blade, so as not to cut the fish in half. This method is not by any means so good, as, in the first place, it takes some practice and much time to scrape enough for a day's fishing, and, in the second, they are apt to be injured in the process and rendered unfit for bait. Yet some there are who regard this scraping for sand-eels, particularly on moonlight nights, as "sport," and for their benefit I give a snapshot of my man in the correct position.

The natural history and affinities of this little sand-eel are not uninteresting. In the first place, of course, as will be seen from his portrait, he is no true eel. There are eels and eels. There is the common eel of our rivers, the different sexes and stages of which go by a variety of rustic sobriquets that should not be confused with specific nomenclature. Then, again, there is the conger-eel of our seas, altogether distinct, growing to a far greater weight, at any rate the female, who may exceed her husband's bulk twenty-fold. There are the so-called "eels" bred from old paste, favourite curiosities of the microscope. These are no more eels than they are elephants. And, lastly, there are the sand-eels, with which we are here concerned. Likewise no true eels, these yet acquire in

FLOATING BOXES

their agile movements in the wet sand a decidedly anguine appearance. Seen as they wriggle in the sand, felt as they struggle through the fingers, the name seems fitting. Yet on closer inspection we shall find little that is eel-like in either of the two British species, *Ammodytes tobianus* and *A. lanceolatus*—a third, *A. cicerellus*, toothless and without scales, is only an occasional inshore visitor from the deeper water—used as bait. The commoner, the sand-eel proper, is only about half the size of the larger launce, but they mix freely in the same bank, and I have always, in every haul of the Teignmouth seines, seen a few with the larger number of the smaller species. The latter, averaging about five inches in length, are preferred for bait, but the larger kind fetch better money for food. When life is extinct, when the wriggling movements are still, all resemblance to the eel is gone. The fish has the forked tail-fin, reddish in hue, that we do not commonly associate with eels, and its scales are more conspicuous, its lower jaw more prominent (more like that of the hake or pollack), its gill-covers of wider aperture than we shall find in any eel. Not all its time is spent in its underground galleries. Round piers, more particularly, sand-eels play at the surface like bass or trout, and it used to be a favourite sport with the lads on Bournemouth pier to hook them on their smelt tackle. They are pugnacious, very; and in their wonderful agility, their vivacity that has doubtless given rise to the expression "merry as a grig," lies their doom. For their gambols attract the bass and pollack, and this endears them to the angler, who slips a small bright hook through their horny lower lip, catches its point lightly in the skin of the neck, and sends them forth to tempt the larger fish. Deception is the angler's badge, in sea as in river, and not yet have the bass and pollack been educated to his wiles; not yet have they learnt the useful lesson of knowing him by his hook—*ex ungue leonem!* And so during a single week this July I caught as many as twenty-seven bass in this way, though the largest weighed only a little over three pounds and the majority scaled only one.



THE CAVE

By F. J. DAVEY

ILLUSTRATED BY A. D. M'CORMICK

THE spot where the cedar-getters' township used to stand was, up to a few years ago, one of the favourite picnic places on the river.

The low basaltic hill which long ago used to shelter the men's huts from the sea winds did the same kindly office in after days for the picnicers' tents.

This hill must at one time have been an island, for here and there in the perpendicular walls, now rising out of the surrounding sandy soil, were many shallow, cave-like recesses. And in many places great heaps of fallen stones still showed where in by-gone times the waves had beaten against its face.

One of these recesses—the only one deep enough to be fairly called a cave—was large enough to have held a hundred men comfortably, and narrowed up at its inner end into a small passage, just sufficiently large for a man to crawl through. This passage led for a long distance into the heart of the hill, and was said to have a branch with an outer opening somewhere on the other side. The front archway of the cave was completely hidden, covered as it was by a great network of cane-vines, which stretched and climbed up the face of the hill and intertwined with the branches of the trees and shrubs growing on the top.

Any one who has heard the noise made by even one telegraph wire in the wind, can imagine what might be the effect of a thousand of them, of different lengths and sizes. In a similar way, the long canes of these vines, tightly stretched from foot to top of the face of the hill, formed an immense natural Æolian harp, and often, when the wind was from the east, gave forth such weird and blood-curdling sounds as would suggest to the least superstitious of hearers the far-off groans and shrieks of lost souls.

At the inner end of the cave was a large heap of loose, heavy stones, evidently fallen from the roof, and the legend was always told to visitors that under those stones a deserting soldier had been buried in the old days.

Here is the story.

The pioneers on the Wimbriatta never got any letters except when the *Tweezer* arrived, and even then there were but a few in the schooner's mail-bag; some of the cedar-getters—Will Cooper for one—had never been known to receive a letter, and did not seem to expect any.

Ole C'lumbus was greatly impressed with his responsibility as a mail-agent, and always made the letter delivery as ceremonious a business as he could. He would first put on his spectacles, which he never used by daylight on other occasions, take out one letter at a time, read out the address in an official tone of voice, as if he were a clerk of the court calling the names of the jury, and after keenly scrutinising the applicant (whom of course he knew perfectly well) over the top of his glasses, yield up the letter with evident reluctance, as if he were afraid that after all the man was an impostor with no earthly right to it.

On one occasion he found only four letters in the bag, one of which was addressed in a very scratchy feminine hand to

Mr. William Cowper
"Wimbriatta Rivver."

Will Cooper looked up as if surprised, hesitated a little, and then came forward. "I s'pose that's me, Cap'n!" he said, and held out his hand to take the letter.

Ole C'lumbus deliberately replaced the letter in the bag. "I always understood as how your name was Cooper—C-o-o-p-e-r," he objected.

"Was you at my chris'nin'?" inquired Will.

The captain was obliged to confess that he had been absent on that interesting occasion.

"Well, then," said Will; "I was! So jes' hand over that there letter!"

Ole C'lumbus weighed the argument in his mind, but it was evidently too strong for him, so he gave up the letter, though only with grave misgivings.

"I b'lieve," said he; "I b'lieve that letter orter bin sent to the Dead Letter Office."

Will stepped a little aside and opened the letter; the handwriting inside was in a man's hand, totally unlike that on the envelope. It read thus:—

"Dear George
"Keep on the spry. They have got wind where you are. The regiment is all to pieces, such a crowd have deserted. They will nab you if they can.
"Your affectionate brother,
H. Perrett."

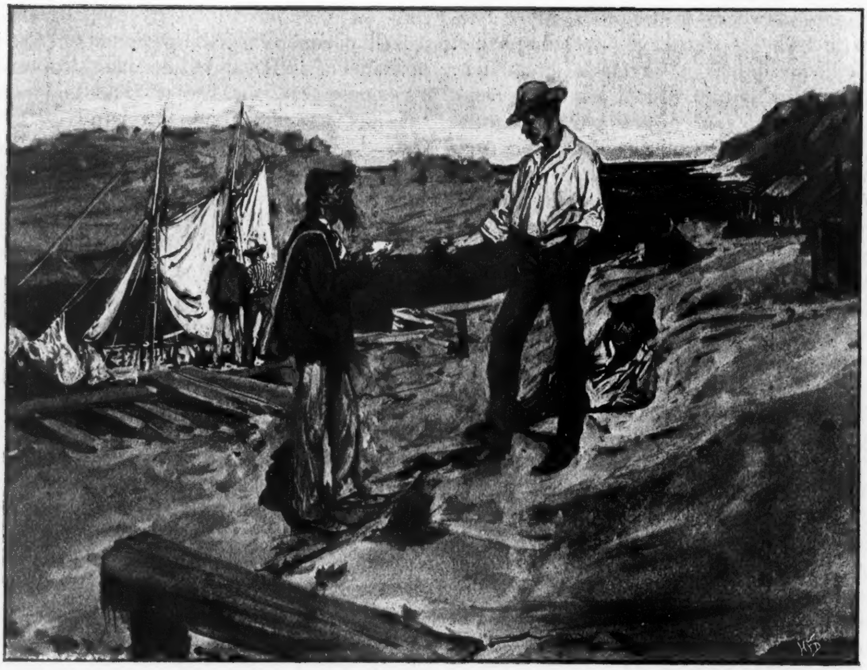
"I always think," said Joe Cochran, "a letter's a sort of an angel like; he comes to you with his wings folded up, and when you opens them, out drops the good news!"

"Joe's thinkin' of a carrier pidgeon!" cried Will.

"An' *I* never see a angel flyin' roun' with his wings shut, neither!" grinned Bob Oxley.

"I sh'd think any hangel as had a speck o' savvy about 'im wouldn't fly roun' anyhow whiles *you* was about, Bob!" struck in Ole C'lumbus.

"An' Bob never had no wings of his own, neither!" retorted Joe. "Good news, Will?"



"'I s'pose that's me, Cap'n!' he said, and held out his hand to take the letter"

"Oh yes, good enough! Some o' my ole friends wants me back again, that's all."

Not until the schooner had sailed away again did Will make any further reference to his letter; then he said:——

"I say, mates! There might be some strange chaps perkin' round here 'fore long!"

"What for?"

"Well, I s'pose they'll be bringin' me a kind o' invitation like."

"P'lecemen?"

"No, soldiers. Fact is, I was in the 113th, an' when I come away the Colonel was sort o' busy, an' I was in a bit of a hurry myself. So I didn't wait to ask leave."

"You'll get it puty hot, I s'pose, if they takes you back?"

Will fired up. "They won't *never* take me back," he cried furiously; "not alive, anyhow! The way it was, some o' the off'cers had a reg'lar down on me: I warn't humble enough to 'em, an' a dog's life they led me, s'help me! I had to leave, or I'd ha' killed somebody 'fore long. I don't b'lieve any o' you chaps would round on me. All I asks is, if you see them chaps come smellin' round here anywhere, jus' give a bloke a chance to get away, that's all!"

"Which way would you go?"

"I don't care which way I goes, s'long as I get clear. In the bush it would be easy enough—they couldn't folla me through the scrub: but if they comes along while we're here at the township, I'll have to hide in the cave till they're gone. They'd never find me there!"

On Saturday afternoons the timber-getters always returned from their work in the bush to spend the Sunday in the township, that day being considered not only a day of rest, but also the only one available as washing-day, perhaps on the principle that cleanliness is next to godliness.

One Saturday, a few weeks after the *Tweezer* had left, the men returned a little earlier than usual, and as there was an hour or two of daylight yet to spare, Will Cooper got his gun and went off into the bush to try and shoot something for the Sunday's dinner. Joe Cochran selected a nice soft spot under a shady tree where he could dream away the rest of the afternoon with no other companion than his pipe—a favourite indulgence of his.

The rest of the men were lounging about outside the huts. It was a hot afternoon, and after a bathe in the river they had put on nothing more than their trousers, for the sake of coolness, while one or two of them had dispensed with clothing altogether for the time.

Suddenly two men on horseback came around the corner of the hill. Their uniform at once showed the men that these were the soldiers Will Cooper had asked them to keep on the look-out for, but they were already in their midst, and there was no time to give the deserter warning.

The soldiers reined up their horses, and one of them eagerly scanned the faces of the men for a time, then, turning to the other said: "Get off, Denis, and hould me horse's head whilsht I dishmount, or shure the ould baste'll buck me off agin!"

"Shurely!" replied Denis.

The first speaker turned to the settlers again: "Wad wan o' you men jus' take a hoult of the baste's tail whilsht I get off? She's jus' an ould divil to kick!"

None of the timber-getters cared to volunteer their services, but with Denis's help Corporal Brian O'Boyle soon found himself, much to his relief, on his feet again.

None of the men had yet said a word, and now a happy thought struck Bob Oxley. He said to his companions, in the aboriginal language, which most of them partly understood, "Say nothing, only talk gibberish!"

The Corporal drew himself up to his full height, but, as he was much the shortest man there, the effect was not very great; however, he managed to impart a little extra dignity to his voice.

"In the name av the Queen, I commahnd ye! Is there ahny mahn here be the name av George Perrett?"

Corporal Brian O'Boyle would have been quite contented with one answer, but he got six or seven, all yelled out as loud as the men could shout, and all in a language that was invented on the spot.

The two soldiers shrank back in amazement; half a dozen or so nearly naked men, speaking an unknown tongue and apparently not over disposed to be friendly, was a state of things they had not bargained for.

"What soort av outlandish avil-shpakin' murderers is these, thin?" asked Denis.

He had spoken to the Corporal, but the settlers, who had all jumped up and were now standing round the two men of war in a half circle, took it upon themselves to answer his question, which they did in a perfect storm of barbarous sounds.

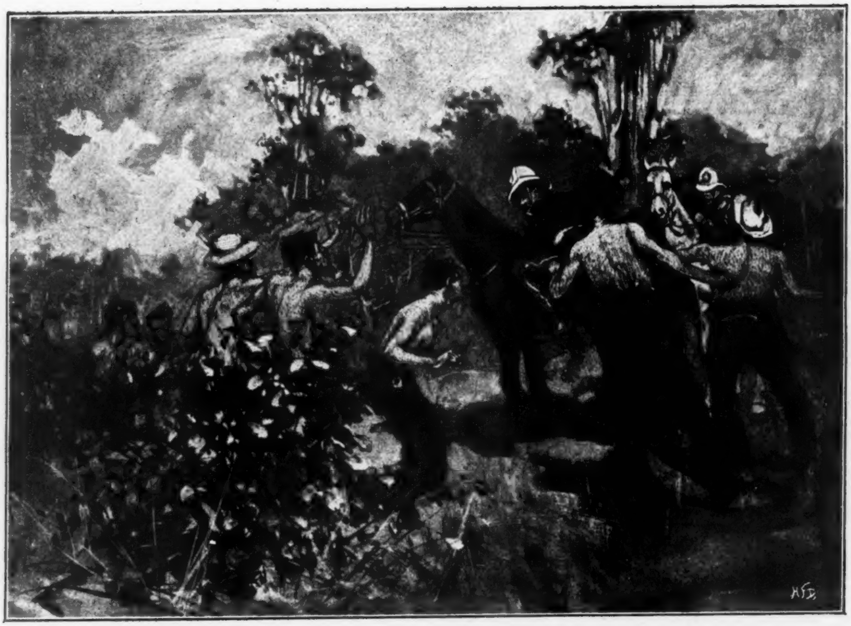
Denis and O'Boyle looked at each other in utter bewilderment. "Is it haythin they are, Denis?" asked the Corporal.

"Shure thin, sorr, I'm thinkin' they's cannibals, an' the devil fly away wid thim!" answered Denis, and the tone of his voice showed that he felt a little uncomfortable under his present circumstances.

But O'Boyle was not to be daunted or cowed too easily. He addressed the men again, this time at the top of his voice, with a vague idea that foreigners could understand him better that way, but once more the same chorus of gibberish met his ears.

Then he tried mildness and persuasion "Come now, me bhoys! shure it's aisy to ohnderstahnd what I mane. I don't want none of you chaps, ohnly Ge-orge Per-rett—Ge-orge Per-rett! That's the mahn I want." But he only obtained the same answer, except that the chorus seemed to get louder every time. Then the Corporal tried broken English, and lastly he resorted to signs, pointing to the huts, pretending to run away, and so on, and this had the most extraordinary effect of all. His audience appeared to think that he was threatening them, for they began to make signs also, and danced round the two soldiers with such excited cries and fierce gestures, that Denis hastily climbed up on his horse, and O'Boyle felt mightily inclined to follow suit, when just at that moment they saw Will Cooper, whom of course they well knew, come around the bend of the hill, with his gun on his shoulder.

He had not heard any of the loud noises which his mates hoped would serve to warn him of what was going on, and before he knew anything of it, he was within fifty yards of the soldiers. The next instant he had turned on his heel and was running for the cave as fast as his legs could carry



"Denis hastily climbed up on his horse"

him, with the two soldiers following at full speed.

If Will had only had a little longer start of his pursuers, so as to have reached the cave unseen by them, he would have vanished as mysteriously as if the earth had swallowed him up, but the Corporal saw him push the cane-vines aside and disappear behind them. Brian O'Boyle, ignorant as he was, was not altogether a fool, so on reaching the place he took very good care not to rush too rashly into what might prove a trap.

He poked the vines, where Will had left a little opening, on one side with his bayonet, but could see nothing except that it was the entrance to a cave.

"There mought be another thousind av thim blood-suckin' tomcats av roarin' savidges in there!" said the Corporal in a low voice to Denis.

"Shurely," said Denis; "an' there mought be, thin!"

But something had to be done, so the Corporal called out: "George Perrett, I commahnd ye in the Queen's name to come out av there an' surrendher, or by the pow'rs I'll arrest ye at once!"

Will Cooper (to call him by the old name) answered, and his voice sounded as if it came from the innermost depths of the cave, "Is that you, Corporal O'Boyle?"

"An' no wan else!" replied Brian.

"Ohn'y meself!" interposed Denis.

"Hould yer tongue, Denis, or I'll place ye ondher arrest! If ye hadn't spoke, shure he'd had thought the two av us was ohn'y wan av us! Is it comin' out ye are, George, or must I march in with the rest av me company?"

"The fust one as comes in this here cave won't never go out agen!" cried Will.

"Thin we'll march in all together. You kape that side, Denis, an' it's meself that'll kape this side. Present arms! Quick marrch!"

"Halt!" The order came from the cave, and there was a ring in it that made the two instinctively pause,

"Look here!" cried Will; "the roof of this cave is all loose stones, jes' hangin' ready to drop. I've got my gun here, and the fust shot'll bring down a shower o' stones enough to bury the whole regiment. I don't want to kill you, an' now you know! So come on if you like, if there's fifty of you!"

"What a tindher heart ye have, George! Ye don't want me, afther I'm kilt, to turn round an' say ye didn't warrn me!" exclaimed the Corporal incredulously. "Whin ye're afther shpakin' the truth, who tells yer lies for ye, honey?"

"If ye don't believe me, one o' you can come an' see! Only one, mind! If both o' you comes, look out, for I'll fire right away."

"By me sowl, an' I will, thin! Denis, ye shtop here an' kape watch. If I'm kilt, I lave ye in commahnd!"

Brian made an opening, and stepped into the cave. The sun had just set, and it was so dark inside that at first he could not distinguish anything, but after a while he could see enough to prove that the deserter's words were true. The roof of the cave was composed of large loose stones, which appeared so insecure that it required some little nerve to stand beneath. Of the deserter himself he could see nothing, for peer as he would, the inner end of the cave was as black as night.

"Well," said George; "are you satisfied?"

"An' more!" replied the Corporal. "Shure it's a swate purty cimetery, tombstones an' all, riddy made. And ye're asy in yer mind about gettin' buried yerself, thin?"

"No fear o' that! There ain't no hangin' stones in this end," replied Will.

"I'm thinkin' ye'll be doin' a bit av hangin' yerself 'fore long!" retorted Brian. "Wan thing, ye can't git out whilsht Cor-p'ral O'Boyle's to the fore, an' I'll be clappin' the handcuffs on ye yet, dead or alive, afore ye're much oulder, me smilin' George!"

"You bin in here long enough! Out you go now, or look out for yourself! One—two——"

O'Boyle did not linger to hear the "three," but retreated out of the cave with as much haste as his dignity would allow. "By me sowl, Denis. I couldn't slape asy in there, for fear av them stones in the caylin'. I do be snorin' now an' agin in me slape——"

"Shurely!" said Denis, who knew it only too well.

"Hould yer tongue, Denis, till I give ye lave to shpake!"

The evening was now drawing on, and Denis was sent to fetch the horses and light a camp-fire, which was soon done, and the two soldiers made a hasty meal and began to prepare for keeping watch during the night.

While they were doing this, Joe Cochran, whom they had not before seen, sauntered up, and after watching them a little while said: "Are you gorn stop here all night?"

The Corporal looked up in surprise. "By the pow'rs, Denis, he sphakes English loike a Chrischun!" Then turning to Joe: "What soort av haythin savidges is them round there?" pointing towards the township.

"Oh, them's on'y a tribe o' half-castes; terrible fierce they are, too!"

"Nivver a doubt av it, thin!" said Denis.

"Is them chaps cannibles?"

"No, you can't call 'em cannibles ezactky; they never eats men, on'y young women an' children: blackfellows' babies is what they mostly lives on."

"By me sowl, thin," cried the Corporal, "it's glad I am I'm not married!"

"Are you gorn stop here all night?" Joe asked again.

"An' that's what we are, thin; all night an' all day an' as long as we wants to. Have you ahnything to say agin it?"

"Me? No—s'long as I ain't got to stop too. I wouldn't stop here till mornin' not for a thousan' pound. D'you know what place this here is?"

"Faith, we don't."

"Shurely," said Denis.

"Oh well, you'll know well enough 'fore mornin'!" replied Joe, getting up as if to go away.

"What place is it, thin?"

"This here place?" answered Joe hesitatingly. "This here place is where the great fight was some years ago. There was two tribes in it, an' they was fightin' an' fightin', an' stabbin' wi' spears, an' shootin' arrers, an' bashin' in each other's heads with stones, three days on end, an then they stopped——" Joe here brought his words to an end, as if he would rather not say any more.

"What did they shtop for?" asked Brian.

"Cos," said Joe, "cos—well, cos there weren't nobody left to fight. They was all killed, hunderds an' hunderds of 'em, all 'cept two, an' they was wounded desp'r'ate, so's they couldn't stand; but them two kep' on fightin', rollin' over an' over an' throttlin' each other till——"

"Till they was dead too, I s'pose?"

"Not a bit of it! A pack of dingoes had been sneakin' roun' waitin' for a chance for hours an' hours, an' when they saw there wern't on'y them two lef' they jis' chawed 'em up!"

"Saints purtect us!" exclaimed Denis.

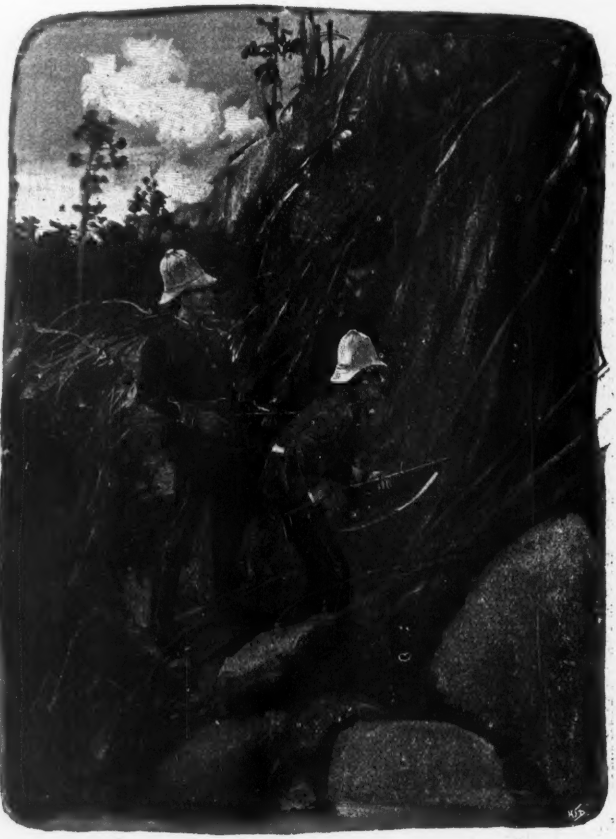
"A good ole feast them dingoes had for a few days," went on Joe, "There's thousan's o' the bones lyin' all roun' here—thousan's of 'em—on'y its too dark to see 'em now. It were blowin' a gale o' wind all the time they was fightin', an' ever since then of a windy night——"

"Sorra a taste av wind there is now, anyways!" interrupted O'Boyle.

"An' ever since then of a windy night," repeated Joe, lowering his voice to his most solemn tones, and speaking slowly, keeping his eyes the while staring straight in front of him, "them bones starts up an' goes creepin' round, an' then at it they goes, fightin' it all over agen, an' you can hear them shoutin' an' stabbin' an' yellin', an' after a bit, its nothin' but groanin' an' dying' an' ——"

"Begor, what's that?" cried Denis,

It was nearly dark now. Directly in front of the fire the tangled folds of the cane-vines hung like a great mysterious curtain before the hidden cave, and above it the hanging brow of the hill loomed, dark as a funeral canopy, against a starless sky. Every now and then a flickering beam of light shot from the fire and skurried down the narrow track, where a line of slender, white-barked ti-trees stood like ghostly sentinels, and the honeysuckle shrubs threw out their long contorted arms in every strange confusion of shape, as if to warn all rash intruders off.



"'George Perrett, I commahnd ye in the Queen's name to come out av there an' surrendher!'"

The night wind from the sea had begun to rise, and as its first low breaths swept softly down the narrow alley between the hills and the trees, the vines began to stir, and twanged against each other with a sound that seemed to be here, there and everywhere—a noise that would have suggested to any one the first stealthy stirring of an ambushed army lurking near.

"It's them, sure enough!" cried Joe, and away he rushed, leaving the two soldiers alone.

Denis hastily piled some more wood on the fire, and the blaze seemed to add a little more cheerfulness to the scene.

"I'm thinkin' it was only the birds in them trees," said the Corporal, but he shifted the stone he was sitting on a little nearer to the fire.

"'Sinners and scissors!' yelled the Corporal."

For some time they heard nothing more, except the heavy flopping of the flying-foxes' wings, as they flitted past the hill. The two men had begun to chat about the best way of trapping the deserter, when they became aware of another sound in their ears. It had risen so gradually that they could not tell when it began, and soon it was not a sound, but a host of sounds, as of the subdued mutterings of an angry crowd in the distance, and yet, though it seemed far off, it was in the air—in their ears—all around them and seemed to come from every direction at once, and yet so near that the individual mutterings of many voices could be plainly distinguished from each other.

Denis and the Corporal each stole a furtive glance at the other's face, but each saw in the other's eye a shadow of fear that made his own heart quail within him.

"By St. Pathrick, but I wisht I was out av this!" exclaimed Denis.

Brian O'Boyle thought so too, but he wouldn't allow himself to say so. "It's a foine soldier ye are, thin, entirely, Denis, afeard av a few black divils, an' them dead wans, too!" he said.

Will Cooper's voice was heard from the cave. "You better arrest some o' them black ghosts for desartin', Corp'rul!"

The Corporal's reply was of a kind which newspaper reporters delicately allude to as "unfit for publication."

By-and-by, as the wind rose, the weird sounds became louder and grew more wild and unearthly, until they seemed to be, as Joe said, the fierce yells of a host of battling fiends—yells and groans and stifled cries and deep-drawn curses, rising and falling, ebbing and swelling, until they reached their highest pitch in a chord of maddening screams, and then suddenly they ceased, and there was a dead, dreadful silence.

"Murder an' blazes!" cried Denis; "I can't shtand this! Oh, what'll I do at all!"

"Purty bad them haythin is to-night!" said Will cheerfully from his hiding-place.

The Corporal stared straight in front of him, and said never a word.

Again they heard Will calling out from the cave, but the words were lost in a long, low, tremolo chorus like a thousand voices brokenly moaning, and then loud shrieks and now deep whisperings and wild screams all mingled together, muffled and confused, and through it all rang a heavy undertone of far-off sobs and smothered cries, till they fairly died away in a long, low, ghastly, quivering wail.

Denis covered his ears with his hands, and rocked himself to and fro on his stone.

"Oh, whirra, whirra!" he whined. "What

will I do, oh, what'll I do? I wisht I was dead and safe!"

Brian clenched his hands in vicious anger, for he heard the deserter laughing in his cave.

Unperceived by the two soldiers, a little scene had been going on meanwhile behind their backs. A few dingoes, attracted by the smell of the meat which Denis had hung in the fork of a tree, had crept stealthily up within a few yards of them, and finding the food too high to reach, suddenly set up their usual diabolical howls, causing the horses, which were tethered near, to rear and plunge in great alarm.

"Sinners and scissors!" yelled the Corporal, startled out of his wits, and both men jumped up and turned round to see what new terror was attacking them in the rear; but they had only time to catch a glimpse of some dusky figures scampering away among the trees, before there was a flash and a report from the cave, followed by a deafening volley of echoes and a thundering crash of falling stones.

The soldiers instantly remembered the deserter, and turned round again at once, but nothing was to be seen of him; the fire cast a bright light all round, and there certainly would not have been time for him to get beyond the gleam of the firelight, even by crossing the track.

The vines were still violently rocking and shaking from the force of the concussion, and two or three stones rolled slowly out of the cave's mouth.

"Was that yerself, George?" shouted the Corporal, but no answer came from the deserter.

Again and again he and Denis shouted, but in vain; the only answer was given by the uncanny tones of the great Æolian harp —they would never again hear the voice of Will Cooper.

"He must have been thryin' to escape, and got knocked over by a shtone, I'm thinkin'," said O'Boyle, and Denis agreed with him. But it was not until daylight came—and a welcome relief it was—that they ventured quite into the cave. Nothing was to be seen of Will Cooper; a tremendous heap of newly fallen stones lay, not in the middle of the cave, as they expected, but at the inner end, where the deserter had hidden, and that was all there was to be seen. The stones were so heavy, and the heap so large, that it would have taken a very long time indeed to clear them away.

By-and-by Joe Cochran came around, and the Corporal told him all that had happened.

"Ondher them shtones he lies, shure enuff," said Brian sadly, for in his heart he would far rather Will should have escaped than have been killed: "I niver took me blessid eyes off thim vines but that wan minnit, an' he couldn't ha' got away thin without me seein' him!"

"May be," said Denis hesitatingly. "May be——"

"May be what?" snapped O'Boyle.

"May be—I was thinkin'—some o' thim black haythins av ghosts mought ha' took him away."

Joe gave Denis a look which meant "Rats!" more than any words could have.

"How many miles an hour can them horses o' yours do?" he inquired of the Corporal.

"Wan av them can do six, asy, but the other wan bates the second at about four; shure, an' I'spose they'd do foive togither between thim."

"Those half-castes can do more'n that on foot," rejoined Joe reflectively; "they was great friends o' him in there," pointing to the cave, "they was, an' they're shure to think you killed him, an' they'll be puty mad, so 'f I was you——"

"Shurely!" said Denis, with much fervour, hastily beginning to saddle the two tethered horses.

"I'll have to report his death to the Colonel, an' there's an' ind av poor George Perrett," said the Corporal.

"If he lies under them stones," rejoined Joe severely; "if he lies under them stones he's reported hisself to a bigger Colonel 'n yours a'ready." And the Corporal somehow felt himself rebuked.

And so the story of how the deserter had been accidentally buried under that heap of stones became one of the stock Wimbriatta legends.

Only two further facts are known, and they are these.

About eight or ten years ago, some boys, clambering about on top of the hill, found the rusted remains of a very old-fashioned gun lying among the vines and bushes just above the arch of the cave.

And about two years ago, when the hill was first used as a quarry, the heap of fallen stones was removed, but neither gun nor bones were found beneath. Afterwards, as the cave was broken down, it was proved that the narrow passage at its inner end had no other opening.

Could he have climbed up at that one favourable moment, *inside* the vines to the top of the hill, and thus have escaped?

RECOLLECTIONS OF BYGONE DAYS

ON an old tombstone in Bakewell Churchyard the passers-by may read the inscription that the "Rambling Remains" of John Dale were there laid "upon his two wives."

It was, I think, the name of James Spedding, coming so often before me in the "Life of Tennyson," which conjured up the "rambling remains" of recollections of the pleasant times, when I used to meet him so frequently.

There is a Spanish proverb which says:—

> The only amusement a wife should desire
> Is looking at faces in the fire.

They must be a singularly contented race, these Spanish wives, if they never desire any further excitement; still in moderation it *is* rather a fascinating occupation, and the faces that pass before me, as I sit in the firelight, have now become historical, and are already growing faint as I see them through the gathering mist of nearly forty years. The face which seems to stand out the clearest is that of James Spedding, for he was the centre of the delightful group which it was my privilege and pleasure to meet, as a girl, almost daily during the summer afternoons of nearly four years. Alas! how many of that group have now joined the great majority!

It was in the palmy days of the Toxophilite Society in the Regent's Park, when, as a girl, I used to come there with my father, chaperoned by the charming and gifted wife of one of the members.

I wonder if other girls have ever fallen so deeply and utterly in love with a lady as I did with my "lady-love."

> Her mention of a thing august or poor
> Made it far nobler than it was before.
> As where the sun strikes, life will gush,
> And what is pale receive a flush—
> Rich hues—a richer blush.

She first introduced me to the works of Victor Hugo, but even my devotion to her could not make me quite enjoy "La Légende des Siècles," though I appreciated "Les Misérables" as fully as she could wish. The "Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin" and "Rejected Addresses" were also book-friends I made in those days, introduced by her; and when her husband, himself a translator of Dante, suggested that I should learn Italian in order to read his favourite author, I unhesitatingly followed his advice, and found in Dante a real friend and companion for life. My chaperon did not belong to the now rampant class of Mrs. Leo Hunter; she had an almost passionate admiration for Marie Antoinette, and I remember her telling me that when, at a dinner at which Carlyle and Louis Blanc were present, the former asked her if he might introduce Louis Blanc to her, she declined, for she said to me she could not bring herself to touch a hand that had written such words against Marie Antoinette.

Oh! those happy spring and summer days in the spring time of life, when the only rain drops of sorrow were the showers which prevented me from joining my friends, and the greatest disappointment in life was the occasional inability to procure the last new book from "Mudie." But in those days there were restrictions in reading, to which we girls never ventured a thought of rebellion.

When "Adam Bede" first came out, before it had made a name, I remember its being recommended to my mother at "Mudie's," and her being told that it would be the book of the season. I was not, however, allowed to read it, and never did so till after my marriage. How the girls of the present day would rebel at the careful chaperonage of those times, when we had to be escorted by footman or maid as we went to or from the afternoon lectures of the Royal Institution. Nowadays our daughters live and work in the East End, and know far more of the sad and dark realities of city life than their mothers ever dreamed of. Those were not the days when an unpsychological play would be described as "a play to which a young girl could take her mother."

But let us ramble back again to the sunny lawns of the Toxophilite grounds, or sit under those thorn trees at the tea which my friend and I provided, waited on by the faithful caretaker, James—about whom the legend goes that, once being hit in the leg by a glancing arrow, the compensation had been so ample that for many weeks after his figure was seen within measurable distance of the arrow's goal. How I used to long for the lengthening spring days, when my father would again be able to take me to the "grounds"—and then the joy of going there, walking up the path with the sweet-brier hedge just coming into leaf. Even now the scent of the sweet-brier, and the sight of its little pink roses, bring back the memory of those happy days. Then after the delightful summer came the long vacation, when we all separated for fresh woods and pastures new—Tyndall to his favourite Alps, Froude to Simanca, all to return in November, which month a barrister told me he considered the most enjoyable of all the year in London, when friends came back from their circuit or holiday, and there was such pleasant intercourse and exchange of thought and news.

I think Mr. Spedding was the most regular of the Archers. Seldom a day passed without his being there, often walking back with us from the Royal Institution, where several of the party used to go for the lectures. It was the time when Max Müller was giving his lectures on the "Science of Language." I remember him then as a slight, intellectual, and interesting-looking young man, with a very clear enunciation and a perfect command of language; it was amusing to meet him again, a few years ago, as a square-shouldered, elderly grandfather. One Friday evening he gave a wonderfully interesting lecture, telling us how, if it had not been for Bunsen's kindness, when he went to him to have his passport *viséd* before returning to Germany for good, in despair at ever getting his "Vedas" published in England, he would never have been lecturing at the Royal Institution. But by far the most touching lecture I ever heard there was Faraday's farewell lecture.

So under the thorn trees we used to sit, those summer afternoons, and talk over the last lecture, or the last new book or magazine article. I think in those days fewer articles were signed, and it was very interesting to have the veil lifted, and to hear who it was who had spoken to us in the last Review or Magazine, and what articles were just going to appear. "Fraser" was then at its zenith; how we enjoyed Mr. Spedding's poem which came out there "On the antiquity of man by Uncle James";—with its delightful last verse,

> So I said it, and think not I said it in jest,
>   For you'll find it is true to a letter,
> That the only thing old people ought to know best
>   Is that young people ought to know better.

Was that why he was so wonderfully kind in talking, as to an equal, to me, a girl still in her 'teens? I remember him escorting me to an archery meeting and talking to me about his great work on Bacon, which I was then reading, and which he had not yet finished; how he said he did not wish ever to be called the *advocate* of Bacon, how he had approached his subject with a perfectly unbiassed mind, not knowing in which direction the evidence would take him, and how he was led by the evidence he met with to form the estimate he did of Bacon's character. He told me he had tried to be perfectly impartial and, if possible, to give the benefit of the doubt to the other side. He had not started with the slightest wish or intention of "whitewashing" Bacon.

What a delightful companion was Mr. Spedding! Edward Fitzgerald says of him "He was the wisest man I have known, not the less so for plenty of the boy in him, a great sense of humour." How he enjoyed "Lord Dundreary": he told us one day he had just been for the second time to see him. (I wonder which was really the most laughter-provoking, Lord Dundreary or Charlie's Aunt? It is difficult to compare them through this mist of years.) He once gave a prize of a clock for a handicap match at the Toxophilite, and we had an amusing discussion afterwards, as Mr. Spedding declared he could see no reason why he should not himself have competed and carried off his own prize.

Edward Fitzgerald continues, in one of his letters, referring to Mr. Spedding's bald head, "No wonder that no hair could grow at such an altitude; his view of Bacon's virtue is so rarefied, that the common conscience of men cannot endure it. Thackeray and I occasionally amuse ourselves with the idea of Spedding's forehead; we find it somehow or other in all things, just peering out of all things; you see it in a mile-stone, Thackeray says. He also draws the forehead issuing with a sober light over Mount Blanc, and reflected in the lake of Geneva. The forehead is at present in Pembrokeshire, it has gone to spend its Christmas there." And then the kindly, earnest face beneath that forehead. No wonder that he seemed to me a type of all that was best and most attractive; and when I and some girl friends and cousins thought we would each write a description of our ideal hero, mine was an amplified and glorified description of James Spedding's character, with every known and unknown virtue added thereto. I am afraid all our ideal heroes were rather prigs! Does it, or does it not, add to the happiness of life to have a very high ideal?

Well, in those days Mr. Spedding quite came up to my ideal; but one thing I could never quite believe: I was told that as a young man he had a hasty temper. Is it possible for a man so utterly to conquer this defect, that it should never reveal the slightest trace?

Another of our daily companions was Anthony Froude, with his slight stoop, and soft dark eyes, looking at you with almost a woman's sweetness. How earnest we all were over our archery. I remember the delightful scorn in Mr. Froude's voice when he told us that a lady had just asked him if he still *played* at archery. No indeed, we did not do anything so frivolous as *play* at archery; we *practised* it, and gravely compared our scores, though frequently we would unbend to have matches among ourselves. I remember well sitting next Mr. Froude at dinner one evening, and we were talking about novels; he said they ought to be amusing and end happily; if he ever wrote one the hero and heroine should be rich and beautiful, and marry, and live happily ever after. Years after he *did* write a novel, "The Two Chiefs of Dunboy," and it was one long tragedy. In some reminiscences of him which appeared lately he was described as stern; he must have altered strangely from his old pleasant courteous genial ways.

Then we occasionally had visits from outsiders. Woolner used to drop in for a chat, and one day we instructed him in the noble craft of archery, and were astonished at what a genius he proved. How we admired his "Beautiful Lady" when it came out; but I do not often meet with it now. Has his fame as a sculptor eclipsed his fame as a poet?

Tyndall used often to come, joining us after lecturing at the Royal Institution; what wonderfully interesting lectures they were on "Light" and "Sound." I also met him frequently at my friend's house. I remember specially a delightful dinner, when I first made Tennyson's acquaintance. We were seven at dinner, I the only lady besides our hostess. They never cared to have more than eight to dinner, so that the conversation might be general. Tennyson, Tyndall, and Spedding were three of the guests, and I remember how Tyndall misquoted a line of Tennyson's and was corrected by the poet. The next day Tennyson met us at the Royal Institution, and said he was glad to see so many bonnets there. At another pleasant dinner Mr. and Mrs. Froude and Kinglake were among the guests. There was an interesting talk on Todleben's history of the Crimean war, Todleben having acknowledged to Kinglake that he (Todleben) was mistaken in several points, from having followed French accounts, which were not trustworthy. Besides the dinners, there were charming charades at my friend's house, when I used to act for her, and sometimes Tyndall used to arrange coloured lights to fall on us. Then there were Shakespeare readings at my friend's house. One I specially remember when my friend, who was intimate with Macready and had often read with him, was Portia, and our host, Tyndall, and I took the other characters. I was told that Macready strongly dissuaded those ladies for whose happiness he cared from taking up the stage as a profession. Not because of the ordinary objections, for he said there was no reason why an actress should not live as good and pure a life as if she were in any other profession; but, he said, a woman's happiness consists in learning self-control, in keeping strict guard over all her passions; and this could not be done by an actress, who must develop and feel strong passions, if she would represent them successfully.

Another friend who strolled in now and then was Serjeant Merrewether, with his amusing puns and stories. I remember one day he asked the name of my friend's little son, Maurice—a godson of F. D. Maurice. The mother told him they called him Moss. "I suppose that is because you have a *lichen* for him," instantly remarked Mr. Merrewether. He amused us one day by telling us of his dinner the night before, and how a young lady who sat next him asked him how many children he had. "Nine," he replied. "And have you an equal number of boys and girls?" asked she. He told us that another time a lady said to him, "It is no use rattling on like this, Mr. Merrewether; it all goes in at one ear and out at the other." "Yes," replied he, "what is there to stop it?" And then he told us how he first fell in love with his wife. Being asked one day to stay to lunch at a house where he was calling, there happened to be cold meat. He was conversing with his hostess when a gentle voice said, "Don't you think, mamma, that Mr. Merrewether would like some pickles?" He had not noticed the young lady before, but her kind consideration touched him; he turned to see who the thoughtful being could be, and discovered that she was not only thoughtful but charming—and wooed and won her. When, later on, he wrote his reminiscences, they were not nearly as amusing as his conversations.

Sad indeed was the day when my father and I had to pack up our bows and arrows; not so sad for him, for he was going back to live in the country home of his boyhood; but to me, to whom London seemed the centre of happiness, the parting was very painful. The lines from "My Beautiful Lady" seemed almost to have their fulfilment.

> When in the outer air I felt as one
> Fresh startled from a dream, wherein the sun
> Had dying left the earth a dingy, dun
> Annihilation.

There came from time to time visits to my old friends, but that was not like the old daily intercourse, and soon new interests and scenes severed even these links with the past, and in time nothing was left but the rambling remains of recollections of one of the happiest girlhoods it was possible to imagine.

OSCAR II., KING OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY

By W. F. HARVEY

"HE'S every inch a king," was the whispered remark heard by a friend of mine last May, when Oscar II., tall and majestic, and bearing lightly his burden of full threescore years and ten, arose from his seat and approached the Chancellor to receive from him the honorary degree of LL.D. And a murmur of surprise mingled with admiration was audible in the Senate House when the grandson of Marshal Bernadotte—the soldier of fortune who, reversing the *rôle* once played in France by Henry of Navarre, thought the crowns of Sweden and Norway cheaply purchased by the renunciation of the Mass—looking like a blue-eyed Viking masquerading in modern dress, responded to the Latin felicitations of the Public Orator in Latin as fluent as it was unexceptionable, but sounding strange to ears accustomed to the barbarous pronunciation still current amongst Englishmen. This high academic distinc-

(From a photograph by Stearn, Cambridge)

THE KING OF SWEDEN AT CAMBRIDGE. GOING TO RECEIVE THE DEGREE OF LL.D.

tion, which Cambridge honoured herself by bestowing on her illustrious guest, had already been anticipated by Oxford, Rome, and Vienna, which in 1897, on the occasion of the King's Jubilee, created him doctor by diploma of their respective universities. His Majesty, who was in his youth one of the most hardworking of students in the ancient University of Upsala, enjoys the distinction, unique amongst the kings of Sweden, of being a doctor of philosophy, and that, too, not only *honoris causâ*, but by examination. Oscar I.* was a monarch of very enlightened views; he determined to give his sons a solid literary and professional education that should qualify them to discharge the duties of their rank in a manner calculated to strengthen the fervent loyalty of the Swedes to the throne, and to quench the smouldering fires of disloyalty, ever ready to burst into flame, of the Norwegian peasants, whose sires had sullenly acquiesced in the Union Act. The young princes were brought up in a homely way, and with an absurdly slender allowance of pocket-money. Their father superintended their education, and appointed two tutors to instruct and watch over them—one a Swede and the other a Norwegian—so that they might speak both languages with equal fluency. The boys were carefully taught mathematics, history, and Latin; and King Oscar II. always attributes the facility with which he learned to speak modern languages to the solid grounding he had received from his earliest youth in the classic tongue of Rome. When called upon to select a profession, the young Duke of East Gothland—the title conferred on him at his birth by his grandfather—chose the navy, and was appointed extra-midshipman on his tenth birthday. The next seven years were devoted to mathematics, the theory and practice of navigation, and other kindred professional studies, under the

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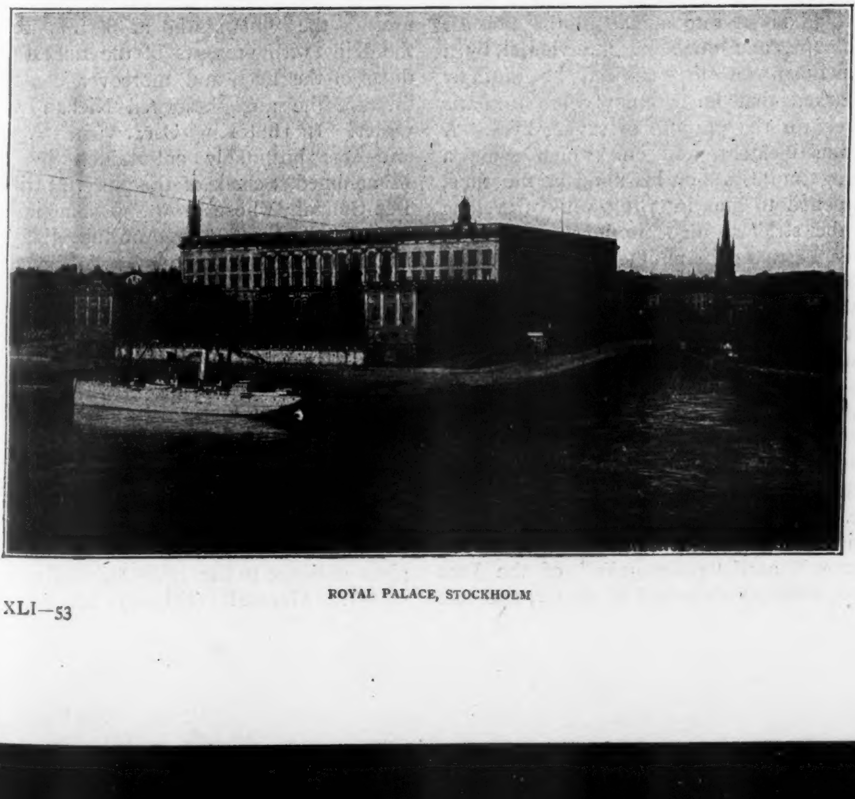
* The name of Oscar is thought to have been taken from Ossian, a French translation of which was read and greatly admired by Bernadotte and the First Consul in the happy days of their intimacy.

(*Florman, photographer, Stockholm*)

THE KING OF SWEDEN

tuition of a clever young Norwegian naval officer, partly in Stockholm and partly at sea, and meanwhile he was being prepared for matriculation at the University. It must not, however, be imagined that his youth was all work and no play. Fishing, shooting, billiards, and other amusements helped to wile away his leisure hours on land, while voyages to Russia, the Mediterranean, and cruises on the Baltic and amidst the Swedish archipelago afforded him pleasant changes of scene. On two occasions Prince Oscar's knowledge of seamanship stood him in good stead; first, in the lifetime of his grandfather Charles XIV., when a sudden gale arose, which soon became a frightful hurricane, as the young princes and one of their tutors were out sailing. Had it not been for Prince Oscar's presence of mind and seamanship there is little doubt but that the male line of Bernadotte would have become then and there extinct. The second occasion was on a fire breaking out in the garrets of Tullgarn when the King and Crown Prince were absent on a visit to Stockholm. Some beams had caught fire near a chimney, and the dangerous conflagration, which lasted at least six hours, was finally quenched by the exertions and coolness of Prince Oscar, who himself in great measure directed the work of extinguishing the flames. Prince Oscar passed his matriculation examination in February 1846, and immediately went into residence at Upsala. There was a marked difference between him and his elder brothers, who had preceded him there, inasmuch as the latter entered freely into the life of that quaint university town, associated with the students, sharing their sympathies and taking part in their amusements; whereas Prince Oscar at once settled down to a course of severe and comprehensive studies, held himself aloof from the noisy politics of the place, the dominant note of which was hatred towards Russia and sympathy with Finland, and generally cultivated a reserved and diplomatic attitude, the fruit, no doubt, of the teaching of his old tutor Docent Carlson—a man who united the learning of a professor to the astuteness of a born courtier and diplomatist. King Oscar I., though credited with holding liberal views in politics, was, nevertheless, of too independent a character to allow himself to be made the puppet of his ministers; in fact, he was not much given to following the advice of any one. Nevertheless, he attached much weight to the judgment of his third son, often putting a stop to further argument by saying, "Oscar has said so and so." Prince Oscar invariably accompanied his father on his visits to Norway, and frequently assisted him in his extensive private correspondence. His brilliant literary style and rare linguistic gifts (which comprehend a thorough knowledge of Latin, Danish, Norwegian, German, French, English, Italian, and a fair acquaintance with Spanish) rendered him pre-eminently qualified to perform secretarial duties, and, no doubt, the insight into State affairs thus acquired at an age when the mind is most receptive proved of incalculable value to him in after years.

In 1856 the future King of Sweden visited France, England, and Germany. His reception in France was the occasion of extraordinary ceremonial, and he assisted at the christening of the Prince Imperial at Notre Dame. In England his visit was marked by an endless series of Court balls and invitations to the mansions of the nobility. Everywhere he went he won golden opinions; "his fascinating appearance, charming manners, and, above all, the great special knowledge he displayed in the minutest details, not only with regard to nautical matters, but also in everything connected with mechanics, steamboats, &c., &c., really excited universal admiration." Such is the testimony of a letter-writer of that time as to the impression made by the young prince on all with whom he came into contact. It was during his visit to Germany, undertaken in the strictest incognito, that he met that charming and accomplished lady—Princess Sophia of Nassau—who became his bride in the following June. It was a veritable love-match, founded on mutual affection and esteem which increased rather than diminished with the growth of years. Now began a period of unalloyed happiness for the young couple; poetry and music, literature and learned research were the occupations that filled the bridegroom's leisure hours. Among other labours he translated into Swedish verse Herder's "Cid" and Goethe's "Torquato Tasso"; besides composing a spirited poem on the ancient glories of the Swedish fleet, which was rewarded by the prize of the Swedish Academy in 1857. Two years previous to this he had published a volume of poems entitled "Treklang" (Trichord, or Painting, Music, and Speech), which, though by no means equal in merit to many of his maturer inspirations, has, for its manifold beauties, been rightly incorporated in the latest edition of his collected works. Besides his translations from Horace, which are admitted to be the best that have yet appeared in Swedish dress, he has composed the *libretti* of numerous musical compositions, and given abundant proof of possessing a lively sense of humour in the genially satiric and delicately humorous verse-chronicle that he has for many years past kept on board the *Drott*—the magnificent yacht on which he delights to spend the best part of the summer in cruising about the west coast of Sweden. This is, no doubt, the happiest time in the King's life, for then he is able to cast off the trammels of Court etiquette and thoroughly enjoy himself in congenial society. On board his yacht he holds council with his ministers, writes and receives despatches, gathers about him his most intimate friends, and exercises the most generous hospitality. During these sea trips the drinking-horn filled with champagne goes its



ROYAL PALACE, STOCKHOLM

frequent round. As the King is very popular in society, his annual visits to Marstrand are eagerly looked forward to by the inhabitants in general and the young ladies in particular, by whom he loves to surround himself. Directly the royal launch is seen by expectant eyes to be making for the shore there is a general rush to meet it, and now and then, by way of a joke, the King returns to his yacht without landing; but such exhibitions of royal humour in no way affect his popularity: he is the life and soul of all the entertainments on shore.

The King of Sweden is fond of travelling, and there is scarcely a single town of any importance in Norway or Sweden that he has not at some time or other visited. When staying at Nice, in 1862, he had the good fortune to save the lives of a lady and two children. The horses had taken fright, and in another moment the carriage and its occupants would have been dashed to pieces down a precipice had Oscar not rushed forward at the risk of his life, and stopped the horses just when their flight was for an instant stayed by a tree. Among all the stars and decorations that he has since received there is no souvenir which he values more than the *médaille de sauvetage* presented to him by the Emperor Napoleon III. in commemoration of this incident. Some time afterwards he rescued a baby that had fallen into a lake in the Bois de Boulogne, and, on being interviewed by a Frenchman on the subject, he jestingly remarked that he had not come to Paris merely for the purpose of saving lives. A curious incident, and one which made a strong impression on his mind at the time, happened to him, in 1863, while travelling in the strictest incognito from Vienna to Buda Pesth in the middle of the night, and musing on the part that his heroic ancestor had played in the signal defeat of Napoleon at the battle of Wagram. Suddenly a vast conflagration illumined the darkness: it was the village of Wagram once more in flames! During his visit to England and the Highlands of Scotland in 1871, he found time to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the seamy side of London life. In his Journal he tells us that he visited the opium-dens, grog-shops, "doss-houses," and "penny-gaffs" of the East End, carefully disguised of course, and that the impression given him by "such a mob, which fears neither God nor the devil, yet dreads punishment and more especially the police," is one that can never be effaced. Bournemouth, whither both he and his invalid Queen had gone to recuperate their health, was in March 15, 1888, the scene of the romantic marriage of his second son, Prince Oscar Bernadotte, Duke of Gothland, with Miss Ebba Munck of Rosenschiold, the maid-of-honour who had so devotedly nursed Queen Sophia in one of those dangerous illnesses with which she has, alas, so often been visited for many years past. His journey with the Queen to Constantinople, undertaken in sorrow but ending in joy, in 1885, was occasioned by a telegram announcing that Prince Charles, who with his brother Eugene—now a painter of distinction who spends most of his time in his *atelier* in Paris—had started on a tour through Syria and Palestine, was lying dangerously ill with typhus fever at the Swedish Embassy at Pera. It was his intention to travel as a Swedish nobleman, but the Sultan determined on according him a reception worthy of his real rank: diplomatic considerations alone induced the anxious parents to acquiesce in a series of magnificent ceremonies which, under the circumstances, they would have been glad enough to escape. Nothing, however, could exceed the kindness of the Sultan, who at parting loaded the King with presents of the richest products of the East, and, moreover, conferred on him the rarely-bestowed Nichan-Imtiaz Order. In 1888 King Oscar visited Algiers, and was hospitably entertained by Sidi Muhammed, Scheik of the powerful tribe of Ben-Gannah, whose grown-up sons, in true patriarchal fashion, waited on the King at a banquet given in his honour. Although he has visited nearly every country in Europe, he has never been able to realise the dream of his life—an extended tour in the East.

In Stockholm the King leads a simple, regular, and laborious life. He rises at half-past eight or nine, dresses quickly with the assistance of a valet, then takes a cup of coffee with the Queen, glances through the morning papers, and discusses domestic affairs. By ten o'clock he is ready to receive deputations or visitors. On Mondays he gives audience to the High Steward and the Governor General. Tuesdays are set apart for receiving all sorts and conditions of men. On these occasions no subject is denied an audience with his King, whose kindness of heart and affability are so well-known that many old peasants, with touching simplicity, tramp hundreds of miles for the purpose of laying before him their real or imaginary grievances, in full assurance that, if no one else can help them, he has both the power and will to do so. Such audiences often last four or five hours, and are necessarily very fatiguing. Wednesday and Thursday mornings are devoted to inspections, military presentations, private audiences, &c. Gracious as the King invariably is, a sharp reprimand awaits the officer who ventures to appear in slovenly or incorrect uniform. Fridays are reserved for the discussion of Swedish State affairs, and Saturdays for those of Sweden and Norway. At half-past one the King and Queen lunch together. This meal usually consists of a cup of *bouillon*, one hot and one cold dish, with a glass of ale and a little Marsala. Lunch over, the King either goes for a ride, or else indulges in some other recreation. As a boy he had of course learnt to ride, but his long and arduous service in the navy afforded him few opportunities for perfecting himself in an accomplishment in which his brother, Charles XV. —a smart cavalry officer—excelled. At the age of forty-five, when he succeeded to the throne, he resumed his riding lessons, and persevered with them for seven years with such success that as a cross-country rider he has few, if any, superiors. Occasionally, however, he foregoes this exercise in order to take a singing lesson from Professor Ivar Hallström. On returning to the palace the King closets himself in his library to write letters or study. His correspondence is enormous, and his studies cover a wide field, embracing, as they do, history, politics, literature, mathematics, and music. Dinner is served at 6 P.M. On ordinary days this consists of soup, fish, joint, and dessert, with three sorts of wine; on festivals an *entrée* and champagne are added. The hot courses are served on singularly beautiful china, the cold ones on silver dishes, and the fruit is always eaten with gold knives. The King is neither a *gourmand* nor a *gourmet;* he often takes a second helping of some simple national dish, and leaves untasted *entrées* that are the masterpieces of his cook. Coffee is served after dinner in the east wing of the Lower Gallery; and the evening is spent in reading or music, visiting the theatre or opera, or attending a Masonic lodge; and now and then he graces with his presence the parties and balls of his more intimate friends. Musical *soirées*, at which eminent singers and musicians visiting Stockholm often assist, are, however his chief delight; for not only is he an enlightened patron of music, but also an accomplished organist; and his highly trained tenor voice has, thanks to constant practice, preserved its strength and sweetness unimpaired in spite of advancing years. After supper, which, when the King is alone, generally consists of nothing of a more substantial nature than a cup of *bouillon*, he

(Florman, photographer, Stockholm)

THE CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN

withdraws to his private apartments, and works for several hours. However late he may return home, he never retires to rest until he has signed all the documents that have been sent for his approval during the course of the day. He never goes to bed before midnight, and seldom before 1 A.M. At Christmas-time he makes the round of the Stockholm markets, and purchases caps, mittens, Christmas-trees, &c., for all the poor children he meets; but he selects for special favour those who importune him the least. So fond is he of young people that he never goes for a walk without a pocketful of small coins for distribution amongst the little ragamuffins he comes across. When walking in Stockholm one day a tall, soldierly man, dressed in the garb of an artisan, saluted him. He asked the latter if he had been a soldier; the man replied, "Yes, God save the King!" whereupon His Majesty directed one of his attendants to reward him with a 5-*krona* (about 5*s.* 5*d.*) note; but the ex-soldier said he would much prefer an *öre* (the ninetieth part of a shilling) given by the King himself. The King then took out his purse, and gave him a *krona* to keep as a souvenir. There is another story about the King which displays a different side of his character. At some manœuvres in Norway, during the singing of the National Anthem, King Oscar observed that while every one present stood uncovered, one churlish fellow persisted in keeping his hat on, doubtless by way of marking his disloyalty to his sovereign. The King raised his stick and knocked the man's hat off, saying, "Hats off when the National Anthem is being sung!"

The 21st of January—the King's birthday—is the occasion of a Court ball, to which between two and three thousand guests are invited. All the gentlemen must wear full uniform and such "decorations" as they happen to possess. A sumptuary regulation distinguishes the ladies who dance from those whose dancing days are over; the former are required to wear white Court dresses, whereas the costume of the latter is to be black, and trains must also be worn. The ball ends with a cotillon, after which many of the guests wind up the night at Rydberg's Hotel, drinking punch and singing folk-songs.

Every Whitsuntide the King goes to Sollenkroka for perch-fishing, and as regularly as the season comes round, he hunts the elks which abound on the Halleberg and Hunneberg estates. More than four hundred men are required for driving the game on such occasions. Hven, which lies somewhere about the middle of the Sound between Sweden and Denmark, is practically a royal preserve for hares, the coursing of which affords grand sport to the male population of the island, as well as to the Danish princes and many other distinguished personages.

The most important political event of the present reign was the marriage, on September 20, 1881, of the Crown Prince of Sweden with the Princess Victoria of Baden, great granddaughter of Gustavus Adolphus IV., and grand-daughter of William I. of Germany. This marriage not only united the Bernadotte dynasty—the sole dynasty of modern creation that survived the downfall of the First Napoleon—with the old line of Swedish kings, but strengthened it by alliance with the mightiest military power in Europe. In 1889 the Oriental Congress held its sessions at Stockholm from the 2nd to the 7th of September, and concluded them at Christiania on the 11th of that month. Although, on patriotic grounds, Oscar II. has always shown himself to be a staunch supporter of the Lutheran State Church, he is too speculative a Freemason to feel very keenly about the conflicting claims of dogmatic theology. He takes, however, a warm interest in all researches which tend to throw light on the history of religions; and it was in grateful acknowledgment of his generous patronage of Oriental scholarship that his old friend Professor Max Müller dedicated to him in 1897 his "Contributions to the Science of Mythology." It would be a pleasant task, were I not restrained by limitations of space, to enumerate other of the many services rendered to literature, science, and art by this scholar-king whose every thought seems devoted to the moral, intellectual, and material advancement of the sister-nations over which he holds sway. Though by profession a warrior, his victories have all been won on the fields of peace; but when all narrow jealousies are silent, and the history of these days comes to be written by impartial pens, I am convinced that no kingly name will stand inscribed in brighter characters than that of Oscar II.

ROCHESTER CATHEDRAL

By the Rev. WILLIAM BENHAM, D.D., Hon. Canon of Canterbury

FIRST PAPER

ILLUSTRATED BY HEDLEY FITTON

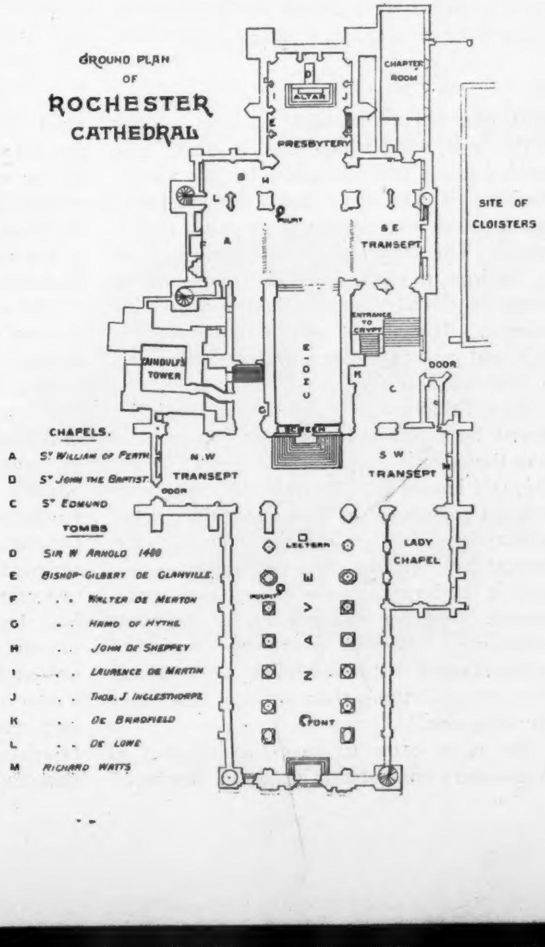
I.—General Sketch of its History

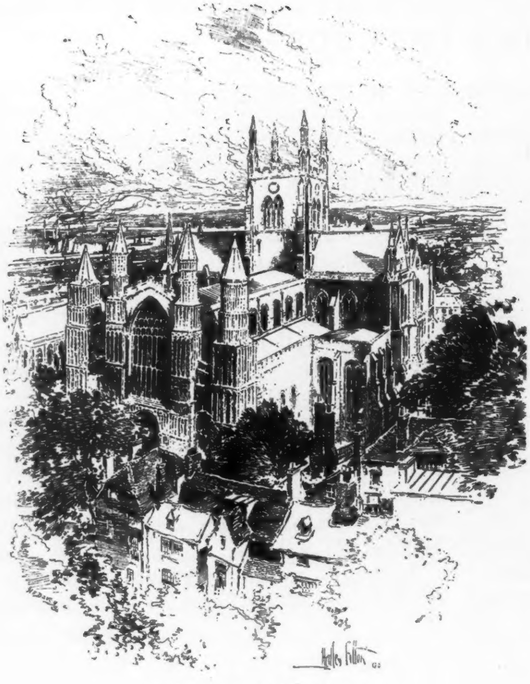
DURING the latter half of the fifth century the history of the English nation began. This island had previously been inhabited by the Britons, a Celtic race, but in the year 449 Hengist and Horsa landed in the Isle of Thanet with a body of Teutons or Germans, who made themselves masters of Kent. There were in all probability previous settlements on the Eastern coast, but this immigration is recorded in the Anglo-Saxon chronicle and is the beginning of a series. The particular tribe that landed in Kent were called Jutes, along the eastern coast were the Angles, and on the south the Saxons, but they were all of Teutonic race, and though they were divided for a while in what we call the Heptarchy, they were in the end united in one kingdom known as the English.

Of the previous dwellers some were slain, some driven into the west, some across sea to the land which in consequence was known as Brittany. The conquerors called them *Wealas* (strangers), and those who went westwards in this island have given the name to the place of their settlement, Wales.

The Britons had been more or less Christians; their conquerors were heathens. There are trustworthy records which tell how the Celts of Wales and of Ireland became great missionaries to northern Britain, where heathenism still reigned. And during the early days of the English Conquest they had begun to convert northern England. But the English race as a nation were converted by Augustine, the Roman monk, and his forty companions, who landed in Thanet A.D. 597. On Whit Sunday of that year (June 2) King Ethelbert was baptized at Canterbury, and that city therefore remains to this day the mother church of England. On the following Christmas Day ten thousand English folk were baptized. The success of the mission led Augustine to send for more clergy; they came over in 601. All Kent was rapidly converted to the faith, as was the kingdom of Essex, of which the capital was London, and thus new churches being required, Justus was consecrated Bishop of Rochester, and Mellitus of London.

Rochester was already a town of note. Its fine river, which forms an angle at that


GROUND PLAN OF ROCHESTER CATHEDRAL
ALTAR
CHAPTER ROOM
PRESBYTERY
SITE OF CLOISTERS
S E TRANSEPT
PULPIT
ENTRANCE TO CRYPT
GUNDULF'S TOWER
DOOR
CHOIR
SCREEN
N.W TRANSEPT
DOOR
S W TRANSEPT
LECTERN
LADY CHAPEL
PULPIT
NAVE
FONT
CHAPELS.
A St WILLIAM OF PERTH
B St JOHN THE BAPTIST
C St EDMUND
TOMBS
D SIR W ARNOLD 1400
E BISHOP GILBERT DE GLANVILLE
F . . WALTER DE MERTON
G . . HAMO OF HYTHE
H . . JOHN DE SHEPPEY
I . . LAURENCE DE MARTIN
J . . THOS. J INGLESTHORPE
K . . DE BRADFIELD
L . . DE LOWE
M RICHARD WATTS



CATHEDRAL FROM THE CASTLE

point, gave it a commanding position. Parts of the wall with which the Romans had fortified it are still identified by the archæologists; it was of so small circumference that it rather resembled a large castle than a town. The Cathedral was dedicated to St. Andrew, in memory of the monastery at Rome in which Augustine had received his training. It was built parallel to the Roman wall, and in consequence of that it does not lie due east and west.

King Ethelbert arranged that it should be served by a college of secular priests, and gave them some land on the south of the city, still known as "Priestfield." The city suffered grievously in the wars which were constantly going on in the days of the Heptarchy. During the Danish invasions, too, it underwent more than one cruel assault. "From its situation at the most accustomed passage over the Medway," writes Hasted, "Rochester has been subject to more misfortunes than perhaps any other city whatever."

But it so came to pass that another of Augustine's companions came to Rochester as bishop. Paulinus, who converted the men of York, and became bishop there, was forced to flee after good King Edwin of Northumbria was slain by the heathen Penda. He came to Rochester, found the see vacant, in 633, and was persuaded by Archbishop Honorius to occupy it. He held it until his death in 644, and was buried in the Cathedral, and canonised in 1074. His successor, Ythamar, the first Kentishman bishop, was learned and pious. He died in 655, and he also was afterwards enrolled in the list of saints.

Of the earliest Cathedral we know nothing; probably it was of wood. The remains of the first stone church were discovered a few years since by the joint labours of two skilful and careful antiquaries, the Rev. G. M. Livett and Mr. St. John Hope. Some repairs of the present Norman front having become necessary, it was underpinned, and then the foundations of the old east end were discovered partially within the present building, of hard concrete and reused Roman brick. It was found to be apsidal at the east end; probably it was so at the west end also, but this remains uncertain, as that portion is still buried under the street and has not been disturbed. Thus it was seen that the east end of the ancient Cathedral was just within the present west end.

The old records are full of notes of the poverty and desolation of the see at this period. More than any it was often left vacant. Thus Bishop Putta (669–676), finding himself without any income, went away into Mercia, and supported himself by teaching music until his death: nor would he hearken to any persuasions to return to Rochester. Archbishop Theodore persuaded Quichelm to take the see, but he also resigned it, for the same reasons, within two years. In the days of Bishop Siward, four hundred years later, things had not improved apparently. The Cathedral was at that time served by four secular canons, "who were forced to live on scanty food, each meal of which was either begged or bought at the time, and were clothed in a common lay habit."

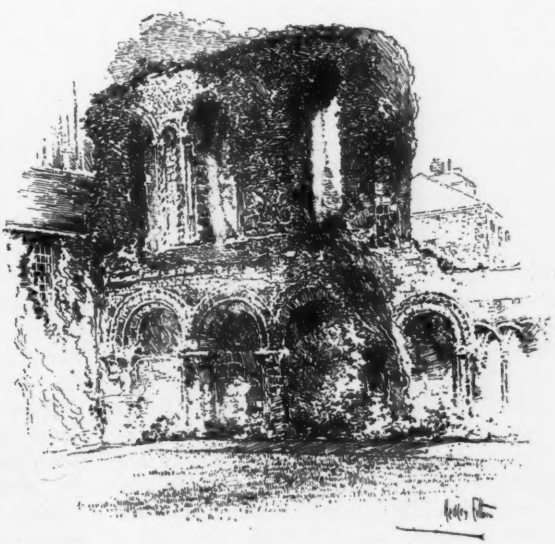
A new era opened for Rochester, as for many other churches in England, with the Norman Conquest. Gundulf, William's nominee to the bishopric, dismissed the secular canons, and, with the advice and assistance of Archbishop Lanfranc, replaced them by a Benedictine monastery. There were sixty monks at the time of his death. He followed Lanfranc's example in separating his revenues from those of the monastery. The bishop as usual was *Abbot*, the manager of the house his *Prior*, and thus the Cathedral remained the Priory of St. Andrew until the Reformation. Some of these priors will come before us as restorers and benefactors of the Cathedral.

Bishop Gundulf began the present Cathedral, and a great part of his work remains. He pulled down the eastern apse of the Saxon church for his Norman west front, but left the rest of the old church, which was not finally removed until 1125. As was frequently the case, part of the Cathedral was appropriated by the monks, and part by the townsfolk. The latter had their high altar, dedicated to St. Nicholas, at the end of the nave. The monks had the east portion, the transepts, and the south aisle of the nave, contiguous to which their monastic buildings lay. These were of wood.

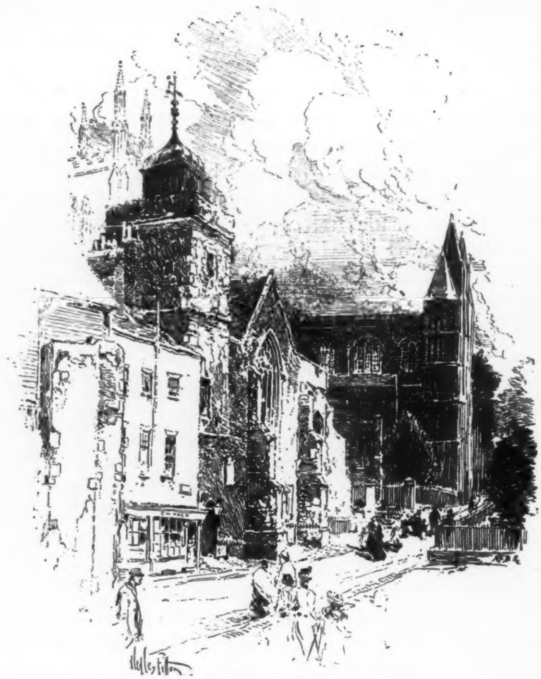
The entire plan of Gundulf's church has been ascertained by the combined exertions of Messrs. Livett and St. John Hope. It was, as usual, cruciform, with very narrow transepts, a nave of ten bays and a choir of six, which was separated from the choir aisles by solid walls. The aisles ran the whole length of the church. There was not, as now, a tower at the crossing, but there was one at the east end of the north transept, detached from the main building. It was the first work wrought by Gundu and is still named after him "Gundulf's tower." He may have meant it for defensive purposes, but probably it was a detached belfry, of which there are several examples existing. It is now joined to the main building, but is a disused ruin.

Bishop Ernulf, his successor (1115–1125), who had been Prior of Canterbury and Abbot of Peterborough, was already known as a skilful builder. He partly rebuilt, partly recased, the previous Norman work, and removed the wooden buildings of the monastery outside the south walls of the nave, changing them for stone buildings outside the choir, where remains of them are still visible. This is a very unusual situation. At St. Albans and Winchester may still be seen the remains of the monk's cloisters against the nave wall. Ernulf's successor, John of Canterbury (1125–1137), continued the rebuilding, and it was dedicated by Archbishop William of Corbeuil, in the presence of thirteen bishops, on Ascension Day, May 7, 1130. Canterbury Cathedral had been consecrated four days before this. Unhappily on this occasion a terrible fire broke out in Rochester city, which laid half of it in ashes. Seven years later there was another fire, equally destructive, and in April 1177 yet another. The city had not recovered from these calamities when the civil war between King John and his Barons brought fresh troubles upon it.

And here it becomes necessary to say something about another fine building familiar to every passer-by on the railway,



RUINS OF CHAPTER-HOUSE AND CLOISTERS



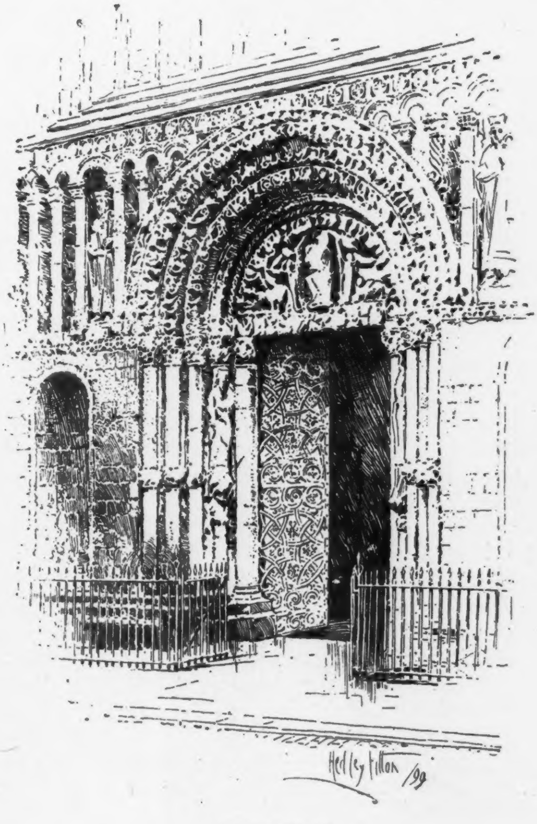
ST. NICHOLAS' CHURCH AND CATHEDRAL.

the massive keep of the old castle. Parts of the earlier building still exist within the walls. It was, as we have already noted, a place of great military importance, and was committed by William the Conqueror to his half-brother Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, but the latter having displeased him by intriguing for the Popedom and using English money for the purpose, William banished him to Rouen. He came back on the accession of Rufus, but finding his power curtailed he raised an insurrection in favour of Robert of Normandy, and was besieged and captured in the castle and sent back to Normandy. Gundulf was then called upon to rebuild the keep at his own expense for not having supported the King so loyally as he might have done. He consented, and the present noble ruin is part of Bishop Gundulf's work. It was afterwards committed to the Archbishop of Canterbury to hold for the King. In the civil war between King Stephen and Matilda, the Archbishop having declared for the latter, Stephen seized it from him, and it was not afterwards restored to the See of Canterbury. It was one of the complaints made by Becket against Henry II. that he continued to hold it illegally. In the Barons war with King John they got possession of it, and John recovered it from them after a vigorous siege of three months. Next year it was taken by Lewis the Dauphin when he landed in England. It figures again in the civil wars of Henry III.'s reign. Simon de Montfort in 1265 came hither, attacked the bridge, but was twice repulsed by the citizens. He then set it on fire, and in the terror and confusion which ensued he forded the river, entered the city on Good Friday, spoiled the Cathedral and monastery, and laid siege to the castle. But the keep was so bravely defended that he raised the siege and marched to London. After that the castle had comparative peace. Now and then there were disputes between the holders of it and the monastery about rights and taxes. The last monarch to repair the castle was Edward IV. It was afterwards neglected, and gradually fell into ruins. Once it was offered for sale with a view of clearing it away, but the probable expense of this fortunately saved it; no one would buy it. It is now the property of the town.

Time passed on, and the pointed style of architecture succeeded the round-arch Norman. The records of the various changes are slight. Successive priors did fresh works for the monastic buildings, and when repairs to the Cathedral were needed they would no doubt adopt the style in vogue without troubling themselves to follow the old lines. Towards the end of the twelfth century the presbytery was built outside the Norman east end, as were also the choir transepts. Then the Norman wall was pulled down and the whole thus joined in one. But Prior William of Hoo (1239) made great alterations. He rebuilt the whole choir from the north and south wings (*i.e.*, transepts) out of the oblations made at the shrine of St. William of Perth. It becomes necessary to pause here and inquire who this saint was. The story is told by Lambarde thus: "He was by birth a Scot, of Perth; by trade a baker of bread, and thereby got his living; in charity so abundant that he gave to the poor the tenth loaf of his workmanship; in zeal so fervent that in vow he promised, and in deed attempted, to visit the Holy Land and the places where Christ was conversant on earth; in which journey, as he passed through Kent, he made Rochester his way, where, after he had rested two or three days, he departed toward Canterbury. But ere he had gone far from the city his servant that waited on him led him out of the high way and spoiled him both of his money and his life. This done the servant escaped, and the master because he died in so holy a purpose of mind was by the monks conveyed to St. Andrew's [the Cathedral], and there laid in the choir." This was in 1201. He was not canonised until 1266, but his holy fame preceded the formal act, and pilgrimages were so many that, as we have said, money came in sufficient for William of Hoo's work of restoration. The good prior, however, was so worried and vexed by opposition to some of his acts, that he resigned his office two years later, and retired to Woburn, in Bedfordshire, where he died. He intended, when he began his restoration, to replace by opén arches the solid walls which separate the choir from its aisles, but did not carry this out. He simply ornamented them with new arcades. The finest part of his work will be seen in the rich detail of the north choir transept. The monastic heads of the corbels are very beautiful. His tomb is in the choir aisle, close to the north transept.

For a few years the works done were all connected with repairing and strengthening portions which were showing signs of weakness. Then Richard of Eastgate, in the middle of the thirteenth century, began to rebuild the Norman nave. He removed two bays and rebuilt the north transept, making it half as wide again. The Norman transept was only fourteen feet wide. Richard of Waldene began upon the south transept It is in a later style than the north, a style which generally is more elaborate, but in this case the decoration is kept down, probably because of want of funds. Later on a chapel was annexed on the west side of this, so arranged that the altar might be in the transept. It was called the "Chapel of St. Mary of the Infirmary," and is now "The Lady Chapel." The roof of it may be noticed in the general view.

In the middle of the fourteenth century Bishop Hamo of Hythe (1319–1353) built the central tower, a smaller bell tower in the south aisle being at the same time removed. The beautiful Chapter-house doorway, of which more presently, was also probably his work. His tomb stands in the north choir aisle. His successor, Bishop John of Sheppey, who had been prior of the monastery during his episcopate, before succeeding



WEST DOORWAY

him built a new refectory for the monks, and did much work in the Cathedral. To him it owed the shrines of St. Paulinus and Ythamar. He raised Bishop Hamo's tower higher, covered it with lead, and placed four new bells in it, naming them "Dunstan," "Paulinus," "Ythamar," and "Lanfranc."

At the Dissolution, the prior and convent compromised, and had pensions allotted to them, from 40*s.* to £10, amounting to £76 6*s.* 8*d.* a year. The Priory was valued at £486 11*s.* 5*d.* King Henry kept it all for himself for two years, after which he founded out of it, "to the glory and honour of Christ and the Blessed Virgin Mary, a Cathedral Church of one Dean and six Prebendaries, who were to be priests together with other ministers necessary for the performance of Divine Service, and he decreed that this Church should in future be called the Cathedral Church of Christ and the Blessed Virgin Mary of Rochester, and that it should be the episcopal seat of the Bishop of Rochester and his successors, and he gave and granted the same episcopal seat within the precincts of the said late monastery, to him and his successors for ever, and he appointed Walter Phillips, late Prior here, the first Dean of the Church." There is a good deal more as to the arrangements of the buildings, &c. And thus Rochester became one of the "Cathedrals of the new foundation."

There is one noteworthy point in the above record. The prior who had made over the monastery to the King was known as Walter of Boxley. But when he had done so he resumed his birth-name, Walter Phillips; the reason being that when any person took on him the monastic habit he gave up his family name as implying that he renounced all former family connexions and relationships, and considered himself as the son of the Church. So he had taken the name of his birthplace on being appointed prior, and now once more became Walter Phillips, the first dean.

The Cathedral must have suffered like the rest during the Puritan outbreak in the time of Elizabeth, though there are no details recorded. But Laud, in 1633, complains that there is no glass in the windows. In the Civil Wars it suffered less than some others, but the brasses were torn up—and that there were many fine ones the empty matrices show—several saw-pits were dug in the floor, and much of the building was turned into shops. At the Restoration it was found to be much dilapidated, and the north wall for forty feet was rebuilt, on the old plan. The architect Sloane made new choir stalls in 1742, and seven years later he rebuilt the central steeple.

But in 1825 a much more extensive course of renovation was begun by Lewis Cottingham, an architect whose work was highly esteemed in his day, though it is so no longer. He was a laborious, conscientious, and painstaking man, and the reputation which he had gained as a "Gothic" architect procured him the commission to undertake the Rochester restoration. He was then thirty-eight years old. He practically rebuilt the central tower, and now that the principles of Gothic architecture are better understood, no one will pronounce it successful. It is poor and jejune in details, though it will pass muster fairly enough when viewed from a distance. It is said that he was anxious to restore the spire on the top of it, but that this was vetoed on the ground that the piers would not bear it. He declared that they were equal to double the weight, but was overruled, much to his grief. Some other work of his will be noted in our ramble through the interior. In 1871 a new restoration was begun under Sir G. Gilbert Scott, not before it was necessary, for parts of the building had become really dangerous. He underpinned the nave walls and restored the half-ruinous triforium. And lastly, Mr. J. L. Pearson, under the present energetic and wise Dean, has so far completed the restoration. It may be allowed us to hope that the unmeaning gables at the east end and the transept may soon have sense restored to them by corresponding pitched roofs being attached. At present they are an eyesore from the railway, and indeed from every point where it can be seen that they are mere upright fronts with nothing behind them,—in a word, shams. But as regards convenience, the Cathedral is now in excellent condition, and a true centre of life in the diocese.

THE SHRINKAGE OF BRITAIN

By HAROLD MACFARLANE

THE Goodwin Sands, which really consist of a stratum of sand about fifteen feet deep resting on blue clay and including in one portion a formation of chalk, can safely be claimed as a portion of our lost territory which existed, it is thought by geologists, as an island as late as 1099, when the great flood according to the Saxon Chronicle submerged it. The tradition that Tenterden Church steeple was built of stones abstracted from the sea wall protecting Earl Goodwin's estate with the result that the said land was lost is not, we are afraid, based on the bed-rock of solid fact.

The neighbouring Isle of Sheppey—which some time ago was estimated to be disappearing at the rate of fifty acres in twenty years—has also suffered severely by the ravages of the sea, particularly at Minster-in-Sheppey and Warden Point, where, it is said, the oldest inhabitants can recall the time when farm-buildings stood on ground long since swept away together with 200 feet of the cliff below; the parish of Warden, which in the seventies possessed 796 acres of which 256 were land, has lost 220 acres in as many years. In the ancient church of Reculvers the Isle of Thanet possesses a splendid gauge for measuring the ravages of the ocean: the church in Henry VIII.'s time was a mile inland, at the beginning of the present century between it and the sea were a churchyard, a road and some houses; to-day it occupies a precarious position on the edge of the cliff about half-way between Birchington and Herne Bay. Captious people, by the way, on arriving at that favourite watering-place have been known to ask for the exact locality of the "Bay"—this is one of the drawbacks to possessing an encroaching sea. At its worst points the shrinkage of the island is estimated at three feet a year, which is a rate of progression, although quite fast enough for the proprietors of Kingsgate Castle near Broadstairs, which will not unlikely disappear before long, that does not offer much encouragement to long-sighted individuals to purchase land at Canterbury with the hope of reaping the benefit when that city shall become one of the ports of England.

Continuing farther southwards, we arrive at Deal, where early in August last there was some excitement on account of the encroachment of what is sometimes known as Britannia's safeguard and the possible overthrow of the sea-wall, the foundation of which had been denuded by a gale some months before of the protecting bulwark of shingle. Since Cæsar landed there (B.C. 55) the town of Deal has suffered not a little at the hands of Nature, for it more or less enjoyed an earthquake in 1692, and at one period of its career lost a frontage of 150 feet in a little over six years.

When early in 1897 a series of landslips happened at Dover and Folkestone, on account of which the coastguard station at Shakespeare's Cliff had to follow the example set by the station at Minster which was removed inland half a mile a few years ago, an examination of the coast line showed how remarkable the encroachments have been during the last twenty years. It was said by those best qualified to give an opinion that forty years ago high water mark on this part of the coast was nearly 80 feet farther seaward than at the present time, and that the greater part of the changes have occurred in recent years.

A similar tale is told from Beechy Head to Chichester, where the land lost varies from three feet to as much as twenty feet annually, the greatest erosion occurring between Selsey Bill and the latter city. In the vicinity of Brighton the cliffs at Black Rock have been constantly undermined, and at Rottingdean part of the highway itself disappeared into the sea some little time ago; but the advance of the enemy is nothing like so rapid as it is farther down the coast. The village of Selsey, which now stands about half a mile from the sea, is traditionally supposed to have been situated in the centre of a peninsula half of which is believed to have been swept away since the Saxon era. A sea-track to the south coast of Selsey Bill bears the name of the Park to this day, and was indeed a park stocked with deer, the property of the Bishops of Chichester, so late as the time of Henry VIII.: it is now an anchorage ground with one to three fathoms (18 feet) of water. The site of the ancient cathedral is also covered by the sea. At the time Selsey Church was built it was two miles to the north-east of the village, but since then the village has creeped up to it and after the village has creeped the sea; it was we fear not so much the attraction of the church as their repulsion by the ocean that drove the villagers inland.

With regard to the east coast a sorry story has to be told, the county of Yorkshire for instance from Bridlington to Spurn Head has been disappearing, it is calculated, at an average rate of six feet a year. It is said that careful observation of a certain twelve mile stretch shows that the cliffs forty feet high have been eaten away by the waves for 132 feet in forty years: it is, however, at Spurn Head that the greatest ravages have taken place.

In Edward the First's time the village of Ravenspur, a seaport near Spurn Head, sent more than one member to Parliament: in 1399 and 1471 Henry IV. and Edward IV. respectively landed there, but very soon after the latter's visit the entire town was swept away by the sea. To-day the village of Kilnsea alone stands upon the Head: the old site of the village—once a fair place on a hill, with a fine old church, destroyed by the waves in 1826—is now some hundreds of yards below high water mark, and when New Kilnsea joins it, the sea and the Humber will not take long to destroy the entire promontory and make things very unpleasant at Grimsby. The Blue Bell Inn, half-way between the sea and the river, bears a stone upon which is inscribed, "Built in the year 1847: 534 yards from the sea"; when measured early last spring the distance was 334 yards.

The great landslip at Cromer in May last year, when 10,000 tons of earth fell down as a result of the undermining of the cliffs by the previous November's gales, very forcibly drew the attention of the public to the ravages of the sea in Norfolk. At Sheringham, about four miles north of Cromer, frigates drawing twenty feet of water could in 1829 ride at anchor where fifty years before a cliff fifty feet high stood. The adjacent town of Shipden, which once stood on lower ground seaward, has reposed at the bottom of the ocean since the time of Henry IV., leaving behind no traces of its existence saving some masonry supposed to have belonged to a church. Aldborough in Suffolk lost its market place within this century; but the town of Orwell, that stood about five miles from Harwich in King Alfred's days, had a far more disastrous tussle with the waves, to which it eventually succumbed; it is now known to mariners as the West Rocks shoal. On the decay of Orwell, Harwich rose into importance shortly after the Conqueror arrived, but even that port has had some grievous battles with the hungry North Sea. The Beacon Cliff at this port had once a signal house and a semaphore, but they long ago vanished, with a good portion of the cliff itself. Eighty feet of cliff disappeared between 1756 and 1804, and another 350 feet in the following thirty-seven years. A tract of land known as the Vicar's Field and part of a battery built a considerable distance from the shore were swept away in 1829, and probably the town would have followed suit if the late Sir Charles Lyell had not pointed out the danger of selling for cement the shingle which forms a natural breakwater. Before the sea encroached and destoyed its harbours and streets Dunwich, a village not far from Harwich, was one of the most important towns in Suffolk, and in the reign of Richard I. for supplying the King's enemies with corn it paid a fine of 6,000 merks, whilst Ipswich contributed but 200. In the good old days of Edward I. it boasted six parish churches, three chapels, several friaries, and divers other public buildings, including a jail; moreover, it contributed eleven ships of war to the navy. To-day its population is about 200. The site of Dunwich, we learn, was an eminence composed of loose sand and loam, and both a part of the site and part of the adjacent coast for several miles to the east have sunk beneath the encroaching ocean.

At Walton, in the neighbourhood of Felixstowe, there was in days of yore a castle dating from the time of the Romans which existed at all events in Henry II.'s reign, for he did his best to destroy it, but it was left to the merciless waves to put the final touches to its downfall. In the same neighbourhood stood a Roman wall, in which the fishermen complain to-day that they sometimes entangle their nets when trawling several miles out at sea.

The west coasts do not appear to have suffered as much as those bordering the east and south-east of England, but the coast of Lancashire and Cheshire has undoubtedly undergone a considerable change within the past century. It is, however, comforting to learn that "notwithstanding the great erosion of our coast line by the sea in many places additions are being made both naturally and artificially, so that it is probable that the total land area of England and Wales is as great now as it was 500 years ago."

Did we not read the other day that some 520 acres of land reclaimed from the sea some years ago at Bembridge, Isle of Wight, were sold recently, together with an additional estate of twenty-eight acres, for £13,890? Do not people talk of the decayed seaports of Rye and Winchilsea which the sea has left behind, and financiers of the Dee Estates and other reclaimed lands? If the east coast loses and the west gains, does not this give the nation a change of scene? What more can we desire if we do not possess land bordering on the North Sea? Nothing—unless we are interested in a derelict seaport, and then perhaps we may legitimately yearn for the sea. After all, it is supposed to be our element.

PRESENT-DAY LEADERS OF SCIENCE

PROFESSOR JAMES DEWAR, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S.

BY PROFESSOR G. G. HENDERSON, D.Sc., F.I.C.

IT is safe to assert that none of Professor Dewar's scientific work has attracted so much public interest as his admirable achievements in liquefying gases, and his investigations at temperatures so low that it is difficult to form a conception of the intensity of the cold produced. The British public, with all its virtues, can hardly claim for itself that interest in scientific progress which all who have their country's welfare at heart would fain see; truly, then, there must be something quite out of the common in investigations which have gained the attention of even "the man in the street."

In order to appreciate what has been done by Dewar, it is necessary to have some knowledge of the chief steps in the long series of discoveries which recently reached their culmination in the laboratories of the Royal Institution, than which no more appropriate place could have been found, for it has always been closely connected with the study of the liquefaction of gases. It was in the laboratory of the Royal Institution that Michael Faraday conducted the first systematic and successful series of experiments on the reduction of gases to the liquid state, and it was in the same laboratory that, almost exactly three-quarters of a century later, James Dewar, the successor of Faraday, liquefied hydrogen and helium.

In 1823 Faraday communicated to the Royal Society an account of the experiments he had conducted with the object of obtaining gases in the liquid state. It is true that various attempts to effect the same result had been made previously by several investigators, but few of them had met with any success whatever, and the field of research was practically untouched when Faraday entered it. His methods were beautifully simple. The general course of procedure was to place the substance, or mixture of substances, from which a gas was to be obtained, in a tube of strong glass, closed at one end and bent in the middle; the open end of the tube was carefully sealed, and then the limb containing the reacting substances was heated while the other limb was cooled; the pressure of the gas, liberated within the tube and thus prevented from expansion, was in many cases sufficient to cause its condensation. In this way a number of substances which are gaseous under ordinary conditions were obtained in the liquid state: among these were chlorine, carbon dioxide, sulphur dioxide, and ammonia. On the other hand, several gases—notably hydrogen and the chief constituents of the air, nitrogen and oxygen—refused to condense. Naturally, these experiments were attended with no little danger from the frequent bursting of the glass tubes; and, indeed, Faraday nearly blinded himself, though making use of "the precautions of glass masks, goggles, etc., which are at all times necessary in pursuing these experiments." Faraday now abandoned this subject, and did not return to it for more than twenty years, but in the meantime much work was done by others. For example, in 1836, Thilorier devised an apparatus in which carbon dioxide, generated in one vessel, was liquefied by its own pressure in another. This enabled him not only to prepare liquid carbon dioxide in quantity, but also to obtain it in the solid state, for he found that when the liquid was released from pressure it boiled with great rapidity, and the consequent cooling effect was so great that part of the substance was frozen into a white solid, closely resembling snow in appearance. A mixture of this solid carbon dioxide with ether has been of great value as a cooling agent to later investigators, since by its means a temperature of −110° can be reached. In 1845 Faraday published an account of a second series of observations, in which gases, confined in tubes of strong glass, were highly compressed by means of pumps, and simultaneously cooled to the low temperature produced by a bath of solid carbon dioxide and ether. By this method many more gases, including among others ethylene, were liquefied than in his earlier experiments, and a number of them—for example, sulphur dioxide, nitrous oxide, and sulphuretted hydrogen—were actually obtained in the solid state. However, six gases—hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, nitric oxide, carbon monoxide, and marsh gas—resisted all his efforts, and, in consequence, received the name of the "permanent" gases. Though unsuccessful in his own attempts to liquefy these gases, Faraday stated his conviction that "further diminution of temperature and improved apparatus for pressure may very well be expected to give us these bodies in the liquid or solid state." In the meantime Natterer constructed an apparatus for exposing gases to extremely high pressures, and by its means was able to produce liquid nitrous oxide, &c., in quantity. He hoped also to be able to liquefy the "permanent" gases, but met with no success, even although employing the enormous pressure of 3600 atmospheres, and he concluded in consequence that these gases could not be liquefied by pressure alone.

The problem stood at this point for a number of years, but a new era began with the investigations carried on by Dr. Andrews, of Belfast, between 1860 and 1870. He proved that for every gas there is a definite temperature, called the "critical temperature," above which it cannot be condensed to the liquid state by pressure, however great. The pressure which, at the critical temperature, is just sufficient to condense a gas to the liquid form, is called the "critical pressure." Determinations of these constants have shown that the essential condition for the liquefaction of a gas is a low temperature rather than a very high pressure, as the following figures show:

	Marsh Gas.	Oxygen.	Argon.	Nitrogen.	Hydrogen.
Critical temperature	−81.8°	−118.8°	−121°	−146°	−242°
Critical pressure (in atmospheres)	54.9	50.8	50.6	35	20

Thus the key to the solution of the problem was discovered, for Andrews' experiments showed that all gases would pass into the liquid state under the proper conditions of temperature and pressure.

In December 1877 it was announced that Cailletet, in France, and Pictet, in Geneva, had independently succeeded in liquefying oxygen. In Cailletet's process the oxygen gas was subjected to a pressure of 300 atmospheres and cooled to a temperature of −29° by liquid nitrous oxide. When the temperature of the gas was constant the pressure was suddenly released; the amount of heat equivalent to the work done by the gas in expanding was in part abstracted from the gas itself, and the resultant fall in temperature was sufficient to liquefy portions of the gas; the partially liquefied gas rushed out of the tube in which it was confined in the form of a mist. By this method Cailletet also obtained the other "permanent" gases, with the doubtful exception of hydrogen, in the state of a mist of partially liquefied gas. Pictet liquefied oxygen in an apparatus in which the highly compressed (320 atmospheres pressure) gas was circulated through tubes cooled first to a low temperature by liquid sulphur dioxide, and then to a still lower temperature by liquid carbon dioxide. By means of this double circulation a temperature of —120° to —140° was reached, and on opening a stop-cock a few cubic inches of liquid oxygen which had collected in the tube rushed out with violence. Later, by a combination of the methods of Cailletet and Pictet, two Polish investigators, Wroblewski and Olszewski, obtained all of the "permanent" gases in the liquid, and some in the solid state, but hydrogen was never got otherwise than as a very fine mist. They also determined some of the physical constants of the liquefied gases.

This brings us to the point at which Dewar s investigations on the liquefaction of gases may be considered, and it may be as well to give here the boiling-points of some liquefied gases, as an indication of the enormous difficulties which had been, or were to be, overcome: Nitric oxide, —153.6°; marsh gas, —164°; oxygen, —181.5°; carbon monoxide, —190°; nitrogen, —194°.

In 1880, following up the discovery of Andrews that the presence of "permanent" gases lowered the critical temperature of carbon dioxide, Dewar made a long series of observations on the liquefaction of mixtures of carbon dioxide with other gases, and in 1883 he pointed out the advantages of a liquid of low critical pressure, such as liquefied marsh gas, for producing intense cold. In the following year he constructed an apparatus for demonstrating the formation of liquid oxygen as an experimental illustration of his brilliant discourses at the Royal Institution. Oxygen gas, contained in a reservoir under a pressure of 150 atmospheres, was passed by means of a regulating stop-cock into a glass liquefying tube, which was surrounded by a wider glass tube containing liquid ethylene and connected with an air pump. It was found that the temperature of the liquid ethylene, boiling in a vacuum produced by the pump, fell so low that the oxygen could easily be liquefied by a pressure no greater than 30 atmospheres. In this apparatus only a very small quantity of liquid oxygen could be prepared, and though that was sufficient to enable Dewar to perform a number of interesting experiments, he desired to obtain the liquid in sufficient quantity to permit of a thorough study of its properties. Therefore, in 1886, another form of apparatus was constructed, in which oxygen gas was passed, at a pressure of about 75 atmospheres, through a copper coil surrounded by a chamber containing liquid ethylene, which in its turn was surrounded by a second chamber containing a mixture of solid carbon dioxide and ether. The liquid ethylene evaporated into a space between the two chambers, and intense cold was thus produced; the oxygen soon began to liquefy, and when this was indicated by a pressure gauge, a valve was opened and the liquid allowed to rush into an exhausted receiver, cooled to a temperature of about —200° by liquid ethylene evaporating in a vacuum. With this apparatus oxygen and other gases were liquefied by Dewar in quantities hitherto undreamt of, and liquid air was prepared for his Royal Institution lectures, which did so much to arouse public interest in the subject. He was thus put in a position to determine the physical constants of the liquefied gases, and to study the properties of matter at temperatures far lower than had previously been attainable. Soon afterwards he was able to announce that he had succeeded in freezing liquid air into a transparent, colourless solid, a most interesting discovery, since neither nitrogen or oxygen, the chief constituents of air, had been solidified at this time. In the same year a great forward step was made in the introduction of suitable vessels for collecting liquefied gases. It will readily be understood that such exceedingly volatile substances as liquid air, which boil at temperatures very far below the freezing-point, cannot be kept in ordinary vessels for more than a few minutes, owing to the great rapidity with which they evaporate. Earlier investigators had retarded this evaporation to some extent by using vessels with double walls, in which the inner chamber was surrounded by a space containing air, or other bad conductors of heat, so that the convection of heat from the outer air to the liquid in the inner chamber was diminished. Dewar made the handling of liquid gases comparatively easy by preparing double walled flasks, etc., in which the space between the inner and outer walls was exhausted by a most ingenious process so as to leave an almost perfect vacuum, and thus to reduce to a minimum the transference of heat to the inner chamber. These "Dewar flasks" could of course be made of various forms, and their remarkable efficiency was shown by observations made for the purpose; without going into details, it was found that the rate of evaporation of liquid oxygen was five times greater from a flask surrounded by an air chamber than from a vacuum flask, and moreover, that if the inner wall of the latter was coated externally with a thin deposit of silver, the rate of evaporation from it was further diminished by one-half. Liquid oxygen, air, &c., can be kept in these vacuum vessels for hours at the ordinary temperature, and the importance of the service which they have rendered to research cannot be exaggerated. It is interesting to note that Dewar used vacuum vessels made of metal, in the course of calorimetric investigations which he conducted so long ago as 1873.

In 1895 Dewar constructed another gas liquefying apparatus, which involved what is called the "regenerative principle." This demands a word of explanation. When any gas is made to pass, at a suitable temperature, from a high pressure to a lower pressure through a valve or porous plug, it is slightly cooled, and if the process is repeated the gas gets gradually colder until at last the point at which it liquefies is reached. Various forms of apparatus have been constructed for liquefying gases by the application of this process of regenerative cooling: in Dewar's, the gas to be liquefied enters the apparatus at a pressure of about 150 atmospheres, passes through a regenerative coil of tubing in which it is cooled to about $-80°$ by means of liquid carbon dioxide, and is then allowed to expand through a valve into a vacuum vessel. This produces a further lowering of the temperature of the gas, which now passes up round the regenerative coil containing the compressed gas, cooling it still further. The temperature of the apparatus falls rapidly, and within about fifteen minutes of the time of starting, the liquefied gas begins to drop into the vacuum vessel. In this way liquid air, &c., can be obtained in quantity in a very short time and at comparatively small expense, and Dewar took advantage of the facilities which he had thus obtained to carry out extensive low temperature investigations. Following upon this came a very interesting piece of work, the separation of helium from the gas evolved from the water of the King's Well at Bath. Professor Ramsay had previously made the most interesting observation that helium, whose existence in the sun had been discovered by the spectroscope, also occurred in certain terrestrial minerals. The gas from the Bath well showed the spectrum of helium, and Dewar, by applying a method of fractional condensation succeeded in separating that element, which remained uncondensed when the rest of the gas, which was found to consist of nitrogen, was liquefied. By this process, as Dewar pointed out, the gas from the Bath spring could be made to produce helium in quantity, if that were desired. Another great success was the liquefaction of fluorine, an element which on account of its extraordinary chemical activity had for many years resisted all the efforts of chemists to obtain it in the free state, and which was only a year or two ago isolated by the admirable method of Professor Moissan. In 1897 Dewar and Moissan succeeded in liquefying fluorine by cooling it down to the very low temperature produced by the evaporation of liquid oxygen in a vacuum, and obtained it in the form of a pale yellow liquid, whose boiling-point was determined to be $-187°$. They also found that the chemical activity of fluorine was very greatly reduced when it was cooled to the temperature of boiling liquid oxygen.

All known gases, with two notable exceptions—hydrogen and helium—had now been compelled to assume the liquid form. Of all the common gases hydrogen showed by far the greatest reluctance to exist in any except the gaseous state, and although numerous attempts to liquefy it had been made, failure was the only result until quite recently. As already explained, the earlier experimenters failed because, while employing enormous pressures, they were not able to cool the gas to a sufficiently low temperature. Cailletet and Pictet were probably so far successful as to obtain momentarily a very fine mist of partially liquefied hydrogen, and Wroblewski and Olszewski, by strongly cooling the highly compressed gas and then suddenly releasing the pressure, succeeded in observing the formation of a fine mist composed of gaseous hydrogen containing liquid drops so small as to be individually almost invisible; the latter observer also determined in an approximate manner the physical constants of hydrogen. In 1894 Dewar, realising that even with liquid oxygen he could not produce cold sufficiently intense to condense hydrogen to the liquid state, endeavoured to obtain a liquid with a considerably lower boiling-point than liquid oxygen. This, he thought, could be effected by liquefying a mixture of nitrogen and hydrogen. The result of the experiments was encouraging, for, while he did not actually succeed in separating liquid hydrogen, by subjecting the mixture "to a high compression at a temperature of −200° and expanding the resulting liquid into the air, a much lower temperature than anything that has been recorded up to the present time can be reached. . . . Even when hydrogen containing from two to five per cent. of air is similarly treated, the result is a white solid mass (solid air) along with a clear liquid of low density which is so exceedingly volatile that no known device for collecting it has been successful."

During the following year Dewar extended to hydrogen experiments which he had formerly made on gas jets containing liquid, obtained by means of the regenerative coil. Hydrogen, strongly cooled and highly compressed, was passed through a fine nozzle into a strongly cooled vacuum receiver, but no liquid jet could be seen. However, when hydrogen, cooled by a bath of boiling liquid air, was allowed to expand from a pressure of 200 atmospheres over a regenerative coil a liquid jet was seen after the circulation had continued for a few minutes, along with some liquid rotating rapidly in the lower part of the vacuum vessel. The liquid did not accumulate owing to its low specific gravity and the rapid current of gas. "These difficulties," said Dewar, confident now of ultimate success, "will doubtless be overcome by the use of a differently shaped vacuum vessel." The intense cold of the hydrogen jet obtained in these experiments was shown by allowing it to play upon small quantities of liquid air and liquid oxygen; within a few minutes the liquids were frozen into hard white solids resembling snow. The difficulties just alluded to were overcome in the following manner. I quote Dewar's own words:

(Elliott & Fry, photographers, 55 Baker Street, W.)

PROFESSOR DEWAR

"On May 10th of this year (1898), starting with hydrogen cooled to −205° and under a pressure of 180 atmospheres escaping continuously from the nozzle of a coil of pipe at the rate of about 10 to 15 cubic feet per minute, in a vacuum vessel doubly silvered and of special construction, all surrounded with a space kept below −200°, liquid hydrogen commenced to drop from this vacuum vessel into another doubly isolated by being surrounded with a third vacuum vessel. In about five minutes, 20 cubic centimetres of liquid hydrogen were collected. . . ."

The goal was won; for the first time hydrogen had been obtained in the condition of a static liquid: the 10th of May 1898 became a historic day in the annals of scientific discovery. The liquid hydrogen was clear and colourless, like water, and its specific gravity was found to be 0.07, an amazingly low figure. According to this result liquid hydrogen is relatively very much lighter than any other known liquid: a given volume of it has less than one-fourteenth the weight of an equal volume of water. Of course the temperature of the liquid was extremely low. When a tube containing liquid oxygen was immersed in it, the oxygen was at once frozen to a bluish solid; a metal rod dipped in it became so cold that, when removed, air, liquefied by contact with the rod, fell from it in drops; when liquid hydrogen was placed in a double walled vessel, it froze the air in the space between the walls of the vessel, and the inner wall became coated with a deposit of solid air resembling hoar frost. Dewar has recently found the boiling-point of liquid hydrogen to be −252°, or only 21° above the absolute zero of temperature—a figure which gives some idea of the almost insurmountable obstacles which had to be set aside before the final triumph was attained.

Hydrogen having been conquered, there only remained helium to be liquefied. Olszewski had attempted this, but without success, and expressed the opinion that so far as his experiments went, helium was apparently much more difficult to liquefy than hydrogen. Having obtained a sufficient quantity of liquid hydrogen, Dewar immersed in it a sealed glass tube containing helium, and a colourless liquid immediately condensed on the sides of the tube; the boiling-points of the two liquids must lie very close together. Every known gas had now been liquefied.

In the autumn of 1898, since the production of liquid hydrogen in sufficient quantities for further experiments was then possible, Dewar made a number of attempts to obtain it in solid form. In his earlier experiments the liquid was placed in a vacuum test-tube placed in a larger vessel of the same kind, the space between the two vessels being partly filled with liquid hydrogen so that the outside of the smaller tube was kept as cold as the inside. The liquid was caused to evaporate in a vacuum, but gave no sign of solidification. Further experiments conducted during the following year showed that the failure was due to super-cooling of the liquid, and in August 1899 Dewar was able to announce that the last impediment had been surmounted, and that by constructing an apparatus to obviate super-cooling he had at last obtained solid hydrogen. This frozen hydrogen was got partly as a solid resembling frozen foam, partly as a clear colourless ice. Its mean temperature was found to be −257° at a pressure of 35 millimetres of mercury, and its melting-point must lie between −257° and −258°. By evaporation of solid hydrogen a temperature of −258° to −259°—only some fourteen degrees above the absolute zero—can be reached. This is the lowest temperature which we can command—the most extreme degree of cold which is attainable—and that it should have been actually reached can only excite wonder and unbounded admiration. Apart from this, the liquefaction and solidification of hydrogen has great interest from another point of view. In some of its chemical properties hydrogen bears a certain resemblance to the metals, and some chemists used to regard it as the vapour of an exceptionally volatile metal. If this were the case solid hydrogen would have the characteristic appearance of a metal. In reality it has no such appearance, but, as stated, occurs as a clear mass like ice; and thus the last possibility of doubt has been removed, and for the future hydrogen will be classed among the non-metallic elements.

It must not be supposed that Professor Dewar's scientific activity has been confined to investigations on the liquefaction of gases, although indeed the brilliant successes he has achieved in that field of research tend to throw the rest of his work, important as it is, into comparative obscurity. On the contrary, for thirty years he has been an untiring worker in other departments of chemical and physical science, and has added much to our knowledge of Nature's laws. Limits of space make it impossible even to mention the titles of his numerous scientific papers, and it must suffice to indicate one or two features of his work. First may be mentioned the long series of spectroscopic investigations conducted in conjunction with his colleague at Cambridge, Professor Liveing, which were begun in 1881 and extend to the present day. Again, in 1875, we find him, along with Professor M'Kendrick, publishing an important paper on the physiological action of the pyridine and quinoline bases, which, apart from its intrinsic merit, is of value because of the relationship now known to exist between many of the alkaloids and these bases. It is hardly necessary to state that his success in obtaining the "permanent" gases in liquid form and in adequate quantities led to accurate determinations of their physical constants, and to many investigations on the properties of matter at the extremely low temperatures which could be reached with their assistance. It would take long to enumerate the results of those researches, but, in a word, it has been found that at these temperatures the properties of most substances are materially modified. Thus, at the temperature of boiling liquid air, almost all are solid; cork becomes as hard as stone and rubber as brittle as glass; many of the metals likewise become very brittle, and many substances change their colour. The resistance of metals to the passage of an electric current decreases with diminishing temperature, and, according to Dewar, the results point to the conclusion that pure metals have no resistance near the absolute zero of temperature. The chemical activity of substances in general disappears, almost or altogether, at sufficiently low temperature—or, in Dewar's words, "at a temperature of -200° the molecules of matter seem to be drawing near to what might be called the 'death of matter' so far as chemical action is concerned." However, it was observed that photographic action can take place, though apparently reduced by about 80 per cent. at a temperature of -180°, and even at -200° some photographic films were found fairly sensitive. The extraordinary chemical activity of fluorine was shown by the fact that even at -187° it reacts with hydrogen, benzene, &c., with evolution of heat and light. Mention must also be made of the beautiful application of liquid hydrogen in the production of one of the nearest possible approaches to a perfect vacuum. A tube, or a vacuum bulb with a temporary tube attached to it, is filled with air and sealed. The end of the tube is then immersed in liquid hydrogen, and in one minute or even less the air solidifies and collects in the lower part of the tube. The vacuum tube or bulb is then sealed off with a blowpipe flame. The perfection of the vacuum thus produced is shown by the extreme difficulty of passing a spark through the bulb. Finally, in view of his most recent work, it is interesting to note that one of Dewar's earliest contributions to science was an investigation of the properties of "hydrogenium," the name given by Graham to the modification of hydrogen which exists in the curious alloy of that element with palladium.

Every Scotsman must feel pride in the knowledge that he can claim the illustrious successor of Faraday as a fellow countryman. James Dewar was born at Kincardine-on-Firth nearly sixty years ago. He was educated at Dollar Academy and at the University of Edinburgh, and also studied at Ghent, under the famous chemist Kekulé. He acted for some time as assistant to Lord Playfair, who was at that time Professor of Chemistry in Edinburgh University, and he subsequently held the posts of Lecturer on Chemistry in the Dick Veterinary College, Edinburgh, and Chemist to the Highland and Agricultural Society. Seventeen years ago he was elected Jacksonian Professor of Natural Experimental Philosophy in the University of Cambridge; and he also occupies the Fullerian Chair of Chemistry in the Royal Institution, of which the first incumbent was Faraday. He is one of the Directors—Lord Rayleigh being the other—of the Davy-Faraday Research Laboratory, recently established by the munificence of Dr. Mond. Formerly a member of the Government Commission on Explosives, he has, along with Sir Frederick Abel, made notable inventions with regard to smokeless powders, and has done valuable work in other public offices. In recognition of his services to pure and applied chemistry alike, he has been elected President of both the Chemical Society and the Society of Chemical Industry, and many other honours have been conferred upon him. In conclusion, let me quote a sentence uttered by a distinguished chemist, now, alas! dead: "Professor Dewar is so well known all over the world that it is unnecessary for me to say anything about the man upon whom the mantle of Faraday has fallen . . . we feel sure that no temperature, however low, will ever freeze that warm heart which he bears for all his friends, or ever touch that warmest corner of it which is still reserved for those who live north of the Tweed."

NOTE.—All of the temperatures given are on the Centigrade scale.

THE SECOND SHOT

THE STORY OF A STRANGE RETRIBUTION

By VICTOR L. WHITECHURCH

THE scene was a lonely spot under the Sussex Downs. The time was five o'clock on a summer's morning in the early 'forties. A little group of men was gathered together in a clearing amid the old yew-trees with which the valley was studded, and dark and grave as the yews were the expressions on their faces. Two of them, both young men of about twenty, were standing some paces apart with their backs turned towards one another—the one restlessly shifting his feet, slipping his hands in and out of his pockets, taking out and replacing his watch, and by other signs showing that he was in a highly nervous state; the other, a well-built, handsome young fellow, standing with his arms crossed on his breast, gazing at a lark that was welcoming the day with his song far overhead. Two more of the group were engaged in carefully loading a pair of pistols which they had just taken from a case, while, if anything further had been wanting to prove the nature of the early morning meeting, it was the fifth man, who was on his knees on the grass, arranging some instruments and a roll of lint. The scene was one which English law no longer tolerated, but which English society had not even then quite given up enforcing—a duel.

Presently the two seconds came forward.

"Now," said one of them, "everything is ready. We will measure the distance, please."

The principals turned and watched him as he stuck his cane in the ground and strode ten paces, checked by the other.

"You are sure you have no objection to Mr. Sinclair's pistols being used?" went on the second who had just spoken, addressing the last described of the two combatants.

"None whatever—provided they are sure of going off."

"Then take your places, please. Doctor, you are to give the word: will you explain the conditions?"

The principals stood opposite to one another, pistol in hand. The doctor addressed them.

"I shall count slowly 'One, two, three.' As soon as I have pronounced the word 'three' you are at liberty to fire."

"Before we proceed, is there anything you would like to say—Mr. Sinclair?"

The latter shook his head.

"Mr. Newton?"

"It is unnecessary to ask. I still maintain my opinion for which Mr. Sinclair has challenged me—that he is a liar and a slanderer."

Sinclair's face flushed with rage.

"Very well," said the doctor. "Get ready. One—two—*three!*"

Bang! One solitary report. A flash of flame and a puff of smoke from Sinclair's weapon, and the pistol that Newton was on the point of firing fell from his hand, while the holder staggered, turned ghastly pale, and dropped upon the grass. The doctor rushed to his assistance, while Sinclair walked slowly towards him.

"It's no use," he gasped; "he's killed me—before I could pull trigger. . . . You think," he went on, looking at his antagonist, "that you have won . . . but . . . I tell you, no! . . . Wait . . . wait . . . the second shot . . . I have a right to it . . . ah!"

The last exclamation was one of deep pain, for the man was dying fast.

"Quick," said the doctor to Sinclair and his second; "quick and be off. You can do no good here, and it will go hard with you if you are discovered."

The second had mechanically taken the loaded pistol into his hand, and had just removed the cap from the nipple preparatory to drawing the charge. Urged by the doctor, however, he hastily crammed it back with its fellow into their case, and dragged Sinclair, who was in a stunned and dazed condition, towards a tree where some horses were tethered.

As he did so the dying man sat up for a moment with a supreme effort and said:

"Geoffrey Sinclair . . . remember . . . I owe you a shot . . . for the honour of my sister whom you slandered . . . and . . . by Heaven it shall be repaid!"

Then he sank back—dead.

The duel was never discovered, though there were not suspicions wanting among those who knew that Sinclair had quarrelled with Newton. He had asked for the hand of Bella Newton, the dead man's sister, and had been refused. Then in his rage and chagrin he had spread an evil rumour about her which came to her brother's ears. Hence the duel and its fatal consequences.

* * * * *

It was just upon Christmastide, and the wintry afternoon was waning to a close. Old Geoffrey Sinclair laid down his *Times*, glanced for the hundredth time at the clock on his study mantelpiece, rose from his chair and walked slowly towards the window. It was evident that he was expecting somebody. If one had stepped into the kitchen and butler's pantry of that old Sussex house, which had belonged to the Sinclairs for generations, the fact would have been still more obvious. Such a cleaning up of silver and plate, such a preparing of viands was there! For the solitary old widower had invited his married son and daughter, with their respective wife, husband, and families, to spend Christmas with him, and the wagonette and dogcart had been despatched to the station to meet them.

Geoffrey Sinclair stood looking thoughtfully out of the window. The view before him was a lovely bit of Sussex scenery, and the crimson glow of the sunset was reflected in the western sky beyond the range of hills. But the smile of the sunset was not reflected upon the old man's face as his eye rested upon a distant hill with dark patches of trees in the valley at its base. Sadly he remembered how, fifty years ago, he had galloped home from that valley in haste and taken his seat with his friend Hurst Mathers at his father's breakfast table two hours afterwards, trying to appear as if they had only just come down from their rooms.

"Ah well," he muttered, "they are all gone now—the doctor—and Selby—and poor Hurst Mathers; there's not a soul that knows—not a living soul!"

Presently he went on.

"I wonder if Newton ever knows—if he can see us from the realms of death—how much I have suffered? I have often wished in these latter years—years of loneliness—that *his* had been the first shot. Strange, those last words of his. Did he think there was some weird vengeance yet to come? Ah, God forgive me for it all!"

The sound of wheels on the frosty ground broke his sad reverie, and he hastened to the hall to receive the merry little crowd that came thronging in. There was Ernest Sinclair and his wife, with their son Geoffrey, a boy of thirteen and their only child; the old man's son-in-law, John Clegg, with his wife and their two daughters; and one strange boy about the age of young Geoffrey, who was brought forward by the latter's father after the customary greetings and introduced to the old man.

"This is our boy's great chum, George Radlett, father. It is so kind of you to let us bring him, but you see his parents are in India, and he has no one to spend his Christmas holidays with except us."

"I'm delighted to see him, I'm sure," said old Geoffrey Sinclair, turning to the boy. "We'll make it as pleasant for him as we can — eh? Good heavens . . . why . . . I——"

"What's the matter, father?" asked his daughter, as the old man turned pale and leaned against the hall table for support.

"Oh, nothing, my dear—nothing. Only a little spasm of cold. And no wonder, for the hall door's still open. Come along in and warm yourselves."

"Strange," he murmured, as he led the way; "it's a most remarkable likeness—or perhaps it's only my fancy. And yet there's no mistaking those blue eyes. They were his—and *hers*."

* * * * *

"Ernest," said Geoffrey Sinclair to his son two evenings afterwards, as the three men sat over their wine after dinner, "I've been on the point of asking you a question several times. Who is Geoffrey's friend, young Radlett?"

"Geoffrey picked him up at school first. But I know something of his father; he's got a very good appointment in the Indian Civil Service. By the way, the youngster hails, to a certain extent, from this part of the country. At least his grandmother on his mother's side did."

"How was that?" asked the old man in rather tremulous tones.

"Why, she was a Miss Newton of Pine Hall before she married—— Hullo! what is it, father?"

"All right, Ernest—I only swallowed half a glass of wine the wrong way. A Miss Newton, was she? And this young Radlett is her grandson!"

"Exactly. And——"

"Grandfather!" shouted some merry voices, as their owners came bounding into the room, "you've sat quite long enough talking. You know you promised we should stay up and act some charades to-night, and that all you grown-up people would be audience. Come along!"

"Yes, *do* come along, grandfather," echoed young Geoffrey Sinclair; "we're nearly ready to begin. We've rigged up a regular drop curtain across the drawing-room, and Simmonds let us go up to the lumber-room to see what we could find there."

"And we've got some lovely costumes and things," added one of his cousins; "so come along—there are reserved seats for all of you."

"I suppose we must obey," said the old man, with a smile. "Run on, children, and get ready. We'll be there directly."

The three men rose and took their places with the two ladies in the drawing-room before a curtain with which the young folk had screened off the end of the room. After a great deal of subdued chatter behind the scenes this curtain went up and the play began—a simple little charade that the children had spent the best part of the day in composing.

In one part of the plot young Radlett was supposed to be rescuing one of the girls from a party of brigands, Geoffrey Sinclair being "got up" as the brigand chief with a slouch hat, a scarf round his waist, and his nether extremities bound about with some red tape. He confronted the other two and drew a pistol out of his sash. Radlett likewise produced another from his pocket, and they stood on either side of the "stage," facing each other.

"Stop!" gasped old Geoffrey Sinclair from his seat in front. "Where did you get those pistols?"

"It's all right, grandfather," said the brigand chief, turning to the little audience. "We found them in an old case covered with dust, in a corner of the lumber-room!"

"Don't fire, Geoffrey! Take care what you're doing."

"Don't worry — we've only put caps on to make a bang—don't interrupt. Take that!" and turning towards his companion on the stage, he fired the pistol. There was a slight report, caused by the snapping of the percussion cap.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the other. "Your hand must have trembled. Perhaps this *second shot* will be a better one!"

And he levelled his pistol at the brigand.

"Stop! For God's sake, stop!" shouted the old man, springing from his chair.

But it was too late. A terrific report rang out, and George Radlett stood dazed and terrified, with the smoking pistol in his hand, while young Geoffrey Sinclair fell heavily to the floor. At the same moment there was a loud crash.

The old man threw up his arms and shrieked:

"The second shot! He's killed him with the second shot! The curse has fallen!"

Then he sank back—falling into his armchair.

"What has happened?" cried Ernest Sinclair, rushing forward.

"That's just what I want to know, father," said the prostrate boy, rising slowly to his feet.

"Oh, thank God you're not shot, Geoffrey," exclaimed his mother.

"Shot? Of course not! You see I *had* to fall when George fired the pistol—it was a part of the play. But what made it give such a big report?"

"It—it was *loaded*, Jeff," stammered George Radlett. "Look, the shot has smashed that picture—and there's a hole in your hat. Oh, Jeff, I nearly killed you!"

And the boy burst into a flood of tears.

"Loaded! And with ball!" exclaimed Ernest Sinclair. "And you used those pistols just as you found them?"

The boys nodded.

"This is strange. Father, can you tell us why——"

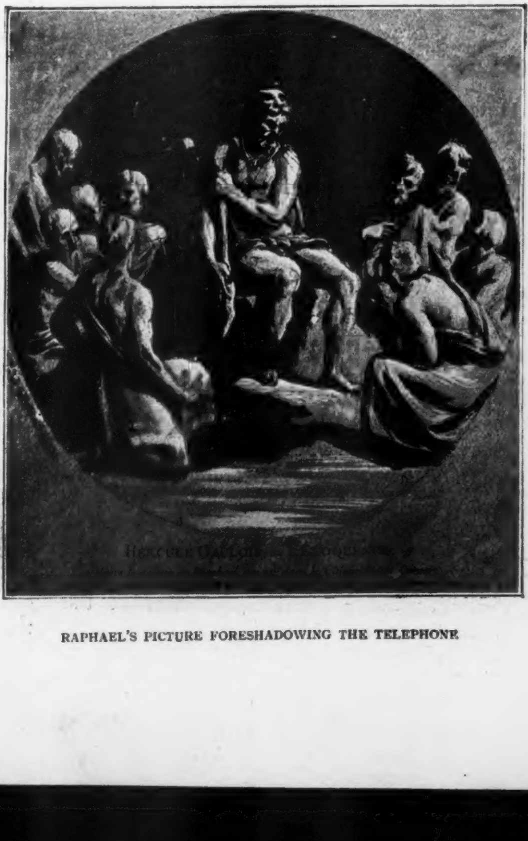
But he stopped. The question could never have been answered. The shock had been too much, and old Geoffrey Sinclair was dead, strangely killed, after fifty years, by that second shot.

MODERN INVENTIONS ANTICIPATED

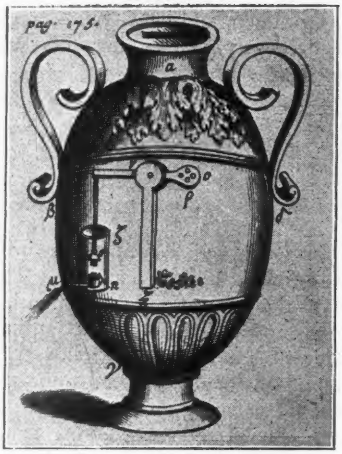
By H. G. ARCHER

THEIR name is legion in almost all branches of the arts and sciences. "There's nothing new under the sun" is a trite English proverb; a wittier one is a French equivalent, "It is only the new that has been forgotten." Every one who has made but an elementary study of the history of civilisation during the past century must know that the men who have first learned the secrets of Nature, whose discovery has most obviously added to the assets of the race, have rarely made their discoveries practically usable; yet, in the majority of instances, these again have had their so-called inventions foreshadowed in the writings and experiments of long-forgotten ancestors. A full and detailed history of the anticipation of momentous modern inventions would form a fascinating work; but, needless to point out, it is a subject which could not be attempted within the limits of a magazine paper. Here we can only deal with a strictly limited number, a selection from the most epoch-making of our own age, which, let us hope, will make up in the quality of its curious information for what it lacks in quantity.

It is generally supposed that the first machine-gun, as we now term the class of weapons which literally pump lead on the enemy, was the "organ" gun invented by Mr. Gatling, and used in the American Civil War of 1863. It was followed by the *mitrailleuse*, on which the French army pinned their faith at the outbreak of hostilities with Germany in 1870. The failure of the *mitrailleuse* in that war, however, brought all machine-guns into bad odour, and fully ten years elapsed before these inventions next attracted serious notice. The new stage in their evolution was then ushered in by the appearance of the Gardiner and Nordenfelt guns, quickly followed by the invention of the deadly semi-automatic contrivance emanating from the brain of Mr. Hiram Maxim, and bearing his name. At the present day the Maxim gun, in the latest refinements of its beautiful mechanism, may be taken as the best-known and most ubiquitous of all machine-guns, but the general idea and purpose of the same were anticipated at the beginning of the eighteenth century by Mr. James Puckle, an original thinker and author of several curious works, who issued somewhere about the year 1720 an engraved broadside, entitled:



RAPHAEL'S PICTURE FORESHADOWING THE TELEPHONE



THE AUTOMATIC MACHINE AS INVENTED BY HERO OF ALEXANDRIA B.C. 59

A DEFENCE
Defending King George, your Country and Lawes
Is defending yourselves and the Protestant cause.
Invented by Mr. James Puckle,
For Bridges, Breaches, Lines, and Passes,
Ships, Boats, Houses, and other Places.

The engraving shows a large revolver on a tripod, the breech of which is turned by hand, and contains six chambers, the contents of which are discharged in turn through a single long barrel. The tripod possesses an elevating arrangement, and the weapon can be swivelled in any desired direction. The part containing the chambers is removable at pleasure, and when one "sett" had been discharged, a loaded one was substituted. One "sett" is depicted as intended for a "ship shooting round bullets against Christians," a second as for one "shooting square bullets against Turks," but the reason for this curious distinction is lacking. The machine was also devised to discharge "Grenado shells." Like his successors in the same field of invention, Puckle appears to have tried to float his gun as a company; hence the following allusion that is made to it, as forming the basis of one of the many bubble projects of 1720, in a satirical print dealing with the wild-cat schemes of the South Sea mania of that year:

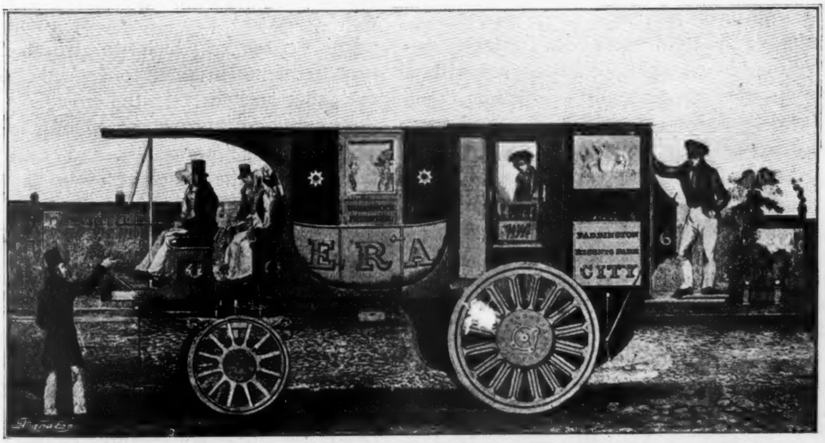
A rare invention to destroy the crowds
Of Fools at home, instead of foes abroad—
Fear not, my Friends, this Terrible Machine—
They're only wounded that have shares therein.

After this date we hear nothing more of "Puckle's Machine," and the idea itself lay dormant for another one hundred and fifty years.

About the year 1860 the idea that sound-producing vibrations could be transmitted through a wire by means of electricity began to be recognised by several men of science. Shortly afterwards a German electrician, named Reis, invented an apparatus which could reproduce at a distant station the pitch of a musical sound by means of a discontinuous current along a telegraph wire; but it was not until 1876 that Professor Graham Bell discovered an articulating telephone depending upon the principle of the undulating current, and by which conversation itself could be reproduced at a distant station. Simultaneously with the publication of Bell's discovery, now known all over the world as the "Bell Telephone," a Chinese professor is said to have demonstrated, to his own satisfaction at least, that the "far-speaking tube," as he termed it, was already known to his own countrymen A.D. 982, and was the invention of an inhabitant of Pekin. Be this as it may, Raphael's pen-and-ink sketch entitled "Hercules as the God of Eloquence" certainly, though unwittingly, indicates the same thing. In this superb drawing, probably executed about the year 1515, the principal figure is Hercules, who is represented as the God of Eloquence, and persuading people by its power rather than by force. Grouped round him are numerous figures in various attitudes of the closest attention. From the lips of Hercules proceed a number of golden strings or wires, each terminating in the right or left ear of the listeners. As we have said, this sketch furnishes us with an unconscious but none the less most remarkable anticipation of one of the greatest inventions of the age.

Professor Graham Bell's invaluable discovery paved the way to the invention of the Phonograph by Edison in the following year. This again, however, has been extraordinarily foreshadowed by the original work of Cyrano de Bergerac, entitled "The Comical History of the States and Empires of the Worlds of the Moon and Sun," written near the middle of the seventeenth century. In it the author gives a graphic account of his imaginary adventures in the sun and moon, and tells us how that on leaving he is presented with a book—"but such a strange and wonderful book that had neither leaves nor letters, in fine it was a book or box made wholly for the ears and not for the eyes; within somewhat of metal, almost like to our clocks, full of I know not what little springs and imperceptible engines. So that when anybody has a mind to read in it, he winds up that machine, with a great many little strings; then he turns his hand to the chapter which he desires to read, and straight as from the mouth of a man, or a musical instrument, proceed all the distinct and different sounds which the lunar grandees make use of for expressing their thoughts instead of language." A few years later, namely in 1648, an English writer, Bishop Wilkins, in his "Mathematical Magick," anticipates the very same thing by saying: "Walchius thinks it possible entirely to preserve the voice, or any words spoken, in a hollow trunk or pipe; and that this pipe being rightly opened, the words will come out of it in the same order as wherein they were spoken."

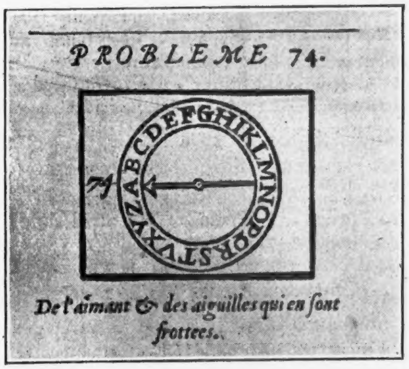
Barely fifteen years can have elapsed since the automatic coin-in-the-slot machine first appeared in public places to supply customers with cigarettes, matches, chocolates, sweetmeats, stationery, &c.; while in its latest phase this contrivance—in conjunction with a lighted street lamp — has been made available for the automatic purveyance of hot water and hot drinks. Surely, it may be thought, this extremely utilitarian invention can only have been due to the ingenuity of the present generation; and it is, therefore, startling to learn that the automatic machine is one of the oldest projects in everyday use, since it was known a century before Christ, being the invention of that great mathematician, Hero of Alexandria, who flourished B.C 117–81. Hero invented what he termed a "sacrificial vessel which flows only when money is introduced," and a full description of this apparatus is contained in his famous treatise on pneumatics, reissued by Thevenot, royal librarian to Louis XIV. of France, in the year 1692. "If into certain sacrificial vessels a coin of five drachms be thrown, water or wine shall flow out and surround them," so runs the postulate; and the illustration accompanying the letterpress shows an ornate vase, with a slot at the top for the entry of the coin, and a duct on one side for the release of the liquid. The explanation of the mechanism inside the vase is very simple: the vessel contains another holding the wine, and near to the latter is placed a vertical rod about which turns a well-balanced beam. When the coin is dropped through the slot it falls on one end of this horizontal beam, which, being depressed, opens a valve suspended from a chain at the other end, and the wine commences to flow out through a pipe. When the beam has been depressed to a certain



THE MOTOR 'BUS THAT RAN WITH GREAT SUCCESS IN 1831 angle, the coin falls off, and the valve or lid, being counterweighted, again descends and closes the outlet so that the discharge ceases. This is exactly the principle upon which our modern automatic machine acts, bar such later refinements as the return of unsuitable coins. Did Hero, we wonder, place his machines along the streets of Alexandria, which was the most luxurious and stately city of antiquity? Were the small boys of Alexandria hauled up before the representatives of the Ptolemies for tampering with the machines by inserting counterfeit discs of the required weight and shape, and sentenced to receive six strokes with the rod of eel-skins? But five drachms, equal to four shillings of our money, is a stiff price for a drink; the patrician alone could have patronised Hero's vase. Again, it will be remembered that only a year or so ago an idea was mooted for the automatic supply of travelling literature by means of coin-in-the-slot machines, to be placed in railway carriages. This has also been anticipated by Richard Carlile, the notorious free-thinking publisher. In or about the year 1834 his shopmen were arrested so frequently that he sold his books by clockwork, so that the buyer was unable to identify the seller. Unfortunately no illustration of this machine appears to be extant, but it has been described as follows: "On a dial was written the title of every publication for sale; the purchaser entered and turned the handle of the dial to the publication he wanted; on depositing the money the book dropped down before him."

The ninth of November 1896 saw the expiration of the legal restrictions confining the use of road locomotives, or motor-cars, within a very narrow compass, and compelling them to be preceded by a man with a red flag. Many persons are fully aware, of course, that the idea of self-propelling road vehicles was then no new one, but probably few among our readers have any conception of the pitch of excellence they once attained. For, thanks to the avarice of toll-keepers, the hostility of road trustees, and the outside influence brought to bear upon members of Parliament, the doom of the motor-cars which flourished during the early portion of this century was sealed just when their future seemed brightest, and the idea was not revived until sixty years had elapsed. From 1821 to 1831 Sir Goldsworthy Gurney and Sir Charles Dance experimented successfully with steam barouches and phaetons; but at the end of the year 1831 an Act was passed prohibiting their use in all but London and the home counties. Walter Hancock, a Stratford engineer, had for many years turned his talents in the same direction, and when Gurney and Dance were compelled to retire from the field, he came forward with some steam omnibuses of his own manufacture. Hancock's vehicles were both elegant and comfortable, and it is no exaggeration to state that they finally reached a degree of perfection hardly exceeded by the motor-cars of to-day. The bulk of the machinery was always fixed behind, and by a very complete suspension on springs and a system of vibrating stays, concussion and unsteadiness in running were reduced to a minimum. Several steam carriage companies were soon formed, notably the London and Brighton and the London and Paddington, and arrangements were entered into between Hancock and their managers for the former to supply the rolling stock. From the drawings of these coaches, named the "Era," the "Infant," the "Autopsy," the "Erin," &c., it is very evident that they were first-class specimens of the coach-builder's art, being handsomely got up, and, what is more striking, having their mechanism almost entirely hidden from view. Between the years 1833 and 1836 the London steam coaches ran regularly between the more important suburbs and the City, and during the last five months of 1836 12,761 passengers were conveyed 4200 miles by them. The "Era" coach, of which we give an illustration, frequently attained to a speed of twenty-one miles an hour. In the crowded London thoroughfares there occurred only one collision of any importance, and during the three years the machines were a regular feature of the streets the horses became quite used to them, and not a single person, passenger or otherwise, suffered the slightest injury. In short, Hancock practically demonstrated that steam travelling at the rate of speed of from ten to fourteen miles an hour with passengers, and for goods and merchandise at from five to seven miles an hour, could be effected safely, and at a cost much below the horse conveyances of the period. But although Hancock had proved himself to be by far the most successful exponent of steam locomotion on common roads, the fates were against him. By the immunity of his vehicles from any serious accident he had won the confidence of the public, when the mismanagement of the companies with which he was connected caused the failure of the whole system. By the year 1840 all of the former were bankrupt, and simultaneously with this diaster the Turnpike Acts which had vanquished Gurney and Dance were extended to include the whole kingdom; and the latter was the last nail in the coffin of the early motor-car. Hancock was compelled to turn his energies elsewhere, and gradually the once promising story of these vehicles sank into oblivion.

PROBLEME 74.



De l'aimant & des aiguilles qui en sont frottees.

The so-called wireless telegraphy, which has just become so sensational and interesting to the public, is as old as telegraphy itself. Its principles were known long before the autumn of 1896, when a young Italian, Signor Marconi by name, called at the General Post Office to describe a new plan for communicating at a distance by utilising the so-called Hertzian waves of ether. Marconi, in fact, has but introduced another and more beautiful mode of doing what had been done before. Granting, therefore, that wireless telegraphy is as old as telegraphy itself, what will our readers say when we tell them that long before the latter was ever even dreamed of, the former was actually anticipated as being possible, with the omission, of course, of the battery and connecting wire, invented some two hundred and forty years later? Yet such is the case. Betwen the years 1572 and 1647 there lived an Italian Jesuit and historian, named Strada, who conceived the idea that by magnetising needles under some particular planet, correspondents who were friends and who had previously arranged times for their sympathetic conference, might communicate with each other at any distance by means of the same. Strada expressed his views on the subject in verse, those lines most pertinent to the present juncture being translated as follows:

THE NEEDLES

Together move themselves and situate together
As if one of those steeles at Rome be stirr'd, the other
The self-same way will stirre, though they far distant bee,
And all through Nature's force and secret sympathie.

This idea, amounting to the most marvellous inspiration of all we have dealt with, was appropriated by the compiler of the queer work called "Récreations Mathématiques," first published in France in 1624. The author does not content himself with a description of Strada's instrument, but gives a figure to illustrate the invention, a rough wood engraving, of which we furnish a reproduction from the edition of 1649. It will be seen that it takes the form of a dial with the letters of the alphabet round it, and in the centre is fixed the magnetised needle—the instrument, in fact, being identically the same as the A.B.C. telegraph indicators used in country post-offices in preference to those ticking out the Morse code. Our French compiler in his accompanying description, however, deals with the difficulty of obtaining those which in Signor Marconi's method of wireless telegraphy are termed "concentrated" messages—that is, preventing the message from being received at other stations having installations within the radius of that for which the message was intended; and his scepticism as to the ultimate value of Strada's invention (its *possibility* he does not seem to doubt) is evidenced by the concluding words of the chapter, which state that "too many treasons" will accompany its use.

In 1655, Joseph Glanvill, an English mathematical writer, refers to it in the following significant prophecy: "Though this pretty contrivance possibly may not yet answer the expectation of inquisitive experiment yet 'tis no despicable item, *that by some other such ways of magnetic efficiency it may hereafter with success be attempted.*" Lastly, Addison writing in the *Spectator* corroborates the lines quoted from Strada and says: "If this invention should be revived or put in practice I would propose that upon the lover's dial plate there should be written, not only the four and twenty letters of the alphabet, but several entire words which have always a place in passionate epistles, as flames, darts, die, languish, absence, Cupid, heart, eyes, hang, drown, and the like. This would very much abridge the lover's pains in this way of writing a letter." And Addison's humorous advice in this particular may be warmly commended to the notice of Signor Marconi in the by no means improbable contingency of our having at some date our writing-tables all equipped with wireless telegraphic instruments. It is curious to note that both the anticipator and inventor of this —the latest development of electricity—have hailed from Italy.

Wireless telegraphy in utilising as its medium the waves of ether is so closely allied to that form of visual signalling which sends its messages by means of the waves of light, that some mention must here be made of the heliograph, or looking-glass arrangement, which catches the rays of the sun and flashes the Morse code over enormous distances. This instrument, invaluable in war, has only comparatively recently been issued to our regular army and volunteers, but its antiquity is unquestionable. In 1881 M. Feraud, one of the most distinguished Arabian scholars of Algeria, discovered from an Arab MS. that as far back as A.D. 1090 the fortresses of Algeria were supplied with looking-glasses on their central tower, thus enabling them to communicate from one end of the empire to another. Again, about the year 1420, Roger Bacon promised the Pope that if he would furnish him with such a sum of money as the charge of making them would require, he should be able to annoy the Turks more by these looking-glasses than by an army of one hundred thousand men.

The invention of the Linotype composing machine marks a revolution greater than anything which has occurred in printing during the last four hundred years. This, as its name "line-o'-type" suggests, sets up, not types, but type-matrices, and then, when a line is complete, passes the matrices on to a foundry which forms part of the apparatus, and a full line is cast. Distribution is avoided, and the matter once used is returned to the metal-pot and melted ready for fresh work. The machine is self-spacing and self-justifying. The Linotype cannot be said to be the invention of any single individual, for though this remarkable machine originally represented the completion of the design of Otto Merzenthaler, it now, in its latest refinements, includes the product of no fewer than 1400 separate patents. The notion, though, is seventy-seven years old, being embodied in the specification of Mr. William Church of 1822, describing a machine for the casting of type, the setting of it in line, and the automatic delivery of the printed sheets. And the two first named are the dominant ideas of the Linotype, frequently seized upon by the numerous inventors who followed Church decade after decade.

At the time of writing a company is in process of formation for the purpose of exploiting an oft-mooted idea—namely, the supply or carriage of sea-water direct from the south coast into the bathrooms of London private houses and London public baths by the laying down of mains over the intervening distance. One hundred and thirty years ago, however, when the advantages to be gained from sea-water baths were first realised, this same project, though on a different principle, was actually put into practice. A specially designed vessel was constructed, provided with huge tanks in her hold. This ship sailed out to sea, and opening cocks near her keel, allowed herself to sink in the water until her tanks were full. She then returned up the Thames to London, and close to London Bridge pumped herself dry into pipes communicating with a sea-water bathing establishment that had been erected in the City.

We may now conclude this far from complete catalogue by stating that the travelling staircase, recently installed at Harrod's Stores, was predicted by Rabelais, who described whole streets moving upon this principle, so that pedestrians were pedestrians no longer, but simply stood still while being conveyed in the desired direction. This same idea has been seized upon by Mr. H. G. Wells, in his novel, "When the Sleeper Wakes," wherein he describes the travelling roads of the great cities of the future.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE NIGHT

By JOHN PENDLETON

THE literary departments of a daily journal, as I have endeavoured to show in previous articles, lend themselves occasionally to diverting incident that is never reported in the paper; but it would be unfair to leave the impression that the mechanical side of newspaper production consists entirely of inexorable, imperative effort, unrelieved by a gleam of humour. A stranger entering the composing-room of a great newspaper-office at night, when the printers' overseer on the daily journal is deftly giving out copy, and the men are busy at their frames, or with the type-setting machines, is impressed with the dogged industry of everybody around him. Ninety-six or one hundred-and-twelve columns of type must be set up, stereotyped, and fixed on the printing-machines by two or three o'clock in the morning, and there is no time for gossip as on 'Change. Every moment is precious, every compositor is absorbed in his work, and the overseer—the autocrat of the night—sits as grimly at his high desk as a despot prepared to sacrifice all his subjects to achieve his purpose. The overseer is the arbitrary ruler of the type-setting staff. "The man must be a martinet if the paper is to get to press," once remarked a newspaper proprietor, commenting on the qualities necessary for a person in his position. And a martinet he undoubtedly is, the last man in the world likely to permit even the semblance of relaxation. His word is law to the compositors, the proof-readers hold him in dread, and the office-boy, inclined often enough to look upon the editor as a mere figure-head, and scarcely his own equal, has only one opinion of the overseer. He is in chronic awe of him, and hurries to do his bidding.

The overseer is usually a Scotsman. He is a big man physically, stern and enduring if all goes well, ruthless and irascible if there is a break in the stream of copy or a mishap in type-setting. He can handle, not only a mass of manuscript, but a mass of men, and in emergency becomes the dictator of the office. "What is the use of an editor if he can't get his leader finished till the formes are going down to the machines?" growled an overseer one night, as he paced to and fro, like a caged tiger, savagely killing time, in lieu of other victim, while the editor, a good organiser, but a painfully slow and stilted writer, sought desperately, in his tired brain, for a graceful deduction. "I'm afraid we shall miss the train, north, sir. Can't you close up?" asked the enraged overseer, with his lips pressed against the speaking-tube; and the editor closed up in this bewildering fashion: "We have no hesitation in asserting that the Government, in attempting to foist this educational system on the country, is deliberately seeking to hoodwink the electors. But what about Egypt?"

The overseer is a sort of journalistic Mars. His hand is against every man's; he is nearly always at war. With him life is a serious business; getting to press is no joke. Yet even this man of resistless energy has three moods. Early in the evening he is laconically respectful to the members of the literary staff. As the night creeps on, and his desk is heaped with copy, with reports of accidents, tragedies, public meetings, special wires of the money market, parliament, and telegrams from everywhere, he snaps at the reporters and scowls at the sub-editors. Later, when he hears the whir of the printing-machines, the sweetest music in his ears, he unbends a little; but at midnight he is positively dangerous. Probably, after the nicest calculation and frequent measurement, he finds that the matter for the next issue has bulked out too quickly—that there is too much news already in type. What is he to do with the stack of manuscript and flimsy on his desk? Every line of the intelligence is important; but where is it to go? By holding over two or three columns of matter earlier set, space may be made, perhaps, for what is absolutely imperative; but a hundred items of news should go in as well. Indignation, surprise, and disappointment will find expression next day if report of meeting, scientific experiment, motor-car trial, new development of industry, fashionable marriage, gallant rescue, or description of dress at the drawing-room does not appear.

The autocrat of the night is temporarily a creature of circumstance. The overwhelming news supply has put him in an awkward fix. Perspiring, and choleric, he rushes into the chief sub-editor's room, discourses wildly on his dilemma, and yearns for sympathy and consolation which he never obtains. He insists, with both hands filled with copy, that the matter must be cut down, that every report must be condensed. The chief sub-editor, stoical and self-reliant, holds a different opinion. He is determined that the news shall go in the paper. The overseer indulges in language unfit for publication. The chief sub-editor coolly resumes his work. The overseer is seized with a paroxysm of despair. He stamps wildly about, and shouts: "It's no use sending the —— stuff to me. We have columns too much. I winna, canna, shanna set it!"

Carried away by a whirlwind of passion he has been known to fling the copy at the sub-editor's feet; and there are few more piteous sights in the world than that afforded by the overseer, invariably a stout man, of about sixty, furiously dancing on the verbatim report of the Prime Minister's speech at one o'clock in the morning, when he should be giving it out slip by slip, to be set in type by the compositors. In his anxiety to get to press he has for the moment lost his self-control; but he finds it on stooping to pick up the trampled copy. The task restores his mental equilibrium, and he goes back to his desk with a contemptuous glance at the chief sub-editor and a determination to grapple with the rapidly incoming news in his own way.

The general reader is difficult to please, and is rather in the habit of saying at breakfast: "Oh! there's nothing in the paper." Yet it is marvellous, if you analyse the contents of your particular daily journal, what a remarkable grouping of intelligence you have got. There is news from your own city and from every quarter of the globe, more or less attractively displayed, and now and again literary matter worthy of a place in high-class magazine and review. Indeed, it is impossible to deny Carlyle's assertion that "true literature includes the best journalism." But it would never appear diurnally, for a penny or a halfpenny in newspaper form, were it not for the magnificent devotion of the overseer. He has infinitely more zeal than Captain Marryat's famous character in "Midshipman Easy." He is able to indulge in discouraging freaks when there is a great pressure of advertisements and news, and has even threatened to omit the long leading article, which in the editor's opinion is vital to the prosperity of the country; but however erratic, the overseer never forgets the sole object of his existence. He holds that dogged work is the only justification for a man's being. He has been placed in his responsible position in order to get the paper to press in time, and he does it, fighting against blunder, mishap, and opposition.

If the newspaper-office were surrounded by an invading army, or fiercely bombarded, he would insist on the locking-up of the formes and the stereotyping of the pages as usual. There is no limit to his devotion to duty. One night, for instance, in a provincial newspaper-office, the composing-room was suddenly enveloped in smoke, and there was the cry of "Fire!"

"Fire or no fire, we must get to press," snarled the overseer, giving out a late telegram to the compositor, out of copy, at the desk-side.

The type was brought, galley after galley, pushed upon the imposing-stones, arranged in pages, and screwed into the formes ready for transit to the foundry. Meantime evidence was abundant that the adjacent building was in flames. The smoke became denser. Outside the office there was the shout of people, the clatter of horses' feet, the rattle of fire-engines; inside, the heavy tread of firemen on the stairs, the bursting open of the composing-room door, and the hurried entrance of two members of the fire brigade dragging a hose-pipe.

The overseer, glaring at the intruders, sprang from his seat bubbling with indignation, and shouted: "Here, you fellows! what the —— are you doing?"

"We are—taking the hose through—to play on the burning building," jerked out one of the firemen, astounded at the overseer's belligerent attitude.

"Then go and play somewhere else!" hoarsely exclaimed the overseer, trying to shoulder them out of the room.

"But the place is on fire!" exclaimed the men in amazement.

"I don't care if the whole city's on fire—we must get to press!" roared the overseer; and he did, though the first edition had a narrow squeak of publication, for the office windows blurred and cracked with heat, and the composing-room was deluged with water.

The overseer's third mood is tolerable. Immediately the printing-machines get to work, and he knows that the parcels are likely to catch the trains, his demeanour changes. He is no longer a fury. He abrogates the *rôle* of autocrat of his own free will and becomes a pleasant, chatty comrade, with a vein of sly humour. While he is wiping the sweat off his brow, or unwrapping his supper, or gossiping with his deputy, there is a ring at the telephone. He puts the receiver to his ear and his mouth to the orifice, and says blandly:

"Are you there? What is it?"

"Is that the overseer?"

"Yes."

"Oh; good evening."

"Good evening, sir."

"Can you take a short leader?"

"Certainly, sir—for the next edition. The plates are on the machines."

"Oh, are they?—er—very good," replies the disappointed editor; but the overseer, who detests to rearrange the fifth page for the insertion of what he styles a "wretched short," chuckles because the editor's inquiry has come too late, and settles down thoroughly satisfied with himself, and at peace even with the chief sub-editor, to his well-earned meal.

But the overseer does not always score a victory at the telephone. On one occasion the editor rang up the chief sub-editor, and said he wished to speak to the overseer. The burly man, ignorant of the telephone method, was summoned by a message through the old-fashioned speaking-tube, and placed in front of the new apparatus.

"What is it?" he said, looking hot and uncomfortable.

"The editor wishes to speak to you," said the chief sub-editor with mock gravity.

"But I don't understand these new-fangled things," blurted out the overseer.

"Oh, it's easy enough," remarked the chief sub-editor in a tone that inspired confidence.

"Well, what must I do?" asked the overseer.

"Put the tube to your ear so," explained the pressman, standing in an Ajaxlike attitude opposite the instrument, with the receiver to his ear.

The overseer, grasping the tube, imitated his mentor, but he was in a condition of disquietude, and the tint of beetroot.

"Keep your mouth opposite the hole," said his instructor, and with this final caution stepped aside.

The bell rang; there was a rumble, as of a voice speaking from afar.

"What's the fool say?" inquired the overseer.

"Sir!" indignantly exclaimed the editor, "what is the meaning of such disgraceful language?"

"Well; I'm —— dang it; he's heard me!" burst out the overseer in consternation, dropping the tube meantime as though it were red-hot wire.

The chief sub-editor was amused, but he was also a man of resource. He went into the breach, or rather to the telephone, and took the editor's message himself. With the genius of diplomacy, he was silent as to the source of origin of the insulting words that had aroused the editor's ire, but he accounted for them by discreetly saying:

"Yes, sir—very annoying. The wires must be in contact!"

Whatever the freaks of the overseer he is an invaluable servant, and his devotion to duty is phenomenal. The overseer on an influential daily paper, worried by responsibility and ceaseless effort, was urged by his proprietors to take a holiday. He accepted the offer; but he was unhappy. Exhausted nature demanding repose, he managed to sleep through his first night off; but he had a notion that the paper could not come out without his presence, and he steadfastly refused to leave the town. On the second night he was singularly restless, got out of bed, dressed, and wandered about the house half-demented. The editor, knowing how strongly the man's life was bound by his long association with the journal, hazarded a guess that the overseer would not go far away; and on the third night one of the messengers, entering the office late, with the last batch of news envelopes from the railway stations, could not avoid grinning as he placed the heap of manuscript from the country correspondents on the sub-editors' table.

"What's up now? There's nothing to laugh at in that mass of rubbish," snapped the unfortunate sub-editor who had the melancholy duty of tackling the news that came by train.

"No, sir," laughed the messenger; "but I thought you said Mr. Morris had gone to the seaside. He's standing on the curbstone outside the office, watching the lights in the windows, and listening to the rattle of the machines as intently as if he were sitting in the front row at a high-class concert!"

THE MIRACLES OF JESUS

SUNDAY READINGS FOR NOVEMBER

By the Rev. COSMO GORDON LANG, M.A.

THE HEALING OF THE GADARENE DEMONIAC

St. Matt. viii. 28; St. Mark v. 1; St. Luke viii. 26

FIRST SUNDAY

DISORDERED LIFE

THE healing of the Gadarene Demoniac is, from the point of view of the Christian apologist, one of the most perplexing of the miracles of Jesus. But that is not our point of view in these papers. Our business is not to explain the miracles, but to try to learn the lessons of life of which they were the signs. We must therefore decline to enter this arena of argument, strewn with the relics of many contests. We must waive all discussion as to the meaning of these "devils" and of Christ's treatment of their victims. How far Jesus in this, as manifestly He did in other matters, accommodated Himself to the belief of the time, or to the illusions of the maniacs themselves—dealt with them on their own level, for their lasting good—we cannot tell. But it is hardly possible to doubt that the authority of Jesus is given to the belief that these cases of mania were due, not only to disordered tissues of the brain, but to some mysterious possession of evil spirits. The whole relationship of spirit to matter is so involved in mystery that any special mystery within it can scarcely disconcert. For our part, we must be content to take this Gadarene demoniac simply as a type of human life when it has lost its self-control and wanders disordered and confused, the mere prey of morbid passion or delusion.

The still air we breathe is charged with the elements of destruction: two slowly moving clouds will meet, and the languid morning becomes a day of disaster. Within the "mute earth we tread" lie concealed forces which sometimes, with scarce a warning, will upheave its surface, and belch forth fire and brimstone. Our bodies we treat as the most docile of daily servants, on whose ready obedience we rely by instinct; but let an invisible germ enter them, and they are wild with fear and delirium. So it is with our minds and spirits. Each of us contains within himself just those elements of thought and feeling which produce the murderer, the suicide, the maniac. In our senses still lie hid the passions of the savage and the beast. We sometimes think with wonder of the power with which some single white man in the far outposts of the Empire keeps multitudes of wild barbarians in awe and order. But even more wonderful is that slender thread of sanity which keeps the latent forces of disorder within us in peace. The slightest cause may suffice to break it. The few ounces of a drug will at once turn a reasonable man into a furious beast. Nay, think what fantastic maniacs many of us become nightly in our dreams. Even so there are often elements in the moral and intellectual atmosphere which we breathe which act like fever-germs, and involve us in bewilderment or melancholy. Such elements are thick in the atmosphere of our modern life. It is a time of intense self-consciousness, and a time also in which new ideas and sensations jostle and press around us. These are conditions which make it very hard to keep a perfect sanity of soul. You may find a striking instance in the "Journal of Amiel"—a book in which you can trace the descent of a mind intensely self-conscious, brooding over the bewilderments of modern thought and feeling, to disorder and melancholy. It is doubtless an extreme instance, but there are few men who are not conscious sometimes of movements within them—movements of mind or of sensation—which if they were not held in check would throw them off their balance: they are like the low rumblings of the earth which betoken the possibility of an earthquake. No one who watches himself or knows anything of the secret thoughts of his fellow men; no one who discerns the signs of the times in the mass of morbid literature, in the fever of pleasure-seeking, in the rise and fall of curious and fantastic theories of life and conduct—spiritualism, "Christian Science," and the like—in the prevalence of religions of excitement, can doubt that the atmosphere around us is thickly charged with elements of disorder. Who shall say that these tendencies of the time may not be the influence of evil spirits? We talk of the "spirits of the age." Is it a mere metaphor? He would be a bold man who gave a ready answer, and not perhaps the wisest who would answer—yes. Thus it is that we, the men of the nineteenth century in Europe, have some kinship with that poor demoniac of Gadara. And the same Healer is at hand to save.

SECOND SUNDAY

JESUS AND LEGION

Some kinship between ourselves and the Gadarene demoniac—perhaps some of you thought that this comparison was fanciful, indeed morbid. But there is a pathetic word of the demoniac which, when we think of it, shows that the comparison is by no means so fanciful or morbid as we might suppose. Jesus asked him, "What is thy name? and he saith unto Him, My name is Legion, for we are many." He knew not what he really was; only that he was tossed about and carried hither and thither by a crowd of wild and disordered impulses. Well, let us ask ourselves the same question. What is thy name? What art thou in thyself—what is thy real, permanent, personal character? Do we not hesitate to answer? What am I? Nay, I know not: I am so complex, half one thing, half another: one being at one time, another at another; my name is Legion, for we are many.

It is this complexity of life which is, perhaps, the special trial of the times we live in. In olden days, life was surely an altogether simpler business. Men lived and moved and thought in grooves, which had been moulded by the customs of generations. Doubtless there were always the primary struggles—of honour and selfishness, of duty and pleasure, of doubt and faith, of love and trust. But they were waged, we think, on a simpler scale and for a clearer issue. Now, however, in all this tumult of book-writing and discussing, in the thick dust of criticism, the struggle seems to have become a disordered *mêlée*, in which it is often hard to distinguish friends and foes. In literature, in art, in life, we tend to abandon the quest of principles and are content with impressions: and are satisfied if we can balance occasional sensations which we feel to be wrong with occasional sensations which we feel to be right. Complexity—that is the

Strange disease of modern life,
With its sick hurry, its divided aims,
Its head o'ertaxed, its palsied heart.

Most men in truth never seem to ask what they are—what they are really trying to be. And even those of us who cherish ideals are conscious of contrary impulses which attract and claim and hold us; so that we are in doubt sometimes whether we are one man or many. "What is thy name?" We stumble at the answer, and can only say, "It is Legion."

What we need, then, is to simplify life. We must clear a path through the jungle. We must resolutely choose what impulse we mean to follow. After all, we have to make a life, one which will win us an honourable discharge. It is a task impossible to the half-hearted. The will lives or moves only when it has a set purpose before it; it frets to death in the jostle of divided aims. We must cut through the entanglements by a decisive act of choice. Life, if it is to be free, must be simple. The Legion-spirits must be banished.

But how are we to choose? The answer depends on the choice of an authority. It is this—an authority which constrains our loyalty—that we are all really seeking. Mr. Dowden has said of our modern literature: "It is distinguished by its eager and anxious search for spiritual truth; by its restlessness in the presence of spiritual anarchy; by its desire for some spiritual order." And literature is but the expression of life. Our life cries out for an authority. We are tempted sometimes to yield to the authority of some fascinating system; but in fact a mere system only cramps. It destroys, it does not rescue, personality. Instinctively we know that the only authority which can at once order and inspire personality is personal. The authority we need is some "still, strong man."

Legion in ancient Gadara felt the spell of such an authority in the presence of Jesus. And Legion in modern England is still confronted by Him. There He stands, still challenging the world's attention. Legion in us, as in the demoniac, feels the power of His presence. There is no question of the authority of His tone. We cannot even speak of Him as revealing impressions or expressing opinions. He states convictions, states them with the simplicity of an assured possession of the truth. In His lips they have all the freshness and the force of a divine intuition. Among all the words that have been spoken by the guides of men none have been spoken with such calm authority, and none have been vindicated by such a history of power as these: "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." Here, surely is the "still, strong Man" of my soul's need.

> Languor is not in "His" heart,
> Weakness is not in "His" word,
> Weariness not on "His" brow.

For the making of life I must needs choose an authority. I choose His; and I find that by yielding to His mastery, my life continually grows in self-control and sureness; it gains simplicity, strength, freedom. He drives out the Legion and restores me to the right mind. Legion is gone, when to the question, "What is thy name?" I can answer, "A Christian."

THIRD SUNDAY

THE FEAR OF THE SUPERNATURAL

THE people of the town "come to Jesus, and behold him that was possessed with devils sitting clothed and in his right mind, even him that had the legion; and they were afraid." It was a fear very natural and very human. They had heard the tale, they saw the signs, of a display of power forcible and unquestionable. To prove with dramatic completeness that real powers of evil had possessed the man, and that another power had appeared which was their master, they had been driven forth into the herd of swine. Here was one in the midst of these simple folk who held sway over the occult and mysterious powers which ever haunt the dim recesses of human nature. It is no wonder that they were filled with awe.

It would be well, indeed, if, we had more of this spirit of fear. The record of man's life since Christ came is full of instances of a like supernatural transformation. We can see them multiplied in our streets and at our doors. The experience of Saul of Tarsus on the road to Damascus has been, is being, repeated in countless lives. For nineteen hundred years an unseen power has arrested men in their course of life, banished their disorders, and given them a new peace and strength, and they have known and testified that this power was Jesus of Nazareth. The great Napoleon, replying to the flatteries of his friends, once said, "I must be present to be powerful: but there is a Man who calmly looks over the centuries and claims the human heart, and, what is more, He gets it." Sometimes the claim confronts the rough wayfarer, overwhelms him with a force akin to his own passionate nature, rends him with agonies of remorse, and thrills him with a sense of freedom from his sins, and lo! the drunkard, the sensualist, the blasphemer, emerges a new man, pledged to a heroic and resolute quest of sobriety, chastity, reverence. Sometimes the thinker, wearied in his long travel in pursuit of truth, sees a vision which enables him to say, "I have found the ultimate secret; I have heard the Word of God." Sometimes a man who has lost the path of a simple satisfying standard of life, and feels that he is wandering in a maze, finds a hand stretched out to him, which, when he grasps it, leads him on in the joy of security and progress. But the testimony of one and all is the same: it is "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through Jesus Christ our Lord." When we think of it, there is nothing in the world so wonderful as the persistence and the unanimity of this witness. Either it means the mere pathetic recurrence of a beautiful delusion which somehow human nature refuses to abandon; or it means the awful fact that still a Supreme Personality is in our midst, wielding from the Unseen an eternal sway over the hearts and consciences of men. If this be the truth, must not the thought fill us with awe? The very frequency of these spiritual transformations tends to put us at our ease; we talk lightly of "conversions" and "changes" as if they were ordinary occurrences. Rather should they make us tremble: it is an awful thing to be confronted with the manifest signs of a Divine Presence in our midst.

But there is a false fear as well as a true. The men of Gadara were afraid; "and they beseech Him to depart from their borders." The presence of one whose power was so great would disturb their daily life: it would make them uncomfortable, uncertain as to what He would do with them. So is it still. Men do not care to face the awful thought of a divine power among them. It disturbs the easy routine of customary life. We grow so accustomed to our average, ordinary self that we shrink from losing it. We have settled down to our comfortable compromises. We treat our indulgences, as we treat the faults of a friend, as things we cannot imagine ourselves without. We are afraid to be transformed, afraid of the unknown consequences which might follow. So long as it will quietly accommodate itself to the kind of life which we have got used to, so long as we can speak of it as a beautiful ideal, we are not afraid to have a religion. But religion, as the claim of a Person to the entire possession of our body, soul, and spirit, that He may do what He will with them—no, it is too urgent, too exacting, too disturbing; we beseech it to depart from our borders. It is this ignoble fear, taking refuge within the citadel of custom, that makes the Church so stagnant, so void of venture and of power in the world. It becomes, not the sphere of the transforming Spirit of Christ, but the home of compromise. It is good sometimes to think of that echo which shall one day sound from our timorous voices: "Depart from me." The doom will be simply the final fulfilment of a long desire.

The true fear will rather issue in a true courage—the courage of submission. "I see and know Thy power, O thou Spirit of the Living Christ. Yet I will not shrink from it. Rather let me yield to it, and accept it as the master-force of all my living." Such courage is itself transformed: for it becomes the love in which fear is made perfect.

FOURTH SUNDAY

HOME WITNESS

"As Jesus was entering into the boat, he that had been possessed with devils besought Him that he might be with Him." How easily we can realise his feelings! He had been resting in the peace and quiet which had so strangely and so suddenly come to his disordered life. He felt the protection of His presence, who had driven his tormentors forth. But now his rest was broken by the signs of Jesus's departure. The difficulties of the future came home to him.

He would be a marked man, a centre of curiosity for the whole district. His intercourse with men would be necessarily awkward; how would they treat one who had been so long a weird and horrid figure? Perhaps, when the spell of Jesus's presence was removed, the old dreadful trouble would come back; and the Legion would swarm in his soul again. We can imagine the passionate eagerness with which he would beseech Jesus that he might be with Him; protected there from the gaze of men and the fear of himself. But it was not to be. "Jesus suffered him not, but said unto him, 'Go to thy house unto thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and how He had mercy on thee.'" It was a hard command; but he obeyed it resolutely. "He went his way; and began to publish in Decapolis how great things Jesus had done for him."

We can the more easily sympathise with his wish and admire his courage, because most men find that home is the most difficult place of witness. The very circumstances which give home its charm bring their own difficulties to religion. The ease and familiarity of the home-atmosphere put us off our guard. The restraints which we place upon ourselves in our intercourse with the world outside are laid aside. We put them by, with our tools and working clothes. Elsewhere we have a reputation to keep; but at home the strain is loosened; we have no reputation to lose; it is our ordinary slackened self that it is quietly taken for granted. Our household faults are as familiar as our household furniture. The long associations of home-life, if they are in one aspect endearing, are also in another aspect enfeebling. Habits of speech and conduct, ways of treating those who have been around us every day, have grown up and wound themselves round us by a thousand ties, so that we cannot shake them from us. We can make an effort to rise to our best before the outer world, or before God in our own secret prayers and thoughts; but in the home-life we sink back to our most ordinary unheroic level. We cannot utter the brave words we can speak to the crowd or the high aspirations we can sometimes breathe to God, for we shrink from the silent comment of the companions of our home—made not uncharitably, almost unconsciously: "Well, all this is not exactly what we know him to be." To bring into the slackness of home-life the energy of a consistent effort of witness, to speak of things deep and sacred where the whole atmosphere is ordinary and familiar, to brave the perpetual reminders of our own inconsistencies, this is often difficult indeed.

Yet it is for this very reason that Christ sets the home before us as the place of primary witness. The discipline of home difficulty is good for ourselves. It acts as a touchstone of our sincerity. Our life in the world outside is more or less artificial: and the words that we speak, or the sermons that we preach to this outside world are apt to have this taint of artificiality. And, alas! it is easy to be artificial on our knees: to suppose that what we can be there is what we really are. But in the intercourse of home disguises and delusions are impossible; it is bluntly real. It gives us not the delusive happiness of fiction; but the wholesome discipline of fact. If therefore we find that at home we are learning to be more Christ-like, more true to our own ideal, more considerate and unselfish, more able to speak our deepest thoughts frankly and simply, we can thank God that our own religion is becoming more real. There can be nothing artificial about it when it is woven into the familiar intimacies of home.

Moreover, it is just this which will give our religion its value as a witness to others. They will instinctively feel it to be real if they see it answering this difficult test. It is not the eloquence of our words, or the energy of our deeds that commend our religion: it is the impression of its sincerity. Our evidence carries weight when it is recognised to be, not hearsay, but at first hand. If therefore the religion of Christ is to be advanced the need is not so much a vigorous church-life —*that* may be tainted with unreal devotion, or mere interest in ecclesiastical things: not so much a fervent philanthropy—*that* may be tainted with love of influence, or pride of energy: but a strong home religion—for *that* has been tested by the surest discipline of reality. Church religion, national religion, are unstable unless they are based upon the solid foundation of home religion. "Go to thy house and to thy friends and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee."

FROM ONE POINT OF VIEW

By WILLIAM CANTON

BEFORE these pages issue from the press, the tumult of the Election will have dwindled to a calm, and the wind and rain will have stripped the bills of many a candidate from wall and hoarding. In the meanwhile, however, we are in the thick of the contest, and I have taken advantage of the spirit of the moment to renew my acquaintance with Mr. MacDonagh's "Book of Parliament."* The title of the volume is accurate enough, but it is not likely to prove attractive to the general reader. Certainly it does not lead one to anticipate the capital stories, the amusing episodes, the curious survival of old-world customs, and the strange gleanings from the byways of constitutional and social history with which Mr. MacDonagh has enriched his narrative. Describing as it does with thoroughness the whole course and procedure in both Houses, it is an excellent hand-book to the functions, ceremonies and usages of Parliament—if that be an inducement to any mortal; but it is a great deal more. Quite apart from what I may term its hand-book qualities, it is full of fresh and delightful reading, and I should fancy that few books will be more interesting to any one who takes an interest in matters political.

On the 27th of November it will be precisely six hundred and five years since the first real English Parliament—the first perfect representative assembly of the Three Estates—met in session at Westminster. Mr. MacDonagh does not hark back so far in his survey, and indeed it is not necessary to have recourse to a remote antiquity to find piquant and amazing contrasts between our predecessors and ourselves in the way in which many matters connected with Parliament are regarded. Even in these days I dare say it would be difficult to find a more perfect model of graciousness and urbanity than a candidate making a round of the constituency, but the times have passed away for ever when candidates bought peas (from grocers on the register) at £2 12*s*. 6*d*. a quart, as Brinsley Sheridan did at Stafford in 1784, or gooseberries at £25 a plate as another aspirant did at Sudbury in 1826. Duchesses no longer secure butchers' votes with smiles and kisses; and such a picture as that drawn by the poet Cowper of the canvassing of Pitt's cousin, Mr. William W. Grenville, at Olney has long been impossible. After describing the irruption of the candidate and his friends into the yard, the kitchen, and the parlour, "Mr. Grenville," writes Cowper, "advancing towards me, shook me by the hand with a degree of cordiality that was extremely seducing. As soon as he and as many more as could find chairs were seated, he began to open the intent of his visit. I told him I had no vote, for which he readily gave me credit. I assured him I had no influence, which he was not equally inclined to believe, and the less, no doubt, because Mr. Ashburner, the draper, addressing himself to me at the moment, informed me that I had a great deal. Supposing I could not be possessed of such a treasure without knowing it, I ventured my first assertion by saying that if I had any I was utterly at a loss to imagine where it could be or wherein it consisted. Thus ended the conference. Mr. Grenville squeezed me by the hand again, kissed the ladies, and withdrew. He kissed likewise the maid in the kitchen, and seemed upon the whole a most loving, kissing, kind-hearted gentleman." Those were the days of easy political virtue—and they continued long afterwards—when bribery was a fine art and the suitability of a candidate was largely dependent on the length and openness of his purse. "In the early part of this century 350 members, much more than half the House of Commons, were returned by 180 individuals." Boroughs were openly bought and sold, and in some cases a seat was equivalent to an income of £1500 per annum to the patron or the electors. In a county constituency a candidate frequently spent £40,000 in securing the suffrages of the electors, few though they were; and in the remarkable contest for the representation of Yorkshire in 1807—the most expensive election on record—when the great Wilberforce and Lord Milton were returned, the three candidates spent between them £300,000, about £13 for each of the 23,000 votes polled. Yet in certain instances a plea of justification might be urged. Sir Samuel Romilly, who paid the Duke of Norfolk £2000 for Horsham, writes: "This buying of seats is detestable, and yet it is almost the only way in which one in my situation, who is resolved to be an independent man, can get into Parliament. To come in by a popular election in the present state of the representation is quite impossible; to be placed there by some great lord and to vote as he shall direct is to be in a state of complete dependence; and nothing hardly remains but to own a seat to the sacrifice of a part of one's fortune." This evil state of matters was swept away by the Corrupt Practices Act of 1883, which fixed a maximum scale of electioneering expenses. But even now, as Mr. MacDonagh points out, although all property qualifications were abolished in 1858, "the aspirant for Parliamentary honours must have money in his purse. The heavy charges of the returning-officer are defrayed by the candidates. If there be no contest, the candidate on nomination pays £25. In the event of a contest the charges are considerably higher. They run in boroughs from £100 up to £700, and in counties from £150 to £1000, according to the number of electors on the register, and are apportioned equally among the candidates." The last General Election in which expenditure was unlimited—that of 1880—cost the candidates over two millions of money, while in 1885, in the Election which followed the Redistribution and Corrupt Practices Acts, the gross total amounted to £1,026,646.

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* "The Book of Parliament." By Michael MacDonagh, author of "Bishop Doyle: a Biographical and Historical Study." Isbister and Co. 6*s*.

It is worth noting that the ineligibility of clergymen was not decided till the return of the Rev. J. Horne Tooke, the well-known Radical, for the grass-grown rings and ditches of Old Sarum in 1801, when an Act was passed to prevent the admission of the Established Church clergy and ministers of the Church of Scotland: and Catholic priests were disqualified by the Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829. Probably it is not generally known that judges, county-court judges, stipendiary magistrates, revising barristers, certain State officers, civil servants and Government contractors are also excluded from the House of Commons.

It is a curious fact that "it took forty years to convince Parliament of the beneficence of the Ballot." Grote, the historian, brought in a measure for secret voting in 1833; in 1857 a resolution in favour of the change was carried by a majority of 37; a Select Committee reported in the same sense in 1868; in 1871 Mr. Forster's Ballot Bill passed through the Commons, but was rejected in the Lords on the motion —of all people—of the earnest and philanthropic Earl of Shaftesbury. It was not till the following session that a measure securing the elector from undue influence and from the possible consequences of voting in accordance with his own convictions was passed into law.

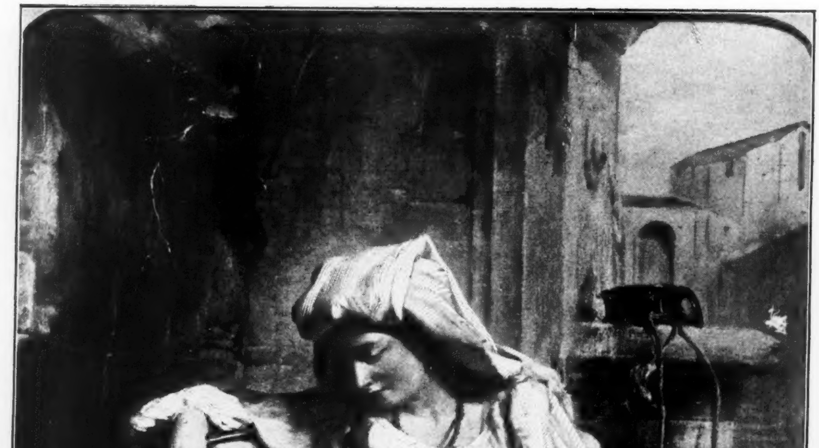
Mr. MacDonagh suggests some of the curious accidents and adventures — and readers of the social novels of less than half a century ago will recollect others—which in the old days befell voters on their way to the poll. Coaches broke down mysteriously in solitary places, vessels unaccountably lost their way along the coast and turned up at foreign ports; but even now election days have their amusing dodges and ludicrous episodes. In 1895, at Cork, "four voters were married to ladies whose political views differed from those held by their lords, and on the polling day these gentle dames rose early in the morning and left their respective homes, carrying every stitch of male attire from the house, with the keys, after locking in their unconscious victims. Fate, however, was against the ladies. They had reckoned without the canvasser, who, before the poll closed, discovered the clothesless electors, and having wrapped them in blankets had them conveyed in carriages to the polling booths, where they arrived just in time to record their votes." At Londonderry at the same election one voter was brought to the poll in his bed ten minutes before closing time; and another, who was liable to arrest for wife-beating, was smuggled to the booth huddled in bed-clothes and disguised in a false beard. He was recognised by the agent for the rival candidate, but before the police could obtain the warrant for his capture he had managed to disappear. The mention of Irish incidents reminds me of another story which Mr. MacDonagh relates as an illustration of the curious estimation in which an Irish M.P. is—or at least was—held by the Irish police. "The *Irish Times* of Dublin," he says, "was represented at a proclaimed meeting at Ennis, in 1889, by a reporter who wore a tall hat. In the *mêlée* a policeman smashed the hat with a blow of his baton. 'What did you do that for?' asked the reporter indignantly; 'I am a member of the press.' 'Oh, I beg your pardon,' said the constable, most apologetically and humbly; 'sure I thought you were a member of Parliament.'"

I suppose many people like myself have wondered with Macaulay "what the fascination is which attracts men who could sit over their tea and their book in their own cool, quiet room to breathe bad air, hear bad speeches, lounge up and down the long gallery, and doze uneasily on the green benches till three in the morning." It cannot be the seat in St. Margaret's Church hard by or the reader's ticket for the library of the British Museum; possibly after all the secret is divulged in the saying attributed to an author who caught the fancy of some constituency: "I wrote books for twenty years, and I was nobody; I got into Parliament, and before I had taken my seat I had become somebody." And certainly there is a curious magic about the "M.P." after a man's name which it would be foolish to despise. Indeed, who can deny the impressiveness which any addendum of the kind gives to the lucky mortal entitled to wear it? M.P., LL.D., D.D., and all the other literally literary honours are to a man what a train is to a woman. For myself I must confess I am waiting hopefully for the right to add some similar flourish to my signature. Unhappily—or perhaps happily—the notion of paid members does not commend itself to the sense of dignity in the great assembly. In other countries the custom is common enough. "In Greece the senators get £20 per month and the deputies £10; in France members of each house receive £1 per day; in Denmark about 16*s.* per day; in Germany about 10*s.* 6*d.* per day. In Austria the pay is £1 per day. In Belgium each member of the Chamber of Representatives gets £17 per month. In Portugal the peers and commoners are paid an equal sum, which is about £67 a year. In Switzerland members of the National Council get 10*s.* 6*d.* daily, and the Council of State (the Lower House) about 6*s.* In the United States every senator and member of the House of Representatives receives £1000 per annum, besides a mileage allowance, at the rate of 10*d.* a mile, for travelling expenses to and from Washington, and £25 a year for stationery. In Victoria M.P.s are paid £240 a year."

A curious custom, which carries us back to the Gunpowder Plot of 1605, is observed at the opening of Parliament. Early in the forenoon the chief police inspectors of both Houses, with four Queen's Marshalmen, ten Yeomen of the Guard, and a Sergeant-major, accompany the Lord Chamberlain and Black Rod on a tour through the basement of the Palace at Westminster, in strict observance of the instructions drawn up three centuries ago. Lanterns are provided for the Yeomen, though the daylight streams into these subterranean passages; but as the ancient orders provide for "lanterns" merely, not for "lighted lanterns," it is not considered necessary to do more than comply with the letter of the instructions. No one but those officially engaged is allowed to be present at this odd ceremonial, which reminds me of two other peculiar survivals of old routine. At Chatham Institute, it is said, a sentry has from time immemorial kept guard over the important military documents preserved there. In the distant past a passer-by who failed to answer the challenge was shot, and after this mishap the sentry was armed with a heavy club instead of a rifle. His ten rounds of ammunition, however, were served out to him as usual, and they are still served out to this day. The story has an apocryphal air, and is not so pretty as that of the sentinel who was noticed by a guest of the Czar standing in the middle of a lawn in the Summer Garden of St. Petersburg. Inquiry was made as to the reason of his being stationed there, and after a fruitless search through the military records it was at last ascertained that over a century before Catherine II. had found a snowdrop on that spot, and had given orders that it should be protected from being plucked! It was another survival which caused the destruction of the ancient Palace of Westminster on the 16th October, 1834. The method of keeping accounts by tallies—short rods of hazel or willow notched and inscribed with the amount due and the name of the debtor and the date of the transaction and then split lengthwise, one half being given as a receipt and the other preserved as a record—was introduced by the Normans at the Conquest, and the custom of using these notched sticks was continued, in spite of the Act passed for their abolition in 1783, down to so recent a date as 1826. A large quantity of tallies had been stored in the lumber-rooms of every Government office, and in destroying several cartloads of these in the stove of the heating apparatus of the House of Lords the building was set on fire. The present huge pile, which covers an area of nine acres and cost over two millions sterling, was begun in 1840 and completed in 1852, when the architect Charles Barry, R.A., received the honour of knighthood.

The present clock tower (320 feet from spire to base) stands on the site of the clock tower of the old Palace, which contained the great clock, "Tom of Westminster." Here, too, tradition preserves a pretty story. The cost of the clock, it is said, was defrayed from a fine imposed on Ralph de Hingham, Chief Justice of England, in the reign of Edward I., for "altering a court roll in favour of a poor man," according to Sir Walter Besant, and the striking of the clock was intended "to remind the judges of the neighbouring courts to administer true justice." The present clock, which was constructed under the direction of the late Astronomer Royal, Sir G. Airy, at a cost of £8734, is the largest in the world. The first large bell—called "Big Ben" after Sir Benjamin Hall, First Commissioner of Works at the time—cracked after being a few months in use, and "Big Ben II.," which replaced it in 1858, has shared the same fate. About half-way up the tower are the rooms assigned for the confinement of offending members of the House, arrested on the order of the Speaker. The last prisoner was Mr. Bradlaugh, who spent twenty-four hours in seclusion ten years ago.

The mention of Mr. Speaker reminds me that some of the most interesting details in Mr. MacDonagh's book cluster around the First Commoner of the Realm. In "the long, long ago" it was the custom of the Speaker Designate to protest against the honour that was being thrust upon him, to point out with humble emphasis how little suited he was in rank, affluence, and personal graces for the dignity of his office, to struggle with his sponsors as they led him to the hallowed chair of state. Of all this little comedy nothing now survives, except the significant action of his proposer and seconder in taking him by the hands and conducting him to the seat of authority. The title of First Commoner, by the way, is no mere elegance of diction; the title, with the precedence implied, was conferred by an Act in the reign of William and Mary, and, strange to tell, the first of the First Commoners, Sir John Trevor, was expelled from the House for receiving a bribe of 1000 guineas for helping to pass a Bill through Parliament. The practice of calling by name the next member to address the House originated with Trevor. Formerly when a member "caught the Speaker's eye," Mr. Speaker merely bowed to signify his assent, but as Sir John Trevor squinted, and as it frequently happened that two members in different parts of the House rose simultaneously in consequence of catching the Speaker's eye, the expedient of calling on a member by name was adopted. The reason why the only member of the House who cannot take part in the debates is called distinctively The Speaker, opens a very old chapter of constitutional history. The Speaker is not only speechless, but he does not vote, except in the case of a tie in a division; and "there are only about fifteen occasions recorded on which the Speaker was called upon to give the casting vote." The latest instance mentioned by Mr. MacDonagh happened in 1864, when on the casting vote of Mr. Speaker Denison, the Tests Abolition (Oxford) Bill was passed; the most memorable happened in 1806, in connection with the impeachment of Lord Melville, who was Treasurer to the Navy in the Ministry of Pitt. Two hundred and sixteen voted for, and two hundred and sixteen against the motion adjudging Melville guilty. It lay with the Speaker to turn the balance. "For ten minutes he sat in the chair pale and trembling, in the crowded and deeply excited House, before he could gather sufficient physical strength to rise and deliver his decision. It was against Lord Melville!"



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THE CRADLE

By R. Herdman

THE HALF-HEARTED*

By JOHN BUCHAN, Author of "John Burnet of Barns," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON BROWNE

CHAPTER XXXII

THE NIGHT HOURS

GEORGE had sent his men to Khautmi before he entered the telegraph hut, and he followed himself in twenty minutes. Somewhere upon the hill-road he met St. John with a dozen men, who abused him roundly and besought details.

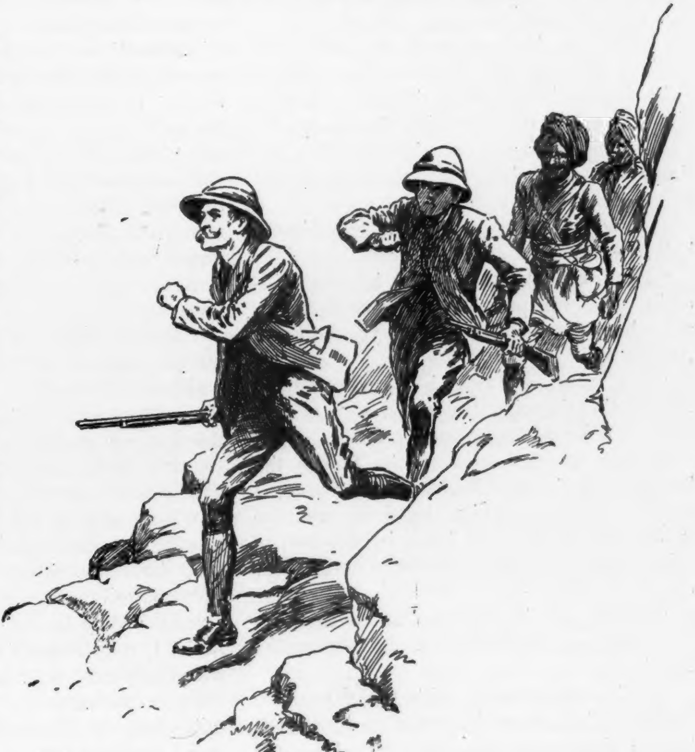
"Are you sure?" he cried. "For Heaven's sake, say you're mistaken. For, if you're not, upon my soul it's the last hour for all of us."

George was in little mood for jest. He told Lewis's tale in a few words.

"A pass beyond Nazri," the man cried. "Why, I was there shooting buck last week. Up the nullah and over the ridge, and then a cleft at the top of the next valley? Does he say there's a pass there? Maybe, but I'll be hanged if an army could get through. If we get there we can hold it."

"We haven't time. They may be here at any moment. Send men to Forza and get them to light the fires. Oh, for Heaven's sake, be quick! I've left Haystoun down there. The obstinate beggar was too tired to move."

Over all the twenty odd miles between Forza and Khautmi there is a chain of fires which can be used for signals in the Border wars. On this night Khautmi should take the west side of the Nazri gully and Forza the east, and the two quickest runners in the place were sent off to Andover with the news. He was to come towards them, leaving men at the different signal posts in case of scattered assaults, and if he came in time the two forces should join in holding the Nazri pass. But should the invader come before, then it fell on the Khautmi men to stand alone. It was a smooth green hollow in the stony hills, some hundred yards wide,



"St. John and George with their men ran down the hard road"

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* Copyright 1899, in the United States of America, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

and at the most they might hope to make a fight of thirty minutes. St. John and George with their men ran down the hard road till the sweat dripped from their brows though the night was chilly. Mitchinson was to follow with the rest and light the fires; meantime they must get to Nazri in case the march should forestall them. St. John was cursing his ill-luck. Two hours earlier and they might have held the distant cleft in the hills, and, if they were doomed to perish, have perished to some purpose. But the holding of the easy Nazri pass was sheer idle mania, and yet it was the only chance of gaining some paltry minutes. As for George he had forgotten his vexations. His one anxiety was for Lewis; that he should be in time to have his friend at his side. And when at last they came down on the pass and saw the camp-fire blazing fiercely and no trace of the enemy he experienced a sense of vast relief. Lewis was making himself comfortable, cool beggar that he was, and now was probably sleeping. He should be left alone; so he persuaded St. John that the best point to take their stand on was on a shoulder of hill beyond the fire. It gave him honest pleasure to think that at last he had stolen a march on his friend. He should at least have his sleep in peace before the inevitable end.

He looked at his watch; it was almost half-past eleven.

"Haystoun said they'd be here at midnight," he whispered to his companion. "We haven't long. When do you suppose Andover will come?"

"Not for an hour and a half at the earliest. Afraid this is going to be our own private show. Where's Haystoun?"

George nodded back to the fire in the hollow, and the tent beside it. "There, I expect, sleeping. He's dog-tired, and he always was a very cool hand in this sort of thing. He'll be wakened soon enough, poor chap."

"You're sure he can't tell us anything?"

"Nothing. He told me all. Better let him be."

Mitchinson came up with the rearguard. Living all but alone in the wilds had made him a silent man compared to whom the taciturn St. John was garrulous. He nodded to George, and sat down.

"How many are we?" George asked.

"Forty-three, counting the three of us. Not enough for a good stand. Wonder how it'll turn out. Never had to do such a thing before."

St. John, whose soul longed for Maxims, posted his men as best he could. There was no time to throw up earthworks, but a rough cairn of stone which stood in the middle of the hollow gave at least a central rallying ground. Then they waited, watching the fleecy night vapours blow across the peaks and straining their ears for the first sound of men.

George grew impatient. "It can't be more than five miles to the pass. Shouldn't some of us try to get there? It would make all the difference."

St. John declined sharply. "We've taken our place and we must stick to it. We can't afford to straggle. Hullo! It's just on twelve. Thwaite has had three hours to prepare, and he's bound to have wakened the south. I fancy the business won't quite come off this time."

Suddenly in the chilly silence there rose something like the faint and distant sound of rifles. It was no more than the sound of stone dropping on a rock ledge, for, still and clear and cold though the night was, the narrowness of the valley and the height of the cliffs dulled all distant sounds. But each man had the ear of the old hunter, and waited with head bent forward.

Again the ***drip-drip;*** then a scattering noise as when one lets peas fall on the floor.

"God! That's carbines. Who on earth are they fighting with?" Mitchinson's eye had lost its lethargy. His scraggy neck was craned forward, and his grim mouth had relaxed into a grimmer smile.

"It's them, sure enough," said St. John, and spoke something to his servant.

"I'm going forward," said George. "It may be somebody else making a stand, and we're bound to help."

"You're bound not to be an ass," said St. John. "Who in the Lord's name could it be? It may be the Badas polishing off some hereditary foes, or it may be Marker getting rid of some wandering hillmen. Man, we're miles beyond the pale. Who's to make a stand but ourselves?"

Again came the patter of little sounds, and then a long calm.

"They're through now," said St. John.

"The next thing to listen for is the sound of their feet. When that comes I pass the word along and we close up. Keep standing all, and sell yourselves dear. We're all safe for heaven, so keep your minds easy."

But the sound of feet was long in coming. Only the soft night airs, and at rare intervals an eagle's cry, or the bleat of a doe from the valley bottom. The first half-hour of waiting was a cruel strain. In such moments a man's sins rise up large before him. When his future life is narrowed down to an hour's compass, he sees with cruel distinctness the follies of his past. A thousand things he had done or left undone loomed on George's mental horizon. His slackness, his self-indulgence, his unkindness—he went over the whole innocent tale of his sins. To your happy man who lives in the open and meets the world with a square front this forced final hour of introspection has peculiar terrors. Meantime Lewis was sleeping peacefully in the tent by the still cheerful fire. Thank God, he was spared this hideous waiting!

About two Andover turned up with fifteen men, hot and desperate. He listened to St. John's story in silence.

"Thank God, I'm in time. Who found out this? Haystoun? Good man, Lewis! I wonder who has been firing out there. They can't have been stopped? It's getting infernally late for them anyhow, and I believe there's a little hope. It would be too risky to leave this pass, but I vote we send a scout."

A man was chosen and despatched. Two hours later he returned to the mystified watchers at Nazri. He had been on the hill-shoulder and looked into the cleft. There was no sign of men there, but he had heard the sound of men, though where he could not tell. Far down the cleft there was a gleam of fire, but no man near it.

"That's a Bada dodge," said Andover promptly. "Now I wonder if Marker trusted too much to these gentry, and they have done us the excellent service of misleading him. They hate us like blazes, and they'd sell their souls any day for a dozen cartridges; so it can't have been done on purpose. Seems to me there has been a slip in his plans somewhere."

But the sound of voices! The man was questioned closely, and he was strong on its truth. He was a hillman from the west of the Khyber, and he swore that he knew the sound of human speech in the hills many miles off, though he could not distinguish a word.

"In thirty minutes it will be morning," said George. "Lord, such a night, and Lewis to have missed it all." His spirits were rising, and he lit a pipe. The North was safe whatever happened, and, as the inertness of midnight passed off, he felt satisfaction in any prospect, however hazardous. He sat down beneath a boulder and smoked, while Andover talked keenly with the others. They were the frontier soldiers, and this was their profession; he was the amateur to whom technicalities were unmeaning.

Suddenly he sprang up, and touched St. John on the shoulder. A great chill seemed to have passed over the world, and on the hilltops there was a faint light. Both men looked to the east, and there beyond the Forza hills was the red foreglow spreading over the grey. It was dawn, and with the dawn came safety. The fires had burned low, and the vagrant morning winds were beginning to scatter the white ashes. Now was the hour for bravado, since the time for silence had gone. St. John gave the word, and it was passed like a roll-call to left and right, the farthest man shouting it along the ribs of mountain to the next watch-fire. The air had grown clear and thin, and far off the dim repetition was heard, which told of sentries at their place, and the line of posts which rimmed the frontier.

Mitchinson moistened his dry lips and filled his lungs with the cold fresh air. "That," he said slowly, "is the morning report of the last outpost of the Empire, and by the grace of God it's 'All's well.'"

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE BLESSING OF GAD

"Gad—a troop shall overcome him, but he shall overcome at the last"

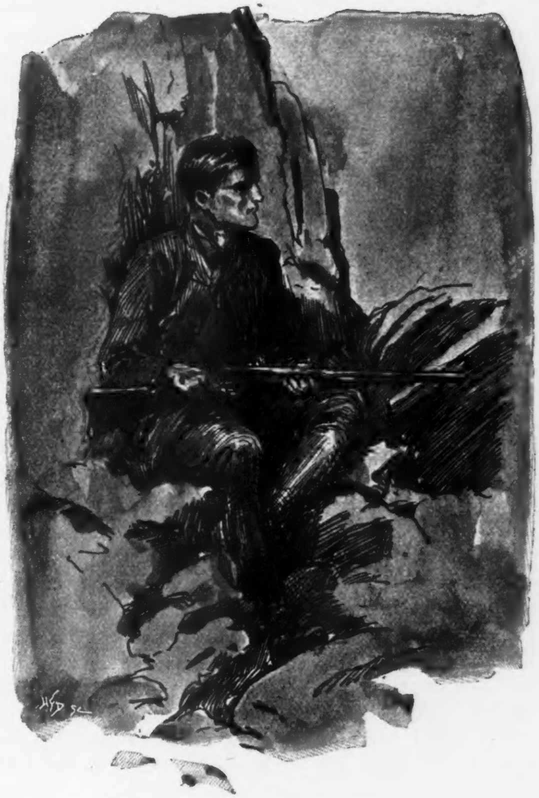
LEWIS peered into the gorge and saw only a thin darkness. The high walls made pits of shade at the foot, but above there was a misty column of light which showed the spectres of rock and bush in the nullah beyond. It was all but dark, and the stars were coming out like the lights on a sea-wall, hard and cold and gleaming. Just in the throat of the pass a huge boulder had fallen and left a passage not two yards wide. Beyond there was a sharp descent of a dozen feet to the gravelled bottom which fell away in easier stages to the other watershed. Here was a place made by Nature for his plans. With immense pains he rolled the biggest stones he could move to the passage, so that they were poised above the slope. He tried the great boulder, too, with his shoulders, and it seemed to quiver. In the last resort this mass of rock might be sent crashing down the incline, and by the blessing of God it should account for its man.

He brought his rifles forward to the stones, loaded them and felt the cartridges easy in his pocket. They were for the thirty-yards range; his pistol would be kept for closer quarters. He tried one after the other, cuddling the stock to his chin. They were all dear-loved weapons, used in deer-stalking at home and on many a wilder beat. He knew the tricks of each, and he had little pet devices laughed at by his friends. This one had clattered down thirty feet of rock in Ross-shire as the scars on the stock bore witness, and another had his initials burned in the wood, the relic of a winter's night in a Finnish camp. A thousand old pleasant memories came back to him, the sights and scents and sounds of forgotten places, the zest of toil and escapade, the joy of food and warmth and rest. Well! he had lived, had tasted to the full the joys of the old earth, the kindly mother of her children. He had faced death thoughtlessly many times, and now the Ancient Enemy was on his heals and he was waiting to give him greeting. A phrase ran in his head, some trophy from his aimless wanderings among books, which spoke of death coming easily to one "who has walked steadfastly in the direction of his dreams." It was a comforting thought to a creature of moods and fancies. He had failed, doubtless, but he had ever kept some select fanciful aim unforgotten. In all his weakness he had never betrayed this ultimate Desire of the Heart.

Some few feet up the cliff was a little thicket of withered thorns. The air was chilly and the cleft was growing very black. Why should not he make a fire behind the great boulder? He gathered some armfuls and heaped them in a space of dry sand. They were a little wet, so they burned slowly with a great smoke, which the rising night wind blew behind him. He was still hungry, so he ate the food he had brought in his pockets; and then he lit his pipe. How oddly the tobacco tasted in this moment of high excitement! It was as if the essence of all the pipes he had ever smoked was concentrated into this last one. The smoke blew back, and as he sniffed its old homely fragrance he seemed to feel the smell of peat and heather, of drenched homespun in the snowy bogs, and the glory of a bright wood fire and the moorland cottage. In a second his thoughts were many thousand miles away. The night wind cooled his brow, and he looked into the dark gap and saw his own past.

The first picture was a cold place on a low western island. Snow was drifting sparsely, and a dull grey Atlantic swell was grumbling on the reefs. He was crouching among the withered rushes, where seaweed and shells had been blown, and snow lay in dirty patches. He felt the thick collar of his shooting coat tight about his neck, while the December evening grew darker and colder. A ghillie, who had no English, was lying at his right hand, and far out at sea a string of squattering geese were slowly drifting shorewards with the wind. He saw the scene clear in every line, and he remembered the moment as if it had been yesterday. It had been one of his periods of great exultation. He had just left Oxford, and had fled northward after some weeks in Paris to wash out the taste of civilisation from his mouth among the island north-westers. He had had a great day among the woodcock, and now was finishing with a stalk after wild geese. He was furiously hungry, chilled and soaked to the bone, but riotously happy. His future seemed to stretch before him, a brighter continuation of a bright past, a time for high achievement, bold work, and yet no surcease of pleasure. He had been master of himself in that hour, his body firm and strong, his soul clear, his mind a tempered weapon awaiting his hands.

And then the scene changed to a June evening in his own countryside. He was deep in the very heart of the hills beside a little loch, whose clear waves lapped on beaches of milky sand. It was just on twilight, and an infinite sighing of soft winds was around him, a far-away ineffable brightness of sunset, and the good scents of dusk among thyme and heather. He had fished all the afternoon and his catch lay on the bent beside him. He was to sleep the night in his plaid, and already a fire of heather-roots behind him was prepared for supper. He had been for a swim and his hair was still wet on his forehead. Just across a conical hill rose into the golden air, the highest hill in all the countryside, but here but a little thing, for the loch was as high as many a hilltop. Just on its face was a scaur, and there a raven—a speck—was wheeling slowly. Among the little islands broods of mallard were swimming, and trout in a bay were splashing with wide circles. The whole place had seemed caught up into an ecstasy, a riot of gold and crimson and far-off haunting shades and scents and voices. And yet it was no wild spectacle; it was the delicate comfort of it all which had charmed him. Life seemed one glorious holiday, the world a garden of the gods. There was his home across the hills with its cool chambers, its books and pictures, its gardens and memories. There were his friends up and down the earth. There was the earth itself waiting for his conquest. And meantime there was this airy land around him, his own by the earliest form of occupation.



"His past was wiped out behind him"

The fire died down to embers and a sudden scattering of ashes woke him out of his dreaming. The old Scots land was many thousand miles away. His past was wiped out behind him. He was alone in a very strange place, cut off by a great gulf from youth and home and pleasure. For an instant the extreme loneliness of an exile's death smote him, but in a little he comforted himself. The heritage of his land and his people was his in this ultimate moment a hundredfold more than ever. The sounding tale of his people's wars—one against a host, a foray in the mist, a last stand among the mountain snows—sang in his heart like a tune. The fierce Northern exultation which glories in hardship and the forlorn came upon him with such keenness and delight that as he looked into the night and the black unknown he felt the joy of a greater kinship. He was kin to men lordlier than himself, the true-hearted who had ridden the King's path and trampled a little world under foot. To the old fighters in the Border wars the stout religionists of the south, the Highland gentlemen of the Cause, he cried greeting over the abyss of time. He had lost no inch of his inheritance. Where indeed was the true Scotland? Not in the little barren acres he had left, the few thousands of city-folk, or the contentions of unlovely creeds and vain philosophies. The elect of his race had ever been the wanderers. No more than Hellas had his land a paltry local unity. Wherever the English flag was planted anew, wherever the last stand was made in the march of Western progress, wherever men did their duty faithfully and without hope of little reward—there was the true land of the true patriot.

The time was passing and still the world was quiet. The hours must be close on midnight and still there was no sign of men. For the first time he dared to hope for success. Before, an hour's delay was all that he had sought. To give the North time for a little preparation, to make defence possible, had been his aim; now with the delay he seemed to see a chance for victory. Bardur would be alarmed hours ago; men would be on the watch all over Kashmir and the Punjaub; the railways would be guarded. The invader would find at the least no easy conquest. When they had trodden his life out in the defile they would find stronger men to bar their path, and he would not have died in vain. It was a slender satisfaction for vanity, for what share would he have in the defence? Unknown, unwept, he would perish utterly, and to others would be the glory. He did not care, nay, he rejoiced in the brave obscurity. He had never sought so vulgar a thing as fame. He was going out of life like a snuffed candle. George, if George survived, would know nothing of his death. He was miles beyond the frontier, and if George, after months of war, should make his way to this fatal cleft, what trace would he find of him? And all his friends, Wratislaw, Arthur Mordaunt, the folk of Glenavelin—no word would ever come to them to tell them of his end.

But Alice—and in one wave there returned to him the story which he had striven to put out of his heart. She had known him in his weakness, but she would never think of him in his strength. The whimsical fate pleased him. The last meeting on that grey autumn afternoon at the Broken Bridge had heartened him for his travellings. It had been a compact between them; and now he was redeeming the promise of the tryst. And she would never know it, would only know that somewhere and somehow he had ceased to struggle with an inborn weakness. Well-a-day! It was no world of rounded corners and complete achievements. It was enough if a hint, a striving, a beginning were found in the scheme of man's frailty. He had no clear-cut conception of a future—that was the happy lot of the strong-hearted—but he had a generous intolerance of little success. He did not ask rewards, but he prayed for the hope of a good beginning or a gallant failure. The odd romance which lies in the wanderer's brain welcomed the paradox. Alice and her bright hair floated dim on the horizon of his vision, something exquisite and dear, a memory, a voice, a note of tenderness in this last exhilaration. A sentimental passion was beyond him; he was too critical of folly to worship any lost lady; and he had no love for vain reminiscences. But the girl had become the embodied type of the past. A year ago he had not seen her, now she was home and childhood and friends to him. For a moment there was the old heart-hunger, but the pain had gone. The ineffectual longing which had galled him had perished at the advent of his new strength.

For in this ultimate moment he at last seemed to have come to his own. The vulgar little fears which, like foxes, gnaw at the roots of the heart, had gone; even the greater perils of faint hope and a halting energy. The half-hearted had become the great-hearted. The resistless vigour of the strong and the simple was his. He stood in the dark gully peering into the night, his muscles stiff from heel to neck. The weariness of the day had gone; only the wound in his ear got the day before had begun to bleed afresh. He wiped the blood away with his handkerchief, and laughed at the thought of this little care. In a few minutes he would be facing death, and now he was staunching a pin-prick.

He wondered idly how soon death would come. It would be speedy, at least, and final. And then the glory of the utter loss. His bones whitening among the stones, the sun of summer beating on them and the great winter snowdrifts decently covering them with a white sepulchre. A verse of an old ballad ran in his head. "Mony's the ane for him maks mane," ay! many!

But none sall ken whar he is gane,
Ower his white banes when they are bare,
The wind sall blaw for evermair.

For evermore, one with the hills and the alien soil, the plaything of the storms. It was august, imperial. No man could seek a lordlier burial. It was the death he had always craved. From murder, fire and sudden death, why should we call on the Lord to deliver us? A broken neck in a hunting field, a slip on rocky mountains, a wounded animal at bay—such was the environment of death for which he had ever prayed. But this—this was beyond his dreams. The sordid modern world had fallen behind him, and he had been granted the heritage of chivalry and old adventure.

And with it all a great humility fell upon him. His battles were all unfought. His life had been careless and gay; and the tragic commonplaces of faith and duty had been things of small meaning. He had lived on the confines of a little aristocracy of birth and wealth and talent, and the great melancholy world scourged by the winds of God had seemed to him but a phrase of rhetoric. His creeds and his arguments seemed meaningless now in this solemn hour; the truth had been his no more than his crude opponents'! Had he his days to live over again he would look on the world with serious eyes. No man any more should call him a dreamer. But few get a second chance, and he was to be cut off in the very dawn of this new virtue. It pleased him to think that, half-hearted and sceptical as he had been, a humorist, a laughing philosopher, he was now dying for one of the common catchwords of the crowd. He had returned to the homely paths of the commonplace, and, young, unformed, untried, he was caught up by kind fate to the place of the wise and the heroic.

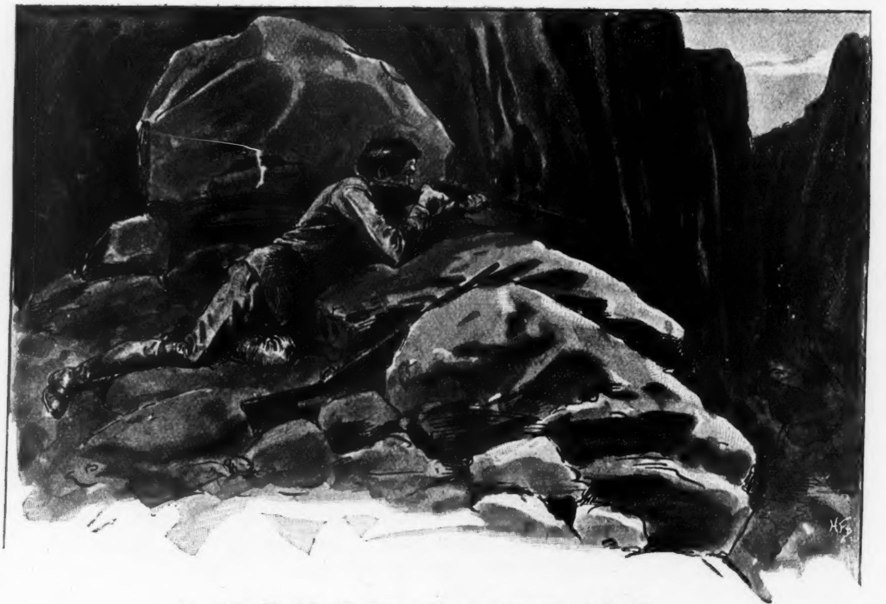
Suddenly on his thoughts there broke in a dull tread of men, a sound of slipping stones and feet upon dry gravel. He broke into the cold sweat of tense nerves, and waited, half hidden, with his rifle ready. Then came the light of dull lanterns which showed a thin, endless column beneath the rock walls. They advanced with wonderful quietness, the sound of feet broken only by a soft word of command. He calculated the distance—now it was three hundred yards, now two, now a bare eighty. At fifty his rifle flew to his shoulder and he fired. His nerves were bad, for one bullet clicked on the rock, while the second took the dust a yard before the enemy's feet. Instantly there was a halt and the sound of speech.

The failure had steadied him. The second pair of shots killed their men. He heard the quick cry of pain and shivered. He was new to this work and the cry hurt him. But he picked up his express and fired again, and again there was a cry and a fall. Then he heard a word of command and the sound of men creeping in the side of the nullah. Eye and ear were marvellously acute at the moment, for he picked out the scouts and killed them. Then he loaded his rifles and waited.

He saw a man in the half light not five yards below him. He fired and the man dropped, but he had used his rifle and the great spattering of earth showed his whereabouts. Now was the time for keen eye and steady arm. The enemy had halted thirty yards off and beneath the slope there was a patch of darkness. He kept one eye on this, for it might contain a man. He fixed his attention on a ray of moonlight which fell across the floor of the gully. When a man crept past this he shot, and he rarely failed.

Then a command was given and the column came forward at a double. He fired two shots, but the advance continued. They passed the ray of light and he saw the whites of their eyes and the gleam of teeth and steel. They paused a second to fire a volley, and a storm of shot rattled about him. He had stepped back into his shelter, and was unscathed, but when he looked out he saw the enemy at the foot of the slope. His weapons were all loaded except the express, and in mad haste he sent shot after shot into the ranks. The fire halted them, and for a second they were on the edge of a panic. This unknown destruction coming out of the darkness was terrifying to the stoutest hearts. All the while there was wrath behind them. This stopping of the advance column was throwing the whole force into confusion. Angry messages came up from the centre, and distracted officers cursed their native guides.

Meanwhile Lewis was something wholly unlike himself, a maddened creature with every sense on the alert drinking in the glory of the fight. He husbanded the chances of his life with generous parsimony. Every chance meant some minutes' delay and every delay a new link of safety for the North. His cartridges were getting near an end, but there still remained the stones and his pistol and the power of his arm hand to hand. He was still unwounded and untired, and always through his head ran the curious refrain—"The wind sall blaw for evermair — for evermair."



"At fifty his rifle flew to his shoulder and he fired"

Suddenly came a second volley which all but killed him, bullets glancing on all sides of him and scraping the rocks with a horrid message of death. Then on the heels of it came a charge up the slope. The turn had come for the last expedient. He rushed to the stone and with the strength of madness rooted it from its foundation. It wavered for a second and then with a cloud of earth and gravel it plunged downwards. A second and it had ploughed its way with a sickening grinding sound into the ranks of the men below. There was one wild scream of terror, and then a retreat, a flight, almost a panic.

Down in the hollow was a babel of sound, men yelping with fright, officers calming and cursing them, and the shouting of the forces behind. For Lewis the last moment was approaching. The neck of the pass was now bare and wide and half of the slope was gone. He had lost his weapons in the fall, all but his express, and the loosening of the stone had crushed his foot so that he could scarcely stand. Then order seemed to be restored, for a second volley rang out, which passed over his head as he crouched on the ground. The enemy were advancing, slowly, resolutely. He knew that now there was something different in their tread.

He was calm and quiet. The mad exhilaration was ebbing and he was calculating chances as dispassionately as a scientist in his study. Two shots, the six chambers of his pistol, and then he would be ground to powder. The moon rode over the top of cleft and a sudden wave of light fell on the slope, the writhing dead below, the advancing column. It gave him a chance for fair shooting, and he did not miss. But the men were maddened with anger and taunts, and they would have charged a battery. They came up on the slope with a fierce rush, cursing in gutturals. He slipped behind the old friendly jag of rock and waited till they were abreast. Then began a strange pistol practice. Crouching in the darkness he selected his men and shot them, making no mistake. The front ranks of the column turned to the right and lunged with their bayonets into the gloom. But the man knew his purpose. He climbed farther back till he was above their heads, looking down on ranks of white inhuman faces mad with slaughter and the courage which is next door to fear. They were still advancing, but with uncertain air. He saw his chance and took it. Crying out he knew not what, he leapt among them with clutched rifle, striking madly to right and left. There was a roar of fright, and for a moment a space was cleared around him. He fought like a maniac, stumbling with his crushed foot and leaving two men stunned at his feet. But it was only for a moment. A bayonet entered his side and his rifle snapped at the stock. He grappled with the nearest man and pulled him to the ground, for he could stand no longer. Then there came a wild surge around, twenty bayonets pierced him, and in the article of death he was conscious of a great press which ground him into the earth. The next moment the column was marching over his body.

Dawn came with light and sweet airs to the dark cleft in the hills. Just at that moment when the red east was breaking into spires and clouds of colour, and the little morning winds were beginning to flutter among the crags, two men were standing in the throat of the pass. The ground about them was ploughed up as if by a battery, the rock seamed and broken, and red stains of blood were on the dry gravel. From the north, in the direction of the plain, came the confused sound of an army in camp; but to the south there was a glimpse through an aperture of hill of a far side of mountain, and on it a gleam as of fire.

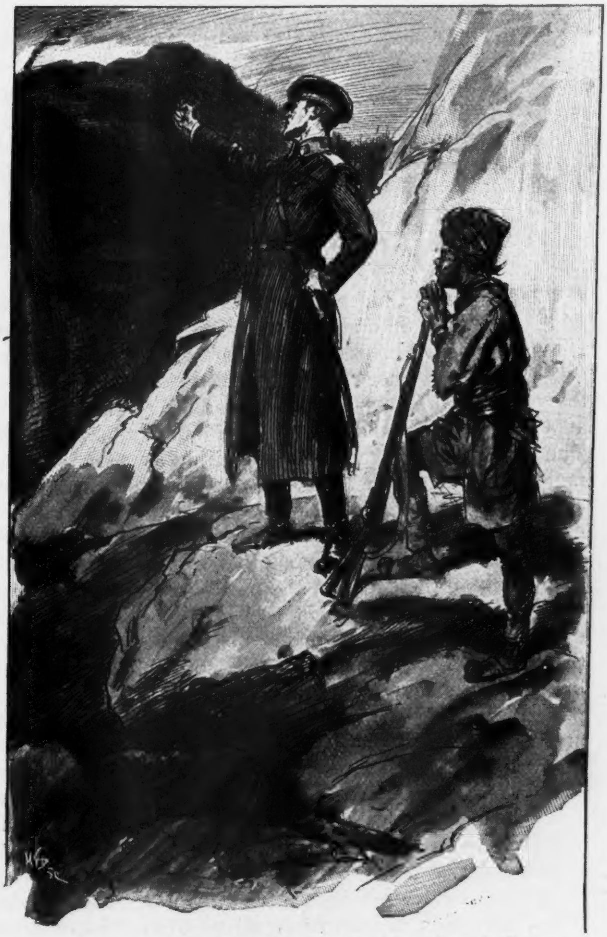
Marker, clad in the uniform of a captain of Cossacks, looked fiercely at his companion and then at the beacon.

"Look," he said, "look and listen." And sure enough in the morning stillness came the sound as of a watchword cried from post to post.

"That," said he, "is the morning signal of an awakened empire and the final proof of our failure."

"It was no fault of mine," said Fazir Khan sourly. "I did as I was commanded, and lo! when I come I find an army in confusion and the frontier guarded." The chief spoke with composure, but he had in his heart an uneasy consciousness that he had had some share in this undoing.

Marker looked down at a body which lay wrinkled across the path. It was trodden all but shapeless, the face was unrecognisable, the legs were scrawled like a child's letters. Only one hand with a broken gold signet-ring remained to tell of the poor inmate of the clay.



"That is the morning signal of an awakened empire"

The Cossack looked down on the dead with a scowling face. "Curse him—curse him eternally. Who would have guessed that this fool, this phrasing fool, would have spoiled our plans? Curse his conscience and his honour, and God pity him for a fool! I must return to my troops, for this is no place to linger in." The man saw his work of years spoiled in a night, and all by the agency of a single adventurer. He saw his career blighted, his reputation gone. It is not to be wondered at if he was bitter.

He turned to go, and in leaving pushed the dead man over with his foot. He saw the hand and the broken ring.

"This thing was once a gentleman," he said, and he went down the pass.

But Fazir Khan remained by the body. He remembered his guest of two days before, and he cursed himself for underrating this wandering Englishman. He saw himself in evil case. His chances of spoil and glory had departed. He foresaw expeditions of reprisal, and the Bada-Mawidi hunted like partridges upon the mountains. He had staked his all on a desperate chance, and this one man had been his ruin. For a moment the barbarian came out, and in a sudden ferocity he kicked the dead.

But as he looked again he was moved to a juster appreciation.

"This thing was a man," he said.

Then stopping he dipped his finger in blood and touched his forehead. "This man," he said, "was of the race of kings."

THE END

REFORM IN CHINA

By Professor R. K. DOUGLAS

THE late Chinese statesman, Wên Hsiang on one occasion remarked to Sir Thomas Wade that when China once began to move on the path of progress she would advance at a rate which would astonish the world. The psychological moment at which this rapid movement is to begin has not as yet arrived, but it may come before most people expect. For many years a desire for knowledge has been growing among the people, due mainly to the efforts of the missionaries and their fellow-workers in the cause of enlightenment. It is customary to imagine that a missionary is a man who does nothing but thrust theology down the throats of the people whom he is supposed to instruct, and that the next object of his care is to decry the faith which his native hearers join in professing. It is possible that there may be men of this type in China, but, happily, there are a great many of an entirely different sort.

In almost every province there are to be found European or American missionaries who are devoting their lives to the propagation of knowledge, as well as of Christianity. The representatives of some societies even make it their leading object to acquaint the people with the secular wisdom and knowledge of the West, and hope in this way to prepare the ground for the better seed of Christian truth. The results of such a system are long in showing themselves. The main work begins in the schools, and it is only when the pupils have grown to man's estate that the effect of the teaching is recognised. For some decades this method has been carried on at numberless centres in the interior of the country, and the missionaries are now at last beginning to reap the fruit of their labours. It may seem strange that this should be said in face of the massacre of missionaries and their converts which have recently shocked the civilised world; but these atrocities have been committed by ruffians, who have been instigated to their crimes by political agitators. Even in these dark and dismal days, however, numberless instances have occurred in which missionaries have been protected and saved from death by the more enlightened among the people.

Some years prior to the Japanese war it was becoming apparent that many native officials, both high and low, had gathered, directly or indirectly, from missionaries that there was more to be learnt in heaven and earth than was dreamed of in their philosophy. A notable instance of this literary conversion was that of Chang Chihtung, whose name has lately acquired such honourable distinction among Chinese statesmen. When Governor of Shansi, some fifteen years ago, he constantly communicated with Mr. Timothy Richard and others on the best means of developing the resources of his province, and at one time invited Mr. Richard to superintend the works which he had recommended. Chang was a constant reader of the *Chinese Times*, a copy of which was regularly sent to his Yamên, and when the Society for the Diffusion of Christian and General Knowledge among the Chinese was established he gave it his patronage. In 1894 he contributed a donation of a thousand taels to the funds of the Society, and, two years later, he sent an equal amount as a contribution towards the publication of a universal history in Chinese.

To this earlier movement the Japanese war gave a vast impetus. The fact that a country which the Chinese had been accustomed to despise had been able to inflict a crushing defeat on the Empire filled the minds of all thoughtful men with distrust of the existing *régime*. They had learnt to regard Japan as little better than a tributary State, and to despise the people as *Wo-jên*, or "dwarfs," so that when these pigmies, rising up against the much-vaunted armies of Li Hung-Chang and other veterans, crushed their troops in the field and destroyed their fleets at sea, the conviction was borne in upon them that their despicable enemy had adopted political and military systems which were obviously superior to their own. A wide desire was in this way created for the knowledge which had sharpened the weapons and guided the troops of the enemy, and they turned to their foreign friends for help in the dilemma. Nor did they appeal in vain. The Society already referred to, with ready zeal, set about supplying the literary wants of the people; but so great was the demand for works on history and science that the greatest difficulty was experienced in supplying the market. Not only in China itself was this interest shown in the Society's publications, but from all parts of the world there came orders from Chinamen for the much desired books. Even from far Johannesburg an order for a complete set of the Society's publications was received from a Chinese emigrant; while another wanderer in the Malay Peninsula wrote asking to be supplied with the Society's magazines. From Canada, Siam, and other parts of the globe, literary contributions, also, have not unfrequently been made by Chinamen to the pages of the Society's periodicals.

The part played in the progressive movement by these emigrants in the Straits Settlements, America, and elsewhere is very marked. In the various colonies to which they have betaken themselves they are surrounded by evidences of just and equitable governments, of mechanical knowledge, and of scientific insight, and they contrast their present surroundings with the condition of their less favoured countrymen in their native land. Though separated from their "home," they are devoted in their affection for the soil of China, and have of late years given numberless instances of their desire to co-operate with their fellow-countrymen in advancing the welfare of the Middle Kingdom. In times of famine and distress they have contributed liberally to relieve the wants of their fellows, and are cordial supporters of every effort to improve the intellectual status of their compatriots.

In a lesser degree the natives who are employed in merchant and other establishments at the Treaty ports have exercised a beneficial influence in helping to advance the culture of the people. Thus many influences have been at work, and it is satisfactory to find that, in spite of political opposition, a vast movement in the direction of reform is taking place throughout the country. In such mental revolutions there is always a danger that the intellect should be developed in excess of the judgment, and that this has been the case in China is sufficiently patent. The now celebrated K'ang Yuwei is an instance in point. He is clever and honest, and is possessed with an ardent desire to benefit his fellow-countrymen. A considerable following has long gathered round him, and the "Modern Sage," as he is called, might have done even better work than he has done had he been possessed of more judgment, or had been guided by a wise and judicious friend. Unfortunately, both for himself and for the Emperor, he had neither to balance him, and so attempted to turn "th' accomplishment of many years into an hour-glass." With fatal haste he induced his Imperial Master to issue decrees ordering crude and immediate reforms for which the country was quite unprepared, and so aroused against himself and his cause an antagonism which, for the time being, has been fatal to both.

But though K'ang Yuwei has, for the present, been dismissed from the stage, the movement he advocated has gone steadily forward, and one of the most remarkable features of the position is that the doctrines which he advocated have taken the strongest hold in the provinces which had been previously noticeable for their intensely anti-foreign feeling. A few years ago the idea that foreign inventions and appliances would find a welcome in the province of Hunan would have been regarded as a chimera. This was the province from which the arch agitator Chou Han issued the notorious placards which led to the outbreaks on the Yangtsze some years ago, and it was at the frontier of this province that the men who attempted to put up telegraph poles were peremptorily ordered off.

Now the whole aspect of the district is changed. The streets and Yamêns of Changsha, where everything foreign used to be anathema, are lit with the electric light; and temples where Buddha and the Taoist deities were accustomed to be worshipped have been converted into schools and colleges, where, in addition to the sacred lore of Confucius and Mencius, the science of the West is taught. One of the band of reformers who roused the anger of the Dowager Empress, and who was Literary Chancellor of this province, was, until his degradation and subsequent death, never tired of impressing on his fellow-scholars the advantages of studying European literature. And now, though the sound of his voice is still, his influence remains potent both in his native province of Kiangsi and in Hunan. But the most pronounced evidence of the interest taken in reform by the Hunanese is furnished by an appeal lately made by 223 members of the Literati of Hunan and Hupeh on behalf of the Emperor, addressed to the Editor of the *North China Daily News*. These men regard the position of the Emperor with feelings of dismay, and appeal through the Editor of the Shanghai paper for help from the Treaty Powers to rescue their Sovereign from the clutches of the Dowager Empress and her clique.

"High heaven," they write, "has abandoned our country, and brought disaster on China by producing such demented and ignorant beings as the *Iho Ch'uan* outlaws (Boxers), and also by permitting an inane and frivolous government to direct the movements of those whose minds have been steeped in densest ignorance and prejudices, thereby bringing ruin and disaster on us all. We are sure that there are few parallels for this, in the histories of either China or foreign nations. . . . Now we would wish the whole world to know one important fact connected with the recent history of our country, and that is, that although the present government in Peking has made itself conspicuous by being filled with besotted, bigoted and addle-brained men who have brought China to the brink of a great cataclysm, our beloved Emperor, H.I.M. Kuanghsü, has had nothing to do with it. Ever since his Majesty's attempt at introducing a reform government in May 1898, which was brought to a sudden close by the fatal *coup d'état* of September of the same year . . . our beloved Emperor has been pushed into the background. . . . Although we, his subjects here, long to rescue our Emperor from his enemies, we find ourselves impotent to do so, and we can only hope that you, sir, will lay our plea before the whole world, and show with your powerful and influential pen that had H.I.M. Kuanghsü been at the helm of government such a catastrophe as the present . . . would never have happened."

The writers then go on to plead for the intervention of the Treaty Powers, and express their belief that were the Emperor re-established on the throne, a new political order would be produced which would promote harmony abroad and peace at home. It will be remembered that a somewhat similar memorial was addressed to the Throne shortly before the *coup d'état* by a number of graduates at Peking, and there can be no reasonable doubt that if the Dowager Empress and her following were swept aside, and the Emperor restored to power, a mighty change for good would come over the affairs of the Empire.

On all sides there are signs that the awakening of which the late Marquess Tsêng wrote is becoming an accomplished fact. Even the Cantonese, who next to the Hunanese have always been most hostile to anything foreign, carrying out to the letter the dictum of Confucius, that Chinamen should have nothing to do with inventions from abroad, have shown an unexpected tendency towards intellectual and mechanical reforms. Within the last few weeks a Mr. Ho Tung has offered to contribute 12,000 dollars towards the establishment of a boys' day school, to be conducted on European lines, at Kowlung, opposite Hongkong, and similar acts of generosity have not unfrequently to be recorded on the part of the moneyed notables of the "City of Rams." With equal liberality the native merchants of Shanghai recently guaranteed a sum of 30,000 taels towards the establishment of a boys' high school at that town. Already a girls' school has been founded in the city, and as a further advance towards freedom a vigorous effort is now being made to liberate the feet of these students, and those of their fellow-sufferers throughout the Empire, from the trammels which bind them so tightly. In a country where customs have a tendency to become crystallised and revered as in China, the campaign undertaken on behalf of the girls and women of the Empire is a difficult one to fight. This much is, however, in their favour—that already among a large section of the community the feet of the girls and women are allowed free play. It has never been the custom of the Manchu women to bind the feet, nor has it been the habit for the Hakka population of the Canton Province to do so either. There are, therefore, constant examples before the people of the advantages of having the feet unbound, and the apostles of the *Tien Tsu Hui* are never tired of pointing to the superior freedom of the Manchus and Hakkas over the tortured Chinese women. That the Society is making way there can be no doubt, and in the city of Canton alone the names of 300,000 members have been enrolled on the books of the Society. Money is readily forthcoming to promote the objects of the Hui, and in 1899, 70,596 tracts, leaflets, and placards were issued from its headquarters. Considerable meetings both of men and women, though always held separately, have been convened at Shanghai and elsewhere, and a general interest in the subject has been excited in all those centres where branches of the Society have been established.

Within the last few days (September 6) the news has been received of the outbreak of considerable excitement at Canton in consequence of the suppression of the native newspapers. Such an announcement is enough to make Sir Henry Pottinger, Sir John Bowring, and others, who long and vainly strove to gain admission for foreigners into the city of Canton, turn in their graves. Until quite recently the *Peking Gazette*, which consists entirely of official notifications and memorials addressed to the Throne, was the only newspaper existing in the whole of China. Now seventy native newspapers and magazines are published and circulated in the provinces, with a daily tendency to increase. The circulation of most of these is large ; as a rule, they are well conducted ; and they are eagerly read by the people for whose benefit they are produced at the lowest possible cost. Before the *coup d'état* the Emperor was a regular reader of some of these periodicals, and constantly showed his interest in foreign literature by ordering considerable collections of translations of European works to be forwarded to him.

These indications of a national movement seem to point to the line of policy which ought to be adopted by the Treaty Powers towards China at the present crisis. On the one hand are the Dowager Empress and her following, who are anti-foreign to the point of murder; and on the other hand stands the Emperor, possessed with strong progressive sympathies, and who is cordially supported by many hundreds of thousands in the provinces.

Were the Allies to sanction for a moment the return of the Dowager Empress to power, it would mean a renewal, at the first convenient opportunity, of all the horrors through which we have lately passed. The leopard cannot change its spots, and though the Empress might "steep her gall in honey" for the time being, her vindictive spirit would remain, intensified by her recent defeats. To support her or any of her clique, therefore, would be to maintain the worst traditions of the Empire. It would mean a diminished trade, increased peculation, the exercise of greater tyranny over the people, and the ultimate partition of the Empire. Even if we estimate the effects of this last evil it should be enough to make the Allies pause before venturing on any such insane policy. To partition the Empire implies that vast territories would fall under the dominion of Russia and France; and we have already had enough experience of the results to trade of the acquisition of territory by these Powers to make the contemplation of such a contingency possible. But it is scarcely reasonable to imagine that the Powers would dream for a moment of re-riveting the chains of the discredited rulers on a people who are earnestly seeking to cast them from them.

On the other hand, if it should be determined to restore the Emperor, and to give him support until such time as he may be able to form a satisfactory government, we might expect to witness a veritable renaissance throughout the Empire. It is not to be supposed that such a government would necessarily be pro-foreign in every respect. As in all bodies politic, there is in China a moderate party as well as the two extreme wings; and it is from this central community that the safest and best administrators may be expected to arise. Such men as Chang Chihtung and Liu K'unyi are eminently of the class of those who are best fitted to grapple with the occasion. They are neither of them pro-foreign, but they are wise, honest, and progressive, and it is to the hands of men possessing these inestimable qualities that the future of the Empire can alone be hopefully entrusted.

IS IT DEGENERATE?

Is it degenerate, to fall from Wealth,
To live in straitened shores, on scanter fare,
To put on homespun, and to house in bare
Simplicity, the hardy nurse of health?
Is it degenerate, if Power or Stealth
Pluck from the brow uncertain coronet,
And unsubstantial pride of sword or gun,
And make a realm on which sun never set
A realm of spirit needing not the sun?
Nay, these are accidents which never yet
Could hurt nobility. But one thing may
Brand on our brow the mark, "Degenerate":
To lose the vision of the truly Great,
And lapse from effort on the starry Way!

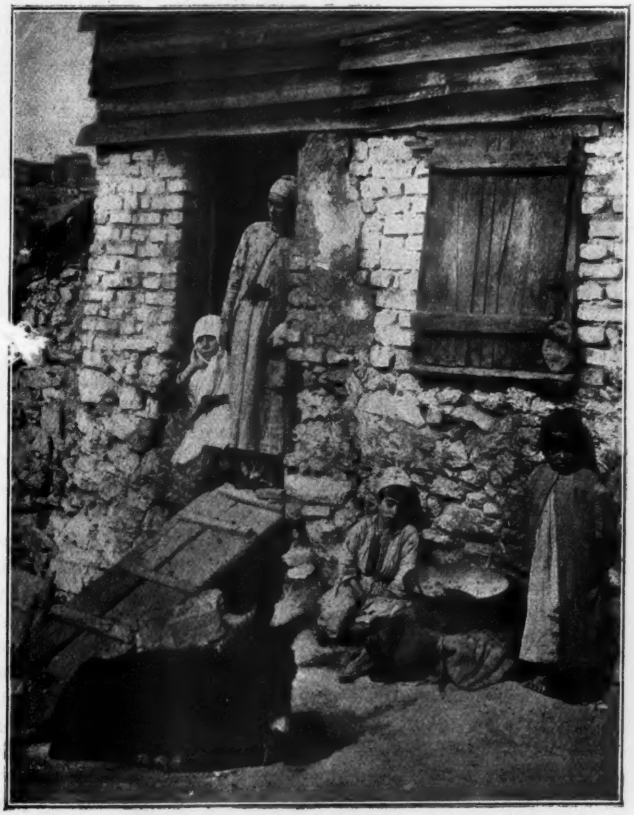
ROBERT F. HORTON.

THE GYPSIES OF TURKEY

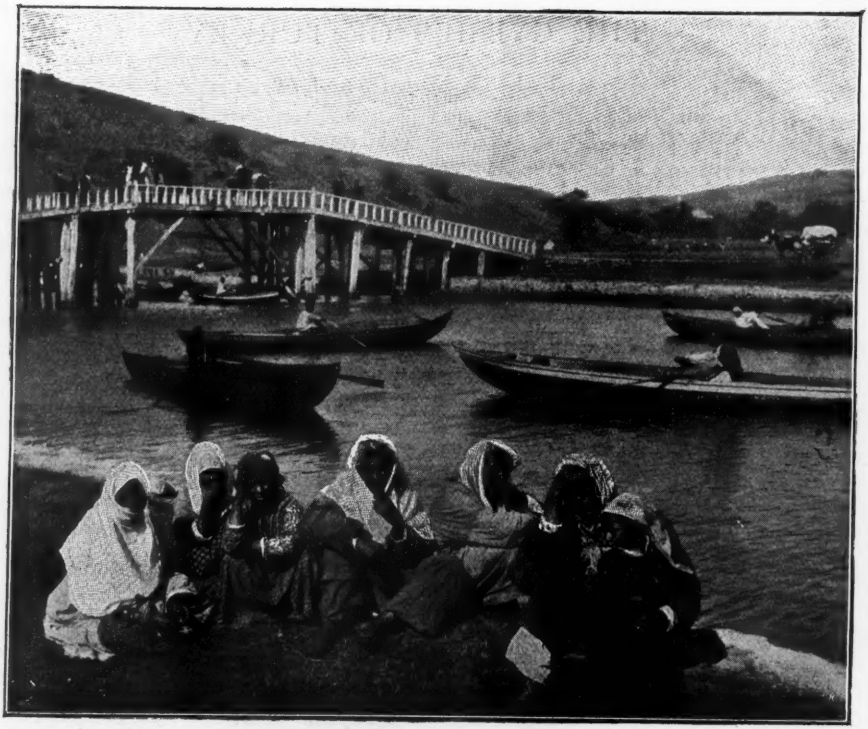
By LUCY M. J. GARNETT

FROM whatever land the Gypsies may originally have come, it appears evident from linguistic facts that they entered Turkey by way of Asia Minor. At the present day they are said to number some 200,000 souls, and are to be met with in every part of the empire, over which some families roam from end to end, while others confine their wanderings to its eastern or western divisions, or sometimes to a single province. Attempts have been made in Turkey, as in other countries, to induce the Gypsies to abandon their wandering habits, but with little success. Sultan Murad IV. decreed their settlement as agriculturists in the neighbourhood of the Balkans; but though the district between Aydos and Philippopolis is so overrun with them that it has received the name of the *Chenguin* Balkan, "Gipsy Mountain," the Gypsies of that district are hardly less nomadic than in other parts of the empire. About a hundred and forty families have long been settled in Constantinople and its suburbs, and some two hundred families are to be found scattered in small communities of from six to forty families at Adrianople, Rodosto, Epivates, Silivria, and other places.

These sedentary Gypsies of the towns are but slightly more reputable as a class than their nomadic brethren. The hovels which constitute their dwellings are as comfortless and destitute of furniture as were the tents of their forefathers, and are occupied only at night, for during the day, in winter and summer alike, they live out of doors. The men, when not smoking idly in the court, work as smiths or tinkers; the older women weave coarse baskets for sale, while the younger ones saunter about the neighbouring streets, dressed in their favourite colours of red and yellow, with flowers in their dark untidy hair, begging, or telling fortunes, followed by their children, who are often stark naked whatever the season. These children are never sent to school, and it is said that no Turkish Gypsy ever learns to read or write any language. The Gypsy girls—who, with partially veiled faces, may often be seen singing in the streets of Constanti-



DWELLING OF SEDENTARY GYPSIES



GYPSY WOMEN AT THE SWEET WATERS OF EUROPE

nople and other large towns and at public pleasure resorts such as the Sweet Waters of Europe and of Asia—are called *Ghiovendés*. These girls are also admitted in Turkish houses during wedding or other festivities, when they entertain the guests with pantomimic dancing, accompanied by songs and the sounds of the tambourine and viol. Others wander with the men who lead performing bears or monkeys from village to village, where they execute on feast days their wild Nautch-like dances, accompanying them with an excruciating performance on the drum, tambourine, bagpipe, and reed-pipe.

Some of the Gypsies settled in the rural districts take to fieldwork so far as their idle and roving habits will allow them. These are either *chiftjis*, who work more or less regularly as farm labourers, and *ailikjis*, who do odd jobs. Others earn a scanty living as smiths, tinkers, or basket-makers. They often possess cattle, which their children drive to pasture on the vast common lands in the vicinity of the Balkan villages. Turkish Gypsies of this class, however, seldom remain in one locality for more than three or four years, and the migration of one of these colonies in search of fresh quarters is one of the most picturesque sights to be seen in the country. A long procession of horses, oxen, and buffaloes transports the tents and baggage of the travellers, together with the old folks and young children. By their side tramp the younger men and women, clad in rags and tatters of every hue, and carrying in their arms babies, or new-born calves or colts. The halting-place for the night is usually the vicinity of a village. Tents are soon pitched, fires lighted, and foraging parties sent out, while the natives in their turn keep close watch on their cattle, poultry, and movables generally. For though the Chenguins may, from motives of policy, respect the goods of their neighbours in the villages where they are temporarily settled, they will have no scruple in supplying at the expense of others their pressing needs when on the march. For, morally and socially as well as physically, the Gypsies of Turkey resemble very closely the members of their race with whom we are familiar in the West. The men are slight and muscular in build, swarthy-skinned, and of middle height, while both sexes are characterised by bright sparkling eyes and well-defined noses, the forehead being, however, low and undeveloped, and the mouth and chin usually coarse and sensual.

In the matter of food as well as in those of shelter and clothing, the Gypsies are content with the poorest and plainest. Their chief article of diet is ***mamaliga***, a kind of porridge made with maize flour, which they supplement with cheese, stolen poultry, or even carrion, their taste for which they excuse by saying that "the flesh of an animal of which God is the butcher should be better than that killed by the hand of man." Their chief luxury is tobacco, of which all—men, women, and children—are passionately fond.

The majority of the Gypsies in Turkey profess Mohammedanism, but they keep so few of its tenets that they are held in execration by their neighbours. Although not persecuted, the antipathy with which they are regarded evinces itself in various ways. To give one instance: A few years ago a popular Hodja at Constantinople, when preaching on the subject of charity to a vast congregation during the fast of Ramazan, thus addressed them: "O True Believers, open your purses and your doors every one of you, and give liberally to the poor and needy. Refuse not your alms either to Moslems or Christians, for these are separated from us only by the thickness of the coat of an onion. But give not to the *Chenguins*, lest ye participate in the curse that rests upon them."

The origin of the curse referred to by the Hodja is related in the following legend:

In the early days of their wanderings the Gypsy nation arrived at Mehran, and during their sojourn there they constructed a wonderful machine which was to be worked by turning a wheel. All their efforts, however, to turn this wheel were in vain until, by the advice of an evil spirit under the guise of a holy man, or, as some say, a sorcerer, their chief, Chen, consented to marry his sister, Guin, a union which gave to the Gypsy nation the name of *Chenguin* by which they are generally known in Turkey at the present day. This unnatural marriage coming to the knowledge of a Moslem saint in the neighbourhood, he laid, not only the parties to it, but the whole tribe under the following terrible curse: "May you never more belong to the seventy-seven and a half races that people the world, but be scattered as outcasts and wanderers to the four corners of the earth, ever homeless, poor, and wretched, never enjoying the fruits of your labour, realising wealth, or enjoying the esteem of mankind!"

According to Turkish ethnography, the

GYPSY MUSICIANS AT THE SWEET WATERS OF EUROPE

GYPSY DANCING GIRL OF CONSTANTINOPLE

human race is composed of seventy-seven and a half races, the Jews representing the half and the Gypsies being now entirely excluded.

A tradition is also current among both Turks and Bulgarians that when religions were being distributed to the different nations of the earth, the recipients engraved their respective creeds on wood, stone, or metal, or wrote them in books. The Gypsies, however, with their characteristic thriftlessness, wrote their canons on the leaves of a cabbage, which was shortly afterwards found and eaten by a donkey belonging to a Moslem; and this, say they, is why the Chenguins have neither God nor religion.

Being thus free from theological prejudice, the Gypsies nominally adopt the creed of the people with whom their wanderings bring them into contact. The vast mass of the nomad Gypsies call themselves Moslems; the sedentary Gypsies, who have for their neighbours, in the towns where they settle, Greeks of the lowest class, profess themselves Orthodox Christians; while some of the Gypsies of Armenia claim to belong to the Gregorian Church. In order to conciliate the Moslems and Christians respectively, the Gypsies when in their near neighbourhood may have their children baptized or circumcised. They are, however, generally looked upon as false Christians and false Moslems, and, when they can with impunity do so, are said to disregard all religious practices. The sedentary families are accused of changing their religion with their domicile, and claiming to be Christian or Moslem as best may serve their purpose, and, among themselves, of holding up to mockery everything considered sacred by other races.

The Gypsies generally on their part hate and despise those not of their own race, and the nomads manifest a feeling equally hostile towards their sedentary brethren, who, it must be admitted, reciprocate it to the full.

Moslems they designate as *Khorokhai*, Christians as *Balamano*, and Moslem and Christian Gypsies as *Khorakhai-* and *Balamano-Rom* respectively, while their general term for all who are not Gypsies is *Gatchin*, which has the same signification as "stranger" or "foreigner." It is also said of Gypsy beggars that on receiving alms they never express their thanks, as do the Turks and Christians, with the wish that the donor may live long, but say, "May your horses live long!"

So far as I have been able to ascertain, the Chenguins have, properly speaking, no family ceremonies.

The only formality preliminary to marriage is the breaking of an earthenware vessel by the couple, which probably, like similar acts observed by other races, symbolises union until death.

The sedentary Balamano-Rom may occasionally be buried according to the Orthodox rite, and a Khorakhai-Rom by the Imam in a Moslem cemetery; but when removed, as is most generally the case, from the supervision of censorious observers they, it is said, bury their dead without any rites, religious or other, and manifest no grief whatever for their loss.

The only national festival which appears to be observed by the Gypsies of Turkey is the Kakkava, or "Feast of the Cauldrons," which they celebrate annually on leaving their winter quarters, and which lasts for three days. A number of families make an appointment to meet in some green spot close to a stream or fountain, where, far from the jealous eye of Turk or Christian, they give themselves up to feasting and rejoicing. Each head of a family kills a lamb, and invites every Chenguin passer-by to his table, which on this occasion is decked with flowers and supplied with wine, however poorly it may be at other times. All disputes are, during this joyous season, laid aside, and dancing, singing, and feasting are the sole occupations. At the termination of the three days the company pay their poll-tax to their *tcheribashi* or headman, who is held responsible for it by the Government; and, having settled their tribal affairs, set out on their usual summer tramp through the country with their horses, mules, and donkeys. This feast, which is falling into desuetude in the neighbourhood of Constantinople, begins in the southern provinces of Turkey on St. George's Day (April 23, O.S.), and later in the north. Sometimes only a few families unite for its observance, but occasionally some hundreds of tents may be seen pitched in one spot for the occasion.

On May 1 all flock to the nearest seacoast or river-side. Here they perform the ceremony of throwing water three times on their temples, invoking at the same time, it is said, the invisible *genii loci* who, they believe, have their dwelling in such localities.

Another custom attributed to these nomads is that of annually drinking some mysterious potion, the composition of which is only known to the elders of the tribes, which confers upon them immunity from snake-bites.

A GYPSY FORGE NEAR CONSTANTINOPLE.

GYPSY BASKET-MAKERS

It is indeed, I believe, a matter of fact that Gypsies can catch and handle these reptiles with perfect impunity, but are never known to kill or injure them.

In Turkey, as in other European countries, Gypsy women are the witches *par excellence*, and on this account the race is as much feared by the superstitious populace as it is detested and despised. It is believed that they have at their command powerful and invisible beings, and that at the end of the world they will come with Antichrist to torture the Christians and devour their children. The curious notion is evidently connected with the anthropophagous practices formerly attributed to the Gypsies, even in the West. What religion they have is evidently the *vecchia religione*, that old heathen faith of which De Gubernatis declared there still existed in the country districts of Tuscany ten times as much as Christianity, and which has ever formed, and still forms among the populace, a background to Buddhism, Christianity, and Islam alike. Gypsy sorcery appears to be closely allied to that of the other races of Turkey, who may possibly have acquired many of their spells from these wandering sibyls, and imparted to them in turn some of their magical practices. Their fortune-tellings are, in the East, performed by three methods—palmistry, cards, and consulting a little mirror fixed in the bottom of a tin box in which they profess to see the evil spirit.

Many Gypsies, both among the sedentaries and the nomads, add to their profession of musician that of story-teller; and this calling is generally hereditary, the tales being transmitted orally from generation to generation. Some of these Gypsy *trouvères* have at their command a vast storehouse of this romantic lore, which, being the only literature of the Chenguins, is exceedingly interesting from a philological point of view, as affording specimens of the various Romany dialects current in the empire. Much of this oral literature is also probably very ancient. For the stories are apparently learnt by rote in a set form which never varies, and words are occasionally used in their narration which have disappeared from the vernacular of the Gypsies of Turkey. The stories themselves differ little in character from those current among the Turks, Greeks, and Armenians, and it would be difficult to say how far the Gypsies have borrowed from, or contributed to, the folk-lore of the country. They comprise tales of talking animals, of grateful corpses, of princesses who propound or solve riddles, of foundation sacrifices, and of devoted friendship, variants of all of which are to be found in the folk literatures of the numerous nationalities, Christian and Moslem, in the midst of whom the Gypsies of Turkey live, but with whom they never mingle.

COUSIN TOM

By BLANCHE ATKINSON

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. MILLAR

EVERYBODY called him "Cousin Tom." He had no father, mother, wife, brother or sister—only cousins. Cousins in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales. Cousins in the Colonies; cousins, doubtless, in the Falkland Islands and at Klondyke. And he rose to the position. He was a very "cousinly" man. Boy cousins when they got into a scrape instantly went to Cousin Tom to pull them through. Girl cousins confided their love affairs to him. All the children cousins adored him. He had even been called in to mediate between married cousins, and had succeeded in his office without making an enemy of either. Cousin Tom's home was a substantial double-fronted house in a square of a large northern seaport. His father and grandfather had lived in the same house, each owning ships which sailed to all quarters of the globe, bringing and taking merchandise. But he had always loved to sail in the ships himself; and after the death of his father and mother, he left the management of the large business chiefly to his partners, and the care of his house to his old housekeeper, Mrs. Grover, while he rambled all the world over, only returning at intervals, to the joy of Mrs. Grover in particular. "If Master Tom would only marry a nice suitable young lady, and settle down!" she felt that the course of things would be much more orderly to her mind.

But Master Tom had reached the sober age of forty, and showed no intention of settling down. There were a few streaks of grey in his crisp brown hair and moustache; and though he was still erect and active as ever, and the light in his kind grey eyes undimmed, there could be no doubt that he was getting on in life. When the baby cousins to whom he had given corals when he was godfather became brides, he realised this solemn fact himself; at other times he was as young as the youngest of them, and still, as Mrs. Grover said, "as full of his fun as ever!"

It happened that one Christmas he came to the resolution to stay in his own house, and have a jollification there, instead of going to one of the other cousins. Great preparations were made; a party of twenty-five all told, including nurses and youngsters, were to meet at his house in the afternoon of Christmas Day. Dinner was to be at five o'clock, in order to give a long evening, and all sorts of entertainments were to follow.

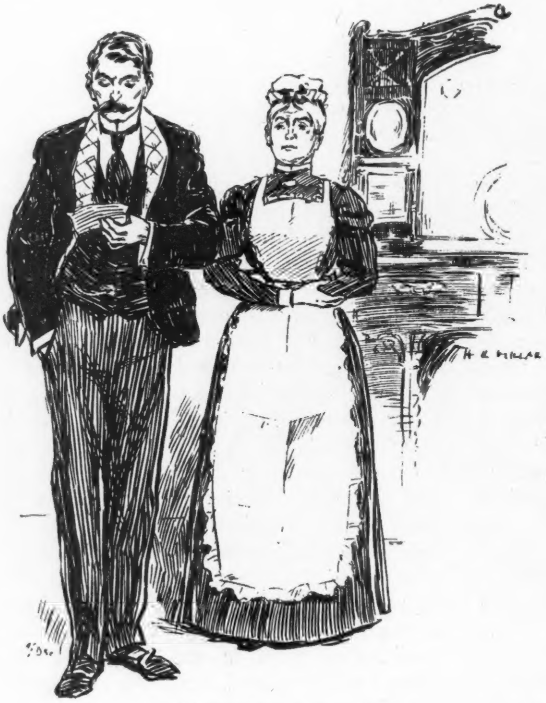
The day came, an ideal Christmas; cold enough to make the great fires which blazed in every room truly welcome. There was snow on the trees in the square garden, and the pavement was slippery enough to rejoice the hearts of the terrible urchins who make slides in defiance of law and humanity. Above was a blue sky, and the sunshine tempered the keen north wind. But as Cousin Tom stood at the library window gazing into the street, there was an expression of blank dismay upon his countenance. "Hang it all! What's to be done now?" he said, twisting a telegraph form in his fingers, and addressing Mrs. Grover, who stood by, looking ready to cry.

"Won't none of them come, Master Tom? Are you sure?" she said, looking doubtfully at the piece of paper. "Isn't there some mistake? After letting us get everything ready——"

"This is what it says," he interrupted. "It is clear enough. 'Sorry cannot come. Outbreak of scarlatina. Party here broken up. Thompson.' The Thompsons had all the rest of the party at their house, you know, and they were coming here in one batch. No. There's nothing to be done, Mrs. Grover. We shall have to eat the turkeys and plum puddings ourselves. And as for the Christmas tree, and the conjurer, and the magic lantern, and the man with the gramophone, can't we stop them? Does any one know where they are? For pity's sake put *them* off!"

"Why, no one knows who they are, sir, not unless *you* do. You ordered them all through Mr. Swift, you said."

"Oh! good heavens! So I did. And



"'Sorry cannot come'"

he's gone out of town. . . . I shall have to sit alone in the front row, and watch the conjurer fooling with hats and pocket handkerchiefs, and listen to that beastly gramophone." He broke into a laugh at the picture he had called up, and then once more stared gloomily into the street. "Well, it can't be helped!" he said the next moment. "We must make the best of it. Hallo! there's a woman down."

She had slipped and fallen, and did not immediately rise. "I'm afraid she's hurt," Cousin Tom cried as he ran out to the rescue. He thought indeed that she was dead as he raised her in his arms, and carried her quite unconscious into the house. But Mrs. Grover said it was only a faint, and when restoratives had been applied the poor woman slowly recovered. She was meagrely clothed, and was very frail in appearance.

"I am sorry to have given you so much trouble," she said, and her voice was the voice of a lady. "I don't think I am hurt, but the cold weakens me, and my heart is not very strong; and then, the shock."

"You'd better not try to talk, ma'am," said Mrs. Grover, "or you'll be off again. Just lie still, and you will be better by-and-by."

"I think I could get home," the poor lady went on, feebly trying to raise herself. "And my daughter will be so anxious about me. It is not far——"

"If you will give me the address, I'll go and bring her here," said Cousin Tom, glad of the prospect of something to do. "You must do as Mrs. Grover advises, my dear lady. We cannot let you go until you are really better; besides, we all obey Mrs. Grover in this house. It would be as much as my place is worth to contradict her, I assure you."

"Now, Master Tom," began the housekeeper. But he had gone to put on his overcoat, and was back in a moment "for his orders," he said.

The address was given him, and he walked off, whistling softly as he realised the queer turn of affairs. Instead of having his jolly party of cousins, he was going to keep Christmas with an invalid lady and her anxious daughter—for he saw plainly that Mrs. Grover did not think the stranger would be able to go home for some hours. The street he was directed to was one that had seen better days—like the poor lady herself, he thought. No. 7 was a large house let out in tenements. Miss Rossiter, he was told, lived at the top. He found the rooms, knocked, and was admitted. "Miss Rossiter?" he asked.

"Yes. Is anything the matter? . . . Is it mother? Oh! tell me quick. Is she ill?" And the tall, pale girl who stood before him put her hand to the nearest chair to steady herself, gazing into his face with frightened eyes. He hastened to reassure her.

"It is nothing serious. You really need not be alarmed. Your mother is at my house, and I have come to take you to her, as she feared you might be uneasy about her."

Almost before he finished speaking, she

had disappeared, saying: "I will be ready in a moment"; and he stood looking round pitifully at the bare room, with its few pieces of good, old-fashioned furniture, and its plain tale of poverty and struggle. "Poor souls!" he thought, as he noted the small fire and the exceeding meagreness of the bit of carpet. He noted too a shelf of books, and a pile of music. Moreover, the place was spotlessly clean, and a few sprigs of holly and trails of ivy were tactefully displayed here and there. "Poor souls, poor women!" he muttered to himself once more. "I am ready," said a quiet voice at his side; and the two descended the stairs, and walked rapidly to Arundel Square. He told her what had happened. "It would be very bad for her, because her heart is weak, and any shock might even kill her," the girl said, her voice trembling, though she tried to control it. "She wanted so much to go to church this morning; and I was obliged to stay in, so she went alone. But it was wrong of me to let her go!"

Mrs. Grover met them in the hall with a cheerful countenance. She was one of those good women who are never so happy as when in sole and supreme charge of an invalid. "She is much better, miss, and I have got her to lie down upstairs on the bed. It's just a little quiet rest she wants, and now you are here she will be all right."

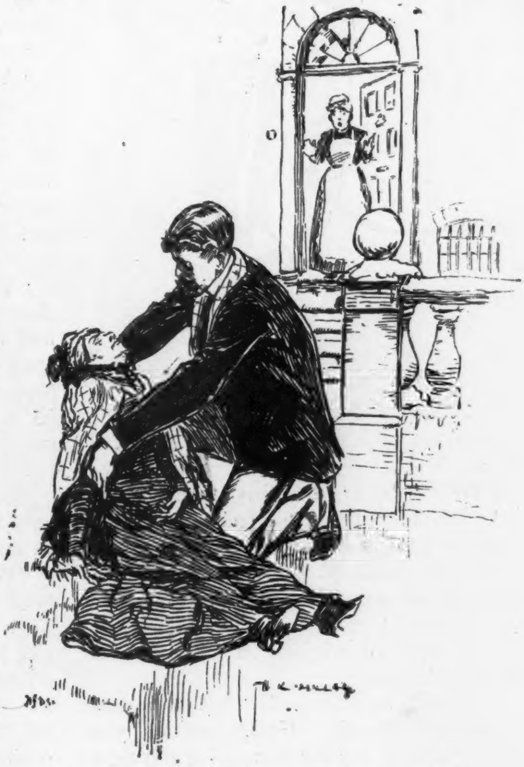
Mrs. Grover took the girl to her mother, and came back with her handkerchief to her eyes. "It would just make you cry, Master Tom, if your heart was made of stone, to have seen those poor things meet! She's a perfect lady; and the daughter does fine embroidery for shops, and teaches music. And it's my belief, Master Tom, that they are both half starved, and it's just one o'clock and luncheon on the table, and I thought that I would send them up a little tray; a bit of pheasant and a glass of wine would do the poor lady good, if you've no objection

"Give them all they can eat and drink, Mrs. Grover!" he exclaimed, wondering how women managed to live in a constant state of semi-starvation. When his own luncheon was over, he was sitting by the library fire reading and smoking, and pondering now and then on this same curious problem, when Miss Rossiter came into the room in her walking things. He sprang up, and offered her a chair. She shook her head.

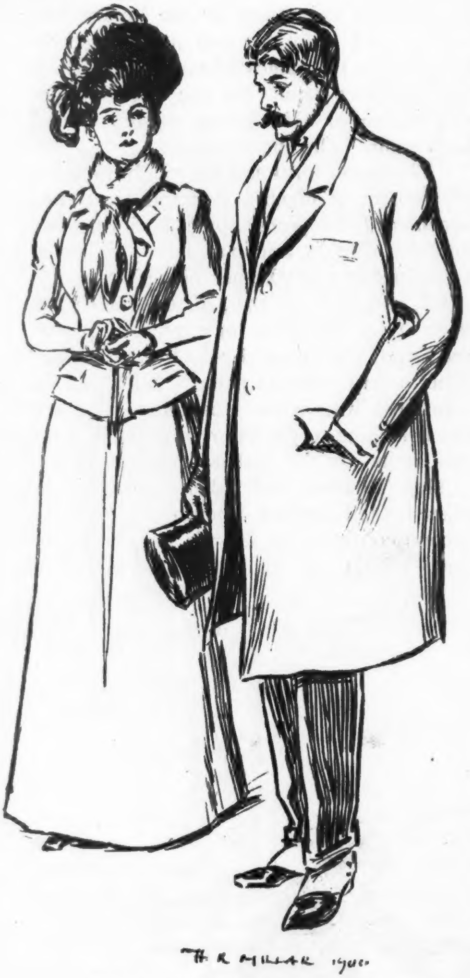
"Thank you very much for your hospitality. My mother is much better and has fallen asleep, so I am going home to finish some work I had to do, and in an hour I will bring a cab for her and take her home."

"It's a pity to do that, Miss Rossiter," he said. "Do sit down for a moment, please, and listen to my plan. By-the-bye, 'Rossiter' is not a very common name. I believe I am connected with some Rossiters. Did any one belonging to you marry into the Thompson family—or the Richardsons, was it?"

Miss Rossiter had taken the chair he offered, and looked interested. "Yes; a second cousin of my father's married a distant cousin of the Thompsons. The



"He thought indeed she was dead as he raised her in his arms"



"'I am ready,' said a quiet voice"

Thompsons of The Grange, you mean, I suppose?"

"Yes. *We* are cousins then. How lucky for me! I was just feeling so forlorn—and at Christmas time too——"

"But," Ethel Rossiter said, smiling, "you are not going to be forlorn long. You are expecting friends," for she had seen the evident signs of preparation for guests all through the house.

"I *was*," he answered, "but they have melted into thin air. Unless you and your mother will do me the honour of staying to dinner, I shall be absolutely alone. Please don't refuse. It will be much wiser for Mrs. Rossiter to have a longer rest, and a real charity to me!"

The girl sighed, but shook her head again. "You can't think how glad I should be to say 'yes,' Mr. ——" She stopped suddenly. "I have never asked the name of our kind host yet?"

"Oh, I am 'Cousin Tom.' Don't you see? If your cousin married my cousin—*we* are cousins. And why cannot you possibly do me this kindness, cousin? If you refuse, I shall not only be compelled to over-eat myself, but I shall have to stand before a Christmas-tree and present myself with fifty gifts, and then——"

"Oh! a Christmas-tree!" she broke out, with sparkling eyes. "Oh! how I wish——"

She checked herself abruptly. "Now even two cousins would help me through this ordeal," he went on. "You could give me something and I could give you something, and Mrs. Rossiter could give us each some thing. Then there's the delightful gramophone."

"Oh, I have never heard one yet!"

"And a conjurer."

"Oh! I am so fond of a conjurer! But it is no use. . . . I must go." And she rose. "We have an engagement at home . . . in fact, a party of our own, and my preparations are not as forward as yours," and she sighed involuntarily as she stood drawing on her gloves.

"Miss Rossiter—cousin I mean," he exclaimed, suddenly, springing up. "Why not have the party here? It would be such a God-send to us; and now that this accident has happened to your mother, and things were not quite ready in your house, it would be the most natural thing in the world to hold it here."

She looked at him radiantly. "That is just the idea that flashed into my mind for an instant! But it wouldn't do."

"Why not? Why on earth can't you send word that your 'Cousin Tom——'" Then they both broke into a hearty laugh, and he felt that he had won. But Ethel repeated her refusal though her tone was less decided. "No, I am afraid it would not do. It is very good of you. But I couldn't bear to hurt my friends' feelings, and my party, like poor mother, have fallen by the way. They are a poor party. They are people who would not get any Christmas at all in their own homes; so they come to us, and we are very merry, and have just——"

But Cousin Tom interrupted her. "I haven't the least doubt that you give them an excellent entertainment. But this will be a change. And you see we ought never to fly in the face of providence. It has happened that your mother's accident was at my door, and we are bound to fall in with these kind of providential arrangements. Don't you think so? We will go round and tell your party of the change, if they are not too far. Or we can telegraph if they are. Come along!"

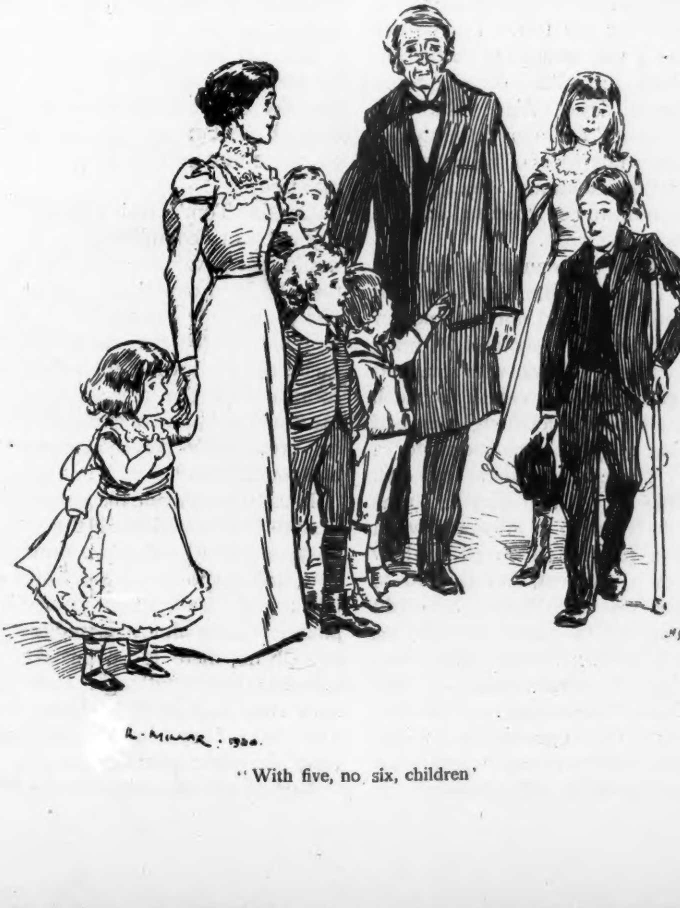
"But Mrs. Grover," said Ethel, feebly.

"I'll square Mrs. Grover. I'm going to have my own way for once," he said, and in another moment they were walking quickly together once more, away from the handsome squares into the poorer streets.

At each house Ethel went in to give the message, while Cousin Tom waited outside; and each time she rejoined him he fancied that her eyes were brighter, her smile grown sweeter. Before they were back at Arundel Square, he thought her pale, grave face the most beautiful he had ever seen.

"Mother," said Ethel Rossiter, as they waited after dinner for the arrival of the party, "isn't it all like a fairy tale? And don't you think 'Cousin Tom' would make a very good Prince? I wonder where his Princess is!"

When Ethel's party began to arrive, and Cousin Tom stood to welcome each one as Ethel introduced them all, he was forced more than once to turn away, "to take something out of his eye," he said. He had always been a liberal man. His name was on all the lists of subscribers to hospitals and local charities; and Mrs. Grover had *carte blanche* in giving relief whenever appealed to. But he had never come face to face with the poverty that makes no moan in the


H. S. B.
R. MILLAR. 1900.

"With five, no six, children"

streets, but suffers silently. "Cousin Tom" (for so he insisted that Ethel should call him), "this is Sergeant Underwood," she said, as an old man, erect and gaunt, saluted Mrs. Grover, and advanced with military precision towards Cousin Tom. Mrs. Grover was delighted with the "old captain," as she called him, from that moment. He wore more than one medal; and starved silently on "half of nothing, paid reg'lar once a week," ready to die rather than beg. "This is Mrs. Mortimer," and Cousin Tom shook hands with a weary-eyed widow, half-blind with weeping and sewing, and patted her four white-faced children on the head as they filed into the room, gazing in dumb delight at the blazing fire and the brilliant lights. Poor children! warmth and light were luxuries strange to them.

"Cousin Tom, may I introduce Miss Robson?" And the host made his best bow, and said: "It is very kind of you to come out on such a cold evening, Miss Robson; let me find you a seat by the fire," as he conducted the little woman to an easy chair, and placed a footstool for her feet. For he saw that the poor lady was struggling to be self-possessed, and to recall her drawing-room graces of bygone days. Alas! she had taught "deportment" for many a long year; and yet now the strangeness of being treated with little courteous attentions, "by a gentleman, too," broke down her stoicism, and she could not answer one word.

But Cousin Tom was wanted to welcome other guests. Here was the clerk who had lost his situation, and could not get another because he was already grey and growing deaf; and his delicate wife was with him, and five, no, six, children—the eldest boy with a crutch; and all looking as though they had not known what a good meal meant for a twelvemonth. There were others too—all alike in this one thing—that they had gone to the wall in the struggle of life—and when Cousin Tom had received them all he drew Ethel aside for a moment, but he had to cough and clear his voice before he could speak, for there was a queer lump in his throat. Then he said: "The first thing to be done for your party is to feed them. I can't go on until those hungry-looking children are satisfied. The Christmas-tree and things can wait. We'll call it an early supper, shall we? I will just speak to Mrs Grover."

So in half an hour the procession, headed by Cousin Tom with Mrs. Rossiter on one arm and Miss Robson on the other, and ending with Ethel and a bevy of boys and girls, entered the big dining-room, and the guests were soon seated. What an unexpected sort of party it was! Ethel Rossiter was at the end opposite Cousin Tom, and when he had time to glance in her direction it struck him that she suited that position admirably. How happy she looked, serving her friends with such good things as neither she nor they had tasted for many a day! It was a feast for the gods! and Cousin Tom had never had his table filled with such appreciative guests before.

Mrs. Grover had suggested using the commoner glass and ware. But Cousin Tom had indignantly declared that his visitors were to have the best of everything; and the table glittered with silver, and was gay with choice flowers. "It reminds me of my childhood!" said Miss Robson, sighing gently. "It is just like a scene on the stage!" said the boy with the crutch, who had a taste for the drama.

But not even the hungriest children can eat for ever; and at last it was announced that the entertainments were to begin, and they all flocked upstairs. And then, later on, there was the crowning joy of the Christmas-tree!

Cousin Tom's real cousins might have enjoyed it in a complacent manner; but there would not have been the shouts of delight that broke from these happy youngsters. His young lady cousins would have thanked him prettily for the dainty gift chosen for each; but what would their thanks have been compared to the amazed rapture of Mrs. Mortimer when, on opening the pretty leather bag presented to her, she found inside a crisp five-pound note?

Miss Robson made the same discovery, and went to Ethel to ask her if there was not some mistake. She lived on an annuity of £25 a year, and spent a good share of it in doctors' bills; and the sudden possession of five pounds was an almost incredible thing.

"Oh no, there is no mistake, there is no mistake about anything. It is all a lovely fairy tale, dear Miss Robson, and Cousin Tom is a fairy—in disguise, you know," Ethel answered gleefully.

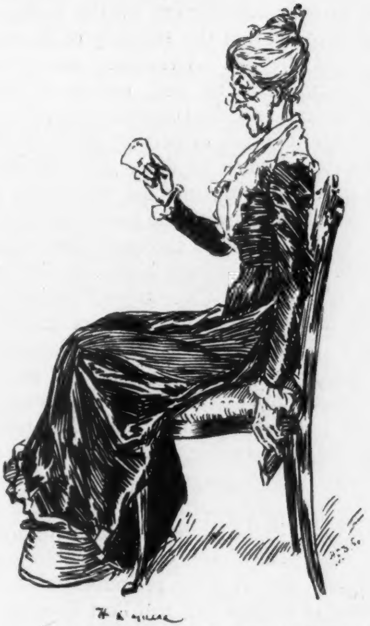
Last of all came the surprise of the cabs, which had been mysteriously ordered to take the guests home. And into each cab was lifted a hamper of good things; and the children—laden with beautiful toys—and the parents, hardly able to believe in their wealth, were all safely despatched, until Ethel and her mother and Cousin Tom stood alone in the hall, waiting for the last cab.

"Well! I hope you have enjoyed the party as much as I have," said Cousin Tom. "I never had such a happy Christmas in my life. And it is all your doing, Cousin Ethel!"

"It is because we were the blind and the halt and the poor that you are so happy; and because we can do nothing for you in return but love you, as we all shall do!" said Ethel's mother. But the girl herself could only thank him with a look, for her heart was too full for speech.

"We must have the same party again next Christmas," said Cousin Tom, as he closed the cab door.

And so they had, with a few changes. Captain Underwood had got a place as commissionaire at a bank; Miss Robson's annuity was doubled; two of Mrs. Mortimer's children were in pleasant country homes; a situation had been found for the deaf clerk in Cousin Tom's business; and—greatest change of all—Cousin Tom's wife sat opposite him at the table. It is hardly necessary to tell the intelligent reader that her name is Ethel.



"Miss Robson made the same discovery"

FRUIT-GROWING AT THE CAPE

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE

By A COLONIST

THE absence of the serious competition of the Cape Colony in the fruit markets of Europe is due neither to the climatic conditions of that country nor to any disadvantageous geographical position. As far as the latter point is concerned the Cape certainly scores over its Australian sisters, which are nearly twice as far from London. When we come to consider the former point, we find that the extreme south of the Cape Colony, in which the fruit-growing districts *par excellence* are situated, has an almost ideal climate. The winter season here is from April to July, and it is during these months that most of the rainfall occurs. This comes, not in the form of the rushing, destructive thunderstorms so prevalent in the interior, but in softer and more continuous, and consequently more soaking rains. But, even then, there is not much cold to complain of, and frost is almost entirely absent. Bright and sunny days are numerous, and the oak, which loses its leaves in April, puts forth new buds in July. Rain often falls in the warmer months, and whilst it is sufficient, combined with the natural moisture of the temperate coast region, to promote the gradual growth and ripening of the fruit, it seldom happens that the delicacy of flavour is impaired thereby. Irrigation, moreover, is not required. The soil, except in the alluvial valleys, is a light and cool one, easily drained, and consists of decomposed granite, with a total absence of lime. The broken nature of the country enables the farmer to make use of slopes with the genial southerly aspect, so favourable to the early ripening of his crop. These points being all in his favour, why has the Cape lagged behind in catering for the luxurious tastes of modern Europe? We answer, lack of markets—until lately—combined, it is sad to relate, with want of energy. Before the enormous influx of population, which has taken place during the past twelve years, the waste of such fruit as peaches, apricots and pears, tons of which were either thrown to the pigs or allowed to rot in the orchards, was incredible. There were really only two accessible markets of any size in those pre-railway days—the towns of Cape Town and Port Elizabeth, and they were soon glutted by the growers in the immediate vicinity. The grape was the chief fruit grown, and during the season was absurdly cheap. Of the balance, wine and brandy had to be made; chiefly the latter, as it would keep, and the price and reputation of Cape wine were at a very low ebb. Strong alcoholic *vin ordinaire* could be bought at one penny a bottle, whilst brandy was proportionately cheap!

The Cape, we believe, is the only civilised country in the world which places no excise on its brandy. At one time there was such a duty, but the Afrikander Bond, being of opinion that the already degraded coloured races of the south, and the more stalwart Bantu tribes of the north, had been placed there by the Creator as consumers of their vile liquor, and to thus enable them to dispense with the trouble of producing a better article, agitated until it was removed, and there has been no excise reimposed since. In 1886 the discovery was made that the dreaded pest, the *Phylloxera vestatrix*, had obtained a footing in the country. The Government expended much labour and money in a vain attempt to eradicate it, and soon all the chief southern wine districts, with the exception of the famous Constantia area, which has only recently been invaded, were in its clutches. This necessitated the rooting out of the old vineyards and replanting with American Phylloxera-proof stocks, on which the European vines were grafted. A far increased yield of grapes was the result, but the drain on the pockets of the already more or less impoverished wine-farmers caused the sale of many farms in the infected areas. These came into the possession of a new class of men, often strangers from England and America, who have spent much money and energy in improving the quality of their productions, importing for that purpose thousands of choice grafted trees. Although blocks of these farms have been bought by capitalists, including Mr. Rhodes and the De Beers Company, still many men of smaller means have followed their example, and the inevitable all-round rise in the price of land has taken place, so that the settler must expect to pay well for his ground, such price being dependent, not only on the quality of the soil, but also on the improvements thereon and its accessibility to the railway. The latter is a very important point when fresh fruit is grown. The Cape Colony is not interlaced with railways, as is the case in Europe, the Western Province being served by the trunk line from Capetown to Johannesburg and Buluwayo, with three or four branch lines. Nowadays, or rather previous to the outbreak of war, the mushroom mining towns of the Transvaal and Rhodesia furnished the most important markets for the fruit of the Cape districts, and the railway department of the colony facilitated its despatch, through the hundreds of miles of hot and arid Karroo, by the provision of refrigerator-cars in transit. By this means fruit can be delivered in Johannesburg or Buluwayo in two or three days, looking as fresh as when it left the vineyards.

The grapes are sent in strong bushel baskets, holding about 50 lbs., the mouth of the basket being simply covered in with vine leaves and with a piece of sacking sewn over them; beyond this no packing is needed. The Indian hawker buys the basket from the wholesale dealer, carries it round the town on his head, retailing the contents at from threepence to sixpence per pound, according to season. All the farms along the line of railway up to Hex River, 150 miles from Cape Town, participate in this trade, the whole crop of grapes being often bought from the owner by the middleman, who gathers and forwards it. In addition to the Transvaal, the eastern towns and villages of the colony are supplied with grapes from the Western Province, these being superior to the local product, and tons are shipped round to tropical Natal, which reciprocates by sending its luscious pineapples to Cape Town. Some enterprising men have persevered in shipping grapes, plums and peaches to London every season, but the trade has never succeeded in attaining large proportions. The fruit is carried in the large cool chambers of the fine mail-boats, and occasional failures have sometimes been due to unskilful packing, and, at others, to carelessness in keeping the store-rooms at a regular temperature on the voyage. Whenever the fruit has been put on the Covent Garden market in good condition it has always fetched high prices, the plums and peaches being especially appreciated, For this class of fruit there will always be a sure outlet in Europe, as soon as the country has any large surplus after providing for the needs of its augmented population Large quantities of apricots, melons, pears, apples, figs, and strawberries are grown during the summer months, and during the winter and spring oranges, lemons, guavas, and loquats. The Cape gooseberry, which is a fruit about the size of a marble, enclosed in a soft pod, and growing on a thornless bush, was formerly largely cultivated, and found eager purchasers in the jam manufacturers, it being one of the choicest Cape jams. The growers' objection to this plant is that it so quickly exhausts the soil; but this is merely a question of cultivation. Other fruits which were formerly to be seen rotting by thousands under the hedges, but which are now gathered and disposed of to the jam factories, are the quince and Kei apple, the latter a yellow, plumlike fruit, indigenous to the eastern part of the colony. There is certain to be a considerable increase in the number of these factories, so useful to the grower at a distance from a market.

The jams are retailed in one- or two-pound tins, but there are still large imports of preserves, canned fruits and pickles. The colonial housewives make delicious "Komfytten," or jams; although, sometimes, too much sugar is used. The fruits conserved are strange to Englishmen—whole citrons and green figs, the rinds of water and sweet melons, grapes preserved in brandy, and "meebos," a confection of pressed apricots. Their "Angels' food," a dish composed of guavas and oranges, must be eaten to be appreciated. Currants and raisins do not require immediate despatch, and can be produced, therefore, in remoter districts. They are very dear, and often weevilly and mouldy, in up-country towns. The Californian dried fruit is infinitely superior to the local, sun-dried, and discoloured article. In the Transvaal, a Pretoria firm has held the monopoly of jam-making, and has made a fine profit, the imported stuff being heavily taxed. As before stated, the country around Cape Town is granitic, but farther inland we find even more fertile soil, on limestone beds. Here the rainfall is less constant, and occurs more at one season of the year. Irrigation is needed, and farms with good irrigable land, along a constantly flowing river, fetch high prices. This calcareous land yields three or four times as much as the granitic, but the delicacy of flavour of the fruit is less. This is due to irrigation, and to the more sudden ripening, owing to the heat; but, naturally, currants, dried fruit and brandy, the chief productions, are not affected. Much Boer tobacco is grown here, and every year hundreds of waggons set out laden with tobacco, brandy, raisins, and the twenty-foot long ox-waggon whips. These "tocht" waggons travel for months around the stock farms of the interior, exchanging their loads for sheep and cattle, and finally bartering the waggons themselves. On returning with the live-stock they find a ready sale for it in the agricultural districts. This custom of going on "tocht" is still a favourite one, although the great extension of railways has robbed it of much of its profits and necessity. Unless it is possible to perform the engineering feat of putting land hitherto considered non-irrigable under water, the new-comer will certainly have to pay well for his farm, but one hundred acres of this ground, or a couple of hundred in the granite country, will make a large fruit farm.

Just now there is little irrigable land to be had, but it is hoped that the Government, or the large corporations, will erect dams in many suitable spots. The Afrikander Bond looks to Government settlements as a means for relieving the poor Dutch, but it is doubtful whether continuous manual labour will be to their taste. Until such are formed, fruit-farming will require a moderate capital, and the immigrant should gain local experience before starting for himself. Natal produces mainly subtropical fruits along the coast, whilst farther inland a little temperate fruit of a poor class is grown. On the coast the sugar and tea planters are chiefly English or Mauritians, and the labour is done by imported coolies from India. Pineapples, bananas, papaws and mangoes all thrive, but the area of cultivable land is not large. Market-gardening near the large South African towns is carried on by Portuguese, Italians, Greeks and the ubiquitous Chinaman and Indian, all of whom can undersell the Englishman. The railway rates of the Colonial and Netherlands lines rendered nearness to a market an absolute necessity.

To sum up, one may say that, given a good farm in a convenient locality, with capital enough to tide over the two or three years during the growth of the fruit, a man ought to do well. Even during the years mentioned above, a smart man can depend upon making money out of annual crops, such as melons, tomatoes, green mealies, &c. He will have to buckle to and work for himself, as white labour is scarce and dear, and the coloured man is not always intelligent. The raw Kaffir is not suitable for the work and the mixed or coloured races of the Cape, which have been used to agricultural labour, are in a very demoralised state.

MONUMENTAL TIME-KEEPERS

BY THE REV. J. M. BACON, M.A., F.R.A.S.

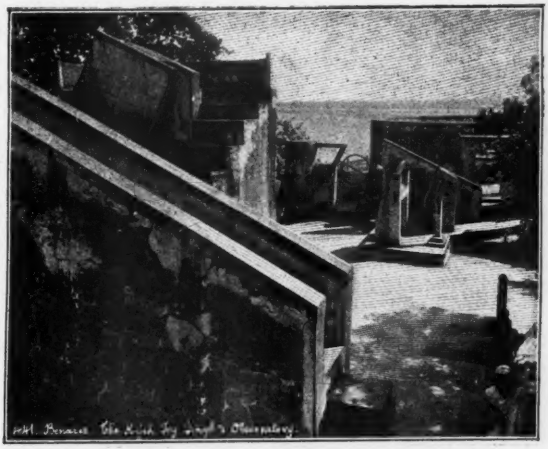
YEARS ago there was on view in Paris an apparatus which by means of a burning glass used to fire off a cannon at the moment when the sun reached the meridian; that is, always supposing that the sun was brightly shining. The contrivance attracted much attention, and daily a crowd would collect to watch the curious and somewhat startling automatic performance. More than that, a number of the onlookers would carefully set their watches at twelve o'clock on hearing the gun-signal under the impression that this being ruled by the sun himself, could make no manner of mistake. And yet in actual fact watches set in this way would give right time only on four days out of a whole year, these days being on or about April 15 June 15, August 31 and December 24.

When all was said and done, the lens and the cannon only made up a very poor substitute for an ordinary orthodox sundial such as has been known to mortals for 2600 years at least. Of these there have been many forms, and some existing examples are highly interesting. The most common form, of course, is the simple horizontal dial as we know it in front of an old-fashioned country house or in a college quadrangle. Here the upstanding piece of metal known as the "style" or "gnomon" is made so that its slant edge points to the true pole, and such an instrument is accurate only in the latitude for which it is designed.

Another common dial is of a vertical form, of which a fine example exists on the north side of the principal court of Queen's College, Cambridge. Its object is clearly that it should be capable of being read at a distance like a modern turret or stable clock. Here again whatever serves as the "style" must point to the celestial pole or the shadows will get radically wrong as the year proceeds.

A most interesting form of dial devoid of any upstanding "style," is a plain geometrical cross which requires only to be set true north and south with its plane parallel to that of the equator. Here it is, the edges of the end of the cross and those of the ends of its arms that cast the recording shadow, each during its allotted portion of the day, and no less than six side faces of the cross have to be graduated.

But from what has been already said it is clear that some correction is needed with respect to the telling of any timekeeper that is dependent only on the sun. Cyclists are constantly reminded of this by the erratic rate of going shown on those cardboard clock faces in cycle shop windows which are set to show for each day the completion of the hour after sundown. In the early days of the year the hands on this card dial go forward about one minute each day, quickening to nearly double this rate during the two following months; slowing down through May; remaining practically stationary through the middle and end of June, and thenceforward falling behind in a manner as irregular as their advance.



(From a photograph by Taurines)

ANCIENT STONE ASTRONOMICAL INSTRUMENTS, BENARES

Sufficient explanation of all this can be given without technical phraseology and without any difficult reasoning. Let a clock and the sun be supposed to start fair together at the time of the Spring Equinox on the understanding that they are to be in accordance again six months later, when the sun occupies exactly the opposite point of the celestial sphere—*i.e.*, his position at the Autumnal Equinox. The clock, if properly conducted, is relied on simply to keep a steady and uniform pace through all this interval. The sun, however, is called upon for duties that are more involved, being expected, in addition to its daily course, to climb the sky higher and higher each day till midsummer, and then to climb down again. In doing this he deserts, as we all know, the track of the equator which would have been the shortest way across the sky between the positions above mentioned, and in consequence even though he should keep a strictly uniform pace through the months he will not *seem* to do so.

It is somewhat as though a runner on the bank were to start fair with a boat from a post on the margin of the Round Pond, and keeping a steady pace come in with it just as it reached a winning post on the opposite shore. To an onlooker who stood squarely to the race at a station equidistant from the posts, the runner would appear at one time to be losing, at another gaining, and would be dead level only at the start, the middle and the finish.

So with the sun, on the supposition that his rate along his annual path is uniform. He would be even with the clock only at the two equinoxes, at midsummer and (by parity of reasoning) at midwinter.

But the sun's rate along its path is not uniform for the simple reason that, being nearest the earth about January 1, he apparently is making the running above his average speed, and then gradually slows down again till six months later he is correspondingly lagging; so that looked at under this aspect the sun and clock could only be keeping just time at one brief epoch in each half-year.

Thus to account for disagreement between sun and clock we have two different causes at work, and if we display this in the ordinary way by two curves, their net result will be seen at a glance. Where the curves lie above the upper line they represent when and how much the clock is ahead of the sun, and where the curves lie below the line they show when and how much the clock is behind the sun. The curve on the lower line simply gives the joint effect of the two causes and shows the only four days in the year when the shadow of any sundial can record correct time.

But there are celestial timekeepers of another class and some on a giant scale.

(From a photograph by T. Deynon)

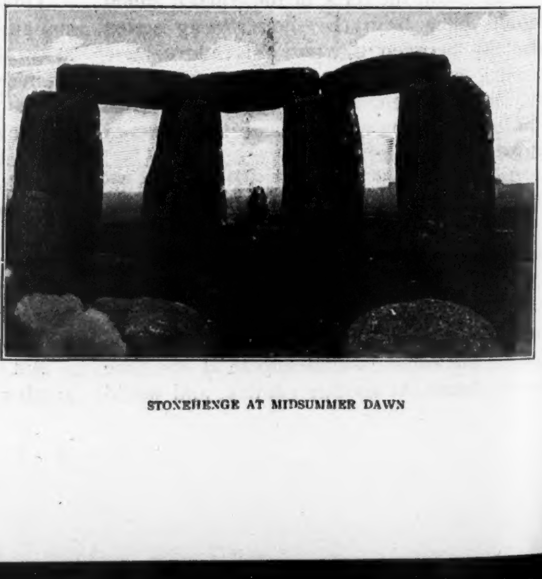
TYPICAL HORIZONTAL SUNDIAL

Probably we are justified in assuming that England possesses by far the grandest annual sun-register in Europe and one of unknown antiquity in the incomparable structure of Stonehenge. Lying far afield as it does, it is nevertheless becoming better known and more frequented every year by reason of the attraction it offers to enterprising cyclists and those who love to explore the grander parts of their own country; but to the chance excursionist Stonehenge loses half of its imposing proportions by reason of the very vastness of the plain by which it is approached. It is only after you have strode it round, counted its stones and measured your height against the giant monoliths, that the scale of the stupendous monument possesses you.

To all who know what to look for, the tradition that the structure was designed with reference to the motion of the sun will be convincing. The writer has kept vigil in the open temple the night through at midsummer and watched the full moon go down in the west and the dawn break in the north-east, and the conviction is irresistible that the pointer stone, standing somewhat less than one hundred yards away, was intended to mark the spot where the midsummer sun would be seen to rise by an observer stationed on the altar stone. Further the whole circle of stones may most reasonably be supposed to have been in part at least intended to serve as a rude observatory with respect to the motions of sun and stars.

To go further than this, however, were idle folly. There have been attempts, many and most ingenious, actually to calculate the date of Stonehenge by the amount of deviation from the true position which the blunt and ill-shaped "point" of the stone now maintains, using exact deductions based on the very small secular change that is taking place in the tilt of the sun's path to calculate to a very considerable degree of nicety when the stone was first set up.

Such reckoning, however, is folly on the face of it. The altar stone is no mathematical centre to begin with, while that there has been a shift in the position of the stones themselves wrought by the hand of time is not a probability, but a certainty, introducing an unknown error sufficient to vitiate any such results as have been elaborated. It is easy to see how these stones, which were most carefully shaped, planted and built up with mutual support, have settled out of their places. Many are sunk or fallen. Those that have stood best are still leaning more or less, particularly such as have been left unsupported, while grievous subsidences have happened within a single century. That



STONEHENGE AT MIDSUMMER DAWN

the peak of the mis-shapen and unsupported pointer stone, some sixteen feet high, should still with any accuracy lie in the same line of sight as it originally did would be the greatest marvel of all relating to Stonehenge.

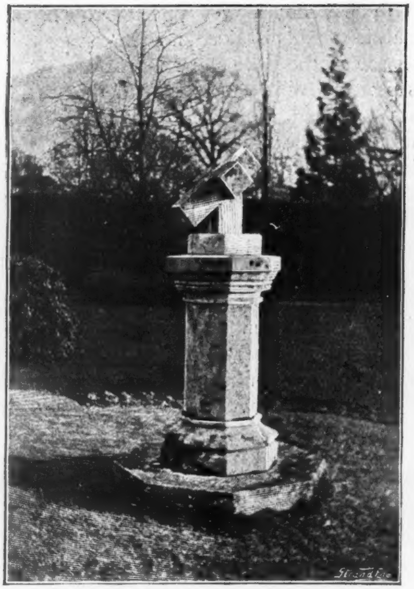
If it be possible to go one better than our glorious monumental relic on Salisbury Plain, we shall have to claim the Great Pyramid itself as an astronomical structure intended at least in part for timekeeping by meridional observations. It has come to be regarded as such of late years. Deep down in the heart of the mighty mound, and far below the surface of the rock on which it rests, there is a small chamber from which a slant shaft or passage is tunnelled sloping upwards in a due northerly direction and leading up to the open sky at such an angle that the pole star of that period (which, serving as a rough guide to the true pole, really described a small circle round it) must have looked down its whole length once in every twenty-four hours, viz., at the moment that it crossed the meridian at its lower transit. This passage seems to have been constructed as the guide for orienting the peerless mound that was then raised thereon, while the subterranean chamber was used to mark and preserve the true centre, plumb above which the principal vertical line of the whole Pyramid was to be carried up.

SUN VIEW OF THE BRITISH ISLES AT NOON, MIDWINTER

But much more than this has been revealed, for at the point where the slant passage reaches the original surface of the ground there leads away another upward passage sloped at such an angle that whenever the pole star looked down the first slant passage, this second passage would receive its light reflected off any fluid surface placed at its entrance. This second passage would thus lead due south, and as the building proceeded it was made to open out into a noble gallery of consummate workmanship admirably designed from its narrowness and great length for the observation of the sun and heavenly bodies as they crossed the true meridian.

Such in brief is the accepted story of the "wonder of the world" that from times before the dawn of history has stood sentinel over the deserts of Cairo. The pole of the earth has not always pointed to the star that, as already noticed, now in our day does service as the pole star; but at a rate that is perfectly well known the true North Pole has travelled round a small circle in the heavens, and it is a matter admitting of no degree of doubt that approximately 5000 years ago the bright star α in the Dragon (and there can have been no other of consequence) looked down the north slant passage in the way above described.

This, be it noted, is no isolated case of a shaft having been used for the purpose of astronomical observation. It is a matter of trustworthy tradition that somewhere in the grounds of Greenwich Observatory—and the spot is no longer known—a vertical tunnel was dug, from the bottom of which the stars should be seen in day-time. It is not to be wondered at, however, that this curious piece of work has long since been filled in or hidden, for the fact is that few stars in daytime could have been seen in this way, inasmuch as in the latitude of Greenwich no stars sufficiently bright are ever overhead at all. Were we to travel southwards a few degrees the case would be different. No further than the neighbourhood of Lyons or Venice, Capella, often reckoned in brightness as a good second in all the heavens, would for a brief interval in each day be in the zenith, and it is conceivable that even from the bottom of a sufficiently tall chimney shaft it might be well seen by the naked eye, at the proper hour.



(From a photograph by C. H. Paxton, Esq.)

CRUCIFORM SUNDIAL

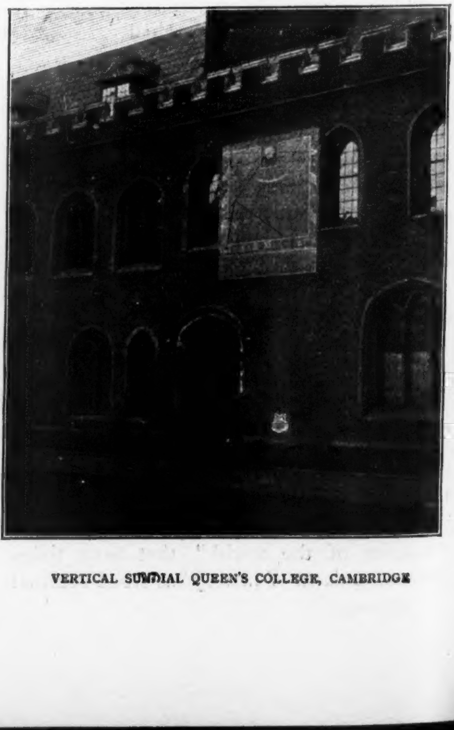
It is worthy of note that the very rudimentary facts involved in the above statements are not always well understood, and of this we have proof in one of the most curious mistakes ever made by an eminent writer. It is undeniable that Charles Dickens in his "Hard Times" pictures Stephen Blackpool as lying at the bottom of the old Hell Shaft and continuing, for a protracted period, to see the same star looking down on him as though it had forgotten to move on.

Naturally it is the sun that has most frequently been chosen to do duty in all time as the prime timekeeper, and monumental instruments for observations of the sun of great antiquity, and often of wonderful workmanship, are to be found in Eastern countries—notably in India. At Benares there is a famous stone observatory of gigantic proportions, centuries old and lying exposed under the open heaven, yet so solidly and substantially built that two years ago, when the writer had the opportunity of closely examining it, the ancient alignment appeared unimpaired, and the graduations as clean and accurately cut as if they were the work of yesterday.

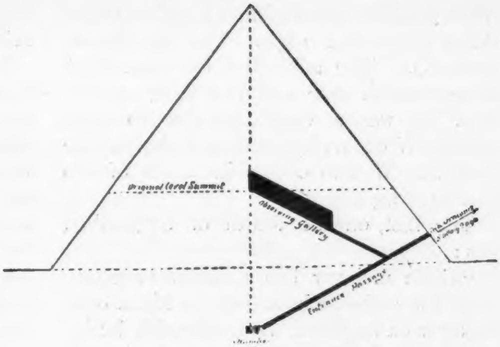
Abundant examples and not far to seek exist of memorial buildings—notably churches and cathedrals—where the sun is caused to keep a daily or seasonal register by casting in some special manner a ray of light or else a shadow on some particular and noteworthy spot at a definite period of the day or year. Scott typifies this in his conceit of the "Blood-red Cross" thrown at certain times through a painted window on the grave of Michael Scott in Melrose Abbey.

A most interesting example coming under this category has recently been given me by the Dean of Hereford, who points out that on the pillar behind the altar in the choir of his cathedral there is to be seen what he has called the "Shadow of the Cross." This curious effect is, in the opinion of the Dean, produced by the side lights in the upper parts of the south-east and north-east transepts.

Every one must have noticed how in our own houses a south window is, or should be, an important recorder and regulator of sunshine through the year. In summer such a window allows the sun's direct rays to intrude only the minimum distance within the room, while in midwinter these will generally



VERTICAL SUNDIAL QUEEN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE penetrate across to the opposite wall, and the full value of this fact cannot be overestimated. There is reason to utilise to the utmost the slant rays that winter sheds upon us. This is made most obvious, not so much by looking at the sun, as by transferring ourselves to the sun at that period and looking back at the earth. The accompanying illustration shows in a startling but truthful manner how the midwinter sun's rays even at mid-day can, as it were, but glance off the British Isles.



INTERIOR OF GREAT PYRAMID

"I LAID ME DOWN"

Ps. iii. 5

I laid me down and slept.
  And I awaked. The long night thro'
My pulse its rhythm unconscious kept;
  Unconscious breath I drew.

O Lord, it was not I
  Who wrought this marvel unaware.
I slept—for Thou, unseen, wast nigh;
  Awaked—for Thou wast there.

Vida Briss.

"AGONY" ADVERTISEMENTS

By G. STANLEY ELLIS

IT is quite astonishing how people insist on communicating the most private matters to each other by cryptograms in the "Agony Column," although there is hardly a single cryptogram which any one who makes a hobby of such things cannot decipher in a poor half-hour. The ordinary agonist generally adopts the clock cryptogram, the key to which the cryptogrammatist can discover in five minutes. A clock cryptogram is made thus: Write the letters of the alphabet in a circle like the figures on the dial of a clock. Then write them again in a somewhat smaller circle, taking care to keep the letters equidistant from each other. Thus, however you turn the circles after you have put the smaller inside the larger, supposing A of the larger circle to be just outside any letter of the smaller circle, every other letter of the outer circle must be just outside some one letter of the inner circle. The outer letters are the natural letters, and the inner letters the cryptogrammatic letters. You arrange with your correspondent that A natural, for example, is to be represented by H cryptogrammatic. You turn H in the inner against A in the outer circle, and, wishing to give him (or her) some musical and sound advice, you pay for the advertisement of

VO ! SPZALU AV AOL IHUK.

When your correspondent sees the paper he immediately places the H of the inner circle in juxtaposition to the A of the outer circle and read V equals O, O equals H, S equals L, P equals I, Z equals S, A equals T, L equals E, U equals N. Oh, yes. "Oh! Listen to the Band."

Take, for example, three advertisements

which actually appeared in a London paper during September 1899. The key was A equals O. The advertiser has translated without much care and has made several slips. It was a very easy key to find, because W occurs by itself, and can only be I or A. W also occurs in words of two letters, as wg and wh.

The first, on the fourth of September, was:

"Geffn mci rwr bch ibrsfghobr asggous. Veds hvs asshwbn kwzz bch ps hiwzz othsf 22 og w oa hc dzom wb hcifboasbh huwqv psuwbg 8 obr rfong cb hwzz 21 kvsb wg o robqs. Ks ksfs oh qvs-dghck obr hwbhsfb zogh acbrvm 28."

Apply the above equation and you have, correcting the evident mistakes:

"Sorry you did not understand message. Hope the meeting will not be until after the 22 as I am to play in tournament which begins 8 and drags on till 21 when is a dance. We were at Chepstow and Tintern last Monday 28."

On the sixth there appeared:

"Acgh oktgzzm gcffm pih wg eiwhs wadcggwpzs og w vois hc dzom acthisg-obr-ksr-ge w quobh sist qcas id tcf hvs rom-og wh wg wadcggwpzs hc ush cih ct dzomwbn bck. Kwzz kfwhs pm acb."

Which is:

"Most awfully sorry but is quite impossible as I have to play Mon-Tues-and-Wed so I can't even come up for the day as it is impossible to get out of playing now. Will write by Mon."

On the ninth there was another:

"Cttwqsfg zormgawhy quod kwgv mci ziqy rsjwnsg cf szgskvsfs. Dzsogs fsdzm 'Tigers.' Bohoz."

"Officers Ladysmith eijr" (? the natural word "quod") "wish you luck Devizes or elsewhere. Please reply 'Tigers,' Natal."

The wonder is that any one should have taken the trouble to put such apparently innocent remarks into a cryptogram. And perhaps it is also a wonder that any one should have taken the trouble to decipher them.

To leave cryptograms, which are evidently not so mysterious as they look, and to come to some recent "Agony" advertisements in natural language. It is not so long since that this was in several London papers:

"Boulogne. Return at once to save me from the difficulty you placed me in on Friday evening. M.D.E."

Not very mysterious perhaps. But thereby hangs a tale. A lady taking a train from Victoria met a gentleman acquaintance whose name had slipped her memory. He was going from Victoria to Boulogne. He suggested mental refreshment for the journey, and she made a selection, for which she thought he had paid, from the bookstall. He went to take his train. She intended to go to take hers. But, as she went, the bookstall keeper intervened. The gentleman had not paid. The police were called in and the lady appeared before a magistrate, who remanded her that she might produce the gentleman who had gone to Boulogne. Hence the advertisement. Unlike the tales of to-day, and like the old-fashioned stories, this had a happy ending, and the lady was discharged without a stain on her character.

In April 1898 there appeared an advertisement offering a reward, the amount of which was not mentioned, but which, all things considered, should have been a large one, for the information wanted would be difficult to obtain:

"Any one giving such information as will lead to the discovery of the residence of Mr. Will Griffith, deceased, would be rewarded."

In March 1898 an advertisement of seven words gave a three-volume novel in a nutshell:

"——. Too late, you jealous fool! Engaged." Was it right to sympathise with the gentleman, or was it right, supposing the lady to be often in the frame of mind indicated by the advertisement, to congratulate him?

In May 1898 appeared the short and simple notice, of which even cryptogrammarians could make no sense:

"You wife says £9 13*s.* *6d.*" But why did she say it, and why, for such a comparatively small sum, was it necessary to pay advertising charges?

On the same day this came out:

"Betsy Thoughtless is said to have recently hurriedly left her two pages within less than a mile of Rois Croix, in consequence of their tempers being so soured when perusing certain papers that they accidentally upset some gravy over an

Avocatman's finery, near Walton Well. There's been another 'scare.' Now all such papers are kept from ——'s sight by those who say, 'Not made in Germany,' but simply 'in Germany,' by even some who differ therefrom. 'They order these things better in France'; yes, at Boulogne S.M. The grim gent was as faithful as the pages. ELSIE."

What does it all mean? Is it a burglar's appointment, or a patent medicine advertisement, or does it refer to the lady of the bookstall? Or, can it have anything to do with the "affaire"?

Considering that the last five advertisements appeared in the same paper, it perhaps only requires the appearance of an Ignatius Donnelly of the future to construct with one key or another—and any stick is good enough to beat a dog—a cryptogram containing a secret history of the Court of Queen Victoria.

It seemed a peculiar thing, apart from the waste of money, to advertise on the same day as "Betsy Thoughtless" and "£9 13*s*. 6*d*." that:

"— and — having let their house for the season, have left town."

Doubtless every one has noticed the religious — shall we say couplets? — which appear very frequently in the *Times*. Here is one:

"Jews and Christians.
"When the ill deed of one's made the
good of the other,
"'Tis hard to see aught 'twixt one and the
other."

These lines probably have their uses, and they must certainly contribute regularly to the profits of the *Times*, as must the poems on patriotic subjects which frequently appear in its "Agony Column." Many of us have rejoiced to see our gratuitous verses in print. But to pay for them!

"If," said one gentleman in June 1898, "the gentleman who, by mistake, took eight £5 notes out of another gentleman's pocket on the lawn at Ascot last Tuesday made any money out of them, would he kindly return the original capital to 'Sports man,' ——."

On similar lines was:

"If the man who stole the collie puppies during Monday night from H. Beaumont, painter and decorator, Spring Grove Street, will come for it, he can have the pedigree."

These must have been quips modest. From a "Sportsman" and a breeder of pedigree collies they cannot have been genuine. But there was one advertisement which showed a great faith in the milk of human kindness:

"Most Urgent.—Will some kind friend give PONY to elderly, heart-diseased, poor, rural Incumbent, scattered population, large parish, very large family? Also, will any kindly give or subscribe towards prescribed 16-guinea BICYCLE for his adult, seriously rheumatic daughter? Details gladly. Write ——."

On the same day in May 1899 were these two following advertisements. Really £10 for a lady appears a very low price:

"Ten Pounds Reward.—Missing, a lady, age 44, height 5ft. 6in., thin build, hair dark (turning grey), large hazel eyes, black serge dress, black straw hat (black-and-white-striped ribbon and cream roses), grey tweed golf cape and spats. Reply ——."

"The GENTLEMAN who on Monday night last TOOK from the Cloak Room, Dress Circle, Vaudeville Theatre, a nearly new HAT by —— & Co., leaving in exchange an older one by A. B. & Co., London, Limited, is requested to kindly return the former to the Box Office, where he will find his own article." Note the use of the word "article." On second thoughts I leave out the name of the makers of the nearly new hat. Sweet are the uses of advertisement. Perhaps the whole advertisement was an advertisement pure and simple!

A gentleman who advertised in August 1898 is by no means hard to please:

"GENTLEMAN, 44, desires correspondence; adoption or matrimony; particulars, photo. Stamped envelope.—Cheerful, *Echo*, Cardiff."

And, on the subject of matrimonial advertisements, here are two from the *Melbourne Argus*:

"A.—Marriages celebrated by ordained Clergymen (with due solemnity), in strictest privacy, at HOLT'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY, 422, Queen Street, Melbourne, opposite the Old Cemetery" (*absit omen*), "or elsewhere, from 10 A.M. to 9 P.M. daily, Saturday included (no notice required). Fee 10*s*. 6*d*., or marriage with guaranteed gold wedding-ring and necessary witnesses provided, £1 1s. P.S.—No other charges whatever."

"A.—Marriage (Special Licence) SOLEMNISED (note the largest capitals, to make it particularly solemn) by legally qualified minister, minister's study and residence, any time. Fee, £1 1s. No extras. Notice unnecessary. Reliable witnesses provided, if desired. Correspondence permitted. Select. Not a matrimonial agency. Appointments arranged by H. Hanslow, jeweller, 307, Elizabeth Street, City. No connection with any other."

This is not uninteresting in view of the recent Australian wedding case.

And for a last quotation:

"A piano for sale by a lady with wooden legs about to cross the Atlantic in an oak case."

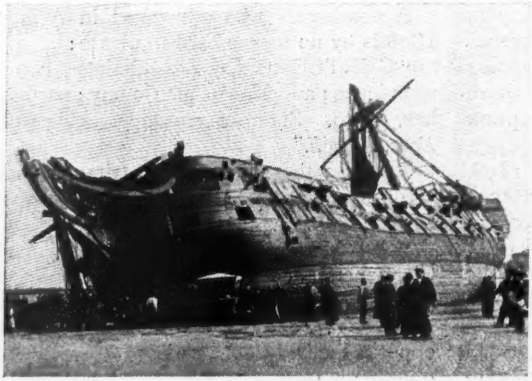
SHIP SALVAGE

VARIOUS WAYS OF RECLAIMING WRECKS

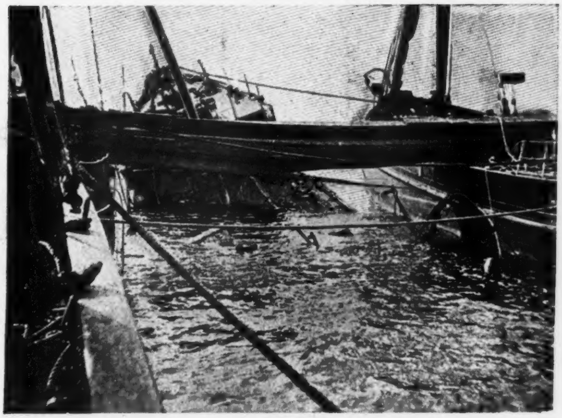
By FREDERICK J. ROSE

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

HAND in hand with the advance in the science of ship building, which has characterised more particularly the latter half of the nineteenth century, has advanced a sister science, that of ship salvage, with no less certain success. Up to a certain point, ship building and ship salvage have interests in common. The improvements and discoveries made in the one may be, and frequently are, utilised in the other. But, while ship building has reached maturity, ship salvage is yet in its infancy, being "cabined, cribbed, and confined" by physical limitations which do not operate in ship building. Apart from the French submarine navigation experiments, the problem for the future in connection with ship building, if the launch of the *Oceanic* at Belfast may be taken as significant, appears to be that of ascertaining what particular width and length of vessel is best suited to ensure the greatest possible speed and safety at sea. It is a problem which calls for the skill of the engineer, the nice calculation of the mathematician, and the enterprise of the trader. The problem confronting the ship salver is of a different nature. It has not to do with the polemics of science, or with a set of arithmetical calculations, but—how to withstand abnormal pressure of water at a depth of thirty or more fathoms. Before that problem the science of ship building stands dumb, for it has naught to do with it, and that of ship salvage is nearly as helpless. Up to the present it is a matter of more or less well-grounded argument as to what happens to a ship which founders in deep water. Scientists unhesitatingly assert that she sinks to the unfathomable depths of ocean. But, inasmuch as the German school of philosophy contends that opinions based on scientific principles alone may lead to wrong conclusions, strength is given to the argument that a vessel which founders,



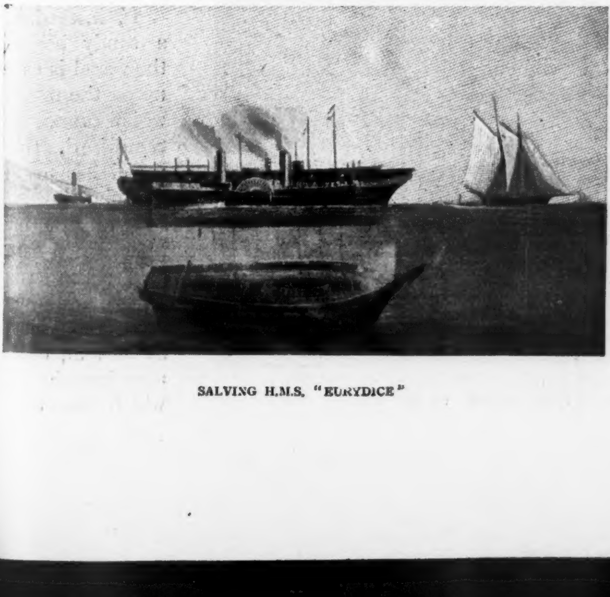
NELSON'S FLAGSHIP "FOUDROYANT"



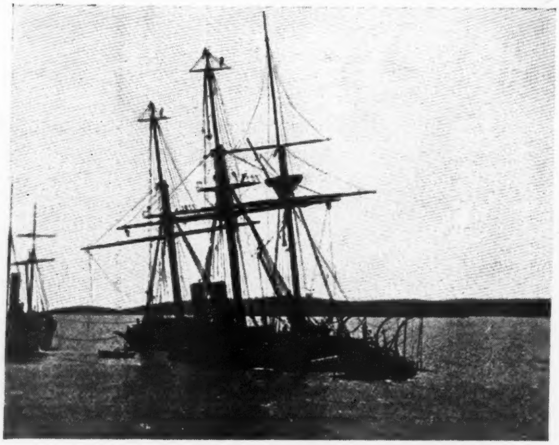
SALVING THE "TINA"

say, in the abnormal depth of five and a half miles near the Bermudas, drifts about at the mercy of the many currents which are to be found below the surface of the ocean, and that she never does reach the bottom. The German philosophers may settle that as best they can with the laws of gravity, and of the pressure and resistance of water. Certain it is that no one has ever been down to ascertain from actual experience what does happen and has lived to tell the tale. The problem was aptly, although unconsciously, set forth in a paragraph which went the round of the provincial press some time ago, to the effect that a diver had lost his life through being "allowed to drop into too deep water." It was asserted that the attendant who held the life-line forgot himself, and let the man down with a run. When the poor diver was hauled to the surface his body was discovered to be crushed into pulp by the weight of water be had been called upon to sustain. However inaccurately that regretable accident may have been misreported, that version of the story embodied the real difficulty of ship salvage. It is a problem of how to combat the natural laws in protection of unnatural requirements, and until it is solved ship salvage in deep water must remain, as it now is, *non possimus.*

The cause is not difficult to comprehend. A diver, at the depth of thirty-two feet of water, sustains a pressure equal to double the ordinary pressure of air on his body, being a total of 40,000 lbs. pressure, or about thirteen lbs. per square inch. That pressure is sustained without effort, since the air and fluids in the body expand the more they are compressed, and the pressure is uniform. But that pressure increases in direct ratio to the depth descended, so that the limit of human endurance is reached at a depth of about thirty fathoms. The greatest depth a diver has ever descended and lived is thirty-four fathoms, or two hundred and four feet, at which depth the pressure was eighty-eight and a half pounds per square inch. While, however, life may be barely sustained at that depth, the conditions allow of no reserve of physical power, so that it is obvious the exertion involved by ship salvage is quite out of the question at anything like that depth of water. Diver Angel Erostarbe, who was employed by Messrs. Siebe, Gorman, and Co., of London, the submarine engineers to the Admiralty and the War Office, and the

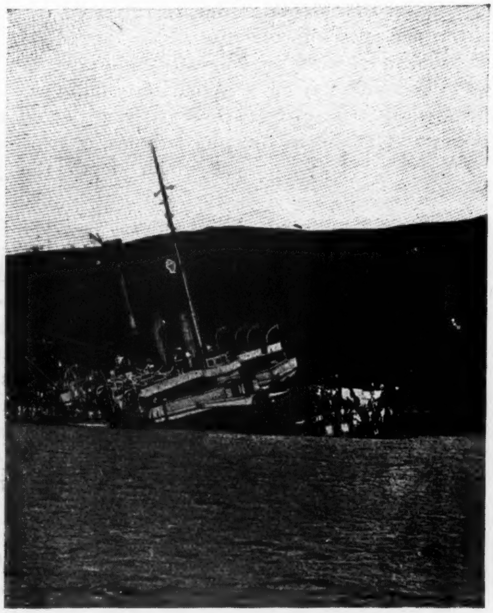


SALVING H.M.S. "EURYDICE"



H.M.S. "SULTAN" SUNK

biggest ship salvage firm in Britain, holds the record for effective deep-sea work. He reclaimed about sixty bars of silver from the cabin of the *Skyro*, which vessel was wrecked in fully thirty fathoms of water, nine miles south of Cape Finisterre, the salvage being effected about five years after the date of the wreck. Only vessels, therefore, that are wrecked in comparatively shallow water come within the range of ship salvage operations. The rest are lost to the commerce of the nation, that loss, confined to the British coasts alone, representing nine million sterling annually.

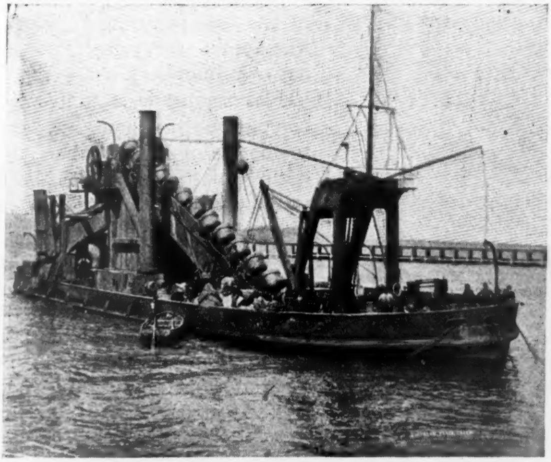


H.M.S. "HOWE" ON THE ROCKS

Many are the means adopted to raise sunken vessels, but the particular method depends on the special circumstances of the case. The various methods of ship salvage may be classed under six heads: Trenching, launching, slinging, building-up, platforming, and cutting.

Trenching is the most simple method. It must be carried through with expedition, however, as a vessel wrecked just within the reach of the surf is liable to go to pieces, or to be strained beyond the possibility of being repaired or registered. If a vessel strands on a sandy beach she may be temporarily repaired from the outside at low tide, and floated at the high tide, assistance being given, if needful, by one or more steam-tugs. Should the high tide or storm cast the wreck high on the beach, beyond the reach of the high tide, trenches have to be dug round her, in order to get a sufficient depth of water in which the vessel can float after being repaired. The trenching method was employed by the Clyde Salvage Company, of Glasgow, to float Nelson's flagship, the *Foudroyant*, which stranded during a gale near Blackpool Pier, in 1897. The attempt was unsuccessful, the flagship having been too greatly damaged.

If, instead of a sandy beach, the vessel is cast up on the rocks, which cannot be trenched, the vessel has to be heeled over from side to side by hydraulic jacks, and thus repaired, and ways laid under her, as with an ordinary launch, on which she may

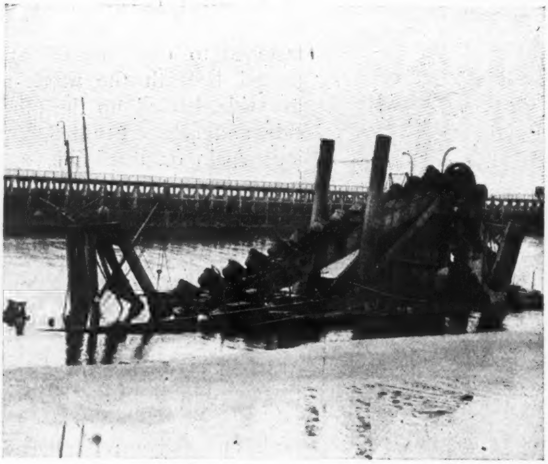


THE "WALTER BIBBY" AT WORK

slip into the water over the rocks. The launching method is seldom employed.

The slinging method is much more complex and interesting. In the illustration of the *Tina* it will be observed that the bows of the partly submerged wreck are above the water. The *Tina* was one of the fastest fish runners on the Clyde. On her last run she struck a rock during a fog in West Loch Tarbet, and finally settled down, stern first, in five fathoms of water. In order to lift her the Clyde Salvage Association arranged four lighters, two on either side of the wreck, forming a square, with the *Tina* submerged in the middle. Between the two front lighters a number of very long and strong pitch-pine logs were placed, the logs lying transversely to the decks of the *Tina*, and extending across each of the lighters. The other two lighters were similarly connected with each other, the combined weight of the four lighters being considerably more than that of the wreck and salvage apparatus. Flexible steel hawsers, seven and a half inches in diameter, which had been tested to a strain of five hundred tons per inch, were then fastened to each set of logs, passed beneath the wreck at low tide, hauled up the other side, and fastened to the same logs again on that side, and made taut, so that when the tide rose, the *Tina* was lifted, as if in two slings, between the lighters. She was in that position carried to a shallow part of the coast, and at low water the slack of the hawsers was hauled in, and the operation repeated until the vessel, at low tide, was left high and dry on the beach, so that she could be temporarily repaired, and floated at the ensuing high tide. That lengthy operation was entirely successful; but a sad sequel, which illustrates the risk of ship salvage, remains to be told. After the *Tina* had been temporarily repaired, and while she was on her way to the dry dock for complete overhaul, she was caught in the trough of a sea during a sudden squall, and literally swallowed, five of the wreckers being drowned, and one of the owners who had salved her narrowly escaping with his life. Britain's famous racing yacht, *Valkyrie III.*, was salved by the slinging method. She

TROPHIES OF THE DREDGER

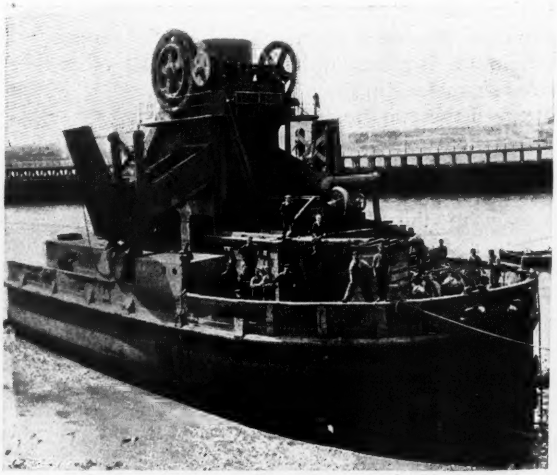


THE "WALTER BIBBY" WRECKED

sank after collision during her last race in twenty-one fathoms of water, and was carried from Hunter's Quay to Glasgow. In ordinary circumstances the salvage in that depth of water would have been impossible, consistent with remunerative labour, her exceptional and fancy value and her light weight providing her salvation. The slinging method is also illustrated by the photograph of a painting, owned by Messrs. Siebe, Gorman and Co., of the salving of the *Eurydice*, which was wrecked in fifteen fathoms of water off the Isle of Wight. She was lifted by having oak "toggles" placed inside each port-hole, to which wire hawsers were attached and carried up to two lifting frigates moored over the wreck.

Building-up is another method requiring great skill and exactness. It is employed for vessels which sink in the open, only a few feet below the water at low tide. Divers temporarily repair the vessels in the usual way, after which wooden planks are inserted vertical with the sides, the ends rising above the water. The planks have to be well caulked, made thoroughly water-tight, and strongly shored. The water in the vessel is then pumped out by means of centrifugal pumps, whereupon the vessel rises by her own buoyancy.

Platforming is a still more complicated method. It has to be resorted to when the bottom of the wreck has been torn beyond the possibility of temporary repair. It frequently occurs, as in the case of the *Paris*, that the rocks and boulders on which the wreck has settled protrude through the bottom of the vessel. In such a case a platform of wood has to be inserted inside the vessel, above the boulders, and resting on them and the bottom and sides of the ship. The platform has to be carefully caulked and shored, so as to really give the wreck a false bottom, after which the vessel has to be made water-tight, and, practically, hermetically sealed, so that she may be pumped dry, and, as in the previous case, rise by her own buoyancy. If the protruding rocks prevent the vessel from rising, as in the case of the *Paris*, the wreck may be canted or tilted, or the rocks may be blasted, or the vessel cut and released. H.M.S. *Howe*, which stranded off the Spanish coast



THE "WALTER BIBBY" CUT—AFTER PART

in 1892, and listed twenty degrees to starboard, had to be released from the rocks by blasting. A large shield was then constructed and fixed over the damaged parts by divers, after which the vessel was pumped out. But before she could be floated the rocks all round the submerged warship had also to be blasted away, the work being successfully performed by the Neptune Salvage Company, of Stockholm. H.M.S. *Sultan* was raised by Messrs. Baghino Bros., of London and Genoa, in much the same way, but extra precautions had to be taken in her case that the blasting operations should not further damage the vessel, the position of the wreck, which foundered between Malta and Gozo, entailing further difficulty.

The cutting method, which is illustrated by the *Walter Bibby*, calls for more than ordinary engineering skill. The *Walter Bibby* was one of the most powerful dredgers afloat. She broke her back in Leith Harbour by settling on a boulder after being moored for the night, the low tide letting her down on it, and, as it were, paying her out for dredging up many such boulders and thereby robbing the harbour. The salvage was undertaken by the Clyde Salvage Company, but the top heavy weight caused by the dredger's irremovable gear, constituted a special and very grave difficulty. The ladder alone weighed one hundred tons. The dredger was first stripped of all movable gear, after which stout rubber bands, containing dynamite cartridges attached to an electric battery, were passed round the outside of the wreck, where the keel was broken. The current was applied, and the operation repeated until the dredger had been blown into two portions. Strong wooden bulkheads were next inserted at the broken ends, and each part of the vessel made water tight, after which the sides were built up, in the manner previously described, which allowed of the water being pumped out. The fore part of the dredger rose to the surface like a ball, but the after portion, which contained all the heavy irremovable gear, threatened to over-balance, and make disaster more disastrous. Six times the water had to be let in and the vessel re-sunk before the weight had been so evenly balanced as to let that portion rise without heeling over. The two portions have since been reunited and the dredger lengthened fifteen feet, and she is still one of the most powerful dredgers afloat.

Wrecks that cannot be salved, and are in the way of navigation, have to be destroyed. Many have been the pyrotechnic displays on a grand scale thus occasioned. Dynamite, blasting gelatine, tonite, and gelignite are the most effective submarine explosives. The *Egret* was destroyed by the Trinity Board with tonite.

ROCHESTER CATHEDRAL

By the Rev. WILLIAM BENHAM, D.D., Hon. Canon of Canterbury

ILLUSTRATED BY HEDLEY FITTON

SECOND PAPER

II.—A Ramble through the Building

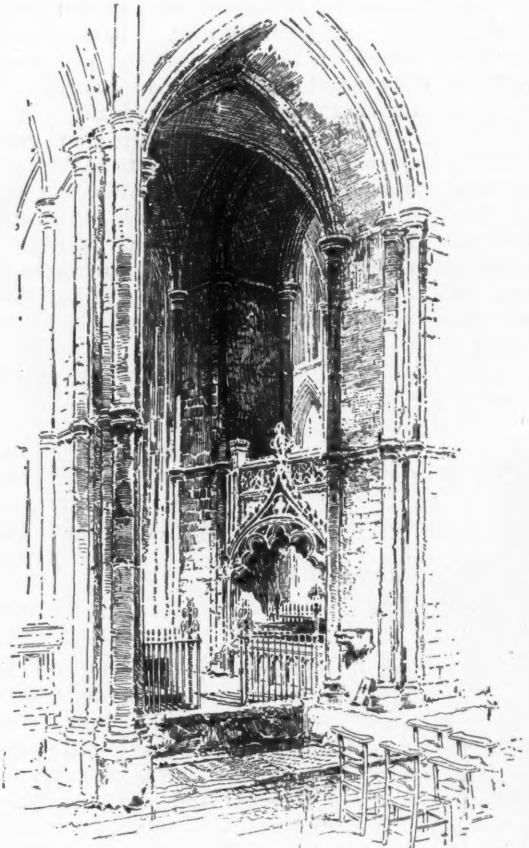
STARTING from the west front and surveying it from the outside, we note first the beautiful Norman doorway. Professor E. A. Freeman, one of the best of architectural critics, calls it "by far the finest example of Norman doors with tympana, if not the finest of *all* Norman doorways." There is no evidence as to its precise date, but antiquaries are of opinion that it is of the time of Henry II. It is one of the finest examples of this style in the world. It consists of five receding arches, banded by shafts two of which are carved into figures, apparently of Henry II. and his Queen Eleanor. In the tympanum is the representation of our Lord in glory. The great Perpendicular window above has been carefully restored, and Pearson built a flanking tower restoring one which had been almost entirely ruined.

The very beautiful font which stands in the middle of the nave at the second bay was given in memory of the saintly Canon Henry William Burrows, who died in 1892. It replaces one which stood between the nave pillars on the right, and which has gone to the parish church of Deptford. This nave is 150 feet long. It will be seen that the Norman arches remain with their rich zigzag mouldings, and the triforium (the lesser arches beneath a larger, all circular) is also Norman, but evidently during its construction a change in style had begun, for the arch of the passage within is Transitional. The clerestory above is Perpendicular, as are the windows of the aisles; there are signs here and there that they were insertions in the original Norman wall. There is an interesting monument in the south aisle to Lord and Lady Henniker, 1792, 1803. The stalls were the gift of Arthur Cazenove, in memory of his father Philip, good names both, for the faithful services which they rendered to the Church of England.

The north transept, some account of which we have already given, is rich in detail; note especially the monks' heads which form the corbels. The window of this transept is a memorial window to Archdeacon King. Our Saviour exalted is in the centre; there are three scenes in the life of St. Stephen and two in that of St. Philip—two of the deacons.

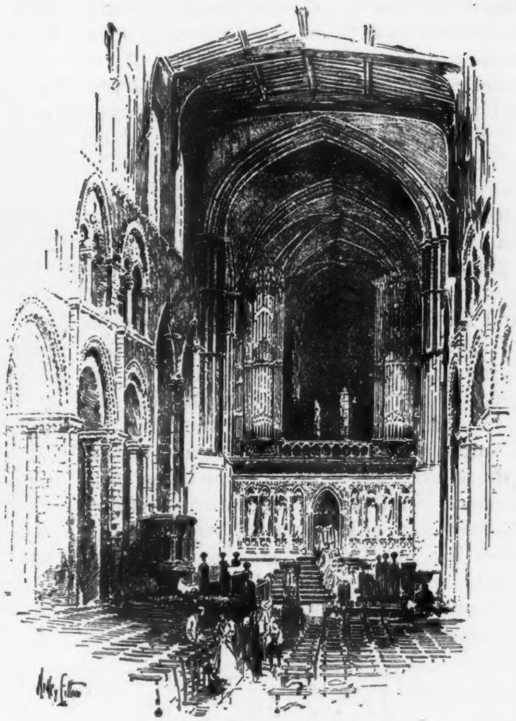
The south transept, as we have already noted, serves as part of the Lady Chapel, the rest of which is part of the south nave aisle. In this transept there are several interesting monuments, but probably that which attracts most general interest is the bust of Richard Watts, who in 1579 founded the hospital in the High Street for "six poor travellers," stipulating that they should be "neither rogues nor proctors." Dickens has sent the memory of him all over the world by making his bequest one of his "Christmas Numbers." Watts's bust is coloured according to life, and is said to have been made in his lifetime. Close to it is a brass tablet to the memory of Dickens himself, who was very fond of bringing his visitors to the spot. It was intended to bury him in this transept; in fact the grave had been begun when the family received Dean Stanley's offer of a spot in Poets' Corner.

Ascending the steps, and passing through a handsome screen erected to the memory of Dean Scott, the Greek lexicographer, we enter the choir. As we have already stated, the choir is walled in on both sides, and thus nave and choir are really as two distinct churches. There is a pulpit in each. Passing up and turning left into the north choir transept (St. John Baptist's Chapel), we have several monuments of much interest. The first is that of Bishop John of Sheppey



VIEW FROM NORTH TRANSEPT, SHOWING JOHN DE SHEPPEY'S TOMB

(1353–1362). He was Chancellor of England for two years, and after that Lord Treasurer, which office he held till his death. "His portraiture," says Hasted, "was painted on the wall over his place of burial, nothing of which now remains." Since this was written (in 1782) Cottingham discovered the spot. He removed a great uncouth mass of chalk and masonry under the arch between the choir and aisle, which had been supposed to be merely a portion of the old walls, and there he found the rich and beautiful tomb. It had in all probability been covered up in the iconoclast period in order to preserve it from the destroyer. It is one of the noblest objects in the Cathedral. The tomb of St. William of Perth, which is close by, we have already named; and there are also in the same chapel those of Bishop Walter de Merton (1274–1278), the founder of Merton College, Oxford, and Bishop de Lowe (1444–1467), a man, not only learned himself, but a most generous friend to learned men.


THE NAVE AND CHOIR

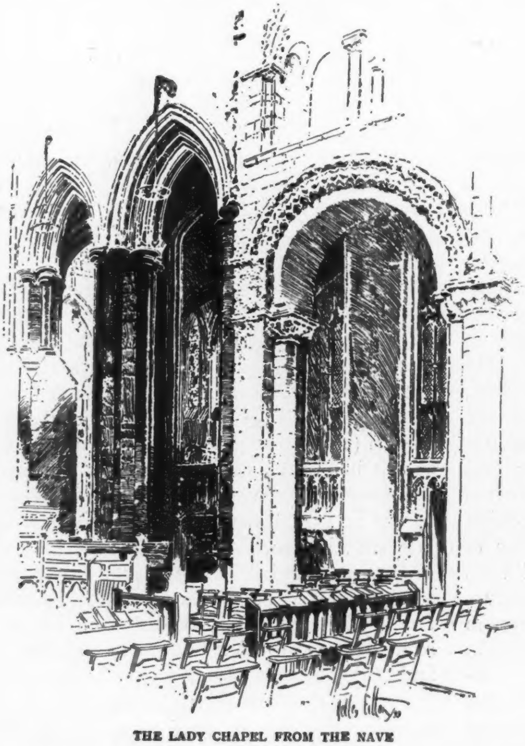
Leaving this chapel and passing into the presbytery, we come on the north side to the tomb of Bishop Gilbert Glanville (1189–1215). He is noteworthy as having rebuilt his palace at Rochester, and also that at Lambeth, which at that time belonged to his see, but which he soon after exchanged with Hubert Walter, Archbishop of Canterbury, for a manor at Darenth. Glanville, like Archbishop Walter, was in perpetual conflict with his monastery. He claimed for the bishopric certain manors, which they declared were theirs, and the dispute was carried on with great violence for some years. The monks in the end got the worst of it, and found themselves so much impoverished by the litigation that they had to coin the silver shrine of St. Paulinus into money. They did so apparently with less reluctance, because this saint had receded in popularity in favour of St. William of Perth. Bishop Glanville also built and endowed a hospital in the neighbouring parish of Stroud for the relief of the poor, and entrusted the care of it to secular priests. This was regarded by the monks as another slight upon them, and they tried to ruin it in vain. Afterwards the Bishop offered some civilities to them, rebuilt their cloister at his own expense, and gave them some books and an organ. But they never forgave him, and even expressed their joy at his death. It took place during King John's interdict, and he was therefore buried without funeral ceremony. On the same side is the tomb of Bishop Laurence de St. Martin (1251–1274), who had the sorrow of seeing his Cathedral desecrated in the civil war between Henry III. and De Montfort It was he who procured the canonisation of William of Perth.

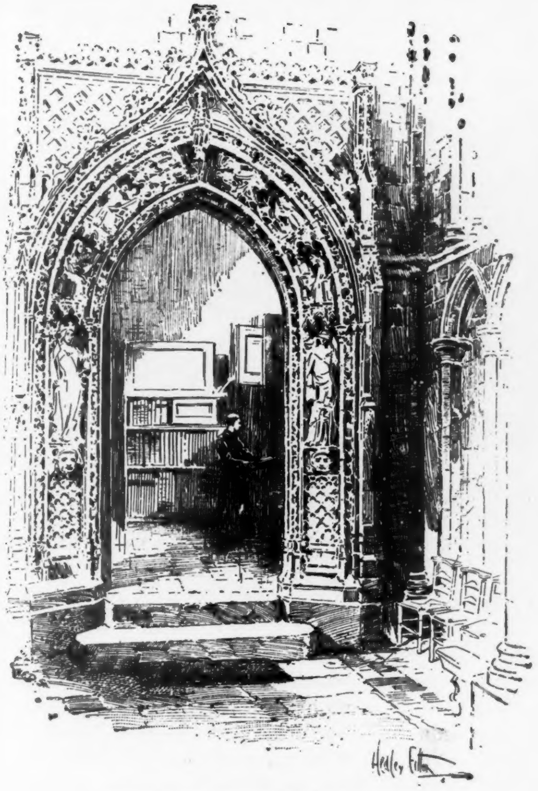
Passing round behind the altar, we come to the tomb of Sir William Arundel (governor of the city in 1400), and then on the south side (1) to that said to be Gundulf's, and (2) to that of Bishop Inglethorpe (1283-1292). So we pass in to the south choir transept, and are at once attracted by the exquisitely beautiful Chapter-house doorway, a splendid example of the Decorated style, second to none in the world. It is of the middle of the fourteenth century, and probably was placed here during the episcopate of Bishop Hamo of Hythe. The subject of the sculptures adorning it is "The Jewish and the Christian Church." The former is represented as a woman leaning on a broken reed, blindfolded, holding tightly the Law upside down; the Christian is a bishop standing upright, with cathedral and crosier. But here we have a blunder of Cottingham's. The head of the second figure had been broken off, and he put on a bishop's; but the original, like the other, was that of a woman; the Christian Church was so represented here and always. Above are (1) figures of the four great doctors, Ambrose, Augustine, Jerome, Gregory; (2) angels bearing scrolls; at the apex is a small nude figure, representing a soul just delivered out of Purgatory.

Entering the Chapter-room, we find a well-furnished Cathedral library; but the two most precious documents in it are (1) the *Textus Roffensis*, a MS. said to be the work of Bishop Ernulf (1115–1125), a collection of old codes of law, forms of excommunication, and oaths, cathedral customs and general historical information. This work is one of the chief authorities in early ecclesiastical history; (2) the *Custumale Roffense* (A.D. 1300), a volume about the lands belonging to the priory, and the privileges and duties of the office-holders of the house.

Returning once more into the south choir transept we go down it, passing a huge buttress, on which is a striking mural painting of the Crucifixion, and descend twelve steps to the nave level; thence we descend ten steps more into the crypt. An enclosure over these last steps serves for a vestry.

The crypt is one of the finest in existence; it is Early Norman, probably the work of Gundulf. Both Rochester and Canterbury are remarkable for high choirs over the crypts. It was a characteristic of old Romanesque work. I was much struck when visiting Chur, in the Engadine, with the comparatively small ancient Cathedral there; the crypt is but very little below the nave level, you go down a few steps and enter through a curtain; the choir is above it, approached by a steep flight of steps, with nothing to impede the view from the west. It struck me at the time, and the impression remains, that the two Kentish Cathedrals were originally framed on the model of it. The Rochester crypt contains in the western part the bellows of the organ; the rest, consisting of seven divisions, each of which once had an altar, for the piscinæ remain, has now been cleaned and renovated by the Dean. At the top of the steps as we emerge is the tomb of Bishop Bradfield (1278–1283). He had been the precentor of the monastery, and the monks elected him "for his quiet and humble behaviour," and they expected that he would be a good friend to them; "but after his election he


THE LADY CHAPEL FROM THE NAVE



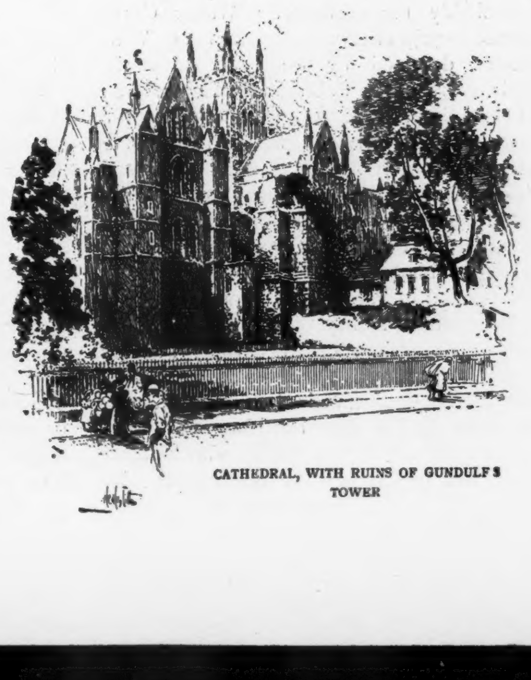
ENTRANCE TO CHAPTER-HOUSE AND LIBRARY

grievously neglected them, and never bestowed a single favour upon them."

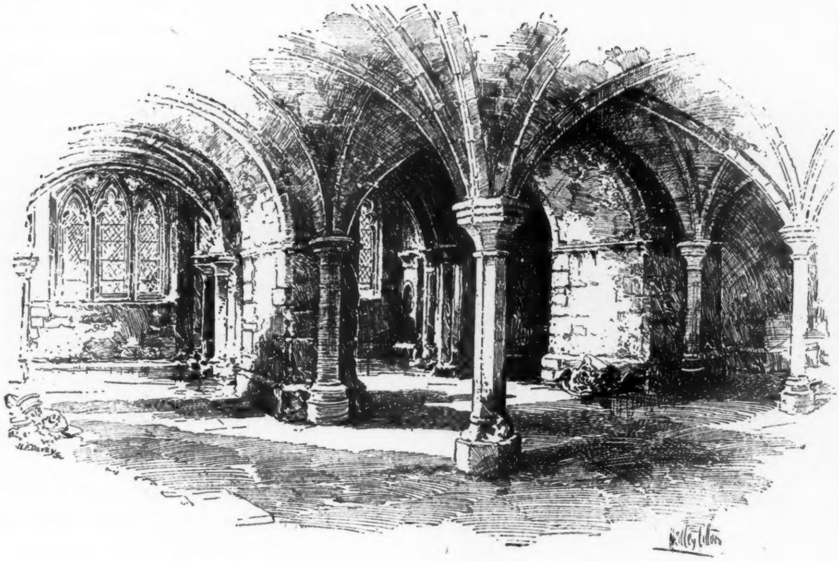
There is one other illustrious name connected with this Cathedral, a memorial of whom has but recently been placed here. The screen erected to the memory of Dean Scott contains the figures of St. Andrew and King Ethelbert and the following bishops: Gundulf, William of Hoo, Walter Merton, and John Fisher. To this last it is possible there is another memorial; an axe carved on a stone in the nave is traditionally stated to be the work of some devotee, who dared not give further expression of his veneration.

John Fisher was a Yorkshireman who, after a brilliant career at Cambridge, became master of Queen's College and chaplain to Margaret, Countess of Richmond, whom he persuaded to found and endow Christ's and St. John's, and to found Divinity Professorships at the two Universities. In 1504 Henry VII. appointed him to the bishopric of Rochester, moved to do so as well by the beautiful sanctity of his life as by his great learning. When offered a rich bishopric he said that his church was his wife and he could not part with her because she was poor. He is said to have greatly helped Henry VIII. in his famous work against Luther. He stoutly opposed the King's divorce, but foolishly believed in Elizabeth Barton, "the holy maid of Kent." For this he incurred much danger, but made his peace with the King; but next year, refusing to take the oath of the King's ecclesiastical supremacy, he was thrown into prison as a traitor. Pope Paul III. made him a cardinal for his fidelity to Rome, and this hastened his death. He was beheaded on Tower Hill on the 22nd of June 1535, aged eighty. His bones lie in the Tower chapel. It was a good thought to set up this memorial to him in the Cathedral that he had served so honestly.

Of other bishops who have subsequently



CATHEDRAL, WITH RUINS OF GUNDULF'S TOWER



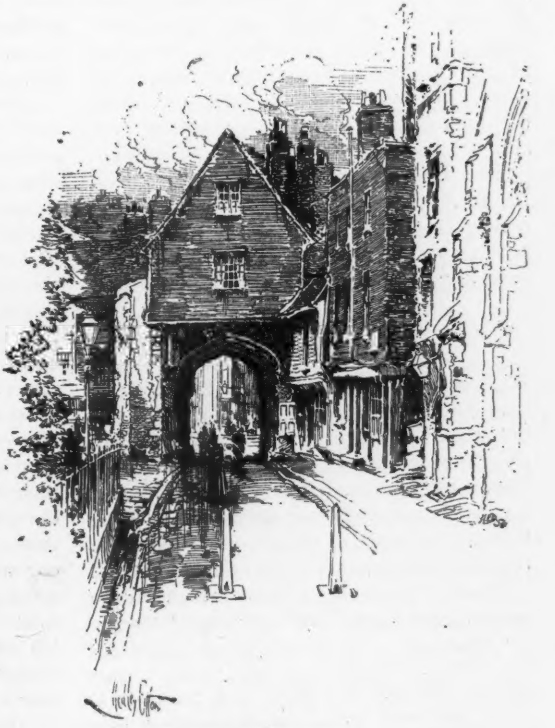
THE CRYPT

held this see we name John Poynet, a very clever and very bad man (1550), who was made Bishop of Winchester next year, but fled from the Marian persecution and died six years later at Strassburg, at the age of forty; William Barlow (1605–1608); Richard Neile (1608–1611), successively Bishop of Rochester, Lichfield, Lincoln, Durham, Winchester, and Archbishop of York — such a succession of promotions is probably unprecedented; Walter Curle (1628–1630), afterwards Bishop of Winchester, deprived by the Commonwealth, died in poverty at Soberton in Hampshire; Thomas Sprat (1684–1713), whom a couple of rascals tried to ruin by writing treasonable letters and forging his name to them; Francis Atterbury (1713–1723), one of the ablest, but most turbulent spirits of his time, who, deprived of his preferments and banished for his allegiance to the house of Stuart, died in Paris (1732), and was buried in Westminster Abbey, of which he was Dean, as well as Bishop of Rochester; Zachary Pearce (1756–1774), also holding the same two preferments, much esteemed as a commentator in his day, but forgotten now; Samuel Horsley (1793–1802), who held the same two preferments—a brilliant preacher and keen controversialist, afterwards Bishop of St. Asaph; Thomas Legh Claughton, during whose episcopate the new diocese of St. Albans was formed out of Rochester, when Bishop Claughton chose to go to the new one, and so became first Bishop of St. Albans. The two next Bishops of Rochester, Anthony Wilson Thorold and Randall Thomas Davidson, were successively translated from Rochester to Winchester.

There are two passages in the history of the Cathedral and diocese which we have omitted, and which have to be mentioned here. The first is the repeated strifes between the townsfolk and the monks about their respective rights in the Cathedral. We have already noticed how the Cathedral was so constructed that it served the double purpose of monastery and parish church. But the dissatisfaction came to a head through the citizens complaining that, as the keys of the Cathedral were kept in the Abbey, and as it was strictly locked up at nights, there was no opportunity of procuring the sacraments or other ministrations for the sick who might suddenly need them at such time. The end of all which was that in 1423 the church of St. Nicholas, on the north side of the Cathedral, was constituted the Parish Church, and so remains. Our other note refers to the division of the diocese in 1877. Originally, as we have already indicated, the Bishops of Rochester were almost regarded as suffragans of the Archbishop of Canterbury. In 1840 the population of London and its suburbs had so increased that it was considered necessary to make further spiritual provision for it, and the counties of Hertford and Essex, with some small exceptions in the latter, were added to Rochester, only the district round the city being retained to it in Kent. But this was a somewhat anomalous arrangement, and in 1877 a fresh start was made; the Abbey of St. Albans was transformed into a cathedral, and the whole district north of the Thames, which had belonged to Rochester, was constituted its diocese. The new diocese of Rochester comprised the district round the city and the Surrey side of London, which was taken from the diocese of Winchester. It has thus become a populous metropolitan diocese, extending along the Thames from Woolwich to Kingston, as well as including portions at the mouth of the Thames and the Medway from Rochester to Gravesend.

III.—Associations with the Past

A very few words must needs be said concerning the historical associations of the city and neighbourhood, in addition to those which have already come before us. And in doing this we cannot well avoid mixing fact with fiction. Take the Bull Inn. Here Queen Victoria once slept before coming to the throne; her room is still shown. And hither Mr. Pickwick and his party came in their first recorded excursion. The two rooms, one within the other, where Tupman and Winkle slept, and where Mr. Winkle's coat was abstracted, are as they were then, and the landing on the stairs, where the angry Dr. Slammer denounced Jingle, as shown in Seymour's engraving, is exactly as depicted. The Guildhall opposite has this inscription upon it: "This Hall was beautified at the sole charge of the Hon. C. Shovell, annis 1695 and 1696." Sir Cloudesley Shovell, the famous admiral, who perished in a great storm in 1707, had been Member for the city when he gave them this new building. Again we return to fiction, and remember how Pip was articled to Joe Gargery in this hall, according to the account in "Great Expectations." A house in the High Street, now occupied by a dentist, was that of a friend of King James II., from which that unfortunate monarch finally escaped to France. Richard Watts's house "for six poor travellers" we have already noticed. It can be visited, and is worth the visit. Dickens's signature may be seen in the visitors' book. The seventh traveller in his story was, of course, himself. A little further on is Eastgate House, at "Cloisterham," which figures in the unfinished story of "Edwin Drood" as "the Nuns' House," the abode of Miss Twinkleton, the prim schoolmistress.



THE COLLEGE GATE

Richard Watts, the benefactor of the "poor travellers," lived on Boley Hill, by the Medway, and was visited there by Queen Elizabeth. When she left he expressed his hope that her Majesty had been comfortably entertained, and the Queen answered "Satis" (enough). And in consequence this residence is known to this day as "Satis House." Dickens has transferred the name to another house in the city, which he has made the abode of Miss Havisham, which is really called "The Vines." And lastly we have to name the ancient gateway leading into the Cathedral yard, which figures in Dickens's last story as the abode of Mr. Jasper. And we must not omit to note that within a walk is the church of Cobham, where is a splendid collection of brasses, and Gadshill Place, where Charles Dickens passed the last years of his life, and where he died on the 9th of June 1870.

"BEER SOUP": THE STORY OF AN ENGLISH DEFEAT

By Major C. FIELD

THIS is the story, not of an English victory, but of what must be admitted as a defeat; that is, if we agree to accept the truth of the account which, it must be understood, comes entirely from the side of the enemy. It is a good story nevertheless, and our defeat was entirely owing to "slimness" on the part of our opponents. After all, our naval annals bristle with victories to such an extent that we can afford to join in the laugh on this occasion, even although it is against our worthy ancestors.

The hero of the story is one "Paul Beneke." "Who was Paul Beneke?" it may be asked; and in one sense the question is not an easy one to answer. For, as the song in "H.M.S. *Pinafore*" has it,

He might have been a Rooshian
Or a French or Turk or Prooshian
Or perhaps I-tal-i-an.

Paul Beneke was, in fact, a foundling, a foundling of the sea, and although he became a German or "Prooshian" by adoption, the country of his birth remains unknown to this day. It is quite as possible, for instance, that he may have been an Englishman as a native of any other northern country. The manner of his finding was thus.

It was a thick foggy October night in the year of grace 1442. The big "cog"* *Mariendrache*, an armed trader, belonging to the Hansa Confederation, was pounding her way through the tumbling waters of the North Sea. Her bluff bows battled with the rising waves and churned up cataracts of foam which showed dim and ghostly in the darkness. The "watch" on the forecastle crouched half-drowned in the flying spray, getting what shelter the low bulwarks afforded. A terrible cry from the gloom ahead brought them to their feet. As they clung to rail and stay, peering eagerly forward, a blacker blot swung athwart the ship's course and almost at once came a rending crash, the fall of blocks, and the grinding of timbers. The shock and the shrieks of the doomed mariners brought all hands in the *Mariendrache* on deck. But it was too late to undo the mischief she had wrought. The unknown vessel was foundering fast, and though ropes were hove, and one or two hardy seamen lowered themselves from the sides of the *Mariendrache* in a desperate attempt to save some of the unfortunates who manned her, their efforts were almost in vain. With one exception, passengers and crew of the ill-fated vessel which had been run down by the cog found a watery grave. The exception was Paul Beneke, then an infant of eighteen months of age. With such a beginning to his life-history, who can wonder that he should have grown up to be a bold and capable sea-captain.

The *Mariendrache* reached Dantzig without further adventure, and the infant who had been well looked after by the skipper and his rough sailor-men, was adopted by Councillor Beneke of that city. Under his care he grew up, was apprenticed to the sea, and in 1468 we find him in command of the self-same *Mariendrache*, just six-and-twenty years after he had made his first unexpected appearance on board.

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* The largest class of ships at this period, and for some time before, were called "cogs." They carried from eight to a dozen guns, firing 9 lb. to 12 lb. shot, and several smaller cannon or large blunderbusses.

Ships of those days did not age and become obsolete so quickly as they do now, when the practical Germans have decreed that a warship is to be struck off the list as useless after twenty-five years' existence. The *Mariendrache* was still considered one of the most formidable ships of the Hanse Towns, and, war having broken out between England and Denmark, the king of the latter country, having had some rather unpleasant experience of the fighting qualities of the Hansa ships and their captains, hired several of them, according to the custom of the day, to aid him in his campaign against the English. Among these was the *Mariendrache* and her captain.

The cause of the war is alleged to have been the high-handed conduct of certain traders of Lynn. "High-handed" is rather a mild way of putting it. "Piratical" would, perhaps, be nearer the mark. It seems that these worthy merchantmen, in deliberate defiance of a treaty between England and Denmark which precluded them from trading in Iceland, sailed for that Arctic and far-away spot on profit bent. Naturally they fell out with the Danish authorities there, and being unable to trade to their satisfaction, dropped the *rôle* of merchants for that of pirates and robbers. Landing, sword in hand, they pillaged the country, slew the governor, and sailed off with the government treasure chest.

Little episodes of this kind were not invariably bound to produce war between "friendly" nations in those days, but it is hardly surprising that the King of Denmark should set about getting what satisfaction he could for this outrage, and, with the able assistance of Paul Beneke and his fellows, he soon scooped in a considerable number of English merchant ships as prizes.

Then, of course, it was King Edward IV. of England's turn to be aggrieved, not only by the proceedings of the King of Denmark, but more especially by the action of the Hanse Towns in the matter, which he naturally considered should have been no concern of theirs. There is little doubt that the London merchants, jealous of their great trade rivals, were only too glad to encourage the monarch in his designs, and were by no means ill-pleased when he commenced operations by closing the Hansa factory in their city known as the "Steelyard." He went considerably further than this, as he strangled several of the German merchants connected with it, demanded £20,000 as compensation for the captured English ships, and fitted out a squadron of fourteen men-of-war for the express purpose of "taking it out" of the Hanse Towns, and their shipping, At this time the *Mariendrache* and a consort, the *Anholt*, were lying in a Dutch harbour, whither at the outbreak of the war they had convoyed a considerable number of merchant ships. The latter had dispersed up and down the coast; the two men-of-war were to await their reassembly, and to conduct them back in safety to the Baltic.

As they lay there at anchor came a message to Paul Beneke from the Hansa factory at Bruges. "Take care," it said, "and keep very close, for there are no less than five English men-of-war on your track, and one of them is the big *St. John*."* Evidently the latter must have been a noted and powerful ship of her day. She, perhaps, held the same position in the English navy as the *Majestic* or the *Terrible* of our times. But for "slimness" Paul Beneke might have been a Boer. He accepted the warning, but not the advice which accompanied it. He was not going to wait there and run the risk of capture if it could be avoided. So it was "up killick" and to sea right away. He hoisted French colours, and stood over to Deal, where he anchored off the beach. Here fortune favoured him in the most remarkable way. The Lord Mayor of London, Thomas Cook, had been for a trip over to "gay Paree," and was expected to return on the very day of Beneke's arrival in the Downs. He was to travel either in the *Madeline of Cannes*, or *La Cygne of Dieppe*. The two vessels in any case were to cross Channel in company, and the two Hansa ships, flying

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* I have not been able to find any account of the *St. John* or even her name in English lists. There was a cog *John* in Henry V.'s navy. It may perhaps have been the same vessel. A *John Evangelist* of Dartmouth was bought 1463.

French colours, were not unnaturally mistaken for them by the crowd assembled on Deal beach to welcome the first magistrate of the kingdom. Whether Paul Beneke had any foreknowledge or inkling of the state of affairs cannot be said. It would almost seem as if he must have had some news of the expected advent of the Lord Mayor, or his arrival on the scene could not have been so well timed. But however this may have been, he was not slow to reap ample advantage. As his anchors were let go, cheers from the crowd which lined the shingly shore, rent the air, and presently there was an added commotion as the Mayor of Deal made his way down to a galley that lay in readiness, and shoved off on his way to greet the Lord Mayor of London, and to offer him congratulations on his safe return. The oarsmen bent lustily to their work, and in a very short time the boat ran alongside the lofty hull of the big *Mariendrache.* Trumpets sounded a salute, and "all went merry as a marriage bell" until the Mayor was safely on board. Then, and not till then, did Paul Beneke throw off the mask, and to the terror and disgust of the worthy citizen it was revealed that he had been entrapped into the hands of the enemy, and that in place of tasting the hospitalities of a friendly vessel he stood a first-rate chance of experiencing the rigours of imprisonment. But the wily Paul was by no means satisfied with his haul; he intended to make still more capital out of the affair. As soon as he fully understood how the land lay he lost no time in compelling the terrified Mayor to write off a letter to the other notabilities who had assembled at Deal, and to sign it in the name of Thomas Cook.* In this document the pseudo Lord Mayor of London was constrained to represent that in place of landing at Deal, he had determined that he would go on up the Thames, and he therefore besought those personages who had assembled to do him honour to come off to see him on board. This specious message, sent on shore by the galley which still lay alongside, resulted in the capture of thirty more important prisoners.

As soon as he had them safe under hatches Paul Beneke hauled down his false French colours, ran up the ensign of the Hanseatic League, and, abandoning artifice for force, opened fire on the beach, and, sending in his boats, set on fire no less than eighteen English vessels. We can imagine the scene of terror and surprise. The chief magistrate a prisoner, together with all the leading people of the district, the crowds running for their lives, and the fiery conflagration of the burning shipping. It was, indeed, a black day for Deal.

Paul Beneke, however, had yet another card to play. He hoisted in his boats as quickly as possible after they had completed their work of destruction, and once more made sail, this time to the southward. Very soon his look-out reported a couple of sail on the horizon right ahead. On nearing them, as he had hoped, they turned out to be the expected Frenchmen, the *Madeline of Cannes* and *La Cygne of Dieppe.* Neutrals were not respected much in those days unless their ships in themselves were of superior fighting power. The two French vessels, however, were of no particular force at all, and hastened to obey Beneke's peremptory order to "heave to." The real Lord Mayor of London was at once added to the tale of prisoners, and sent on board the *Anholt* while the whole of the English goods which were on board the two French ships was transferred to the *Mariendrache,* which with her consort then altered course for the Flemish coast.

Beneke headed for the harbour which he had left, but owing to head winds it was three days before he made the land.

He had good reason to suspect that there was more than a possibility that he would find the five English men-of-war of whose advent he had been informed on the lookout for him, and he therefore approached with extreme caution, his men aloft keenly scanning the low-lying Dutch coast Sure enough, just off the entrance of his port a row of mastheads broke the dim line of the horizon, and the *Mariendrache* and *Anholt* went about and stood out to sea again. Before long down came one of those misty fogs for which that coast is notorious, and with it came the rain. From what follows it is evident either that Paul Beneke well knew the coast or must have had local pilots on board. For, taking advantage of the thick weather, he contrived to slip into port without the blockading ships being any the wiser. Why he took so much trouble to apparently run his head into a noose will shortly be seen. A very cunning idea had taken root in his fertile brain.

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* There would appear to be some mistake about the dates. Thomas Cook was Lord Mayor of London in 1462. The Lord Mayor in 1468 was William Taylour.

As the fog continued and night fell, a cockle-shell of a boat, which contained Paul Beneke and another daring adventurer, pulled out seaward from the *Mariendrache*. The boat contained nets, a stone hearth, an iron pot and other paraphanalia of the local fishermen from whom it had been obtained. After a long pull the indistinct forms of the English blockading ships loomed up suddenly out of the foggy night. Here and there a a light burned aloft in a halo of fog or shone dimly from the port-holes of the great cabin aft. Beneke steered for the biggest of the bunch, the formidable *St. John*.

Presently the expected hail floated down from her lofty deck: "Boat, ahoy! What boat is that?"

Paul Beneke was equal to the occasion, and contrived to explain that they were two poor fishers, who had lost their way in the fog, and were wet through and chilled to the bone. Would the officer of the watch be so benevolent as to let them make fast astern while they lit up their fire and boiled some beer-soup to warm their shivering bodies?

Times were different to the present when the advent of the torpedo would render it necessary to fire at any boat approaching a ship at anchor during the hours of darkness under such circumstances, and the officer of the watch graciously accorded the supposed fishermen's request. Their boat's painter was secured to a ring-bolt in the rudder, and their pot was soon merrily boiling and bubbling in the shadow of the great overhanging stern of the English battleship. The watch on deck probably retired to some convenient shelter from the still falling rain. In the meanwhile Beneke and his mate bent over their cauldron and watched the heaving and hissing of the grey mass within. Presently he produced a long iron ladle from beneath the pile of fishing nets in the stern-sheets, and plunged it into the liquid. Vivid silvery streaks spread over the surface. It was no "beer-soup," but molten lead.

All was ready for the execution of Beneke's plot. The boat was cautiously drawn closer into the ship's stern till as he stood in her bows he could reach the iron loops in which the rudder swung by its hooks. It did not take him long to fill these with the molten lead which fast cooled, fixing the big rudder immovably in its position amidships. This effected, the fire was extinguished, and once more hailing the good-natured officer of the watch to thank him for his kindness, Beneke cast off his painter and pulled away into the darkness.

As the dawn crept grey and dimly through the low-lying fog, the watchers on board the most inlying vessel of the English squadron were astonished to see the lofty grey shadows of ships coming up out of the harbour. They had supposed it deserted. Before they had time to do anything two rattling broadsides had crippled their little craft and the *Mariendrache* and *Anholt* swept past her towards the rest of the fleet, which, warned by the sudden crash and glare of the cannonade, had hastened to cut its hempen cables and to prepare for action. All but the big *St. John* were of considerably inferior force to the two Hanseatic ships, but she herself was a tower of strength, and they did not hesitate to try conclusions with the foes who made this sudden and unforeseen onslaught. But the flag-ship seemed to be in some difficulty. She yawed about while trying to take up her position, and presently got taken "flat aback." The other smaller Englishmen did not know what to make of it at all. The *Mariendrache* came steadily on, and disregarding the culverin shot that began to fly around her and to throw up white spouts of foam into the foggy atmosphere, took up a position directly astern of the *St. John*. Here she was quite safe from the fire of the big ship, as at that period there were no ports cut for stern-fire. Her consort occupied the attention of the other smaller craft.

Jumping on his bulwarks Paul Beneke now hailed the bewildered captain of the *St. John*.

"Strike at once, or I blow you out of the water," he cried. "You can't touch me here, and you will never get your ship under control, because the "beer-soup" which you were good enough to allow me to make alongside last night, was not "beer-soup," but melted lead, with which I fixed up your rudder as fast as a rock."

It was soon seen that his words were but too true; and, rendered utterly helpless, the exasperated Englishmen had nothing for it but to surrender. The smaller ships, aghast at the misfortune which had befallen their big consort, threw up the sponge, and made off to sea as fast as they could, pursued by the *Mariendrache* and *Anholt*, which succeeded in capturing one of them. The remaining two got clear away.

As for Paul Beneke he had the satisfaction of returning to port with the renowned *St. John* and two of her smaller consorts as prizes, and obtained much glory and many congratulations on the success of his remarkable stratagem. From a German point of view this history—or shall we say "story"?—is *Si non e ver*, certainly *ben trovato*, but to an Englishman it presents a considerable amount of "steepness," and is extremely difficult to swallow in its entirety.

The proceedings of Paul Beneke irresistibly remind one of those so successfully carried out by "Reynard the Fox" and "Ole Brer Rabbit."

OUR LITTLE ALL

By F. J. DAVEY

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

Up TO a few years ago the Wimbriatta River was a scattered settlement of no particular account, much too insignificant to tempt any banking company to open a branch in our midst. The few of us who boasted possession of a cheque-book were fain to deal with the Northern Coastal Bank at Karualin, which was thirty-five miles distant. A mailman rode to and fro once a week, but as it was everywhere understood that he had a sweetheart at either end and found much difficulty in making a choice between the two girls, the Wimbriatta people cheerfully forgave him when, as often happened, one or the other charmer kept him dallying and delayed the mail a day or two. We were so far away, so entirely surrounded by uninhabited country, that news from the outside world was generally somewhat mature by the time it reached us, so that I considered myself especially fortunate to get an early hint that the N. C. Bank (where my small savings were deposited) was in a shaky condition. I had been repairing the stockyard that afternoon, and was in an unusually grimy state, even for me, when Kennedy, the storekeeper, turned up—it's a peculiar fact that no visitor ever chances by when one happens to be decently clean—and told me all about it.

There was nothing my wife disliked more than to be disturbed when she was busy in the dairy, and I knew I should find her there at that hour of the day: still, with such serious news as this to be discussed, she would have to put up with it for once. I would break it to her gently. "Possie, my girl, I know you're busy, but you must try and brace up your pecker. I have bad news for you." She flew at once to the little window, from which the children could be seen playing outside on the grass.

"One—two—three—four—and Toddlekins!" she counted, checking them off with her fingers. "Why, they're all there, and as safe as the moon! What nonsense you do talk, Phil!"

"Oh, the children are all right, I know—I wasn't thinking of them. It's something far worse."

"Oh, indeed!" sarcastically, "something—far—worse—than—my children! How good of you!"

"Hang it, Possie; do be serious. It is our savings—our little all—that's in danger. You know we're getting on in years, you're twenty-nine——"

"Twenty-eight, last month."

"Well, twenty-eight then, and I'm thirty——"

"What a wicked rumour that is that twenty-eight and three make thirty-one!"

"Thirty-one then, if you must be so particular. Anyhow, you know we've only put by about £100 or so for our declining years——"

"I wonder," mused Possie, "I wonder if there will be time between now and our declining years for me to finish straining this pan of milk."

But I was not to be put off so. "And Kennedy says the N. C. Bank is likely to go squash, and what will become of us then?"

"Oh, Kennedy! Is *that* where all this came from? Fiddlesticks! I haven't the slightest doubt the bank is as right as ninepence."

"Ninepence wouldn't go very far among all the creditors!"

"If there was anything the matter with the bank, d'you think cousin Charley—he's accountant or something—wouldn't let us know? of *course* he would!"

"But, my dear girl, he positively couldn't, you know. It would be breaking the rules to do such a thing."

"Rules? Pooh! If the banks are stupid enough to make such ridiculous rules as that, I'd break them all before breakfast and hide the pieces—if it were necessary to serve my friends."

"I don't doubt you would! And nicely you'd get sat upon for doing so. 'Pon my word, you're almost a thorn in a fellow's side."

"Pretty idea for a comfortable seat!"

"It's all very well to joke, but suppose——"

"Suppose the sky were to fall! Kennedy has missed his vocation—he ought to have been an old maid. And as for you—

Convince a man against his will,
He'll hold the same opinion still."

"But prove a woman's case is wrong
She'll swear she said so all along!"

I retorted. That old enemy of mine, the "man convinced," was slain at last. I had been lying in wait for him for weeks, with that impromptu up my sleeve. But I *did* hold the same opinion still, and was resolved to see how matters stood at Karualin, without wasting time, and early next morning had my horse saddled, had said good-bye to them all, and was ready to start, when Possie handed me my revolver. "I know you'll think it silly of me," she said, "but I shall be easier if I know you have it with you in case you *do* bring back the money. Oh Phil, do be careful! I *wish* you wouldn't go—I'm sure there's no need, and I have a foolish feeling——"

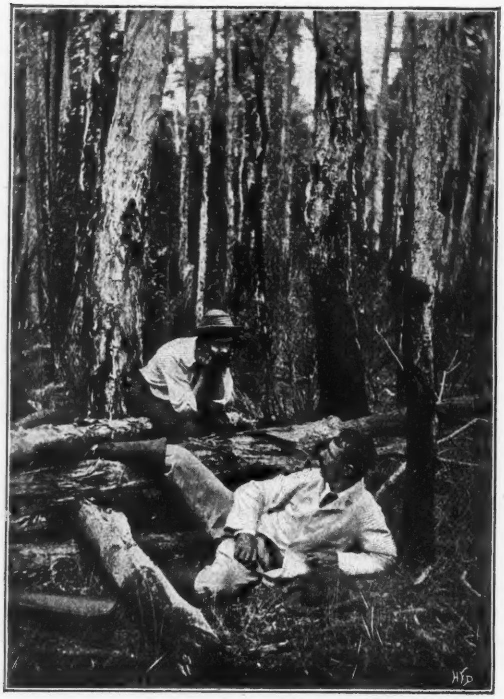
"And so have I—that you're the dearest little woman in the world. Good-bye! I'll be back to-morrow, some time—late perhaps."

It was a long, weary ride, not a house or a human being to be seen on the way, and the greater part of the track too rough and stony for Bobolink to go any faster than a walk, so that it was after banking-hours when I reached the township. Everybody was talking about the bank, and I at once went and called on the manager. He laughed at me.

"I'm surprised at *you*, Maitland—thought you'd more sense! However, come to the office in the morning, if you feel uneasy about it, and you can get your money—aye, and £50 to boot, if you can only lay me on to the authors of these confounded rumours."

His manner reassured me considerably, but next morning there was such a determined run on the bank that I thought it wiser to be on the safe side, and it was only after a long struggle in an excited crowd that I secured the money, so that it was well on in the afternoon when at last I could start for home, highly pleased with myself—a hundred and thirty rescued sovereigns in my saddle-valise, and a really fine violin, which I had bought second-hand at an absurdly low price, in my hand.

I could not hope to finish the journey before midnight, and it had been quite dark for some time when I stopped at the half-way tree, to give Bobolink a short rest and a feed. I knew there was a little stream near by, so, feeling thirsty, I scrambled down the slope



"I looked up into a round, good-humoured face"

to get a drink, taking the violin-case with me for fear of mislaying it in the almost pitch darkness under the trees. The place was strewn with fallen timber, and suddenly I slipped and fell. I had stepped into the fork of a fallen tree, and in falling dislodged another loose piece of timber. It slid down against my foot, and in a moment I found myself caught in a natural snare. Struggle and wrench as I might, wriggle and twist as I would, the triangle of heavy timber held my ankle locked as in a vice, while every attempt to push away the log only served to make it slip down more firmly and painfully against my leg. I soon knew the horrible truth—that no effort of my own would ever set me free. Then came all the ghastly forebodings that perhaps hover like unseen spectres ever around us all from the cradle to the grave, awaiting only some midnight moment of the soul when they may reveal themselves. Why otherwise should there have poured into my brain upon the instant every torturing thought and idle tale of horror I had ever heard—of men who, in such circumstances, had lain and stared and starved until they passed away in long-drawn agonies—of others, defenceless like myself, destroyed piecemeal by the loathsome fangs of native dogs—and again, of others who, attacked by myriads of ants, had died a thousand deaths in every hour. Maddened by such thoughts as these, I began to struggle anew, not with much hope of freeing my foot, but rather that it seemed impossible to resign myself to such a fate, when suddenly came a ray of hope. The mailman! He should have passed that very day, but fortunately for me, he had lingered by the side of his Karualin lady-love, as usual: that I knew. He would surely be along to-morrow, I was so near the track I could not fail to hear him pass, and even if by some mischance that hope failed—well, I determined to hold my courage in both hands, and not give way to such unworthy despair again.

In turning over to ease my position, my hand came into contact with the violin-case: here was at once a glorious opportunity to exercise my newly acquired *sang-froid*. Sitting up with some difficulty, I began to play. Of course, it should be cheerful music, I thought, but somehow there seemed to lurk some doleful temper in the violin, that *would* wail out dirge-like weak and dismal tunes.

At last the spirit of the scene grew upon me. So long familiar with the mighty forest, I had almost ceased to feel its solemn grandeur, its deep impressiveness, but now it all came back to me again. The night loomed absolutely still; around me everywhere the long, grey tree-stems stood dimly outlined, tall sentinels on their eternal watch guarding the mysteries of those sombre depths beyond; the great masses of foliage overhead hung motionless and dark, except where through one tiny opening there gleamed a single star, and everywhere the same rapt silence—a silence that waited, and almost seemed to listen. It was the stately majesty of the great primeval forest, standing as for long ages it had stood, unmoved, unvaried, though countless of its towering trees, like many a city and nation of the world, had arisen and flowered and passed away—it was the very dignity and reserve of its own high message. There is *no* littleness, nor even change, or here or anywhere; for Death and Life are one.

No more mere tunes now. I took up the violin again, and began to play what I could recall of the sublime Raff Fest March, and as I played, there floated in from somewhere in the surrounding gloom the mellow notes of a flute, playing the same wild strains. I would not stop, and, now in unison, now in blending harmony, the sweet notes rose and fell, now soft, now loud, shouting the joy and moaning out the pain, through all the music's storm of pride and strife and pity, to the end. But when the silence fell again, I thought it could not be. Was my mind unhinged already—or was it some illusion? I tried again, and once more the clear tones of the mysterious flute came pealing through the forest, and when I stopped, again the stillness. I laid down the violin. "Coo-ee! Here! Help! Help!" But no answer came, and the dark silence seemed by contrast even more intense. I had no belief in spirits, and yet—could any human being be so heartless? Again and again I shouted, and still the same forbidding silence, although a few notes from the violin were always joined by those of the flute, until at last I subsided into mute and helpless anger.

Eventually, I must have fallen asleep; when I awoke the day had broken, and on opening my eyes I looked up into a round, good-humoured face, with a pair of deep-set black eyes looking at me dreamily, the man's thoughts evidently being far away. I moved, and his face broke into a friendly smile. "Good mornin', chummy," he said. "Happy to meet yer. Sleep-walker?"

"What do you mean?"

"Tho't p'r'aps you fastened yerself by the leg so's you shouldn't somnamble. Been here long?"

"All night," I growled. "Can't you see I'm pinned by the leg?"

"I could see that right enough. Been takin' possession o' the place for a eligible buildin' site, p'r'aps?"

I explained how it had happened.

"Wot d'you say, chummy? Shall we have another tune?"

"What!" I cried, angrily, remembering the events of the night. "Were you the mean, cowardly hound that let me lie here all night and wouldn't help?"

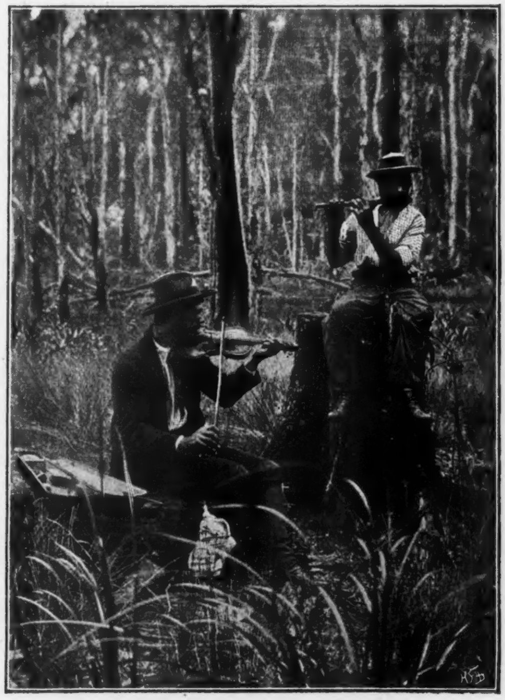
"That's me—the only genuine! As I appeared at the age of ten, since which I have used no other."

"Then I call you the most heartless, rascally——"

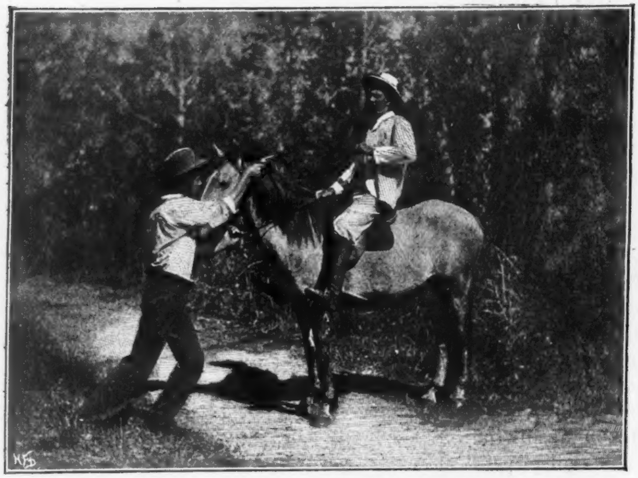
"Better call me Tom, an' spare me blushes, if it's all the same to you. How d'you know I weren't in some sort of a fix, too?"

"You heard me shouting, then?"

"Yer siren voice was a bit too allurin', chummy. I got me reasons for steerin' clear o'—o' some people, an' I made sure it was a 'cute trap to grab me. If I'd known—but wot about that tune?"



"For two hours we sat and played"



"'I'll trouble you for that money'"

my leg. Breakfast over, he asked, "How's yer fetlock now?"

"Easier than it was," I replied, "but it's still rather painful to move."

"Too bad for a tune, chummy? You've got to keep them leaves on some time yet, to do any good, an' I *would* like a bit more music."

And so perhaps for two hours we sat and played: he seemed to know everything, and we passed from Handel to Gilbert and Sullivan, from coster-song to opera or anthem, until at last I insisted on continuing my journey, although the foot was still painful enough to make me dread the long walk that lay before me. Tom said good-bye with evident reluctance. "I'd go along with you, on'y—there's somebody I might meet an' don't want to." But I had barely covered a hundred yards when I heard him coming up behind. "I been watchin' you, sonny. You can't limp sixteen bloomin' miles *that* way! I'll give you a hand—till you come in sight o' the river, anyway."

"But I know you'd rather not, and besides, it's taking you out of your way."

"My way's any road I choose to go, an' it's nothin' new for it to lead the wrong way. Come along, or you won't be home 'fore night."

Away we trudged together, Tom carrying the violin, giving me his arm, gently guiding me into the smoothest part of the path, and beguiling the weary way with jokes and yarns, though I noticed he never for a moment neglected to keep a sharp look-out, but, if I thought I could probably guess who it might be he was so anxious to avoid, it was certainly no business of mine. We had gone five or six miles when, oh blessed relief! for I felt as if I could scarcely walk another step, there, just ahead of us, stood Bobolink, patiently waiting where a large tree had fallen and completely blocked the narrow track. Tom quickly caught him for me, forced a passage around the tree through the thick

"Confound you and your tunes! Why don't you lift that log off my ankle?"

"I eased it a couple o' inches away from yer leg two hours ago, an' more—you can draw out yer foot any time you want to—ticket o' leave, an' nothin' to pay."

I attempted to do so, but the first movement caused a thrill of pain that made me wince. A look of quick sympathy kindled instantly on the man's face; with perfect gentleness and care he assisted me to stand up, and to regain the track. I noticed at once that my horse was gone, and shame to say I looked suspiciously at my friend. "Where is my horse?"

"Can't say, sonny! Anywhere 'tween here an' kingdom come, s'far as I know—I ain't no clairvoyunt. Come an' have some tucker, an' I'll see to yer leg."

The man was evidently an experienced bushman; in a short time the "billy" was boiling, and he had gathered a hatful of leaves which he said would cure my foot in an hour or so. "But wot'll I do for a bandage?" I looked around helplessly, as if expecting to find the very thing on the nearest bush. "All right," he went on, undoing his bundle, "I got a clean shirt here, too old to wear," and before I could stop him he had torn the shirt (which I saw was quite new) in two, made a hot poultice of the leaves, and deftly wrapped it around undergrowth and tangle of creepers, and helped me to mount. "Now who'd ha' tho't it?" I heard him mutter to himself. "Blest if this ain't a bloomin' bonus, an' beware of imitations!"

"I should think it was!" said I. "Never had such luck in my life. Well, good-bye, and many, many thanks for all your——"

No wonder I said no more, for he had suddenly whipped my revolver out of its strap on the saddle, and I found myself staring stupidly down the barrel. The kindly, good-tempered face of the man had become hard and fierce, and his black eyes seemed almost more threatening than the firearm, as he grasped my bridle with one hand, and in the other the pistol rested as steadily as if he and it were carved out of the solid stone.

"I'll trouble you for that money I saw you draw out o' the bank yest'day!"

"You're not in earnest?" I gasped. "You surely don't mean this?"

"Don't I? You'd better believe it—an' quick, too! Never heard o' Tom Battlesex?"

I nodded—the bushranger's name and doings were known to every one.

"Well, now you know who you're dealin' with, no nonsense! I was all there to stick you up las' night, on'y yer blamed ole horse"—a momentary gleam of amusement flashed across his face—"yer blamed ole horse turned bushranger too, an' cleared out with the swag! I never thought to set eyes on *him* again!"

I remembered the bank-manager's words. "Then it was you who——"

"You bet! Me an' my mates set goin the yarns about the bank, knowin' some o' you fools would get scared an' draw out yer money: we'd ha' made a good pile out of it, too, on'y the p'lice twigged us yest'day, and we had to streak—I lost my rifle an' horse an' everything."

I knew I should have to yield to this man of steel nerves and indomitable will, backed up by all the advantages of the situation, yet what could I do? It was bitter to think that this was to be the end of our little all, brought about by nothing but my own folly.

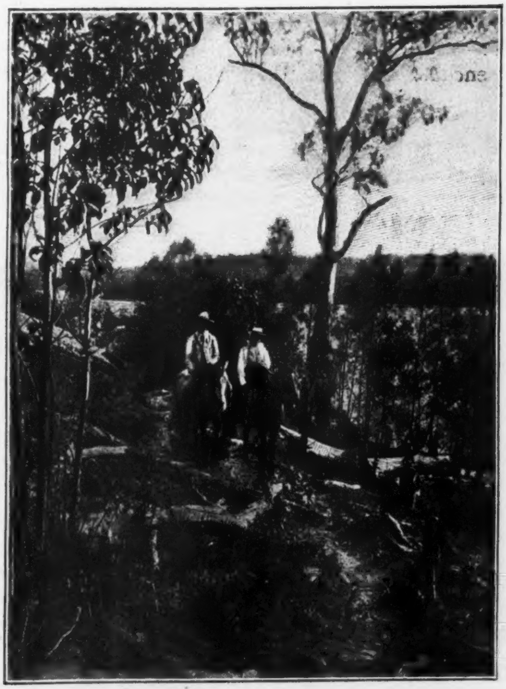
"Come now, out wi' yer cash, right smart, or I'll——"

A quick rattle of horse's hoofs behind him, the sharp swish of a well-plied whip, a woman's voice ringing clear:—"Look out! Quick! Oh, I don't want to ride you down!" and Mr. Tom Battlesex had barely time to let go my bridle and jump out of the way, ere Possie rushed past on our best and biggest farm-horse at full gallop. I really believe the pistol trigger must have been pulled quite accidentally, at all events I heard the click of the hammer, but there was no flash or discharge, and after a moment's glance at the weapon, he laughed, and sent it whizzing away amongst the trees.

"A plucky little piece of goods, whoever she is," he said. "Can sit a horse—an' enough good looks for——"

"Take care what you say! That's my wife!"

She had turned her horse, and was coming back at a gentle trot. "What?" he cried: "I can see *you* don't do yer shoppin' in the



"'Possie! Avaunt!' I cried"

dark—an' I'm off the job. I wouldn't rob that woman of a flash half-crown!" Then, with real earnestness—"See here! Don't let on, mate! There's no harm done—jus' tell her it were a bit of a joke. Why, I'd think it an honour to shake hands with a woman like that, an'——"

But he did not get his wish. Possie rejoined us at an easy pace as if intending to stop, but before I could guess the meaning of the glance she threw me, two quick cuts of her whip had started both our horses away at a canter, and the bushranger was soon left behind. When I had told her all—or nearly all—that had happened, "The scoundrel!" she exclaimed. "The deceitful scoundrel! Oh, I do hope he'll be arrested soon."

"He wouldn't like to hear *you* say that—he admired your pluck immensely."

"Impudent fellow!"

"He also thought you rode well."

"He can think anything he likes!"

"And he was good enough to suggest that you are remarkably good-looking!"

"Poor fellow! Perhaps there's some good in him, after all. Oh, but Phil! the way you coolly faced that pistol was just splendid. You meant to defend the money, even at the risk of your life—I know you did."

Now there is nothing more beautiful, in my opinion, than that noble pride, that glory in her husband, which every true wife loves to cherish. How could I shatter it at one fell blow? "Oh, nonsense," I said, modestly. "I don't suppose he would really have shot me. It was *you* who were the really plucky one. I know your horror of firearms, and you must have seen the revolver in his hand."

"Oh yes, I saw it all. I knew it was your pistol, because I saw him snatch it from the saddle, and——"

Possie was actually blushing. "Well?"

"And after you had left home, I remembered—I mean I forgot—I——"

"Possie! Avaunt!" I cried, reining up my horse. "Thus doth your guilt betray you to your doom! I half suspect the bitter truth, and how can I forgive the hideous deed of shame? Oh that it should have come to this! Yet, ere we part, at least confess this last and worst iniquity of yours!"

"I remembered—after you'd gone——"

"Go on!"

"That it wasn't loaded. Oh! Phil!"

THE MIRACLES OF JESUS

SUNDAY READINGS FOR DECEMBER

By the Rev. COSMO GORDON LANG, M.A.

HEALING ON THE SABBATH DAY

St. Matt. xii. 9; St. Mark iii. 1; St. Luke vi. 6

FIRST SUNDAY

PHARISAISM

A MAN'S worst enemies are those of his own household. The worst enemies of religion are the characteristic faults of the religious man. They are traitors within the gate, poison in the very spring. Our Lord, coming to fulfil an imperfect religion, and to inaugurate the true religion, must needs deal with a false spirit which had already corrupted the one and would continually corrupt the other. Of that spirit the Pharisees were the conspicuous representatives. It was with them, not with the world or the sinner, that the main combat of His earthly life was waged. From the very outset He was confronted by their instinctive enmity. The battle-ground on which the rival spirits of false and true religion were tested by the clearest and simplest issue was the observance of the Sabbath. Very early in the struggle the Pharisees entrenched themselves upon this position: and Jesus at once challenged and attacked them. In the synagogue on a certain Sabbath there happened to be a man with a withered hand. Here was the opportunity. "The Pharisees watched Him whether He would heal on the Sabbath day, that they might find how to accuse Him." He accepted the challenge. "He knew their thoughts: and He said to the man that had his hand withered, Rise up and stand forth in the midst. And He looked round about upon them all and said unto him, Stretch forth thy hand: and he did so: and his hand was restored. But they were filled with madness."

"They watched Him, that they might find how to accuse Him." That was the fundamentally false spirit of religion in its simplest form—the uncharitableness of spiritual pride. The Sabbath was for those Jews a divine institution: its strict observance was a divine command; its aim was one of deepest importance—that an absolute suspense of the law of labour should forcibly recall men's minds to the supremacy of God. The Pharisees were therefore right in observing it, and in observing it strictly. It was not in this that they went wrong, but in making the right observance a matter of spiritual pride. Righteousness became self-righteousness: and so contradicted itself. When self is admitted into the spirit, he plays the traitor, and hands it over to his ally, the devil. Thus to increase the satisfaction of self-righteousness the strictness of Sabbath-keeping was increased by a mass of pedantic and scrupulous rules, until the commandment of God was overladen with the traditions of men. Each new rule made and kept was a new feather in the plume of spiritual pride. Two fatal consequences inevitably followed. First, the true spiritual purpose of the commandment was lost sight of: the observance of the Sabbath became a reminder, not of God's supremacy, but of man's righteousness. Meant to be the minister of humility, it became the minister of pride. Hence, secondly, each of its pedantic rules was made a touchstone of orthodoxy—a standpoint of censorious judgment. All the divine institutions of the law suffered a like perversion at the hands of the Pharisees. The "hedge of the law" which was meant to keep men true to God became an enclosure from which God and fellow-man were alike shut out—God by self-righteousness and man by uncharitableness. The elect who kept within became hardened by their self-conceit—closed to all movements of the Spirit of God—incapable of that love of God and love of man which were the whole object of the law. No wonder that Jesus looked round upon this knot of Pharisees with anger, and was "grieved at the hardening of their hearts."

It cannot be too often repeated that Pharisaism is still the bane of religion. It is the special sin of religious people; and it is always, as it was then, the sins of religious men that crucify the Christ. If Christ were to-day to visit His Church, His combat would still be with its enthusiastic adherents. He would still attract the publicans and sinners and denounce the Pharisees. Whenever a doctrine, even if it be true, or a practice, even if it be divinely commanded, is made a ground of self-righteousness and of uncharitableness, the sin of the Pharisee is upon it; and falsehood is planted in the very heart of truth. The doctrine that we are saved by the merits of Christ is true: but let a man by "accepting" it flatter his soul, "Behold, I am saved!" let him question the possibility of salvation in every brother-man who does not profess his own shibboleth of "acceptance," and he is a Pharisee. The Church is a divine institution; membership in His Body is His condition of grace; but let the privilege become a boast, and inevitably traditions of men will be multiplied to frustrate the commandment of God; and, once again, Pharisees will turn the truth into a lie. It is not the holding of the truth that is wrong, but the spirit in which it is held. Let us remember the power of religious parties, the jealous zeal of sects; let us behold them as they are, watching any one who appears to differ from them, "that they may accuse him"; and we shall realise the truth that Pharisaism is as rife in the Church of Christ as it was in the nation of the Jews.

SECOND SUNDAY

THE CURE OF PHARISAISM

JESUS was not content merely to denounce the disease of Pharisaism: He provided a cure for it. It was the deliberate return to the first principles of religion. To these He made His appeal when He was confronted by the Pharisees on that Sabbath day of which we are thinking. "He saith unto them, Is it lawful on the Sabbath day to do good or to do harm?—to save a life or to kill?" He did not question the divine obligation of the Sabbath: but He tried to recall men's minds from the abuse of it to the primary purpose which they had forgotten. Life was the highest attainment of creation: and goodness is the highest form of life. When God rested on the seventh day and reviewed His creation and pronounced it "very good," He had reached the climax of His creative purpose—a life made in the image of Him whose highest attribute is perfect goodness. To do good, therefore, and to save life is to reach the height on which God rested, and which the day of His rest was to commemorate. It was the true spirit of Sabbath-keeping. The Pharisees were right in their devotion to the law, right in referring it to God. Jesus declared that He came, not to destroy, but to fulfil the law. And one of His chief modes of fulfilling it was to reassert its summary purpose—the love of God and of man for God's sake. This, He said, was the whole of the Law and the Prophets. He came preaching the Gospel: and the Gospel was summed up in the two great twin truths—the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. So in this matter of the Sabbath—if men only remembered that their Creator was a Father and that their fellow-creature was a brother, they *could* not think that to heal the withered hand was to break the Sabbath—the memorial of creation.

This same fundamental Gospel is to remain as the constant corrective of all misuse of the new laws of the Kingdom of God. There are these laws—laws of truth and laws of conduct: there are institutions divinely appointed. But the purpose of all is just to make the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man clearer in thought and stronger in practice. Our use of them is to be continually tested by its correspondence with that primary purpose. The doctrine of the Incarnation of which the Creeds are the expression is a divine truth: but its value is the assurance it gives that God is a Father and Man His Son. The Church is a divine institution, and its sacraments divinely appointed: but it too was instituted just that men might realise their brotherhood in the life of God's family. Thus all our orthodoxy and all our Church-life is to submit to this final appeal. "Do they, as I use them, make the truth real to me that God is my Father and Man is my brother?" If we find that they narrow the largeness of the Love of God or issue in uncharitable judgments of men, we may be sure that a wrong spirit has been brought into them.

The Church, then, if it is to be kept free from the taint of Pharisaism, must continually re-examine its life and thought in the light of the primary Gospel. While it is reciting its creed, or celebrating its solemn mysteries, or exercising its appointed discipline, it must ever hear a voice behind it saying: "God is the Father, Man everywhere the brother." For that voice is the voice of Him who was Son of God and Son of Man.

THIRD SUNDAY

THE LORDSHIP OF THE SON OF MAN

It is then the Spirit of Jesus that is to keep us true, both to the doctrines, the institutions, the commands which are of God and to the central purpose which they were meant to serve. This was the meaning of that saying of His which had provoked these Pharisees to watch His treatment of the Sabbath day. "The Son of Man is Lord even of the Sabbath." Even of the Sabbath—there is no command, however certainly of divine sanction, over which the Spirit of the Son of God and Brother of Man is not Lord. That Spirit is its final authority: comformity to that Spirit is its final test. This is the truth still, as to all the fabric of the Christian religion. Christianity is ultimately based, not on any system, or book, or rules, or institutions, but on a Person. The Person of Jesus is Lord even of the Church—its creeds, its Scriptures, its discipline, its means of grace. The value of all these is just the degree in which they keep men true to the Spirit of Jesus—of the Jesus who is revealed to us in the Gospels. It seems the veriest commonplace: but the history of the Church is a story of the long neglect of it. How little there was of the Spirit of Jesus in the outward pomp and policy of the mediæval Church! How little in the bitter and barren word-battles which stain the memory of the Reformation! Can we imagine the Jesus of the Gospel contending on one side or the other among Calvinists and Arminians, Supralapsarians, Anabaptists, or any of these baleful sects? Even when in England the revival of religion had taken place, its children betook themselves to a narrow and one-sided elaboration of selected phrases from St. Paul's Epistle, and seemed to have lost sight of the Gospel—Jesus altogether. Would it instinctively occur to us to say of many devotees of Church order and ceremonies that they are men who "have been with Jesus?" And when we hear the present strife of tongues, the vulgar noise and riot of fanatical partisans, the hiss of slander, the trumpeting of catch-words, does it not seem as if from large parts of His Church the Spirit of the real historical Jesus, had been banished? The publican and the sinner stand without because it is not Jesus but the Pharisee that they see within The perpetual need of the Christian Church is to come face to face with its Founder: to view itself as if the very eyes of Jesus of Nazareth were fixed upon it.

If this return to the Lordship of the Son of Man is to be true of the Church, it must be true of each individual Christian. Here is my doctrine—it may be true: here is my devotional practice—it may be divinely appointed: here is my Church—it may be the truest witness to the Will of God. Yes: and the Sabbath was a divine institution, the keeping of it a divine command. But the vital point remains: Does my orthodoxy, my devotion, my Churchmanship, bring my life nearer to the Spirit of Jesus—to the Son of Man, Lord even of my Sabbath? Does my use of it strengthen in myself or reveal to others His Lordship over it? Do I find that as a matter of fact it is becoming natural to me to take Jesus' way of looking at man and God; that communion with God as of a son with his father is a real part of my delight in life: that I am becoming more humble about myself, more hopeful about others, more resolute in my hatred of every form of evil, more self-denying in my quest of every form of goodness, more eager to bear, more content to suffer, the Cross? In fact, to put it very simply, If Jesus were once again to dwell as a man among men, and I were seen in His company, would other men immediately recognise a likeness between us? These are the great test-questions of our religion. It is indeed disquieting to ask them: would it not be more disquieting to know God's answer? But the very disquiet may arouse a new desire: it may correct the hardening of the heart, and enable the Spirit of Jesus to enter and transform us into His own likeness.

FOURTH SUNDAY

THE WAY OF LIFE

St. Mark vi. 55, 56

The fourth Sunday in December brings us very near to the close of the chapter. We have been trying to discern a certain way of life set firm in the midst of the thickets of difficulty, the wastes of uncertainty, the stones of stumbling, the flat plains of daily duty, the pitfalls of temptation, the valleys of humiliation, the high hills of desire, through which man has to make his journey. We have seen in the miracles of Jesus of Nazareth marks by which we can know and follow that way of life. They have given us scattered impressions of the manner in which the Son of Man treated human nature, healed, ordered, guided it. Let us try to gather these scattered impressions together into the unity of the central truth from which they radiate.

It is vividly presented to us in the picture which St. Mark draws of the Divine Healer surrounded by sick and needy humanity. "Whersoever He entered, into villages or into cities or into the country, they laid the sick in the market-places, and besought Him that they might touch if it were but the border of His garment: and as many as touched Him were made whole." Men of every variety of place and kind united only in one common need of strong and healthy life, pressing around a Brother-man, out of whom that life flows in response to every touch of faith, reviving and restoring—that is the picture which comes back to us from these days of long ago. But it is a picture which represents a lasting truth. It is itself, like the acts which it recalls, a *sign*. These bodily diseases were the simplest manifestations of that disorder and distress which sin, ignorance, and the perplexing condition of a man's destiny on earth have brought into human life. The soul in all its aspects and energies is conscious of its sickness. Straining after a vision of the good and the true, the spirit realises the blindness that darkens its gaze. Eager to press along the way of conscience, it finds that it is halt and lame, it stumbles and falls. The ear, anxious to hear the voices of God, is deafened by the tumult of the world's discordant noise—the cries of the traders in the market-place, the babel of debates in the schools, the chatter of the street, the shouting of rival factions, the siren-calls of pleasure. The hand, stretching itself forth to work and help, drops impotent, sick of a palsy. The mind, tossed and troubled by conflicting thoughts, yet always seeking some unity of conviction, cries out in despair that it is "legion." Go where the soul will, in whatever ways of duty or pleasure, work or idleness, it is ever haunted by the Shadow of Death. Thus from village and city and country there flows perpetually this so pathetic stream of sick humanity. Yet ever in its midst stands a Supreme Personality—calm, patient, constant. Beyond all question, in the breadth and persistence of His hold upon the mind and heart of mankind, among the sons of men He stands the Son of Man. You may remember the striking words of Charles Lamb, with which he broke in upon the talk of his friends discussing the greatness of the world's great men. "I will tell you what it is—if Shakespeare were to enter this room we should all stand, but if Christ were to enter we should all kneel." Man's instinct knows his Master. Theories of the meaning of His Personality rise and fall, but its spell remains. Those who come to Him and touch Him with the faith which ventures to trust that spell, find that from Him there passes into them an influence which restores their sight, guides their conscience, opens their ears, nerves their hands with power, and brings order, sanity, unity into their distracted minds. It is true, they only touch the border of His garment. None of them can fully understand the whole mystery of His Presence: none can appropriate to himself the fulness of its power. It is only at the point where He meets their special need of Him that they apprehend Him. But, if they touch Him there, their whole life gradually gains a new health and joy and power: they are made whole. They find His words true—"I am come that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly." Following Him, they discover with ever-deepening conviction that they too have found the ecret of the way of life.

LAST SUNDAY

THE END AND THE BEGINNING

THE last Sunday of the year is a day rather for meditation than for reading. It brings us face to face with the Shadow of Death. The old year with all its story of effort and failure, of opportunities used or lost, is vanishing into the darkness of the irrevocable past; and the new year ushers us into the darkness of the unknown future. The weight of the mystery of life lies heavy upon us—"whence, and, O God! whither?" But the end of the year brings us also face to face with the tale of Christmas. In the very midst of the darkness one ray of light shines clear and strong. It is the Life of Jesus. Oppressed as I am with the darkness behind, around and before me, I must go forth upon the way of life. Even if I must grope and stumble, yet I must take my way. Looking around me for some light to guide me, I cannot find any other than the light of the Life of Jesus. Once again as the old year and the new year meet in the dark, I make the venture of my trust in it. I cannot believe that Christmas is merely the pathetic reminder of the birth of this poor world's most beautiful illusion. Rather I will believe that it is the record of a Word of God, truly spoken, truly lived. Mysteries remain unfathomable, insoluble: but I can trust the light of this single and supreme disclosure of God's Love and man's life to guide me through them. I must take my stand somewhere, and choose some vital conviction as to the meaning of this universe and of my place within it. Let it be the conviction that Jesus, born at Bethlehem, is "the Way, the Truth, and the Life." That is the summary of all the scattered thoughts which have been month by month expressed in these pages. However feebly and unworthily set forth, they will not have been wholly in vain if they enable writer and reader to pray with deeper faith and more earnest will: "O merciful Jesus, who when Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver man didst not abhor the Virgin's womb, vouchsafe evermore to dwell in the hearts of us Thy servants. Inspire us with Thy purity: strengthen us by Thy might: guide us into Thy truth: unite us to Thyself, and to Thy whole Church: that we may conquer every adverse power and be wholly devoted to Thy service and conformed to Thy will, to the glory of God the Father. Amen."

FROM ONE POINT OF VIEW

By WILLIAM CANTON

A FEW months after his sudden death at Clifton College on the 29th October 1897, a brief account of the Rev. T. E. Brown and his poems was published in this magazine. Meagre as were the biographical details contained in that sketch, I do not think that they can be materially supplemented from the Memoir which accompanies this collection of the poet's Letters.* Mr. Irwin and various friends add the impression derived from personal intercourse to the impression of the man which we form on reading the poems, but they do not help to fill in with facts and incidents the slight outline of his life. It seems to have been in the main an uneventful life, especially in the later years, but I think the Memoir might have been made more interesting and significant, had Mr. Irwin confined himself less exclusively to his own relationship with Mr. Brown. A good deal might have been gathered from the Autobiography of the poet's brother, the Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, whose existence is quite ignored, and some attractive pages might have been written about the poems read in the light of these Letters and of the brother's Autobiography.

Regarding the letters themselves it seems to me that many might have been judiciously omitted, and that the rest would have been benefited by their exclusion. Among the best and most characteristic there is a number which are of deep interest to the lover of the poems, and which, indeed, form a valuable commentary on Mr. Brown's most important work. One phrase which appears to have been a favourite of his—the Virgilian *antiquam exquirite matrem*—seems to sum up many peculiarities of his poetic character. He was haunted by a sorrowful sense of the transiency of all things human; the pathos of people forgotten and of places without a story weighed upon his spirit; and many passages might be quoted to show how deeply he was moved by the thought that in a little while the poppy of oblivion grows over all that is dust. "One thing," he writes, "often touches me—the deserted cottages (*tholthans*) which are the results of emigration—the cold *chiollogh* (hearth), the bit of thorn where children have played, the *trammon* (elder-tree) at the gable to keep away fairies. And the vacant space, just so many feet of air, the *home*, the place where the bed was, where babes were born and women wept. Far away in America and Australia many a heart must go back to such scenes with irrepressible *longing*. Oh, if I could only comfort such hearts!" And again he says: "The dream condition which you describe I enter into with all my soul. The old life once lived and for ever passed from us! A brooding presence that haunts the air, and charges it with memories that are almost more vital than the obvious surroundings." He rambles "over the hills and far away," meeting some happy old *agricola* "who, having sailed all over the world, really does know 'his own goods,'" and with him he talks of the past, the succession of farmers, the succession of parsons, till they get back to "That's the man that christened me." Then they look into each other's eyes, the cuckoo calls, and the dreamer goes down into the valley with a new zest of life. Or he sits down to rest near his father's and mother's grave in Kirk Braddan churchyard, and suddenly finds an old friend in a woman cleaning and painting two little tombstones. She too had known his father—used to be sent by her mother, "to show the vicar the way to the shore at Kenisthal." Had she been an old sweetheart, he wonders. And as one reads, one grows aware of such a child guiding a stranger among the hills, and the verses spring up into consciousness like a well of sweet waters:

> The first time ever I seen her
> She wasn much more till a baby—
> Six years, may be,
> Would have been her
> Age; and the little clogs at her
> Clitter-clatter,

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* "Letters of Thomas Edward Brown, Author of 'Fo'c'sle Yarns.'" Edited, with an Introductory Memoir, by Sidney T. Irwin. 2 vols. Archibald Constable & Co., Ltd. 12s.

And her little hand
In mine, to show the way, you'll under-
stand,
Down yandher brew,
And me a stranger too,
That was lost on the mountain:
And the little sowl in the house all alone
And for her to be goin
The best part of a mile—
Bless the chile!
Till she got me right—
And not a bit shy, not her!
Nor freckened, but talkin away as purty
As a woman of thirty— (pretty)
And—"That's the way down to the school,"
says she,
"And Saul and me
Is goin there every day;
You'll aisy find the way"—
And turns and off like a bird on the wing,
Aw, a bright little thing!

Every knoll and nook in the old parish is haunted by a thousand memories, and there is a moan in every breath of the wind, "Who will remember us? we shall all pass away, and be as though we had never been." "I found myself," he writes to his daughter, "beset with the thought how the tradition of all this must cease with me personally. None of you can retain it, and of my contemporaries hardly any one has the clue." The old must vanish. Love and joy and achievement, loss and sorrow, all kindly human fellowship and sweet intercourse and every good in life must melt away like a cloud of the morning. "I alone have tried to build a cairn of memories in my books. But that is nothing. This isolation is the nightmare that oppresses me. If, in another world, I could find my brothers, restored and fitted for the converse, what a joy it would be! Perhaps it will be so." Long before he had given expression to a similar feeling in his verse:

Whate'er is left to us
Of ancient heritage—
Of manners, speech, of humours, polity,
The limited horizon of our stage—
Old love, hope, fear—
All this I fain would fix upon the page;
That so the coming age,
Lost in the empire's mass,
Yet haply longing for their fathers, here
May see, as in a glass,
What they held dear.

It is the mood of a poet in whom the love of the maternal earth is strong, and Brown loved the *Ellan Vannin veg veen* with a passion which seemed to give it a responsive humanity. The green bog, with its acres of that most lovely flower the bog-bean, and its innumerable cuckoos, and its "dark people, the Carysdoo," who bewilder and entice poor travellers as the mermaids overpower the fishermen, was one of his inspiring haunts. There was an unfailing Egeria in the hills; and when the glens were full of foxglove and blue-bells and the rowan was in flower, he seemed to become aware of divine footsteps, the aroma of some beautiful bodily presence unseen. "I hadn't gone far until the highest power which I ever gain swooped down upon me. I mean the power of sucking out of the country its inmost soul, and making it stand before me and smile and speak. What an ecstasy that is!" To many all this will probably sound a little too mystic and transcendental: still it was one of the poet's marked characteristics.

It may be taken for granted that most of Brown's Manx poems sprang from a root of fact. "It really does seem to me," he writes, "as if the whole Island was quivering and trembling all over with stories—they are like leaves on a tree. The people are always telling them to one another, and any morning or evening you hear, whether you like it or not, innumerable anecdotes, sayings, tragedies, comedies." In one of the letters he gives a prose version, told him "by Christian, one of my crew," of that delightful incident "Jus' the Shy," which the reader will find in the welcome volume of "Collected Poems" that has been issued by Messrs. Macmillan.* In the same letter there is the sketch of an idyll (also told by Christian) which he could have thrown into an excellent verse form. The light-keepers of the Chickens Lighthouse, off the Calf of Man, are separated from their families for three months at a time. But right opposite the beacon, near the top of a long slope which runs up from the sea, stand the cottages occupied by their families, and the keepers solace themselves by means of a powerful telescope, with watching the children playing in front of the cottage doors. "Isn't that beautiful? Ah, human hearts!

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* "Collected Poems of T. E. Brown, Author of 'Fo'c'sle Yarns,' 'The Manx Witch,' &c." With portrait. Macmillan & Co., Ltd. 7*s*. 6*d*.

Fancy on Sundays (Sabbath — they are Scotchmen), how proud the mothers must be to hae the bairns braw for the guidman to see them through the spying glass!"

But infinitely keener in interest are the passages which reveal how deeply rooted in his own experience were some of the more personal poems. "Yes," he writes to a friend who is in the trouble of bereavement, "it is quite true about the 'lamb'; there he lay, upon the very spot the child's feet had rested on, when he tried to climb." The editor might well have put a footnote here to explain this enigmatic passage to the casual reader. Those familiar with Brown's poems, however, will naturally remember that most lovely and poignant of elegies, "Aber Stations," the stations of the cross of a great anguish, as he himself called them —how the brave, blue-eyed child set his little sturdy limbs to an impossible cliff at Aber Fall, well assured that he too could climb like his father—how, on the next visit, there was no little son to attempt heroic feats, and yet it seemed as though one felt the touch of a small soft hand—and how on the very spot where the child had tried his strength and skill a lamb, fallen from the cliff, lay dead. That was all "quite true," and by one of those strange revelations which visit the bereaved, the dead lamb in some mystic way lifted from his heart the burden of the dead child.

Cold! cold!
Dead! dead!
His little head
Rests on the very block
That Braddan trod—
Dear lambs! twin lambs of God!
Old cliff, such things
Might move some stubborn questionings—
But now I question not.
See, see! the waterfall
Is robed in rainbows—what!
Our lambs? My Braddan shall have charge
Of him, and lead him by the marge
Of some bright stream celestial.

The letters contain a pathetic companion picture to Aber Stations. After his wife's death he climbed Helvellyn by the track they had both taken a year before. Now he was all alone, "except that an honest shepherd called upon his dog." "It was dark, but clear; from the top Ulleswater was seen in brilliant sunshine; but I was under a sort of big umbrella of cloud; no rain, however, only a fierce wind. What could I think of but [her]? I almost felt the cairn would breathe some answer to me. There was not a soul near, unless, indeed [she] was herself there; and I often feel as if she was, and was smiling very sweetly, not without a faint tinge of humour, at all my poor weary longings."

One wishes, with no unseemly curiosity, to know what spiritual convictions—what faith in the unseen — lay beneath these emotions. The letters seem to show a marked change of view as the years went by. In 1880 he writes: "Concerning those loved ones—whether any communication with them now is possible, whether we shall hereafter know them, or have 'anything to do with them' —all this is to me the merest mist. . . . To say I recognise the wisdom of God, and His goodness in all, is to say what may be said, but it seems useless to say it. I simply know nothing: I submit, I acquiesce even; but that is all. . . . I lie down on my child's grave and fill my mouth with the clay, and say nothing." Eight years later when he sustained the "irreparable" loss, sorrow appears to have brought certitude: "One thing emerges—my absolute belief in immortality. I am not naturally a materialist; that is a plant not native to my mind; but scales of materialism have sometimes grown upon my eyes. . . . Now I feel my body to be nothing but an integument, and the inveteracy of the mutual association to be a tie little more than momentary, and quite casual. Death is the key to another room, and it is the very next room. I wish words could convey to you how intensely and profoundly I feel this." Later still, he is desirous of knowing "what the Greek religion did for a man in the exigencies of life and death. A Greek death-bed, other than that of Socrates, the equivalent (if any) of the clergyman, the pious friend, the whole scene with its lights and shades, the anxieties, the consolations—that is the one direction in which my mind wanders and scrutinises. . . . A dear, good old Greek dying, 'in sure and certain hope' of something: I believe in that Greek profoundly." And a few months before his death he has a last word to utter on the subject. "You say you don't believe in a future state, but you have 'gleams of hope.' . . . *Independently of revelation*, the matter is a question of metaphysics, and a very subtle one. . . . The 'gleams' are blessed things, just caught at our noblest throbs and in our most ecstatic moods. That they are ecstatic, as apprehended by us, does not disprove their essential permanence. Rather it suggests the contrary. Metaphysically the balance is in favour of a future state;" and he concludes with an unhesitating "I believe."

There are many other glimpses of personality in these Letters which will well repay the reader, though as a whole it does not seem to me that the letters themselves add anything—except confirmation, and indeed that is much—to the conception one formed of the man from his poems, or that they are likely to survive on the shelves—or is it only one shelf?—assigned to the notable letter-writers. Those who desire to know Brown as he was at his best and at his truest must go to his poems. Poetry gave him "a thousand springs of joy, in none of which there was a drop of bitterness." And for what he left he seemed, notwithstanding the jesting phrase which masked his earnestness, to have a confidence that it would not wholly perish: "A great poet is yet to be, a Manx poet, transcending all our 'small doin's.' He will be called Kewish, Shimmin, Quayle, Cottier—All right! He will stumble across my old ditties, he will love them, he will wonder, he will muse, the fire will be kindled, and at last he will speak with his own tongue. And he will say—'This man was my brother, my father, my own real self.' Through Kewish I shall find utterance, through Shimmin, through Quayle, through Cottier. Even so my heart"—how characteristic this is!—"goes stretching back to some possible progenitor whom I'd give worlds to find. I cannot find him; but I shall be found, though after many days—found of Cottier, Quayle, Shimmin, Kewish. You'll see! Ah, no, you'll not."

Like the Burning Bush and the Widow's Cruse, the "little land of the great book" burns with clear light and is not consumed, serves daily needs and fails not. It is indeed one of the marvels both of the book and of the land that after so much has been written about them so much still remains to write. This was strikingly illustrated in the case of Miss Thomas's delightful volume, "Two Years in Palestine," which was noticed here a little while ago; it is again impressed upon me by Dr. Macmillan's fresh and luminous chapters which he entitles "Gleanings in Holy Fields."* Those who are acquainted with Dr. Macmillan's work need not be told that the close observation of the man of science, the witchery of the poet, and the insight of the divine characterise these pages. That was to be expected; the surprising thing is the novelty of presentment, the unexpected light flashed on some old text, the new charm cast over incidents and scenes so long familiar as to have grown almost commonplace. An interesting example of this is contained in the chapter based on the passage in Zechariah, "In that day shall there be upon the bells of the horses, Holiness unto the Lord," into which are crowded the results of very wide reading. Similarly, a singular vividness is given to the parable of the Good Shepherd and the words, "Verily, verily, I say unto you I am the door of the sheep," if one realises our Lord on the Mount of Olives, with the Sheep Gate of Jerusalem over against Him, and a flock led by a shepherd coming up the Hebron valley from the wilderness of Judea. The chapter on "The Vision of Bethel," with the suggestion that an ancient stone circle raised to the worship of the sun was the spot in which "for the sake of security" Jacob lay down to sleep, is extremely impressive; but one is perplexed by the statements, on the one hand, that it was "not the spot that suggested the vision," that "the mystic ladder got no confirmation from the bare reality of the scenery around," and on the other the impression of the scenery carried away by other travellers. Dr. Smythe Palmer, in his learned monograph "Jacob at Bethel," says that Professor Sayce was "struck by the fact that the limestone rocks on the summit of the hill are piled one on the other like a gigantic staircase," and Dean Stanley thought it easy to conceive how "in the visions of the night the rough stones formed themselves into a vast staircase, reaching into the depth of the wide and open sky." Probably the apparent discrepancy is easy of adjustment, but the reader who has not visited the Holy Land is not able to reconcile the difference

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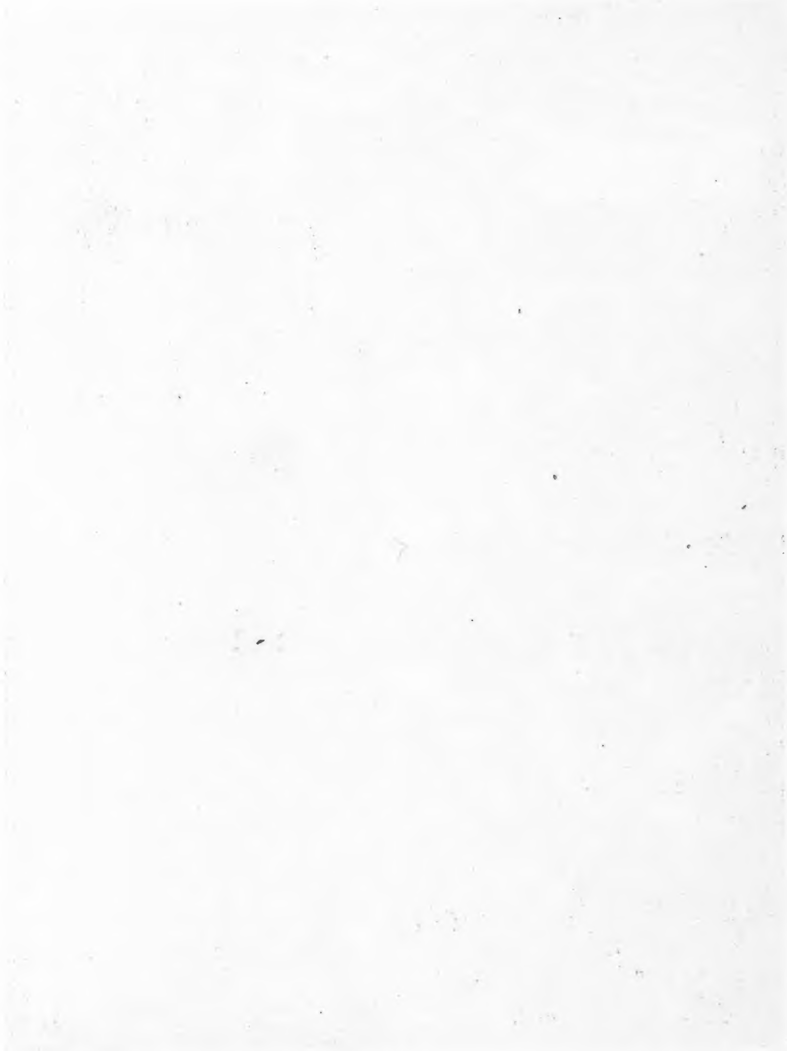
* "Gleanings in Holy Fields." By Hugh Macmillan, D.D., LL.D. Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE, HANSON AND CO., LONDON AND EDINBURGH.



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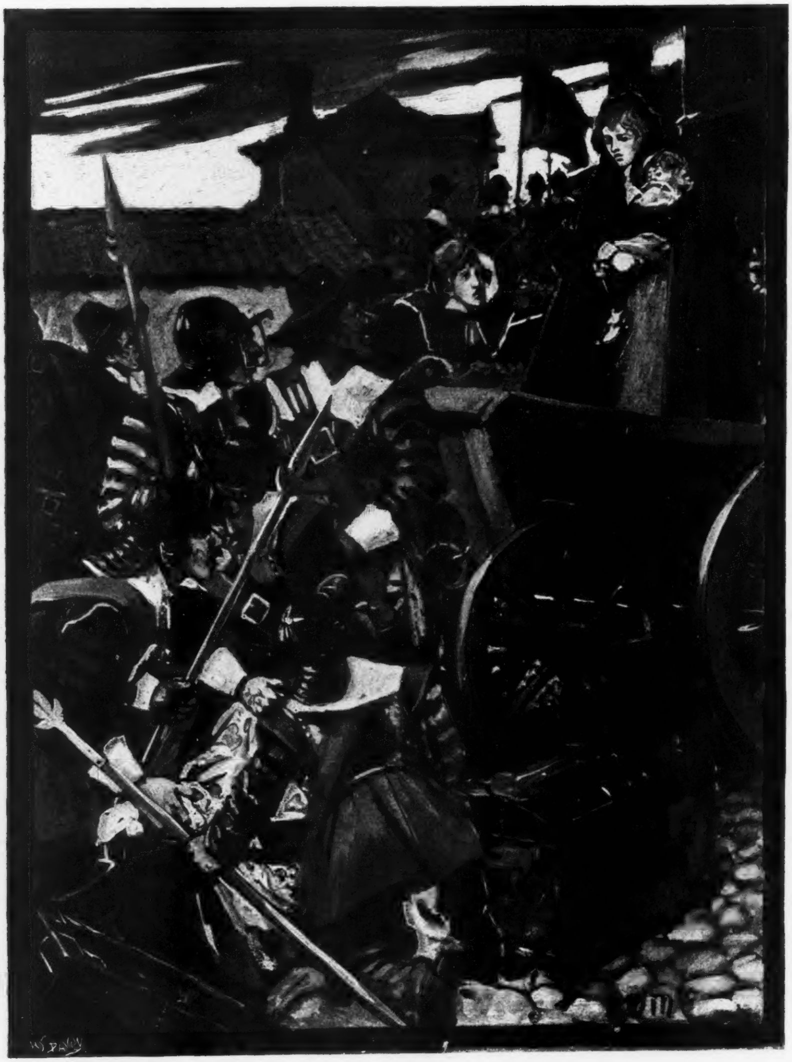

"'Shame on you! 'Tis against your captain's promise, to rob the ladies'"

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